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HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

VOL. I.

no
LONDON:

PUBLISHED (FOR THE PROPRIETOR) BY WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, STRAND.

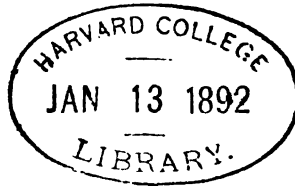
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March 20.

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The Key of Fortune.
Co-operation.
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The New Journal of Progress in Rome.
Cruelties in Newgate Market.
Sonnet by a Son of Toil.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT'S ADDRESS

TO THEIR

Friends and Readers.

A HAPPY New Year to all our friends and readers! Amongst the many means for realizing this seasonable wish, which seems to carry in its very sound the spirit of its own accomplishment, we trust that HOWITT'S JOURNAL will prove not the least efficient. So far as in us lies, there shall be wanting no exertion, as there is wanting in our hearts no zeal and enthusiasm, for the purpose. For years it has been our resolve to devote ourselves by such a periodical to the entertainment, the good, and the advancement of the public. We thought a year ago that the time was come for the experiment. It proved not to be the case. There were obstacles to be overcome, a forest of thorny experience to be cut through, limed twigs above, and beams in the darkness, to stumble over below. These are past; we are come out into the open air, free-handed and free-hearted, "no jot of hope or heart abated;" and look over the champaign of our future life as devoted to the people and their cause.

We are bound to no class, for we believe that in the cultivation of the whole, lies the harmony and the happiness of the whole. Where there needs the greatest effort, thither our efforts shall be most immediately and zealously directed. Amid the million there lies enormous need of

aid, of comfort, of advocacy, and of enlightenment; and amongst the million, therefore, shall we labour, with hand and heart, with intellect and affection. To promote their education, and especially their self-education—a process full of the noblest self-respect and independence—to advocate their just rights, to explain their genuine duties, to support the generous efforts of those many wise, good, and devoted men and women who are now everywhere labouring for their better being and comfort: these will be the dearest employments of our lives, the truest pleasures that we can experience. It is with a most grateful feeling that we acknowledge that the people at once perceive and reciprocate what is genuine love of their cause; and the delightful confidence which they every day more and more manifest in our humble endeavours on their behalf, will, of itself, stimulate us to a more active watchfulness for their true interests, and a bolder, yet not the less prudent, championship of their rights. To all the onward and sound movements of the time—a great and glorious time!—to the cause of Peace, of Temperance, of Sanatory reform, of Schools for every class—to all the efforts of Free Trade, free opinion; to abolition of obstructive Monopolies, and the recognition of those great rights which belong to every

individual of the great British people—our most cordial support shall be lent. Everything which can shorten the hours of mere physical labour, and extend those of relaxation, of mental cultivation, and social, domestic enjoyment—everything which tends to give to labour its due reward, and to furnish to every rational creature his due share of God's good gifts—food, raiment, a pleasant fireside, and the pleasures of an enlightened intellect—as it must have the approbation of every good man, so it must have our best and most unremitting exertions for its establishment.

But not the less do we regard the rights and enjoyments of every other class. They who would advocate the claims of one section of the community at the expense of those of the others, or of any other, would, so far from advancing the happiness of the section they appeared to patronize, inflict the severest blow on its progress. Rights are the rights of all; duties are the laws and the inviolable obligations of all. Between the employer and the employed, between the more and the less wealthy classes, there lies one common ground of truth and sacred right, which the efforts of the wise will only make more clearly seen, more solidly and securely felt. All that separates and embitters are the briers and the brushwood of old error, which advancing knowledge will show in their true deformity, and which the axe of education, and the fire of a wise discussion, will consume out of the way. In this faith we shall move and act. We shall say to the people, inform your minds on your rights; combine to maintain them; be industrious and get money; be temperate and save it; be prudent and invest it to the best advantage; but learn at the same time to respect the rights of your fellow-men. Look around, and be at once firm and patient. The old times of ignorance and obstruction are past. We are now working out the future on the clear ground of a most blessed experience—and that is, that the path of liberty and knowledge is the sure path of peace and general union. Where are the terrors and the evils which have been prognosticated of the spread of education? Where are the insurrections, the massacres, the bloody and barbarous deeds of men and multitudes? They are not in our time; they lie behind us, in the years of ignorance and despotism. The Inquisition is abolished; St. Bartholomew is a name of departed terror; the very French Revolution, the fruit of popular oppression and neglect of education, is a warning and lesson of the past. Turn from that to the Revolution in America, where a Christian and an informed people worked out their own independence; and behold in its order and merciful magnanimity the results of knowledge. Through all the sufferings which war and bad government have conducted our labouring millions, with what a display of virtue and heroism it has conducted them; and mark the result—what numbers are start-

ing up every day to assist in removing this mass of evil—to place the entire people in the enjoyment of comfort and intelligence! See what a different tone has manifested itself in government and in the press. How the old dogmas of a stereotyped condition slide away into oblivion; how the popular rights are acknowledged; and what men and women, too, of rank, and wealth, and intellect, are zealous to put a shoulder to the wheel of peaceful progression. Every omen of evil has been falsified—knowledge and discussion are found not to promote riot or discontent, but a firm assurance of all necessary reforms, which is the root of peace and harmony.

On this high ground of a most animating experience we are prepared, therefore, to march in calm confidence; perceiving that the current of true civilization has set in with a force that no contrary force can overcome. The truth of ancient prophecy has vindicated itself:—"Many, already, run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge is increased." We mean to run too, and add our share to the heap of increase, cheerfully and with right good will, smoothing the way for others, and now and then lending a hand to a weak brother under a heavy burden.

We have made our arrangements for all these purposes; and the workmen who are about to contribute to the different departments of literature, art, and science; to the furtherance of sound opinion; to music, criticism, and even a rational merriment, will soon, in the words of the old adage, be "known by their chips." We shall gather information from all pure sources. One object for which we have prepared ourselves by study and travel, will be to introduce to our readers whatever is most delightful in the literature of other nations; of America, and of Europe, from France and Italy to the very North; and in so many regions of which Providence and the facilities of modern intercourse have made us zealous friends. The bulk of our matter will be original; but, in order to embrace all the solid information possible, we shall, where it is desirable, also extract and quote from the best authorities. Above all, it shall be our anxious care that not a word or a sentiment shall appear in this Journal which the most refined individual may not read aloud in the family circle, or which we would not freely introduce to our own children. With this assurance—let us now advance at once from promise to performance. Eds.

Note.—In order to secure all possible space for our letter-press, which will be needed to advocate the many great causes of social improvement which mark the age, and to furnish every variety of matter to our readers, we shall print at the back of our illustrations, but shall strike off separate impressions for such as may desire it, which shall be sold at the most reasonable possible price.

An Address

TO THE WORKING CLASSES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, ON THEIR
DUTY IN THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SANITARY QUESTION.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

The artificial distinctions by which the people of a country are divided into different classes, have no relation to the capacities and endowments of our common nature. No class is higher or better than another in the sense of having more or different sentient, intellectual, moral, and religious faculties. Every property by which the human being is distinguished from the other creatures of the earth, is possessed alike by rich and poor. Wealth can give to the rich man no additional powers of this kind, nor can poverty deprive the poor man of one of them. Before these glorious gifts with which our common nature is endowed, with which all human beings without distinction are enriched, and which can be neither added to, nor taken away, the little distinctions of man's creation sink into absolute insignificance.

It is the universal possession of these noble faculties by the human race, that makes the gift of human life alike a boon to all. It is the exercise of these noble faculties on objects appropriate to them, and worthy of them, that *makes* life a boon. It is because these faculties, when duly exercised and properly directed, strengthen and enlarge with time, that the value of life increases with its duration. In the mere possession of the full number of the years that make up the natural term of life, there is a larger and a higher boon than is apparent at first view. What the natural term of human life may be, is, indeed, altogether unknown; because, although one of the characteristics by which man is distinguished from other animals is, that he is capable of understanding the conditions of his existence, and of exerting, within a certain limit, a control over them, so as to be able materially to shorten or to prolong the actual duration of his life; yet these conditions have hitherto been so little regarded, that there is not a single example on record of a community in which the conditions favourable to life have been present and constant, and in which the conditions unfavourable to it have been excluded, in as complete a degree as is obviously practicable. History is full of instances in which the successive generations of a people have been swept away with extraordinary rapidity; but on no page is there to be found the notice of a single nation, in ancient or in modern times, the great mass of the population of which has attained a high longevity; yet it is certain, that a degree of longevity never yet witnessed, has always been attainable; because such longevity depends on conditions which are now known—conditions entirely within human control.

I have said that there is involved in the mere length of life a larger and a higher boon than is apparent without reflection. First, because length of life is, in general, a tolerably accurate measure of the amount of health; without a good share of which, life is comparatively worthless. The instances are rare in which a person attains to old age, who has not enjoyed, at least, a moderate share of daily health and vigour.

Secondly, because length of life is a perfectly accurate measure of the amount of enjoyment. Long life is incompatible with a condition of constant privation and wretchedness. It is one of the beneficences of the constitution of our nature, that when the balance of happiness is against us, a limit is fixed to our misery by its rapid termination in the insensibility of death. In the very brevity of his existence, therefore, a human being indicates his own history for evil; the shortness of his life is the sure and correct index of the amount of his suffering, physical and mental: it is the result, the sum total, the aggregate expression of the ills endured.

Thirdly, because length of life is the protraction of

that portion of life, and only of that portion of it, in which the human being is capable of the greatest degree of usefulness. I have elsewhere shown that every year by which the term of human life is extended, is really added to the period of mature age; the period when the organs of the body have attained their full growth, and put forth their full strength; when the physical organization has acquired its utmost perfection; when the senses, the feelings, the emotions, the passions, the affections, are in the highest degree acute, intense, and varied; when the intellectual faculties, completely unfolded and developed, carry on their operations with the greatest vigour, soundness, and continuity; in a word, when the individual is capable of communicating, as well as of receiving, the largest amount of the highest kind of happiness.

These considerations give peculiar interest to the results of the inquiries recently made into the actual duration of life at the present time in our cities, towns, and villages. From these inquiries, it appears not only that the rate of mortality in the whole of England at the present day is deplorably high, but that there is an extraordinary excess of mortality over and above what is natural, supposing the term at present attainable, to be the natural term of human life. The statement of this excess presents to the mind an appalling picture. From accurate calculations based on the observation of carefully recorded facts, it is rendered certain that the annual slaughter in England alone, by causes that are preventable, by causes that produce only one disease, namely, typhus fever, is more than double the loss sustained by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo; that 136 persons perish every day in England alone, whose lives might be saved; that in one single city, namely, Manchester, thirteen thousand three hundred and sixty-two children have perished in seven years over and above the mortality natural to mankind.

It appears, moreover, that the field in which this annual slaughter takes place is always and everywhere the locality in which you reside, and that it is you and your wives and children who are the victims. In some instances, in the streets, courts, and alleys in which you live, the mortality which afflicts you is nearly double, and in others it is quite double that of the inhabitants of other streets in the same district, and in adjoining districts. While the average age at death of the gentry and of professional persons and their families is 44, the average age at death attained by you and your families in many instances, is only 22, just one-half; that is to say, comparing your condition with that of professional persons, you and your families are deprived of one-half of your natural term of life.

Though the causes by which you and your children are thus immolated, are well known; though they have been constantly proclaimed to the public and the government for nearly ten years past; though their truth is universally admitted; and though it is further admitted that the causes in question are removable; yet not only has nothing whatever been done to remove them, but their operation during this very year has been far more fatal than at any period since we have had the means of making accurate observations on the subject. Thus we are informed by the Registrar-General, that in the summer quarter of the present year, TEN THOUSAND LIVES have been destroyed in a part only of England, by causes which there is every reason to believe may be removed; that in the succeeding quarter, namely, the quarter ending the 30th of September, the number of deaths exceeded the number in the corresponding quarter of last year by FIFTEEN THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN; that is to say, in the very last quarter, upwards of 15,000 persons perished in a part only of England, beyond the mortality of the corresponding quarter of last year.

From this same report, it appears further, that in many of our large towns and populous districts, that is, in the places in which you in great numbers carry on your

daily toil, the mortality has nearly doubled; in some it has quite doubled, and in others it has actually more than doubled; that this is the case among other places in Sheffield and Birmingham; that in Sheffield, for example, the number of deaths in the last quarter are double those in the corresponding quarter of last year and 149 over; while in Birmingham they are double and 239 over.

"The causes of this high mortality," says the Registrar-General, "have been traced to crowded lodgings, dirty dwellings, personal uncleanness, and the concentration of unhealthy emanations from narrow streets without fresh air, water, or sewerage."

We are further told by the Registrar-General, that "the returns of the past quarter prove that nothing effectual has been done to put a stop to the disease, suffering, and death, in which so many thousands perish; that the improvements, chiefly of a showy, superficial, outside character, have not reached the homes and habits of the people; and that the consequence is that thousands, not only of the children, but of the men and women themselves, perish of the diseases formerly so fatal for the same reasons in barracks, camps, gaols, and ships."

For every one of the lives of these 15,000 persons who have thus perished during the last quarter, and who might have been saved by human agency, those are responsible whose proper office it is to interfere and endeavour to stay the calamity; who have the power to save, but who will not use it. But their apathy is an additional reason why you should rouse yourselves and show that you will submit to this dreadful state of things no longer. Let a voice come from your streets, lanes, alleys, courts, workshops, and houses, that shall startle the ear of the public and command the attention of the legislature. The time is auspicious for the effort; it is a case in which it is right that you should take a part, in which you are bound to take a part, in which your own interests and the well-being of those most dear to you require you to take a part. The Government is disposed to espouse your cause; but narrow, selfish, short-sighted interests will be banded against you. Petition both houses of Parliament. Call upon the instructed and benevolent men in the legislative body to sustain your just claim to protection and assistance. Petition Parliament to give you sewers; petition Parliament to secure to you constant and abundant supplies of water; supplies adequate to the unintermitting and effectual cleansing both of your sewers and streets, and which will afford you the easy means of substituting universally the water-closet for the filthy and the fever-generating cesspool: petition Parliament to remove—for it is in the power of Parliament universally and completely to remove—the sources of poison that surround your dwellings, and that carry disease, suffering, and death into your homes. Tell them of the parish of St. Margaret, in Leicester, with a population of 22,000 persons, almost all of whom are artisans, and where the average age of death in the whole parish was, during the year 1846, only eighteen years; tell them that on taking the ages of death in the different streets in this parish, it was found that in those streets that were drained (and there was not a single street in the place properly drained) the average age of death was twenty-three and a half years; that in the streets that were partially drained it was seventeen and a half years; while in the streets that were entirely undrained it was only thirteen and a half years. You cannot disclose to them the suffering you have endured on your beds of sickness, and by which your wives and children have been hurried to their early graves; there is no column in the tables of the Registrar-General which can show that; but you can tell them that you know, and you can remind them that they admit, that by proper sanitary regulations, the same duration of life may be extended to you and to your families, that is at present enjoyed by professional persons; and that it is possible

to obtain for the whole of a town population, at least such an average duration of life as is already experienced in some parts of it. In your workshops, in your clubs, in your institutes, obtain signatures to your petitions: get every labourer, every artisan, every tradesman whom you can influence, to sign petitions. Other things must also be done before your condition can be rendered prosperous; but this must precede every real improvement; the sources of the poison that infects the atmosphere you breathe must be dried up before you can be healthy, and uncleanness must be removed from the exterior of your dwellings before you can find or make a Home.

I am your friend and servant,
SOUTHWOOD SMITH.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS;

OR, NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

HAPPILY for man, in accordance with the laws of nature, every step trod by the giant Time brings hope and amelioration to the many sorrowed generations of the earth. False is the creed that says this is not so; false is the power, besotted in its strength, that preaches hope for some, and not for all; false is the wisdom and shallow the thought that take for argument that humanity has but one cycle of progress and decay. Not so:—

Or else we question all the great aspects of the light of nature; such as promise to the spiritual hearts of men a time when they, like the perfected flowers in the labour-wrought gardens of the earth, may look upwards to the face of the broad sun with the same peace and silent gladness, for not a weed may be amongst them to desecrate their great worship of enjoyment and human right. Or else

Upon this New-Year's Eve, misery, and want, and squalor; ignorance, degradation, and crime, might surely and rightly question the happiness, the plenty, and the revelry that come within their famished gaze, and ring so lustily in their chill and tremulous ear.

Within this miserable chamber, one from among the many thousands round, withers the honest heart, and idly lie the hands of earnest labour: labour so much needed; labour, the commandment of great governing nature; labour, the small price of large enjoyments, that, which if it might cheerfully act, would fill this empty grate; would send forth the blaze and warmth to cheer around; and place before the wretched father the supper table, on which should stand, instead of the pitcher on the floor, the down-turned vessel, the broken plate, and the old knife—rusty from disuse,—the plentiful supper, that, in satisfying the humblest necessities of nature, would link them to higher and more exalted principles. Manly thought of life around would share that of good from his children as he looked upon them; womanly love and faith have means to give their signs, instead of brooding in the despairing heart; and children's small pleasures, yet to them so great, live in the dancing fire, the sugared cake, the one penny, the gaiety of the little pictured book, or the baby's smile. Instead, here are gaunt hunger and despair; old age for childhood, gathering discontent ill-repressed for manhood; anguish from the mother's soul; and around, damp, cold, the soddened floors, and fluttering rags. Yet, at this same moment, and at a street's length, life's contrasts, to the unthinking, read their great enigma. Luxury and gorgeousness, splendid rooms, light, warmth, the festive dinner, with enough of waste on the plates which the lacqueys scornfully clear away, with enough scattered on the broad hearths, to feed all within this miserable chamber, and send warmth and light around, to rouse the current of the freezing blood; here make hearts gay, the social graces shine, and show life to be, to the few, one long day of gratified and unrestrained luxury. Yet are the impulses of our diviner nature given only to



these few? No! the same divine spirit that makes the wretched mother press the baby to her heart; the same that whispers hope through all despair; the same that makes her silently yearn to her husband through all the harshness that misery has brought; the same that brings contrition, and makes his sorrow greater, is of the identical quality and essence with that which fostered by plenty expands into the life-signs of words, and smiles, and joyousness. Therefore poverty, letting alone that it is unjust, is a curse, because it is a bond upon the best promptings of our nature; whilst the extremity of thoughtless luxury is equally a curse: it hardens whilst it emasculates! What are the causes of this curse of poverty?

Ignorance of the great dignity of human labour above all else; ignorance of the laws and rights of labour; and the yet unworked-out tendencies of labour to equalize and distribute the wealth it creates. Of the fruits of labour the human generations cannot have too large a harvest.

Here, where the taper has died out beside the parish coffin, pestilence did its gaunt, grim, silent work. The leaped dunghill in the court close at hand; the open cesspool; the fetid straw on which the abject wretch gasped out his latest breath—alone, but for the starved mongrel dog, that, loving him, knew no difference betwixt life and death, but the colder he grew crept closer, and licked the dying hand. Alone did I say, and disregarded? Yes! But then the curse of disregarded evil will not depart with this parish coffin; but now, on this very night the wind that blows, the typhoid, and the miasma of the cesspool and the dunghill, ride—Hecate like—witches of the storm, and mingling with the perfumes of luxury-brought exotics, become, in heated rooms, the very breath of the scornful and disregarding, and, as in the hovel, work out their own death-slaughter. With but a strip of sacking to cast over it, two drunken sextons come to bear away the coffin, just as a decrepit old man, his rusty black coat held together by many a pin, and his hat decorated with a bit of crape, that looks as if it has wintered on a garden scarecrow, comes limping to the door, whistles the dog, and then silently follows the corpse. The church luckily is not far off, for it is nearly dark. "Precious light this here un!" says the one drunken sexton to the other, as they reach the churchyard; "don't think he'd much wittles afore he went off, eh, Sammy?" But the solitary mourner hears them not; the passing-bell jangles as quickly as it can; the young clergyman, called from his warm seat beside the vestry fire, rattles over the burial service, for he may be too late for the gorgeous dinner that awaits him—and what is pauper dust comparatively to the choice cut of the turbot, or the heat of the rich soup! An atom—the veriest atom that the alchemist could weigh. The poor brute, with wistful, almost human, eye, looks down into the grave, as if from thence will come the kindly voice and the caressing hand; but all grows darker and darker; the earth begins to rattle on the coffin-lid, and the old man is aroused from his drooping posture by being thrust aside, the ropes come forth, the shovels go to work, and even night now comes to make the oblivion seem more terrible. But where nature is there cannot be desolation. The dog creeps behind a distant stone, and yet watches with a loving eye; decrepit age thinks of the last kindly word that fell upon his ear; and if such instances be absent, yet great nature vindicates herself by making poor and rich on an equality in the shroud. What are the causes here?

Still ignorance. Ignorance, that creates such disease as that which struck the pauper down. Ignorance, that, in disregard of humanity, degrades its own nature. Ignorance, that combines misery and filth, and breeds from thence this vice and crime that can revel over the same brutal jest beside the grave as in the gin-shop!

The wind has veered, rain falls, the sharp clang of the clocks rings duller on the ear. Look down the broad

pavement of this street; see womanly youth and beauty, tended by parental love, comes on, clad from the rain and wind by priceless care; or, nestling to the whispering lover's arm, hears nothing of the blast, nor feels the rain, in the measureless abstractions of woman's love. Or see this gorgeous carriage, filled with haughty beauty, intent upon the conquests of the coming dance; and whose experience of want and misery, and womanly temptations, has been confined to the sofa-read *Rosa Matilda* leaves of the fashionable novel; do these see the naked soddened feet, the dripping hair, the rags that flutter with the blast, of this despairing creature swiftly coming on, who sees not—hears not—in the desperation of her mad importunity.

"God! what a gulph between
Proud beauty, young and worship'd,
And the suicide Magdalene!"

And yet, whilst the lover's whisper is warm upon the ear, before the idol of parental worship is housed, before new smiles have beaded on the lips of beauty, the frailty of trusting woman has paid the dearest price for its large sins. And yet not without a spark from the great light apportioned to all humanity—one thought of earnest memory to that rereward scene, where faith was promised, and whence hope was born. What are the causes here of this grim misery?

Still ignorance. Ignorance and disregard to the laws of organic Nature. Man's ignorance in weighing the beauty and purity of those characteristics which ameliorate and advance his own, by the false price of gold, or the pride of circumstance!

Here, in this dungeon, where the sullen felon sits, waiting society's senile reformatory law of death by the gibbet and the hangman; there, in that bend of his desolate homeward road from the leave-taking, the wretched father of the felon sinks down to die, by a tenderer mercy than that destined for his son; we behold that which questions the justice of the circumstances called fate, that has cursed one hand with terrible blood, and brings death upon the winter's waste to the unhouseed.

Still ignorance. Direful ignorance, which imbrutes man below the beast; and, what is worse, ignorance chargeable upon governmental power, and for which, till now, its sole panacea has been the hulks and gibbet.

Yet whilst these darker pictures fail before the sight, Time passes on, and brings the Newer Year. Over the squalid chamber sleep has sunk, and Pity, with bright hope, paints gaily the many-coloured dreams; for poverty has endured innocently, which it ever does where the smallest knowledge gives principle to nerve the many sorrow-stricken throng. And now the splendid scene comes last of all. These revelling in the dance; these beneath the waxen lights, deep in the game of chance for money, heed not the hours that, stealing on, bring light to all the darker scenes, and darkness to all the selfishness, and disregard, and pride, that mingle with their own enjoyment—enjoyment not pure till it be equalized, and given to all. For the tendencies of ameliorating Time are not to diminish human happiness; but so to enlarge, that, like the summer air, it may be equal, pure, and free, to the whole great brotherhood of man.

Ring out, therefore, Time, thy advent of the Year. *One*—more justice, as it is the great end of experimental law. *Two, Three, and Four*—knowledge, more knowledge, as the natural reformatory law for evil. *Five and Six*—advancing honour to labour and its fruits; faith in the great secrets of labour, as they will surely come forth fittingly from the womb of nature! *Seven and Eight*—the diminishing and dying out of all disease, deformity, and crime, by man's pure government of self,—for crime is but disease; disease but ignorance! *Nine and Ten*—the diminishing of cant in every form, and the triumph of the true, as the vital principle of moral law! *Eleven and Twelve*—the birth of Nature in her newer Year; and on, and on, man's glorious progress, and

advance to the laws of Nature, which are those of perfection and of God!

For whilst humanity lingers in the mother's heart; whilst it permeates brutal disregard and cruelty around the pauper's grave; whilst in dumb intelligence it fashions forth a reverence and grateful worship; whilst it gives the last volition to the broken heart of the suicide, and surely lightens, in some moment, the dastard felon's gloom, who shall say that this divine Quality does not progress with Time itself! Therefore, all hail, thou new-born Year! thou year for worship by work in this great and eternal cause. SILVERPEN.

Literary Notices

Lucretia; or, the Children of Night. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. London: Saunders and Ottley.

THE only valid excuse for guilt is ignorance. The criminal who sins against knowledge is tenfold guilty. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, therefore, is guilty of a great offence against society, and against his own reputation, in the publication of this his last work. Ignorance or inexperience he cannot plead. He is not a young man, that he should be driven on by the force of a lawless imagination; nor a poor man, that he can plead the necessity of getting his bread by any means; nor is he ignorant of the nature of right and wrong. He is, on the contrary, a man of wealth, station, knowledge, leisure, influence, talents; and he has employed these godlike gifts for the most degraded of purposes—that of corrupting and inflaming the minds of the young, the ardent, and the inexperienced. He tells us that this revolting story of crime and cruelty is true. What then? Is everything that is true to be trumpeted abroad? Are the vile and the sensual to be held aloft to the public gaze; and rather than they should not be seen, and admired, and gazed on, are they to be clothed in all the fascination which genius can give to render them alluring and full of riveting interest? Many monstrous and revolting crimes are committed, but that is no reason why a man of genius and intellect should write three volumes about them. We all know that sewers actually exist; that they undermine London; that they lie often beneath happy homes and pleasant gardens; but no one, for that reason, thinks of pumping up their pollution into private houses. It would still be impure if it were conveyed through gilded pipes into marble basins. So is it with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's "Children of the Night." Not all the powers of his genius nor his reputation can make them wholesome or refreshing. Like the sewers we have been speaking of, they are insalubrious; a fatal miasma breathes through them: *Lucretia*, in two senses, is busy with poison.

If Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is not to be reckoned as a disciple of the French melo-dramatic school, he may now assuredly be placed at the head of a fatally popular class of literature—that of the Seven Dials and St. Giles's. For instance, after going down into the bloody charnel-house of the "Children of the Night," his readers will be prepared to relish the somewhat stronger viands of "Varney the Vampire, the Feast of Blood;" "The Old House in West Street;" "The Bloody Murders at the Old Ford," &c. &c. This class of writers, hitherto scorned in good society, may now hold up their heads, for Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is come over to help them.

An Encyclopædia of Facts, Anecdotes, Arguments, and Illustrations, in support of the principles of permanent and universal Peace. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. London: Charles Gilpin.

THIS is an excellent and a very cheap book; about three hundred pages of sound argument on a most important subject, for eighteenpence. The cost of three

quarts of ale, or of half-a-dozen segars, would purchase the book;—we wish we could persuade every thinking man, and woman too, of the middle and lower classes, to study it well. Listen to what we find in one place on Influence in supporting a privileged class or monopoly:—

"The class privileges of the world have grown out of war. There is more feudalism in this day in the Constitution of England than men think of: a war-loving people must always be beneath the hoof of military despotism; a greater curse to a country cannot be conceived—it is natural that it should be so. In a nation whose general intelligence is its safeguard and protection, intelligence will be respected; in a nation whose trading interests are safeguard and protection, trade will be respected; in a nation prone to war, fencing itself all round with the fort and the pike, and relying upon the genius of battle for protection, the warrior will be most respected. Who in England equals the warrior in honour? Seldom, oh! how seldom, is the poet or the philosopher knighted or pensioned, or honoured with the title of heraldic greatness. It is better that it should be so. Sir James Montgomery, Lord William Wordsworth, His Grace Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Duke of St. James's, could receive no higher honour from posterity; yet there is a meaning in this fact—the Sovereign of the realm is supposed to be a soldier; all your dukedoms, earldoms, baronetcies, &c. &c. have their origin in the military system.

"Monopoly of legislation, monopoly of trade, will be found to be children of war. If war were abolished and brought into disrepute, and the military man were regarded as a kind of 'Jack Ketch,' as he is in China, things would soon return to their natural level. How arrived this shameful inequality of property to so alarming a height? Whence the appalling oppression of the poor-rate? Whence the luxury, the pageantry, the magnificence of wealth? Whence that numerous class who, though rich, have neither brilliant talents nor sublime virtues? Whence the insolence and the usurpation of the rich, the legislation of wealth against poverty, and a crowd of disabilities and evils beneath which man is compelled to labour? If we are asked the reason of all these, how easy to prove that, while they are the sad fruit of the monster Sin, they are immediately caused by War! How many illustrations might be drawn from our Colonial policy! War won the colonies, and war grasps them, and the fruits of the victory are in the pockets of the children of warriors; the places of power are awarded to them; for them the jewelled tiara, and the ermine robe. Who does not perceive in the war-system, a complicated machinery, set up for the purpose of retaining in idleness the scions of titled warriors, whose names and wealth may thus be transmitted to a remote posterity?"

With one other extract we will close, again urging it upon our readers to buy this cheap eighteen-penny-worth of stern, sterling sense, of which we here give them but a small sample.

"The national debt of England, says the eloquent Rufus Stebbin, in his Oration on Peace, is at present about three thousand millions of dollars—a debt produced by war; the interest of that debt, and the parts of it already liquidated, amount to about ten times as much more. And what has England obtained for all this mighty outlay of capital? Where shall we look for the benefit which she has derived from this incalculable expense? Ask the depths of the ocean, and the sunken fleets of the Nile and Trafalgar will answer. She has gained the fame of making her lion roar on the vanquished Armada; of 'letting slip her dogs of war' upon the palmy shores of Hindostan; of giving Wellington immortality upon the plains of Waterloo: and is this all? No! she has erected monuments in Westminster Abbey to the greatest butchers of our race that ever lived; it has written poverty upon the foreheads of the majority of her labourers; it has crushed the many with burdens and taxes to honour the destroyers of our race with a name—a name which, if society understood its interests as it ought, would only render its possessor detestable and contemptible.

"We have only considered the influence of war on national prosperity. Infinitely more disastrous is it in its consequences upon private, than upon public property; and infinitely more extensive. Whole navies can better be sunk in the ocean, than the poor man's house be burned over his head, by an invading army. Wars add to national wealth! Wars increase national prosperity! Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe:—I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire that kings and queens might be proud of; I will build a school-house upon every hill-side, and upon every valley in the habitable earth; I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a Church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness;—so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise should ascend, like an universal halo, from earth to heaven; the darkness of ignorance should flee before the bright light of the sun of science: Paganism would be crushed by the fall of her temples,—shaken to their deep foundations, by the voice of Truth; War would no more stalk over the earth, trampling under his giant foot all that is beautiful and lovely beneath the sky! This is not fancy; I wish it were: it reflects on men. It is the darkest chapter in human depravity, to squander God's richest blessings on passion and lust."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S BOOTS.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE is a street in Rome which is called *Via della Purificazione*; yet nobody can say of it that it is purified. It goes up-hill and down-hill; cabbage-stalks and old broken pots lie scattered about it; the smoke comes curling out of the door of the public-house, and the lady who lives opposite to me—yes, I cannot help it, but it is true—the lady on the opposite side, she shakes her sheets every morning out of the window. In this street there generally live many foreigners; this year, however, fear of the fever and malignant sickness keeps most of them in Naples and Florence. I lived quite alone in a great big house; neither the host nor hostess ever slept there at night.

It was a great, big, cold house, with a little, wet garden, in which there grew only one row of peas and a half-extinguished gillyflower; and yet, in the very next garden, which lay higher, there were hedges of monthly roses, and trees full of yellow lemons. These last, spite of the incessant rain, looked vigorous; the roses, on the contrary, looked as if they had lain for eight days in the sea.

The evenings were so lonesome in the cold large rooms; the black chimney yawning between the windows, and without were rain and mist. All the doors were fastened with locks and iron bolts; but what good could that do! The wind whistled in a tone sharp enough to cut one in two through the cracks in the doors; the thin faggots kindled in the chimney, but did not send out their warmth very far; the cold stone floor, the damp walls, and the lofty ceiling seemed only suited to the summer season.

If I would make myself right comfortable, I was obliged to put on my travelling fur-boots, my great coat, my cloak, and my fur-cap,—yes, and then I could do tolerably well. To be sure, the side next the fire was half roasted; but then, in this world, people must learn to turn and twist themselves about, and I turned myself like a sunflower.

The evenings were somewhat long; but then the teeth took it into their heads to get up a nervous concert, and it was extraordinary with what alacrity the proposal was accepted. A downright Danish toothache cannot compare itself to an Italian one. Here the pain played upon the very fangs of the teeth, as if there sate a Liszt or a Thalberg at them; now it thundered in the foreground, now in the background. There was an accordance and strength in the whole thing, which at last drove me beside myself.

Besides the evening concerts, there were also nocturnal concerts; and during such a one, while the windows rattled in the storm, and rain poured down in torrents, I threw a half-melancholy glance upon my night-lamp. My writing implements stood just by, and I saw, quite plainly, that the pen was dancing along over the paper as if it were guided by an invisible hand; but it was not so; it was guided by its own hand; it wrote from dictation; and who dictated? Yes, it may sound incredible, but is the truth for all that. And when I say so, people will believe me. It was my boots,—my old Copenhagen boots—which, being soaked through and through with rain-water, now had their place in the chimney, near to the red glowing fire. Whilst I was suffering from toothache, they were suffering from droopy; they dictated their own autobiography, which, as it seems to me, may throw some light upon the Italian winter of 1840-41.

The Boots said,—

"We are two brothers, Right and Left Boot. Our earliest recollection is of being strongly rubbed over with wax, and after that highly polished. I could see myself reflected in my brother; my brother could see himself reflected in me; and we saw that we were only one body,—a sort of Castor and Pollux; a pair of togetherness Siamese, which fate has ordained to live and

die, to exist, and not to exist, together. We were, both of us, native Copenhageners.

"The shoemaker's apprentice carried us out into the world in his own hands, and this gave rise to sweet, but, alas! false hopes of our destination. The person to whom we were thus brought, pulled us on by the ears, until we fitted to his legs, and then he went down stairs in us. We creaked for joy! When we got out of doors it rained—we kept creaking on, however;—but only for the first day.

"Ah! there is a great deal of bad weather to go through in this world! We were not made for water boots, and therefore did not feel happy. No brushing ever gave us again the polish of our youth: the polish which we possessed when the shoemaker's apprentice carried us through the streets in his hand. Who can describe our joy, therefore, when we heard it said one morning, that we were going into foreign parts! yes, were even going to Italy, to that mild, warm country, where we should only tread upon marble and classic ground; drink in the sunshine, and, of a certainty, recover the brightness of our youth.

"We set out. Through the longest part of our journey we slept in the trunk, and dreamed about the warm countries. In the cities or the country, we made good use of our eyes: it was, however, bad weather, and wet there also as in Denmark. Our soles were taken ill of palsy, and in Munich were obliged to be taken off, and we had a new pair; but these were so well done, that they looked like native soles.

"Oh, that we were but across the Alps! sighed we; there the weather is mild and good."

"We came to the other side of the Alps, but we found neither mild nor good weather. It rained and blew; and when we trod upon marble, it was so icy-cold, that it forced the cold perspiration out of our soles: wherever we trod we left behind a wet impression. In the evenings, however, it was very amusing when the shoe-boys at the hotels collected and numbered the boots and shoes; and we were set among all these foreign companions, and heard them tell about all the cities where they had been. There was once a pair of beautiful, red morocco boots, with black feet,—I think it was in Bologna,—that told us all about their ascending Vesuvius, where their feet were burnt off with the subterranean heat. Ah! we could not help longing to die such a death.

"If we were but across the Apennines! If we were but in Rome! sighed we. And we came thither; but for one week after another have been tramping about in nothing but wet and mud. People must see everything; and wonderful sights, and rainy weather, never come to an end. Not a single warm sunbeam has refreshed us; the cold wind is always whistling round us. Oh, Rome! Rome! For the first time, this night do we inhale warmth in this blessed chimney corner, and we will inhale it till we burst! The upper leathers are gone already,—nothing remains but the hind-quarters, and they will soon give way. Before, however, we die this blessed death, we wish to leave our history behind us; and we wish also that our corpses should be taken to Berlin, to repose near to that man who had the heart and the courage to describe 'Italy as it is,'—even by the truth-loving Nicolai."

And with these words the boots crumbled to pieces.

All was still: my night-lamp had gone out. I myself slumbered a little; and when towards morning I awoke, I found it was all a dream! But when I glanced toward the chimney-corner, I saw the boots all shrivelled up, standing like mummies beside the cold ashes! I looked at the paper which lay near to my lamp—it was gray paper, full of ink spots—the pen unquestionably had been over it, but the words had all run one into another; however, the pen had written the Memoirs of the boots on gray paper. That, however, which was legible I copied out; and people will be so good as to recollect that it is not I, but my boots, which make this complaint of *La bella Italia*.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT—JANUARY

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I PROPOSE during the coming year, with the beautiful designs of Kaulbach before me, with one of which we here present the reader, to trace in perspective some of the chief features of each month as it approaches. Being, as most of us are, in towns, or in absorbing avocations, we are apt to forget what lies, as an offered gift from God, like the sunrise, and the free, sweet airs of heaven, in the heart of the approaching weeks; but when we are duly premonished of these, we shall doubly enjoy them, in anticipation and in reality.

It would seem this year as if Winter would show us some of his old characteristics. We have had already a sharp specimen of what he can and may do; and if we regard the health of society, and of the vegetation, we shall not complain if frosts and snows come upon us in all that strength and abundance which so many of us can remember. Splendid as was the last summer, every one who had even a garden knows how unhealthy was the vegetation. Never did such universal blight infect and curdle up the foliage of fruit trees; never was the crop of all kinds of fruit, except grapes, so deficient; and never was the fruit itself so affected by insects. There can be little doubt but that a good old-fashioned winter, with frosts that penetrate deep into the soil, and destroy this insect-life, would restore vegetation to its purest vigour, and probably prepare the earth to receive the potato into its bosom with a renovating influence.

But with an old-fashioned winter we shall have most imperative need of old-fashioned virtues. The poor of England are ill prepared for such a visitation, the poor of Ireland far worse. There famine and rags need no aggravations of frost. The scene is terrible; the aspect of the nation's condition is appalling. It will need all the wisdom and all the goodness of the United Kingdom to carry through the crisis the wretched population. Here and there, then, with our old-fashioned winter, we must open our hearts to an old-fashioned hospitality, and sympathy with the suffering. We must reflect that, though a kind Providence generally "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," yet there may come a conjunction of circumstances so peculiar as to require sharp agencies at a moment when humanity seems least prepared for them. It is for us, then, to put forth energies and virtues befitting the occasion. It is for us to open our hands, our hearts, our store-rooms, and our wardrobes, and emulate each other in sheltering and strengthening our poorer sisters and brothers during

that keen dispensation which is to issue in blessings and abundance to us all. If frosts and snows come then, let us resolve that active kindness and liberal aid to the ill prepared shall come too. Let us pay down cheerfully our part of the price which a coming year of health and plenty will be so worthy of. With this resolve on our parts, we may look to winter without utter apprehension, and may even revel in the recollection of those snowy scenes of beauty which I find myself years ago thus describing in January.

"Frost—keen-biting frost, is in the ground; and in the air, a bitter, scythe-edged perforating wind from the north,—or, what is worse, from the north-east,—sweeps the descending snow along, whirling it from the open fields, and driving it against whatever opposes its course. People who are obliged to be passing to and fro, muffle up their faces, and bow their heads to the blast. There is no loitering, no street-gossiping, no stopping to make recognition of each other; they shuffle along, the most wintry objects of the scene, bearing on their fronts the tokens of the storm. Against every house, rock, or bank, the snow-drift accumulates. It curls over the tops of walls and hedges in fantastic wildness, forming often the most perfect curves, resembling the scrolls of Ionic capitals, and showing beneath, romantic caves and canopies. Hollow lanes, pits, and bogs now become traps for unwary travellers; the snow filling them up and levelling all to one deceitful plain. It is a dismal time for the traversers of wide and open heaths; and one of toil and danger to the shepherd in mountainous tracts. There the snow falls in amazing quantities in the course of a few hours, and, driven by the powerful winds of those lofty regions, soon fills up the dells and glens to a vast depth, burying the flocks and houses too in a brief space. In some winters, the sheep of extensive ranges of country, much cattle, and many of the inhabitants, have perished beneath the snow-drifts."

Such used to be the snows, of late years seldom seen in this country, as many believe, from the increase of population, and consequently, increased number of fires, as well as greater warmth of the whole surface of the land from draining, and from the diminution of woods. Be that as it may, such winters were once common, and are now rare. The skate-makers, and all sellers of skates, except fishmongers, complain. Then the frost used to continue commonly till March, and the proverb was, that as the days lengthened, the cold

strengthened; and by a bold figure, it was said, that January froze the pot over the fire. Yet, spite of this, people in the country enjoyed themselves wonderfully. There were sliding, skating, shooting, and snow-balling. In this country those little sledges represented in our vignette, never seem to have prevailed, but abound in all countries from Germany to Lapland; the boys flew, and still do fly, down hills on them, with the speed of birds and in wonderful delight. Here our country population eagerly pursue the wild creatures of the fields and forest at this season. The poacher and the gamekeeper are equally on the alert; the one to track game, the other vermin; and thousands of polecats, weasels, stoats, rats, otters, badgers, and similar nightly depredators, are traced to their hiding-places in old buildings, banks, and hollow trees, and marked for certain destruction. The poacher, particularly on moonlight nights, makes havoc with game. Partridges nestled down in a heap on the stubble, are conspicuous objects; and hares, driven for food to gardens and turnip-fields, are destroyed by hundreds. Woodpigeons are killed in great numbers in cabbage and turnip fields by day; in the neighbourhood of great woods where they abound, the farmers' boys set steel traps for them in the snow, laying a cabbage-leaf on each trap, to which they fly eagerly, and are abundantly captured; and by moonlight they are shot in the trees where they roost. Larks are shot or taken in nets on the stubbles, and conveyed to London by thousands.

In such sports do the country people soon forget the rigour of the season, and the glow of health and pleasure lives in every vein. In towns walking by day is a bracing and delightful exercise; but it is with the closing evening that in towns and cities, the reign of enjoyment begins. Then blazes out the bright fire of the British hearth; then congregate around it the groups from places of business, sons and brothers, and husbands bringing the news of the day. Then the wife and sister open the piano, and song and gay conversation fill up the measure of domestic bliss. Then congregates the invited party; then the theatre and the concert unfold their charms, and wonders, and harmonies; and men think no more of what weather is without, than of the cage of Bajazet, or the conquests of Tamerlane.

And even in the wintry world without, the soul of the coming year bursts through the power of frost, and amid the piles of snow, swell buds of the future summer, and bloom flowers of rare beauty. It is one of the miracles of this world, one of the characteristics of a wonderful and all good Creator, that He has left no season without a witness of His living presence. He has planted in the iron depth of winter even the whole vegetable life of the future summer. Like the germs of faith and hope in the heart of man which can never fail, the bud swells on the bough, the corn springs from the frozen earth, bearing in them, or at their root, every leaf, every flower, every grain and fruit, which are to enrich the earth, and sustain the life of the globe.

It were too long for us here—for in this number we are particularly cramped for space—to enumerate all the flowers, and coming buds, and insects of January; but we may say, that the *Helleborus niger*, or Christmas Rose, expands its handsome white chalice, undaunted by the sharpest frosts, and blooms amid overwhelming wreaths of snow; and before the month is out comes peeping forth that dear favourite, and poetical old friend—the snowdrop! The white aconites and the white-leaved coltsfoot flower in mild seasons, as well as the round-headed cyclamen; and in the house the changeable-flowered hydrangea; and the hyacinths in their green glasses, are making our windows and mantelpieces beautiful. In woods, and hedges, and banks, numbers of insects begin to re-commence active life, and especially under moss and the bark of trees; and the winter moth, and the early moth *Cheimatobia vulgaris*, and *Cheimatobia rupicapraris*, are already abroad on warm noons, about hedges, pales, and old houses.

Besides these, every advancing day presents us with some fresh and cheering symptom of spring. The hedge-sparrow and the thrush begin to sing; the wren pipes its perennial lay; the golden-created wren is often seen; the blackbird whistles, linnets congregate, young lambs appear! The house-sparrow, that bold and familiar fellow, who has been silent for some time, again renews his brisk chirping, and various strange and beautiful birds, as the wild swan and the snow-flake, visitors from polar regions, are passing to and fro, as if they expected a summons from the invisible spirit of nature to retrace their flight to their native countries.

Such are the attributes of a wintry January—but these are now rare, and a green and soft month is our more ordinary allotment. Be it what it may, the deadness of the year is past, and life and hope and love live in it, and call us to enjoy and bless God, who planteth flowers in the very heart of winter, and causes the spirit to rejoice in the heart of frost, and sends his signs of paternal affection even amid his tempests—who causes "The stork to know her appointed time, and the crane, and the turtle, and the swallow to observe the time of their coming."

PETER WINCH:

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS HAD A PENNY.

BY R. H. HORNE.

THERE lived at a little village near Redcar, in the North Riding of Yorkshire—a village celebrated for its east wind and gravelly soil—a poor, but industrious labourer, named Peter Winch. He was a strong-boned, sinewy man, and stood five feet ten inches. He always worked from six in the morning till six at night, summer and winter. His usual work was in the limestone quarries and gravel-pits; and sometimes, when work was slack there, in consequence of hard frost, or a heavy fall of snow, he drove a team, broke stones in the road, carted ice for the fishmongers of Redcar, or swept snow and chopped dead wood in gardeners' grounds, while the frozen-out gardeners were begging in the town. In one way or the other, Peter Winch always worked twelve hours a-day,—often fourteen hours, never less than twelve,—and he had done this ever since he was ten years old. He was now in his forty-eighth year. By dint of his constant labours, he had always contrived to live with honest independence, as an English labourer should. In the very worst seasons, he had never once applied to his parish for relief; he always paid his way; never borrowed; hated to run in debt for the least thing; and, from a feeling of providence in his mind, not knowing what might happen in this world, he made it a rule never to spend his last penny.

Peter Winch, when a young man, had often wished to be married; but he was always prevented, by being unable to see his way, in the matter of bread and cheese, and clothing. Young men of the working class—and of classes above them too—scarcely ever seemed to think, beforehand, of how they should support a wife and family. But Peter Winch was a very strange man, for a poor man, in this exercise of discretion and common sense. "Those above me," thought Peter Winch, "can afford to be imprudent, and trust to their friends, or their good luck; but a hard-working man, like me, has no friends that can help him; and as for good luck, he can never expect it. By working twelve hours a-day, and sometimes fourteen, I have always been able to support myself without any obligations, without any debts at all,—in short, to obtain sufficient food, and clothing, and lodging, and to stand quite clear with the world. But, in doing this, I have been quite unable to save a shilling. At this very time I have only a penny in my pocket;—'tis true, I want for nothing, except a

wife,—but what a want that is! Yet how can I venture upon such a waggon-load of fresh needs, as would be sure to follow; such a long string of cares and sleepless nights? It makes me have so many thoughts, that sometimes there seems enough of them to fill a church. And, if Martha Brown had not such pretty eyes, and little black curls all round the back of her neck, I certainly never *would* think of it."

Peter bought the ring the day after his great soliloquy; and honest, hard-working, independent, prudent, poor Peter Winch, was married to Martha Brown. It was not done upon the strength of the penny in his pocket; he did not deceive himself, and knew he was acting very imprudently;—it was the strength of his feelings that carried him away. He therefore determined to risk all his future life upon those pretty eyes, and little black curls. Nevertheless, Peter had not been deficient in sense as to his choice. Martha was a healthy, strong, hardworking, cheerful young woman, who would rather be a help than a burden to a working man. She was five-and-twenty years of age. Peter Winch was thirty. Among the working classes, an unmarried man, sound of limb, and of the age of thirty, is almost unprecedented. Such a personage as an old bachelor, is unknown among the working-classes. With what ease does such a sentence drop quietly out of the pen; but what a world of destitution and misery it involves!

Peter, however, had made a good choice. He and his wife worked hard, morning, noon, and night, and by this means Peter not only paid his way, and supported his wife, and three children, without spending his last penny, but they would have been happy, and even comfortable, only for a misfortune. It was a misfortune, that was sure to bring many others upon them. He and his wife had contrived to grind on through life pretty well, notwithstanding the three children; but there came three more children—and there came the measles, and the small-pox, and the hooping-cough; and Martha was often ailing, and could not work, and one child broke its leg, and the eldest girl fell down stairs, with the baby in her arms; and the doctor came, and an unusually cold winter came, and Christmas came—with several bills.

While Peter had been a single man, he never owed a penny—his daily work of twelve hours had always prevented that. While his wife continued well, and strong, and they only had three children, Peter had still contrived to pay for everything weekly, so that he ran no scores. Now it was quite impossible to help it. Besides, he had of late felt unwell himself, and had pains in his joints, and, once or twice, giddiness in the head. He did not "lay-by," however, or cease his work for a single day; he was too poor to afford to be ill, so long as he could stand; he therefore continued to work his twelve hours a day as usual—and sometimes fourteen. He often came home so tired that he sank down upon the bed unable to take off his clothes. In the morning, up before six as usual—and at it again. He paid everything as far as he could, and when he came to his last penny, he replaced that in his pocket, saying, with a melancholy smile, "Well, you do not belong to me, because I owe you to the baker and the doctor; but I will keep you honestly for them, and pay as soon as I can." And poor Peter Winch did, in a few years, contrive to pay every penny he owed, and keep one over for himself. He and his wife made a little joke about this fancy of his, about always having a penny. Peter said it made him feel "independent like," and as if he was not quite reduced to the last extremity.

Peter was now in his forty-eighth year; this was stated at the commencement of his story, and we have thus regularly worked him down to that period. From ten years of age he has ground his way through life, in gravel-pits, in stone-quarries, on hard roads, through winter and summer, and amidst breast-biting east winds; driving teams, carting ice, and pottering about frozen gardens, twelve and fourteen hours a day;

never asking any relief from the parish—always paying his way, with credit to himself, and being considered a pattern for all working men in his parish. As the reward of all this, he has always been able to obtain the bare means of existence—and to wear the uncommon feather in his cap, of having a penny to spare after paying for everything. He has had a beautiful time of it!

Peter Winch was forty-eight. We have said that he was a strong-boned, sinewy man; that he had originally possessed an equally strong constitution, the constant hard labour of eight-and-thirty years is a sufficient proof. However, bone and muscle must wear out as well as bricks and mortar; and the strongest constitution cannot be expected to set at complete defiance the ungenial influences, gravel-pits, east winds, and the variety of labours performed by the mortal machinery of poor Peter Winch. This man, being now only in what, with anything like fair wear and tear, would have been the prime of his life and strength, began to display signs of a rapid break up. His constitution went first. He often felt unwell; he was quite unable to work more than six or seven hours in the day; his breath grew short. He next found that lifting great weights hurt him; and, somehow, after a few hours carting gravel, he actually had pains in his loins and back. One day, while carrying a sack of potatoes, he fell down: he could give no reason for it. The winters were colder than they used to be eight or ten years ago, and he was obliged to give up carting ice—he always took such bad colds and coughs by standing about with wet feet. Even the wind—the east one—seemed to get right into his chest under his shirt—he could not make out what was come to him. Poor, hard-worked, honest, worn-out daily labourer! he did not know that it was premature Old Age who had come to him. Somehow he could not work as he once did. He would pause at times, and look down upon his feet; and resume his spade or pick-axe with a sigh.

He was taken ill one afternoon, and unable to leave the house next day. As he sat in his chair by the fire, being in his forty-ninth year, the light came up to his face, and showed that it was all full of deep lines, and pits, and hard grains. He looked like a dry, tanned, worn-down old man of ninety. He sat silently in this way a few days; he would not send for the doctor; he said it was all no use.

As Peter Winch was unable to work, and as he had never been able to lay by money, because of his family, and because of his honest payment of his way, and because he would never apply to the parish for relief, he was now obliged to run into debt; his family could not live without doing so. Peter paid away all he had, even to his last penny—then began the bills and borrowings. He had always held up his head, and had never yet applied to the parish; his wife was now obliged to apply for out-door relief, and the overseer at the workhouse told her that they should be admitted into the house. Peter quietly refused to go in; and a few days afterwards he died—he had said he knew it was all over with him when he parted with his last penny. It was not because of parting with it—this would have been absurd—he was far too strong-minded a man for this; it was because the parting with his very last penny marked, in his mind, the final failure of a whole life of unremitting laborious toils and honest endeavours—the *only product* of which had been the day by day, and week by week, means of existence, which he had worn himself out in earning. All his vitality had been exclusively devoted to gravel-pits and roads, and every other kind of hard work that fell in his way; and he had no time for the chance of his mind's fair growth—not time for domestic affections and a little amusement—not time for a quiet communion with his God: his whole physical, mental, moral, and spiritual nature had been kneaded into dust and clod—such is the result of a life—of how many lives! Moreover, Peter Winch was a man out of the pale of pity, being in his circum-

stances, by reason of his unremitting assiduity, a degree above the great majority of his class. He never troubled his parish, and he always had a trifle in hand (say a penny) beyond his actual and immediate necessities. Who would pity such a man?

After his death the parochial authorities, having directed that his wife and children should be admitted into the workhouse, caused a little wooden board, painted white, to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF PETER WINCH;
BORN 1796, DIED 1845.
HE WAS A LABOURER, WHOSE CONSTANT HARD WORK, FROM
BOYHOOD TO THE END OF HIS LIFE,
ENABLED HIM TO SUPPORT HIMSELF AND FAMILY
THROUGHOUT VARIOUS PERIODS OF DOMESTIC TROUBLE,
WITHOUT ONCE ASKING FOR PAROCHIAL RELIEF;
TO ACT UNIFORMLY AS AN HONEST, UPRIGHT MAN,
AND A CHRISTIAN,
AND ALWAYS TO HAVE MONEY IN HIS PURSE.
HIS WHOLE LIFE IS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL WORKING MEN.
GO YE AND DO LIKEWISE, SO SHALL YE FIND
YOUR REWARD IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. AMEN.

Where else, poor, upright, worn-out Christian labourer, canst thou hope to find thy reward—a reward more worthy of thy noble patience than mere daily bread?

PENNY WISDOM.

BY A MAN OF NO PARTY.

First Series.

No. 1.—FIRESIDE CHAT.

New Year's Eve, 1816.

It is to be hoped that by a large portion of the friends to whom I wish a happy and thriving New Year, the Old one will not have gone out without something of a holiday gladness being found room for:—not on the epicurean principle announced in Michael Drayton's troll—

"Let him be merry, merry there!
And we'll be merry, merry here!
For who doth know where we may go
To be merry, another year!"

but based on the consciousness that something has been gained—something of patience—something of charity—something of enlightenment. This, even the busy man debarred from sharing in "the cakes and ale" which are going round, because he has promised to have his work ready for New Year's Day, may feel;—this, the mourner watching by the sick bed may enjoy; be the spirit of his house ever so little festive. The true wisdom of the time is genial rather than didactic. The old folks may scold the youngsters for three hundred and sixty-four days and a half, if the youngsters require such sharp practice; but on New Year's Eve let them draw cozily round the fireside, while the rest are singing, and "daffing," and dancing—and we will be of their company;—leave the world's follies alone until April day (perhaps),—nor vex ourselves with thoughts of rambles we can no longer take in search of May-dew;—be contented with the clear, comfortable blaze,—warm ourselves with the thoughts of the good which is abroad on the earth;—and hearten ourselves into determining, that if St. Sylvester find us alive a twelvemonth hence, we shall be able to tell the old Sorcerer, that we have done our best to add to the quantity thereof.

One kind soul begins the pleasant gossip with, "Well; Mr. Penny Wisdom, have you heard of your new relation, Penny Charity?" And, thereupon, I prick up my ears; hope that "the party mentioned will turn out an acquisition," and ask what "Penny Charity" means. Alms in the streets? Surely not.—Relief to the doleful creatures who besiege our doors, and too often, it is to be feared, shuffle off thence, to the

counter of the gin shop!—O no!—But it has occurred to many worthy and active persons, who cannot bear the thoughts of hearths without fire, of beds without clothing, of sickness without medicine, in the houses of "the desolate and oppressed" at this dark time of year, to see what they could gather in pence by way of raising a fund for the timely distribution of a few necessities under judicious inspection.—Don't make game of the scheme, till you have heard of such a result as twenty pounds gathered by one worthy lady for the poor of the neighbourhood. Suppose, instead, you try yourself for a week. It has been said that street beggars calculate their gains at five shillings a day. You are a less unfortunate mendicant: see fewer people. But if you could compass half-a-crown, Cocker will tell you that in a month or thirty days, you would have laid up three pounds fifteen shillings: and suppose twenty persons agreeing to attempt the same sort of thing, there might be seventy-five pounds at their disposal.

Did I hear correctly,—and that old lady in the India shawl said something about its being "*infra dig.*" (probably, sir, the only words of Latin she can muster)? Well, that depends on "where one puts one's *dig*," as I once heard poor Hood say;—but for those wise persons who cannot take a step without an example set, I have one with a vengeance. There was a lady, who lived a few years since in New Burlington-street (the house is now Cocks' music shop)—a very old lady; since she was a grown woman in the days of Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Thrale, and "Queeney," and Burke, and Sheridan, and the rest of the set whom Madame D'Arblay describes so charmingly,—a very clever lady, too; since, in spite of her manifold vagaries, and that sort of rudeness which, I fear, clever people are too apt to sharpen up as a weapon in place of destroying it, all the best men of her time were glad to gather round her—and a very whimsical lady; looking like some tiny sprite, with her white hair, and white cap, and white satin gown, and white shawl,—I mean Lady Cork,—who, with all her rudeness and whimsicality, did kind things as well as shabby ones. It was untold, how much she gathered in sixpences for one object or other. You, being civil, and no dowager countess—having, moreover, no anecdotes of "Blinking Sam," or "Marie Antoinette," gathered *est* voce, to beguile your friends withal,—must put up with copper: but the precedent is the thing, and now you have one; and I hope are duly satisfied by it:—if that was your only difficulty!

Then as to the audacity of levying a toll upon one's friends and acquaintances:—why, to be sure, that has a very ugly sound. And I confess I think that the young gentlewomen who go about in pairs, knocking at other people's doors, begging money for this or the other purpose, might possibly be as well occupied at home. Nor, while I honour kindly motives as deeply as ever did living being, can my Penny Wisdom countenance those who travel the country dropping tracts: "Old Thomas"—"Old Sarah"—"Contented Jane," and the like, among rude stable-boys at inn-gates, and by the way-sides. I have seen, painfully often, how good intentions, taking such a form, only excite vulgar mockery with regard to grave subjects. But, as no person in his sound senses would attack the most peaceable neighbourhood in quest of pence, I think, all fears of "over-conspicuousness" may subside, and the experiment be tried at home until, at least, some rebuff show the ambitious suppliant the error of his ways. I have in my time seen a rage for bread-seals indulged without disastrous consequences to modesty. Some persons to this day bewilder their friends by petitioning for franks, autographs, etc.—aye, and artists for sketches to stick into their albums. I once met a lady, who gained infinite credit to herself in a country circle, for driving up without letter of recommendation to Abbotsford, levelling her album there and then at good-natured Sir Walter, and carrying away a page of his hand-writing. So that, I think, Propriety's Prize Pink itself need

not feel "rumped" at the idea of "a person" asking "a person" for—A PENNY! At all events, I shall not be frowned aside when the young people come, as dangerous—"a man who has such odd notions!" So ere we quit the subject, I will even once again say, "Remember all ye who distribute and minister to those who have less than yourselves, that Charity is no affair of sympathy and antipathy, of sentimentality seeking repayment in gratitude—but of justice to the most indigent, and mercy to the most thankless."

At this point a very silent person in the opposite chimney-nook, who has the reputation, like Dickens' Mr. Nadgett, of being a remorseless letter-writer, stretches out his hand as the loving cup goes round, and opening a mouth, not unlike the slit of a post-office, saith, "As we are upon the question of Penny Beneficence, I propose to drink Mr. Rowland Hill's health and happiness in his new appointment." Well said, and right well done! Surely that was one of the Old Year's good deeds! What a last page for —'s collection of parliamentary franks, would be the autograph letter which announced to Master Rowland his appointment! I remember, when the scheme first broke out, dining in a party, the united ages of whose members must have amounted to some nine hundred years, and from whom it was fair to expect much gold and silver (if not copper) wisdom. How they despised the notion of it! How they mathematically proved it to be impossible! How they foretold ruin to the revenue! and how, on my lifting up my voice—let me own, out of contradiction, as much as conviction—to say a word in its behalf;—a snappish-looking personage, with a claw rather than a nose on the centre of his thin red face, demolished me, it was thought, and settled the question, by his sharp, "I suppose, sir, you are a writing-master!" I wonder whether Mr. Snow remembers his pleasantry, this New Year's Eve; or whether, having given over England's prosperity to wreck and ruin, he is somewhere "over the water" in quest of exclusiveness, difficult intercourse, and high prices!

Here a middle-aged gentleman, buttoned up to the chin in a tight navy blue coat, (which makes some one whisperingly ask if his name be not "Waghorn,")—and who, though sitting among the elders, seems to have life enough to bounce up the chimney, if he and his chair once parted company—starts the question, *apropos* of intercourse, "where must one go now-a-days, among civilized people (Mr. Snow not being expected to put up with idolaters) if one wants to be out of the reach of railways?"—"A very threadbare inquiry," mumbles some testy soul, dissatisfied because he himself is not talking. Mr. Finchbeck's observation is in itself no bad testimony to the strides we are making in Penny Wisdom! Where was his threadbare topic twenty years ago? "A scheme which looked very well on paper, but which would break down in the working."—"A speculation which would ruin every one that looked at it."—"A manner of conveyance which would only do for short distances—or long ones"—no matter which! "An unjust spoiling of the wearers of boxcoats."—"A final destruction of the race of horses."—"A system of wholesale massacre of passengers."—"A wicked device of The —!" Yes, this was said and preached, by good, timid souls; whose minds had not got beyond the orthodoxy of pad and pillion, in travelling from pulpit to pulpit. But that a simple score of years should have already fossilized this ignorance, and prejudice, and folly, to the point that we seem absolutely wasting time over obsolete common-places, in the bare allusion to it!—and that we should be now hearing of labourers carried miles to their day's work for a penny! of families enabled to live out of the close alley and the noisome lane, where their trade must be carried on, in cheap and healthy situations, where the back door shall open out into a field, or upon a common—to say nothing of Italy, wakened out of her dream in the sun,—of Austria, compelled to 'let in light' by the appeal to her pockets, which even

absolution and diplomacy cannot resist—if these be threadbare truths, there is in their antiquity also a poem, to which every new day is adding a new incident—a new image—a new stanza!

"Penny poetry," puts in the saucy voice of one who has broken away from "Sir Roger de Coverley," and looking over the gray heads, tries to disturb the conversation, more out of mirth than malice.—"And why not?"—"I do not suppose that Homer's ballads were much better, in their day, than penny poetry!"—"Go your ways back to your partner, child."—On which a thin gentleman,—who is supposed to be an author, ruefully remarks "that there is no need to make the *profession* worse than it is already;"—and one of the company, tired of all this prosing, or wishing it may be to please the dejected rhymater, asks him, "if he can't remember something—something of his own: to fill up the time pleasantly, till the clock strikes." The thin gentleman with bamboo-coloured eyelashes desires nothing better:—and the tight active man in blue finding sitting still "cold work," is out of his chair, and in the middle of the dance, with a partner, "who can't bear people repeating their own things,"—ere the Penny Poet's throat is cleared and the following carol begun:—

A NEW YEAR'S CHIME.

COME, rouse up! ye heard the chimes.

Crouch not o'er the dwindling fire,

Murmuring of those by-gone times

When did Youth aspire!

Know ye not a babe is born

By a parted monarch's bier;

Lay him to his grandfathers worn,

Fare Old Year!

Turn and see! A glorious star

O'er the infant's cradle beams;

Peace from mad and wasting war

For Ambition's schemes.

Hark! a rebeck kind and jolly!

Warm good-will with pleasant cheer,

Shouting, "Justice for the lowly,

Good New Year!"

What! so mute! If Hope be heard,

Memory, too, will claim her part:

Joy is never nobly stirred

But a tear will start!

'Mid the mates we still retain

Thoughts of parted ones, mor: dear,

Deepen thy funeral strain,

Dark Old Year!

Pledge the valiant, who have passed

Through the fire, the wind, the wave;

Lost to life—now standing fast

Where no tempests rave.

Here's to heads that slumber low,—

Hearts that knew nor fraud, nor fear:

Ah! thy path was traced in woe,

Stern Old Year!

Pledge the patient, who are left

For their struggle 'mid the crowd;

Spite of hearts with anguish cleft;

Spite of sinews bowed.

Here's to scrip!—and here's to staff!

Hopeful 'prentice!—palmer sere!

Cheer their labours with thy laugh—

Blihe New Year!

Once again—the stream runs slack—

Here's our task anew begun!

Ne'er may honest hearts shrink back

Weary of the sun.

Give us, as our days grow few,

Courage bolder—truth more clear;

Skill to plan, and strength to do:

Brave New Year!

By this time the clock is striking; and the window is opened to let in the New Year; and we are solemn though gay, and gay though solemn; and in no humour for more fireside chat, while we bid each other good night, and good morning!

POETRY.

LYRICS OF LIFE

BY MARY HOWITT.

New Series.

No. I.—THE CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces !
Spite of all that mars and sears :
To my inmost heart appealing ;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling ;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us ! save us ! woe surrounds us ;
Little knowledge sore confounds us :
Life is but a lingering death !

Give us light amid our darkness ;
Let us know the good from ill ;
Hate us not for all our blindness ;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing ; we are ready ;
We would learn, if you would teach ;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty ;
We have minds alive to beauty ;
Souls that any heights can reach !

Raise us by your Christian knowledge :
Consecrate to man our powers ;
Let us take our proper station ;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours !

We shall be what you will make us :—
Make us wise, and make us good !
Make us strong for time of trial ;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude !

Look into our childish faces ;
See ye not our willing hearts ?
Only love us—only lead us ;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.]

We are thousands—many thousands !
Every day our ranks increase ;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honour,
Combating for love and peace !

Train us ! try us ! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again !
Save us, save ! from our undoing !
Save from ignorance and ruin ;
Make us worthy to be MEN !

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow !
We may be our fathers' teachers :
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now !

Such the children's mute appealing,
All my inmost soul was stirred ;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard !"

GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

FAR out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail,—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew ;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then flutter'd o'er the waters blue.

Above, there gleam'd the boundless sky ;
Beneath, the boundless ocean shewn ;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene.

Away he sped with shimmering glee !
Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone.
Night comes, with wind and rain,—and he
No more will dance before the Morn.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween ;
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed ;
And he hath felt, and known, and scen,
A larger life and hope, though lost
Far out at sea !

THE WINTER TIME.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

This is now the winter time,
My merry gentlemen !
Yule logs are burning in your hall ;
Fair forms are circling in the ball ;
And cups are filled with purple wine,
To aid the pudding and the chine.
This is now the winter time :
Remember gentles, then,
That none shall starve while you shall dine ;
That none shall thirst who grow the vine ;
Yet give no alms in mean award,
But spread the just, the well-earned board.
This is now the winter time,
My noble gentlemen !

This is now the winter time,
My reverend clergymen !
Christ came to save in winter time,
And not in summer's sultry prime ;
And He your pattern sure must be
When glows with red the holly tree.
This is now the winter time :
Remember, clerks all, then,
That Christ, in winter, came to save,
Not only souls, but bodies brave :
The bread His body, and the wine
His blood : then spread the feast divine.
This is now the winter time,
My Christian clergymen !

This is now the winter time,
My honest working men !
"Weave truth with trust," ye weavers, then ;
And "draw straight furrows," farming men ;
And with good grace, and no hard knocks,
Take justice for a Christmas-box.
This is now the winter time :
Remember, workers, then,
That none should starve while others have ;
That Christ in winter came to save ;
And, but in no alma-taking way,
Accept your rights on New Year's Day !
This is now the winter time,
My gallant working men !

THE WEEKLY RECORD

(OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work FOR all, and we desire to work WITH all.—Eds.

THE WEEKLY RECORD of 'Howitt's Journal' ought to be, and we trust will prove to be, perhaps the most important portion of it. In it, in a condensed form, we shall endeavour to deal with the varied passages and topics of the time. Longer articles upon any matter introduced here will, from time to time, appear in the general pages of the Journal; but here every fact and question of social improvement, of redress of social evils, of encouragement to public good, may again and again present itself in a summary shape. It is the glorious feature of our age that it is the age of progression; that Christianity, in the heart of civilization, now moves obviously and speaks audibly; that the spirit of war and of oppression is dying out before the spirit of general intelligence, and of what may now, without a fear of a burlesque turn, be seriously called the Majesty of the People. That majesty consists in the patience of the people under suffering; in the industry of the people in educating themselves; in the zeal of the people in cooperating in every object which has for its aim the extermination of cruelty, the eradication of vice, the union of numbers for the continuance and establishment of great public virtues. Peace, Temperance; the Extension of Schools and Libraries; the Early Closing of Shops; the Abolition of Slavery; the Elevation of Women in the scale of intelligence and comfort; the opening of Athenæums, and Literary Institutions, where the industrious classes can find, in their few leisure hours, at once relaxation and mental growth; the defence, and reform, and rescue of the unhappy victims of seduction; the Protection of the young in mines and factories; the Abolition of the Punishment of Death: in all these, and a host of other questions, all they who mix privately with, and address publicly the people, know how instantly, how cordially, nay, how rapturously, they respond and cooperate. They are alive to these great questions as rights, they feel them as sympathies. Where their own personal interests are directly involved in them, they are prompt, firm, but patient; where they affect the interests of others, and perhaps distant sections only of their class, they are not the less, nay, they are, in fact, still more zealous in their demands, and impetuous in the expression of their wishes. This is a noble ground to work upon; with this we are sure of the rapid and triumphant career of the cause of man.

But this is not the only source of encouragement. The same spirit has breathed its influence into every other class. The prime minister of the conservative section goes out of office, announcing that Public Opinion is the ruler of England. The prime minister of the moderate reformers comes in, declaring that the three paramount questions for the consideration of the British Legislature, are Ireland, National Education, and Sanatory Reform. This is a grand announcement on the part of both regnant parties of the political world, that a new day has not merely dawned, but has arisen. That the day is past when war and taxation were the only topics of moment, and that the day is

come when peace and all its improvements must occupy statesmen as their main labour. Is this no new thing, O spirits of Henry VIII. of Pitt and Castlereagh! Is there not another new world discovered since your time! Has not a second Columbus steered his adventurous barks into a new ocean—the New Pacific—and laid open a new land, the *Terra Incognita*, after which all ages and sages, all prophets and poets, have sighed! A land where the Palm grows; where the Tree of Knowledge is indigenous; where the dove of affection broods in the branches, and where the spirits of just men made perfect, do not wait for the putting off of their terrene garments for their perfecting!

And then see how many of these glorified inhabitants are already walking about in this new and great region. How thickly stand there now the spiritual descendants of Hampden and Pym, of Marvell and of Falkland, of Howard, and Mrs. Fry, of Brainard and Elliott; of Raikes and Lancaster! What city and what village has not now its self-devoted labourers for the public good! What place has not its Cobdens, and Brights, and Foxes, to break down monopolies; its George Thompsons, its Garrisons, and its Burritts, to denounce slavery, and proclaim peace; its Father Mathews to exhort to Temperance; Ashleys and Southwood Smiths, to insist on better houses and domestic conveniences, on more health and more life to the poor? In every class, and in every quarter, we are not beginning to feel, but feeling strongly that we must no longer live for ourselves, but for our kind. The divine precept of the Divine Regenerator is becoming the precept of social philosophy and the law of nations, "*Love thy neighbour as thyself.*"

If we were to enumerate only the catalogue of the institutions raised and maintained by the Love-thy neighbour principle in England, it would fill the remainder of the columns of this Record; if we could call forth all the soldiers and the Amazonian ones too of the great army of peace and improvement, which under many colours and in many cohorts exists in England, it would be the greatest army that ever marched on the bosom of the earth. In this army we aspire only to the rank of humble but zealous pioneers. We care not who commands, or under what banner or party device who marches; be they only bent on alleviating wretchedness, advancing knowledge, and annihilating ignorance and bitterness, for them we will wield the axe or spade of preparation, and in the zealous corps of our fellows cut through the thorny woods of error, or pave the path of truth over the morasses of delusion.

So far as our space allows we shall, in short, endeavour to notice every new step in the universal progress, whoever makes it; and we shall, as far as possible, not only notice what is just past, but shall cast the shadow of coming events before; or in plain terms, announce the approach of particularly important and interesting meetings and measures. Let the humblest open his heart to us if he think he has but a mite to cast into the great treasury of human blessing; let the highest

and wisest philanthropist give us his views and his thoughts, for they are not for us but for all.

Subscription of the Society of Friends for the Starving Irish.—The Society of Friends, ever foremost in the march of benevolence, are setting a splendid example to the English public in behalf of the destitute in Ireland. They have already raised amongst their leading members about 12,000*l.* and there is little doubt but that the subscription will amount to 20,000*l.*

Destitution in the Highlands of Scotland. appears to be nearly as general as it is in Ireland, and its immediate cause, the failure of the potato crop. At a public meeting held in Edinburgh to propose a subscription for the relief of the sufferers, it was stated, "that there were 350,000 individuals deprived of their usual means of support; 200,000 requiring immediate assistance, and if not assisted, they would have to become paupers. But there were 130,000 requiring food immediately, to prevent them from dying of starvation."

This appeal also has been nobly responded to both in Scotland and London.

It is not now the time to go into the entire causes of this state of distress both in Ireland and the Highlands; the first and imperative thing is to relieve it. But it will be necessary to press, in the next place, on the government and the public, that the fault lies deeper than in the season. The races of Ireland and the Highlands are akin, and their treatment has been akin. There is something wrong in the tenure of land, in the treatment of the population by the landholders, which will want well investigating, and some grand and lasting remedy applying, if, with every inauspicious season, we do not mean to expose so large a mass of our fellow-men to the like evils.

In early numbers of the Journal we intend to draw attention to this important question, as well as to the treatment of the poor in our workhouses.

Mr. Dempster, the American vocalist.—The United States of America continue to send us over not only cotton and flour, but rich contributions to our means of entertainment. There is something in the character of these contributions that is extremely gratifying;—a native simplicity, a spirit of pure intellect and poetry, which come like a breeze from a transatlantic forest, like a sudden view of a far-western champaign, or the rolling strength of one of their great rivers. There are those who go to witness the power and passion of Miss Cushman, who complain that she has not softness and finish enough for them; there are those who listened to the Hutchinsons who exclaimed, "Oh, there is no science there!" there will be those who will go to listen to Mr. Dempster, who will make the wonderful discovery that he is not Tamburini, or Lablache. We should be sorry to find that Miss Cushman, or the Hutchinsons, or Mr. Dempster, were anything but what they are. They are representatives of the best portion of American artists. They make no pretensions to the superb accomplishment of Europe; they do not carry coals to Newcastle all the way from the Alleghanies; they do not bring the finest quavers from Alabama, or the most long-drawn or high-sounding flights of song from Buffalo. They know better. They bring us that which we need, and not that which we do not need,—soul, and thought, and simple truth, and a sentiment deep and pure as the springs of their forest hills. We have heard a great deal from our travellers of the conceit, and the 'cute impertinence of Americans; how delightful is it then to find in all the parties just named the very opposite of those qualities. To find, as we do, such true simplicity, such genuine worth, and so natural a possession of the noblest poetic temperament. In them we discover the total absence of that worldly knowingness which so much repels us in actors and singers who have lived too much amongst the crowds and the lamp smoke of London. There is a delightful freshness about them; a love of the beautiful and the noble, which gives a charm to their acting or their

singing, which we fail to feel in many others of far higher pretension. We are becoming fastidious towards art without sentiment; we long for the earnest expression of the true, the beautiful, and the tender; and seem it a singular assertion, as it may, we can perceive already, that the entertainments of Mr. Dempster will be marked by the presence of that portion of the public who possess a high and pure taste, rather than by that of the ordinary worshippers of the names in vogue. We have had the pleasure to be present at the two concerts already given by him at the Princess's Concert Room, and his second was not only extremely well attended, but by an audience which showed a true and rapturous appreciation of the beauty and the soul of the performance. The music is wholly of Mr. Dempster's composition; the "May Queen," by Alfred Tennyson, and others sung by the Hutchinsons, being from his hand. Amongst his most beautiful songs, we would mention the "Indian's Lament," the words by Eliza Cook; "John Anderson my Jo;" the "Blind Boy;" and Tennyson's "May Queen," a splendid cantata in three parts. We have also had the pleasure of hearing in private the "Dying Child," one of Mrs. Howitt's "Lyrics of Life," to which he has composed one of the most thrilling, and we will venture to say, sublime melodies which we ever heard. We foresee for Mr. Dempster a great popularity with the true lovers of genuine music.

The Editors are happy to announce that they have secured the able assistance of the following eminent writers:—

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, (*Copenhagen.*)
PHILIP BAILEY, (*Author of Festus.*)
GOODWYN BARMBY.
MISS BREMER, (*Stockholm.*)
DR. BOWRING.
MRS. CHILD, (*New York.*)
HENRY F. CHORLEY.
THOMAS COOPER.
BARRY CORNWALL.
EBENEZER ELLIOT.
W. J. FOX.
FRANKLIN FOX.
FERDINAND FREIL-GRATH.
WILLIAM L. GARRISON.
MARY GILLIES.

DR. HODGSON, (*Liverpool.*)
R. H. HORNE.
RICHARD HOWITT.
LEIGH HUNT.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.
MRS. LEE, (*Boston, U. S.*)
J. R. LOWELL, (*America.*)
MISS MITFORD.
MISS PARDOX.
ABEL PAYNTER.
SILVERPEN, (*of Jerrold's Magazine.*)
DR. SMILES, (*Leeds.*)
DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.
ALARIC A. WATTS.
WHITTIER, (*The American Poet.*)

William Howitt will shortly commence in this Journal Articles of great social importance, such as his Letters on Labour. Amongst the earliest of these will be LETTERS TO THE MERCHANTS AND MECHANICS OF ENGLAND ON THE REAL IMPORTANCE OF INDIA TO THIS COUNTRY.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM HOWITT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street, Strand.—Sundays, January 2, 1847.



PRINCE METTERNICH.

Engraved by W. and G. Meason.

AFTER A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WE have thought that our readers, at this crisis of the extinction of the Republic of Cracow, would feel an interest in gazing on the features, and learning something more than is generally known amongst us, of the history of the man who moves the affairs of the continent beyond any other living person. The following particulars are from a most authentic source; but drawn up in Germany, they are stated with true German caution.

Clemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar, Prince Metternich, Duke of Portella, and Austrian House Count and State Chancellor, was born at Coblenz, May 15th, 1773; commenced his studies at the University of Strasburg, 1788; and in 1790, filled the office of Master of the Ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II. Lothar, having studied jurisprudence at Mayence till 1794, and made a journey to England, became Austrian Ambassador at the Hague, and in 1795 married the Countess Eleonore von Kaunitz, grand-daughter and heiress of the celebrated Minister Kaunitz. His diplomatic career commenced at the Congress of Rastadt, where he appeared as a deputy from the Westphalian nobility. In 1801, he became Austrian Ambassador, at Dresden; and in the winter of 1803-4 was at Berlin, where, on the breaking out of war for the third time, he negotiated a treaty between Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and in 1806 was sent as Ambassador to Paris. In this capacity, in 1807, he closed at Fontainebleau that treaty so advantageous to Austria, by which Braunau was restored, and Isonzo became the boundary on the Italian side. On the commencement of war between Austria and France, in 1809, all passports were denied him, and he only received them shortly before the battle of Wagram.

When Count Von Stadion, on the 9th of July, resigned his office as minister of Foreign Affairs, at first provisionally, but later, on the 8th of October, he had the same office definitively conferred upon him. At Altenburg, in Hungary, he brought negotiations for peace to a close with the French minister, Champagny, and then accompanied the Empress Marie Louise to Paris. His endeavours to prevent a fresh outbreak in the north, when he saw Napoleon at Dresden in 1812, were rendered fruitless through the Emperor's ambitious schemes. The great task was now, whilst showing all due regard to the contracts and engagements, as well as in consideration of family connexion, to offer in the right moment, and with a requisite strength, that assistance which Europe expected from Austria. In Prague, he now conducted the affair of Austria's armed intervention, which, after a conference with the Emperor Alexander, at Opotchna, on the Bohemian and Silesian frontier, was acknowledged by Russia, and France also, in accordance with the treaty signed by Napoleon at Dresden, June 30th. But the negotiation of peace being not yet commenced on the 10th of August, the term peremptorily fixed upon, Metternich, during the night of the 10th, drew up the declaration of war of Austria against France; and already on the morning of the 11th, the combined Russian and Prussian army crossed the Silesian frontier; from this Metternich accomplished at Reichenbach and Teplitz the Quadruple Alliance, September 9th, 1813; he also closed a treaty with Bavaria, at Nid, on October 9th.

On the evening of the battle of Leipzig, the Emperor Francis bestowed upon him and his descendants the title of Prince of the Austrian Empire. Frankfurt, Freiburg, Basle, Langres, and Chaumont, all witnessed the diplomatic activity of Metternich. During the congress at Chatillon he directed affairs at the headquarters of the Emperor; and from Dijon the transactions with the Count d'Artois, who was at Nancy. He

then hastened to Paris, and signed the treaty of Fontainebleau, which was just formed with Napoleon, as well as the treaty of peace of May 30th; and passing over to England, closed the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, on which occasion the University of Oxford presented him with the degree of Doctor. At the opening of the congress at Vienna, the assembled ministers unanimously made him president. At Presburg, together with Wellington, Talleyrand, and the King of Saxony, he negotiated the peace between Saxony and Prussia; and as Austrian plenipotentiary, closed the second Paris treaty, November 20th, 1815; and in the following year, at Milan, one with Bavaria.

In 1817 he was in communication with the Papal See: he was in 1818 Austria's plenipotentiary at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle; was president at the congress at Carlsbad; conducted at Vienna the ministerial transactions for perfecting the acts of the German-Bund; and later, those at Troppau and Laibach. In 1821, being appointed House, Court, and State-Chancellor, he was entrusted with the guidance of affairs at Vienna; and at the congress of Verona, from October to December, 1822, and on the death of Count Karl Zichy, State and Conference-minister; in October, 1826, President of Ministerial Conferences for Home-affairs. At the decease of Francis I. 1835, he remained in possession of all his offices and influence; he accompanied the Emperor Ferdinand I. in September, 1835, to Teplitz and Prague, to a conference with the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia; was ever active in the maintenance of peace, especially on occasion of the conflict about the Oriental question, in 1840 and 1841; drew France once more into an alliance with the other European powers, by the treaty of the 13th of July, 1841; and contrived to make his conservative principles felt in the frequent political outbreaks which occurred in Italy and Switzerland.

Thus shines forth the name of Metternich in all transactions relative to the new-modelling of Europe—and the restoration of the old order of things; and the ministry of Metternich is the epoch in which the stone of Austria's greatest power has been laid. He has also taken a most active part in affairs of a domestic character. He has actively placed himself at the head of undertakings for the relief of the suffering, and has encouraged the arts and sciences of his country. As Kaunitz was the founder, so has Metternich been the restorer, of the Academy of Arts at Vienna. In acknowledgment of his uncommon services to the Austrian States, the Emperor Francis I. has granted him, as well as Prince Carl of Schwarzenberg, permission to quarter the arms of Austria and Lorraine in the chief field of his armorial bearings. The King of the Two Sicilies, Ferdinand IV., created him, in February, 1816, a duke, with a donation of 60,000 Neapolitan ducats; and bestowed upon him, August 1, 1818, the title of Duke of Portella. He also received, August 1, 1816, from the Emperor Francis I. a grant of the castle and estates of Johannisberg, with powers of reversion to the house of Austria, in case of the extinction of his family. The King of Spain created him a grandee of the first class, with the title of Duke; and, excepting the English order of the Garter, he is a knight of all the first European orders. After the death of his first wife, which took place in 1819, he married, in 1827, the beautiful Baroness von Leykam, who was created Countess von Beilstein, and who died in 1829; and in 1831 again, for the third time, married; his third wife was the Countess Melanie Zichy-Ferraris, born 1805. Besides three daughters he has a son, Richard, born 1829, from his second marriage; and two others from the third, namely Paul, born 1834, and Lothar, born 1837.

"Thus," says this biographer, "shines forth the name of Metternich in all transactions relative to the new modelling of Europe, and the restoration of the old

order of things." That is perfectly descriptive of the man and his policy. Look at the portrait of the great Austrian minister, taken by Sir Thomas Lawrence when he was in his prime; and you have a polished, high-bred gentleman, somewhat passionless, but smiling, and not bad at heart. On the contrary, Metternich is a man with many good qualities: kind in private life, affable, and in company most engagingly polite. One of Austria's own nobles—one who knows him well—Count Auersperg, thus admirably describes him:—

THE SALOON SCENE.

'Tis evening; flame the chandeliers in the ornamented hall;
From the crystal of tall mirrors thousandfold their splendours fall.
In the sea of radiance moving, almost floating, round are seen
Lovely ladies young and joyous, ancient dames of solemn mien.

And amongst them staidly pacing, with their orders graced, elate,
Here the rougher sons of war, there peaceful servants of the state;
But observed by all observers, wandering 'mid them, one I view
Whom none to approach dare venture, save th' elect, illustrious few.

It is he who holds the rudder of proud Austria's ship of state,
Who 'mid crowned heads in congress, acting for her, sits sedate.
But now see him! O how modest, how polite to one and all!
Gracious, courtly, smiling round him, on the great and on the small.

The stars upon his bosom glitter faintly in the circle's blaze,
But a smile so mild and friendly ever on his features plays,
Both when from a lovely bosom now he takes a budding rose,
And now realms, like flowers withered, plucks and scatters as he goes.

Equally bewitching sounds it, when fair locks his praise attend,
Or when he, from heads anointed, kingly crowns so calmly rends.
Ay, the happy mortal seemeth in celestial joys to swim,
Whom his word to Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim.

O could Europe now but see him! so obliging, so gallant,
As the man in martial raiment, as the church's priestly saint,
As the state's star-covered servant, by his smile to heaven advanced,
As the ladies, old and young, are all enraptured and entranced!

Man o' th' Empire! Man o' th' Council! as thou art in kindly mood,
Shew'st thyself just now so gracious, unto all so wondrous good,
See! without, a humble client to thy princely gate hath pressed,
Who with token of thy favour burns to be supremely blessed.

Nay! thou hast no cause of terror! he is honest and discreet,
Carries no concealed dagger 'neath his garments smooth and neat.
It is Austria's People;—open—full of truth and honour—see!
How he prays most mildly, "May I—take the freedom to be free!"

Metternich is, in fact, an honest creature of the old stand-still school, whose intellect, like that of a Jesuit or Inquisitor, has been schooled to the conviction that whatever is best for the preserving the order of things which he is called on to uphold is best; and that, in carrying it out, he does God service. He was bred to the old stereotype school of politics. He is one of the last and greatest of the race of the DAMPERS. The business of his life has been to damp, and cool down, and gently soothe nations into a quietus. He is one of the class that lie like a little marble slab on letters, with a handle on their backs for their master to take them up by. His master, the Emperor of Austria, has, however, by the transcendent genius of Metternich, had his own head turned into the handle, and has been made the damper of, and gently lifted up and down, at the subject's pleasure. Metternich is, in truth, the real Emperor of Austria, and of three-fourths of Europe. Emperors, czars, and kings, seem to reign; but Metternich, by a most subtle and all-sufficing intellect, *does* reign. He has lain like a very cool and solid damper on all the letters of Germany. He has, to make it the more complete, introduced that system of national education, of which Prussia has since got the éclat. It was the foreseeing Metternich who perceived that the age of popular enlightenment was come, and could not be altogether restrained; but that it might be diverted, checked, and rendered, for ages perhaps, abortive, he no more doubted than he doubted of his own salvation. Metternich is a good Christian in his way, and knows his Bible much better than many an English justice does Burn's Justice. "Come education will," said he: "no person on earth can prevent it; but what says Solomon!—'Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will

not depart from it.' Very well; and I know that, train him up in the way that he should *not* go, and the result is the same. The public must be trained, and it is our business to train it, if we are wise; or, if we let the schoolmaster go abroad without a policeman to take care of him, he will set fire to the Danube and the Rhine to boot. What says the old adage, too?—'Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' Very true; and, therefore, we must bend it, if we mean it to *incline our way*."

In a word, Metternich took the bull by the horns, and the result is the triumph of his genius. Germany, from east to west, educated, submissive to anything that the princes please, tractable as any horse, however fiery, that was well broken as a colt; patient and dumb as any ass that feels himself the foal of an oppressed race, but feels just as plainly that a ponderous pair of panniers hang on his sides, duly inscribed—ARMY—POLICE; and his master sitting between them on his neck, wielding a huge cudgel, labelled OBERSTÄRST.

That is the clever workmanship of Prince Metternich: but if you want to see all his work, you must travel all over Europe, and visit the dungeons of Munkat and Spielberg into the bargain; for the gentle and gracious Metternich, who grows the true Johannisberg, grows rods also for the disobedient; and his bland word equally blandly

"To Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim."

He shone in all the great congresses, and to the most fatal annihilation of the liberties of Europe. It was a disastrous circumstance that the interests of France and of Austria were, to a certain degree, the same at the period of the Congress of Vienna, and that two such wily diplomatists as Talleyrand and Metternich should have acted there for those nations. Behold, therefore, the handiworks of these two great Machiavellians on the face of Europe. Italy, not restored to one great and noble nation, but parcelled out amongst petty princes, with a fine portion to Austria; free-spirited Norway given up to despotic Sweden; Holstein, a German state, turned over to Denmark; so as to keep Russia and Prussia somewhat in awe when Austria allied itself to either of these kingdoms. Look at the left bank of the Rhine: that would have made a fine German state, a proud and impregnable position against France; but that France did not want, and that Metternich did not want; for a strong state there, impregnated with French liberalism, might be a formidable element in the German confederacy in opposition to Austrian sway. Therefore this left bank of the Rhine was cut into shreds; and Alsace, as already infected with French ideas of freedom, was thrown at once to the French; was severed from the German fatherland, and given freely up to the condition of a Gallic province. It could not suit Metternich, for a moment, that Alsace and Baden, the most public-spirited state of Germany, should be in union, or even close alliance. It were equally undesirable for the hopes of future French invasion; therefore Talleyrand and Metternich were quite agreed there. Still less was it in accordance with Austrian policy that Bavaria should have Baden added to it; yet the King of Bavaria claimed Baden as his patrimonial territory, in precedence of its present reigning family of the younger branch of Zweibrücken; and Bavaria had, at the commencement of the last war against Buonaparte, to be detached from the alliance of Buonaparte. Therefore Baden was promised to Bavaria, as the condition of defection from Napoleon, and adhesion to the cause of the allies. Baden was promised, and Austria was pledged, to the accomplishment of this union, or to pay a large yearly sum till it was effected. Buonaparte was put down; but, at the Congress of Vienna, it did not suit Austria to redeem its pledge to Bavaria, because Bavaria with Baden, would

become too formidable a neighbour for Austria; and the annual sum is still paid.

Then, Saxony was too strong a neighbour for Austria, and it was dismembered, and a portion of it conferred on Prussia. But Prussia must be well endowed with territory out of the plunder of Germany.—and yet Prussia was already too great for Austria. Therefore, all that was given to Prussia, excepting the portion of Saxony, was given in distant and detached provinces, principally on the Rhine. Thus, by the masterly diplomacy of Talleyrand and Metternich, the greatness of Germany was cut to pieces, and Austria alone left in one substantial and compact empire, with barriers of mountains on all hands interposing to check any attempts on the part of their neighbours and so-called allies.

With this disposition of things, Metternich has reigned triumphantly in Austria, teaching the people to dance and sing, and even to enjoy art, and certain species of literature; but lying like a most cool damper on all letters of progress, on all motions of intellectual freedom. The watchful eyes of the now old yet smiling statesman are always going to and fro in the earth to secure an advantage to the system of making, if not a solitude, a silence, and calling it peace. The smallest circumstance does not escape him. When Mrs. Trollope had made a good thing of laughing at the Americans, she proposed to pay Austria a visit. The good people of Vienna were alarmed at the prospect of being laughed at by Mrs. Trollope and the English; but Metternich said smilingly—"Oh, no, she will not laugh at us—I will engage for that." Accordingly, Mrs. Trollope was introduced to the court circles—everything was shown to her, and the urbanemister was so particularly polite, that, instead of a Trollopean laughter, there was nothing but laudation. The other day, Louis Philippe made a matrimonial escapade at Madrid, and while that engaged the attention of Europe, Metternich quietly suggested the abduction of the little republic of Cracow from the dissected map of Europe. It is done, and will not be readily undone. Let the Hanse Towns look to it next, and let Switzerland beware; for Metternich is not too old yet to plan their *remodelling* over a particularly good bottle of Johannisberg, of this particularly prime vintage of 1846.

THE FLINT AND HART MATRONSHIP.

THE light south wind came fresh from the sea across the broad green marshland. It had dipped downward to so many sedgy pools; had flitted round, and in, so many water-lily cups; that it was perfumed enough without wanting, as it did, on this June morning, amidst the thousand roses that crept and twined around the brewery chimney. Now, this chimney was not tall or taper, or struggling through a city's smoke to catch a faint glimpse of the summer's sky; but was squat, and old, and of red stone, and broadly resting on the lichen-covered thatch of Tobit Tunn's brewery, wore round it a light mantle of odorous vapour, that so strongly bespoke the brewing of genuine malt and hops, that it not only answered all the purposes of a public advertisement to the parish of Organfull, but occasionally, when it travelled on a north wind, tickled the noses of water-drinking paupers in the neighbouring workhouse. Perhaps it was all these delicate odours combined that made Tobit turn his face upwards more than once towards the light wind, as he came along the elm-shaded courtway towards the village street. As he stepped upon the pathway, a tall, bony, but accurately-apparelled female, whose bonnet was precise, whose umbrella was cased, whose threads and pins were mathematically ordered,

and whose purity appeared of so immaculate a kind that it did not allow a look either to right or left, letting alone a bolder glance upon the brewer's yellow waistcoat and best coat. No; not even a peep into that bright eye—so honest, that it answered for the genuineness of a hundred barrels, and did in no way plead guilty to tobacco bags, or other flavouring mysteries of the brewing art. Watching her out of sight with something like curiosity in his looks, he had stepped on a few yards in the same direction, when a voice, close beside him, asked the way to the Union-house. Upon turning quickly round, he beheld a little woman, clad in a faded silk gown; but with such a loving and humane countenance, with an eye that looked so at once and intelligently into his own, that he involuntarily raised his hat as a token of respect; nor could he help holding it in his hand, whilst he answered that he was going to the house, and would show the way; and then, all at once espying the faded gown, added—"Perhaps —"

The little woman anticipated the question; for she said quickly, "Yes; I am one of the candidates for the matronship."

"You!" exclaimed the honest brewer, quickly; "you!" and his eye met hers as it glanced for the third time on the faded gown. She understood the look; for she said softly, "Yes! I have seen better days, sir; but we all have our misfortunes, and so——"

"God bless you, madam!" he said, fervently, "and all like you that keep a bright face through the darkest day. But come, madam, step in a moment, and taste a glass of the XXX ale, and a slice of Peg's cake; it's yet early." Whereupon, having consulted his turnip-shaped watch, he turned back down the shady court-way, and soon ushered the little woman into a quaint, bow-windowed parlour, that had a fair view of a formal garden, the box and other evergreens wherein were clipped into such shapes as barrels, and puncheons, and half kegs; and one old yew-tree, kept low by art, into the form of a prodigious vat, the pride and boast of the whole country. Yet, nevertheless, this garden was bedecked with wide borders of fragrant flowers; and showing far across the hedgerows, the grey old church; and yet beyond, the green and sinking marshland. Now, it happened that between Mrs. Tunn and Tobit there existed a long-life, though good-humoured, controversy, upon the respective virtues of XXX ale and home-made wines; and the matter, on this occasion, was only at last arranged by the faded gentlewoman partaking moderately of both, and declaring that both were so refreshing after her long dusty walk, that to place the ale against the ginger wine, or the ginger wine against the ale, would be a perfectly absurd and unjust thing. And during this tasting, and following this declaration, there was so much pleasant conversation, yet withal sad, when the little woman told her history, and said her name was Mary Hart; that when Tobit tucked her arm beneath his own, and set once more forward to the Union-house, so had the story won upon them—so had her most loving and sensible manner touched their kindly natures—so had the recipe for cowslip wine been then and there considered by Mrs. Tunn to excel her own, that Mary was invited to return to dinner, after her encounter with the mighty Solons that formed the Board of Guardians.

It was clear, as the brewer marched thus gallantly through the village street, that this was an important day in the parish of Organfull; for the womankind were left in the general charge of tills and ledgers, into which and over which they might be seen peeping, in order to pick out such sins as omission, generosity, or error, and thereby secretly establish a few grand specific charges as ammunition on their part against the next curtain warfare. Therefore, when honest Tobit had turned his eye into Tapper, the tinman's; Nix, the baker's; Bull, the butcher's; and divers other shops, and overheard

whisperings at the street corners; which whisperings, in Organfull, were representative of popular opinion—that is, opinions nicely trimmed by those of the vicar, the surgeon, and the attorney—he sighed, and glanced furtively at the little woman. It would be, again, the old story of keeping pauperism at a level with ignorance and wrong.

Free from the village, and amidst picturesque clumps of alders, stood the Union-house—not too far off either, but that on summer winds, and with the ripple of the neighbouring mere, came up, when fairly touched, the rich deep notes of the famed parish organ; so that high walls did not always wholly shut out Nature's sweet ministry to her universal children. Whilst Tobit took his place at the board, Mary Hart was ushered into a large bare room, encircled with forms fixed to the walls. On one of these, at the upper end of the room, sat the precise female before mentioned, in a very erect posture, and staring so fixedly at an exact spot on the opposite wall, that it surely contained within it, plainly legible, a little essay on the method of rightly whipping, or pinching, or lecturing pauperism; or some new, sweet, honied way of coercing misery, so rigid was the gaze of the immaculate Priscilla Flint. Oh, womanly purity! oh, womanly mercy! how Cant oftentimes affects to worship thee, the better to hide the impure spirit and the stony heart. A few besides Miss Flint sat there, but she had not condescended to notice them, further than by a stern glance, when on one occasion the pauper rags of an old woman had touched her well-washed gown; and this glance, once for all, implied that she, not being on the parish, but a gentlewoman, was a thing set apart, and holy, and not to be approached or touched with impunity. However, after the first chill shrink, as expressive of fear as when a trodden worm recoils, the old woman glancing once more on a little child that had tottered from its place on the floor, and brought a flower or two within its hand to place upon her knee, she hid her face again, and lost all sense of fear in the anguish of her deep and silent sorrow. But Tim, the child, not understanding what sorrow was, went back to his little wild-flower-made garden on the floor, and from thence had taken a slip of bough, or a flower, and given it to all within the room, even to the sullen idiot moping in a corner; and thinking, perhaps, in his childish heart, that Miss Flint ought to have one too, he had timidly approached her, when the door opened, and the porter ushered in Mary Hart. "Oh, how pretty! how pretty!" exclaimed the boy, with infant rapture, beholding with dilated eyes the glowing rose in Mary's hand, that, filled with marsh-land lily odour, beside its own rare fragrance, had been plucked by Tobit from the brewery eaves; but, as it happened that one of the Flint peculiarities was an astounding faith in, and certainty of, its own loveliness, that immaculate gentlewoman immediately considered this compliment to apply to her own face, not to the sweetest thing amongst the many which prodigal nature fashions to the hand of man. So this self-applied compliment touching the heart of Miss Flint, she immediately performed a wiry smirk with her mouth, and held out her hand of purity.

"Oh, no! no! not you!" spoke the child, unhesitatingly: "you're ugly!" and so, without quite withdrawing his eager eyes from the rose, he ran back to his little garden, took up the only waterlily that lay within it, and going back to Mary, placed it within her hand, and held up his for the rose. He had it; and Mary, stooping down, saw not the rags of pauperism, but a human flower, more beautiful than the rose or lily. The truth, however, Tim, at that minute knocked a nail into thy parish coffin, as fearless and outspoken truth has often done before, in the petty history of tender officialism.

"The Board, the honorable and respected Board,"

spoke Bump, the porter, throwing open wide the door: "fust cum, fust served—Flint." So saying, he turned and marched before that immaculate gentlewoman, who took this convenient opportunity to tuck up in the stoutest corner of her heart, due memory of the sins of the forlorn, orphan child. Having placed Flint as one of the corner stones of the Board, Bump returned, bringing with him a lean, decrepit old woman.

"As this here young 'un is a coming on us for board, education, and the Lord knows what, he'd better be a gitting use to us, Mrs. Screw—so—" Whereupon not waiting for a stronger incentive, Mrs. Screw began to perform certain evolutions about little Tim, of so extraordinary a kind, that he forthwith screamed lustily. Mrs. Screw looked viciously up at Bump; "Ay, ay, young feller, take yer fill on't whilst yer can, 'cause sper-rits soon come down, as very proper they should, in Union-houses; as is, as I may say, a blessed tender mother to that most wicious sin o' human natur—pauperism. Go on—go on,—there's contracts on our books for something besides brooms and brushes! ay! ay! oh! oh! oh!"

But Tim, in nowise relishing this piece of information, only screamed the lustier, till Mary Hart coming to the rescue, the child was pacified at once. This injustice to official tenderness was raising Bump's wrath to the loudness of the north wind, when the old woman whispering "Madge—Madge," Mr. Bump nodded an assent, in about the same spirit as a parish nurse would consent to the fetching a twopenny sleeping draught, which twopenny was to come out of her own pocket: and Madge came—a dull-faced, shambling creature of some twelve years old; yet with a low-toned, and sweet, though hesitating voice, expressing abject fear, and telling pitiful, grim secrets of iron rule—not hard because it was official, but because it was *officialism brutalized by ignorance*. With some ado, for he had almost sobbed himself to sleep on Mary's breast, Tim allowed Madge to take him in her arms. To this dull creature, used to no other, the workhouse was the world! and the strip of yard, seen from the window of this room, and the springing nettle, and the dock within it, the only things associated in her mind with the names of garden and flowers. She had never heard of the sea, though its roar came often on the wind, when it blew on winter nights; nor of trees, nor of woods, nor of cities, nor of towns, nor of the world's wide space, nor of rivers, nor of mountains, nor of countries green, and broad, and fruitful; yet much of catechisms and outward forms, yet little of a God—pure, just, and most beneficent—who made not earth for workhouses, but for man, free, progressive, and universal. Yet, to this blind creature earth was one large prison. So to her senses, and to those of little Tim, the nettle grew apace, and the dock flourished in the sun!

In the meanwhile immaculate Miss Flint progressed favourably with the Board. Her presence took, her recommendations were sound; the five letters she produced from her accurately square bag—a mathematician's rule would have found its sides equal—were sealed with veritable coats of arms registered in the college; and her stitches and her pins, her visage, and her posture, were more, of course, to the majority of the Board, than her knowledge, or her heart. In fact, Tapper, Nix, and Bull considered "aiming high" education a thing that would be about as suitable to pauperism as mahogany coffins, or pine-apples and champagne.

"You see, madam," said Nubbs the chairman, who, being a retired barrister, liked on such occasions to make matters plain, "your duties will be double; for, considering how little it is necessary for paupers to know—why—"

"Oh! no, honoured gentlemen, (chaste curtsy of humility) of course in teaching I shouldn't go beyond

the sampler, one syllable, pothooks, and the catechism——"

"And occasionally——" began Tapper.

"The rod, gentlemen (a sweet smirk); oh! no—I shouldn't forget *that*."

"I dare say not," cried Tobit.

"Order, order," cried the chairman, "and respect feelings so proper. Now, madam, as the parishes which form this union wish, of course, to economize, and the amount of knowledge requisite to pauperism being so small, it is our design that this office should unite (as heretofore) the duties of both matron and schoolmistress: for the schoolmaster, as you understand, assists. Are you willing, therefore, to ——"

"Oh dear, yes, sir," interrupted and curtsied Miss Flint. "Children, poor things, want little more than the rod, for they have no ——"

"No hearts that yearn to love and know!" asked Tobit, bitterly—"no tongues to fashion to words of truth—ah! no God to tell of in His purity and greatness, nor how He fashioned flowers, and garlanded earth with them, for little children's hands, nor ——"

"Pooh! pooh!" cried the chairman; "you are visionary, Mr. Tunn. Dealings with pauperism must be practical, Mr. Tunn. Madam, your recommendations laid before the board were very satisfactory; the letters brought to-day the same, especially those from Lord ——, and the Dean of ——, and your presence pleasing. You may retire—we shall, I dare say, consider favourably, for it's clearly the opinion of the majority of this board, that it doesn't do to over-educate paupers." Miss Flint retired in triumph, to count still more accurately the sins of little Tim.

It seemed a farce after this that Mary Hart should be called. However, Mr. Bump did his duty, and ushered her before the Board. Her sole recommendation—one from a veritable parson Adams—had already been commented on; and now, carrying no bag, or coat-of-arms-sealed letters, she presented her humble self in the faded silk gown.

"You are by birth a gentlewoman, I understand," spoke Nubbe, elevating his voice; "and having favoured us with your very humane notions touching the matronship, you would, of course, educate pauper children in the same humanitarian style. Latin, arithmetic, and music, are your accomplishments, I dare say?"

The indignant blood rose high to Mary's cheeks, but she softly answered that she understood all three, for she had been well bred and born. "As for pauper children, gentlemen," she continued, "when I consider that God fashioned them of the same flesh and spirit as those by accident of birth the children of the rich and great—when I consider that it is ignorance that makes pauperism what it is, and that out of ignorance good cannot spring; though I might not teach Latin, still I would teach all of knowledge that should make children as God designed, innocent and truthful; and I do not think, if I should play to them on the old spinet I still possess, or guide their voices, or tell them of the flowers and fields, I should make them worse, or ——"

"Of course, no rod," interrupted Tapper.

"Never mind troubling yourself for an answer, madam," cried the chairman, "that will do. You may retire." Words from Tobit were useless; and in some five minutes after Mary Hart had retired, Priscilla Flint was duly elected to be matron and schoolmistress to the Union-house of Organfull.

Mary Hart's last hope for bread was gone. Nor could the brewer's savoury dinner, nor the fragrance of the roses in the thatch, cheer the sorrow of knowledge crushed low by the triumph of ignorance; and as for Mudge and little Tim, the nettle grew apace, and the dock flourished in the dews of the chill night air.

SILVERPEN.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

No. I. — ENGLISH SONGS.

THERE is small fear that any one selecting this organ of communication with the public, should belong to the company of those whose ideas of enjoyment comprehend exclusion; who would restrict the pleasures of imagination in their highest and purest form, to the persons whose means and opportunities give them the first choice of the "rich viands and the pleasurable wine,"—"the purple and the fine linen" of life. But when we begin so largely, as at present, to occupy ourselves in bringing Art within the reach of every one, it is fitting that, from time to time, certain truths should be pointed out; certain distinctions drawn: since, however familiar they be in one province or parish of Her Majesty's lieges, they may have yet to be apprehended and rightly considered in districts more newly reclaimed and colonized.

With regard to Art, this is peculiarly necessary; inasmuch as, every twenty years, some new modification of form or purpose is made necessary by changes in our social habits, or brought out by the steady progress of mechanical invention. Is it not difficult, for instance, to perceive how architecture, employed largely in the service of the Civil Engineer, will strike out combinations entirely different from those produced during the epoch when she was chiefly servant to the Priest or the Noble? How largely, again, a new manner of arranging private houses, or a new spirit of pride and self-respect shown in the decoration of public buildings, can influence the Painter, and compel him to cabinet-work; or invite him to those grand tasks his ancestors would have starved themselves to be permitted to execute—we are hourly seeing. Not less is Music subject to manners; to changes of religious opinions; to the intercourse promoted by peace; to the excitements provoked by war. At one time the church shall monopolize her; then the theatre; subsequently the chamber. At one time the art shall form a needful feature in the education of every "compleat gentleman;" at another, it shall be sneered out of all reputable and intellectual company, by the wits who love the sound of their own sweet voices better than that of "any lute or soft recorder," and shall take refuge among the fools of quality—in the garret of a small-coal man, or the boudoir of a kept mistress! Then, again,—may I not say *now*?—after forty years of the greatest disrepute (howsoever general its *fashion*), we shall find poets and philanthropists once more contemplating Music without jealousy or disdain; and the People—who may be always trusted with its own cause—experimentally and contemplatively recurring to it in a thousand varied forms,—for pleasure, relaxation, and as an adjunct to social good-fellowship. As a cheap luxury it is rapidly gaining ground in England:—therefore the present is eminently the time to distinguish what is genuine from what is counterfeit; what is attainable from what can never be reached.

Much, however, that passes for a love of Music, is a questionable, not to say spurious, commodity. The feeling that poetry (or rhyme) gains, rather than loses, by being recited in pleasant tones, which lend themselves easily to the expression of tender emotions, or heroic inspirations, or fierce passions,—the sensibility to such recurrence of sound at regular intervals, as makes the ear follow the blacksmith's anvil, or the descent of flails in a barn, or the clack of the mill; on the strength of which, and nothing more, ninety out of a hundred hearers are able to enjoy Music when in certain companionship, and therefore profess to judge the art,—are merely incomplete instincts; which time and culture may, or may not, mature into full

understanding. That is no love of Music, deserving the name, to which combinations of sound, in themselves, are not grateful, when divorced from immortal verse; or when separated from all associations of the army on its march or the dancers round the May-pole. The large number of persons who are discomposed by instrumental music, and calling it "*scientific*," mean, at once, to be very critical and self-praising, are but in the state of the child, who loves gay colours and representations of familiar objects, better than such works of the great painters, as fascinate the eye of a young Reynolds and Landseer, though he be, as yet, unable to give a reason for "the faith that is in him." Whether they have, or have not, capacities which, with opportunity and judicious culture, will carry them far in enjoyment and knowledge of the art, is another question.

Let not the writer be conceived as either satirizing or depreciating those pleasures of the mixed order just adverted to. It is, however, of importance that they should be explicitly defined—their existence be clearly stated, and allowed for, alike by the master spirits who have to direct and to charm the public, and by the many who are so eager at this present juncture to give the Art a place in their scheme of Life's "easements"—as Jeannie Deans phrased it. And this done, it becomes a pleasant task to value, according to its order, each of the popular forms which Music takes; and to offer such hints, explanations, and fantasies, as shall not hinder enjoyment; but may, possibly, in some trifling degree assist the understanding of those who listen. At this time, let me speak of English songs, the popular desire for which was never greater than at the present moment. The very small number of good ones—of compositions even meriting the name—which are current, is worth inquiring into; for the Italianized melodies of our new-school, or no-school, of opera-writers, are no more English than the gondolier-songs by Perrucchini, or the *modinhos* and *boleros* which excite to raptures the Fords of our own *Hand-book* days, as they did the Beckfords, when the Grand Tour was but for "the few"—no more English than the part-song which the tourist snatches while sweeping down the Rhine at night, when the day's vintage is done—or than the French *romance*, which, having done duty in ten vanderilles—thanks to Dejazet, or Doche, or Achard—passes out from the theatres into the common air of the Boulevard. Messrs. Balfe, and Wallace, and Loder, and Lavenu, one and all, emulate foreign models—think of the melody first, or, it may be, of Miss Poole's E, or of Mr. Harrison's G flat, (with a far-off glance at the barrel-organs,) and let the unfortunate words take their chance. The total disdain of English accent amounts to the sublime, in too many of their efforts; and so general is it—to say nothing of the wondrous quality of the rhymes they set, seemingly without "if," "but," or remonstrance—that when a Mrs. Shaw makes her appearance, whose articulation of the text is one of the chief charms of her musical performance, the effect of emphasis upon unemphatic words, of the music pausing when the sense goes on, or of the sense continuing when the music pauses, becomes so absurd that we are tempted to think of a setting of the Pence-table, the Indian Meal Book, or the Hints on Etiquette by *Awyos* the incomparable—with complacency, and as within the range of possibilities!

This was not so in the good days of English song. The lyrics then chosen by the musician were not only musical, but poetical. Ben Jonson, and Herrick, and Waller, were something more noticeable, as writers, than Messrs. ————, whose namby-pamby, and bad English (howsoever grand the lithograph on the title-page) load the counters of our publishers. Turning over a book of "Ayres," by Harry Lawes, the other day, I was struck by the quaint and felicitous elegance of the words, even more than the simplicity and sweetness of

the music. Again, later, when Purcell flourished, Dryden was writing opera-books. Handel worked with Congreve and Gay; Arne with Shenstone—and his "Ar-taxerxes" was set to words freely imitated, if not translated, from that master of musical thoughts, Metastasio. And though the lyrics of "the Augustan age" were more resonant, and less fanciful, than befits our present taste in lyric poetry—though Dryden, when rhyming for music, appear always in "his singing *perruque*," and Congreve be thought, in his "*Semele*," to beat time with "a clouded cane;" and though the *Leasowes* ruralities of Shenstone are now smiled at as pure cockney (not pure *country*) "notions" of green fields and purling streams—there is yet a stamen, a purpose, a colour, character, and careful finish, in the weakest effusion which the weakest of these laid before his coadjutor, the musician, which makes us understand why their joint labours live, while "The light of other days" is faded—and "The marble halls" are well nigh completely forsaken—and "You'll remember me," with its yawning cadences, suggesting a droway, rather than an impassioned *Strophon*, is already far on its way "to Lethe's wharf," or to that haunt of frivolous dullness, which bears no small affinity to the land of Nod, and the regions of Oblivion—the great city of Vienna!

Yes: it is in a careful choice of words that the musician must rest some of his hope to sink deep into a nation's heart; and, next, in his own intelligent relish of them. So far as the song goes, he ought neither to efface nor to be enslaved by the Poet: the two are fellow-workers—to adapt Dr. Franklin's well-known figure—halves of the same pair of scissors. This is overlooked on the other side by many of our best trained young Englishmen: those, I mean, who fancy themselves superior to working for the play-house-galleries and the streets; and who, by way of avoiding the characterless frivolity to which allusion has just been made, de-nationalize themselves in a severer and less attractive fashion: choosing to imitate the Germans—a proceeding in every respect disastrous, since it tends to the sacrifice of melody, the overlaying of the text with elaborate accompaniments; the best result being grim copy-work. It is forgotten by them that our "cousins" are further advanced in musical science than we: better prepared to relish what may be called the separate language of the art, which gives a sense to sound, unaccompanied by words; that, moreover, as a nation, they have the most rugged and harshest voices—are, simply, the worst song-singers of Europe; and thus are disposed to lean upon declamation, richly and appropriately supported, than to be curious after melody:—that their very poetry will bear a *weight of music*, so to say, which ours will not. It is forgotten, above all, that the German composers who live among the people as song-writers, do so in right of their fine, sweet, and simple inventions, yet more than the graver (not to say more far-fetched) combinations, which will always engage and satisfy the intellectual listener. Thus Weber is popular, and Spohr not. Thus Beethoven, in spite of the dramatic intensity of his "*Fidelio*"—as a whole work unparagoned—circulates "among the masses," in right of his instrumental—not his vocal—works. Thus Schubert, who, possibly, brought more passion, power, skill, and sweetness, to bear upon a brief poem than any one who ever undertook to clothe verses with music, is only public property on the strength of his simplest efforts, such as his "*Ave Maria*," (to Scott's hymn,) his "*Ungehduld*," or his exquisite Shakespearian setting of "Hark! the Lark!" (never to be forgotten by those who have heard Adelaide Kemble sing it!) So that the clever, but somewhat perverse party, who were, some ten years ago, "Young England," have lost themselves as song-writers, by following a wrong path. It may be apprehended that Dr. Arne's "Where the bee sucks," and "When

forced from dear Hebe to go," will be heard long after the dismal settings of mystical inverted passages from Shelley and Keats are casting a shade more melancholy than musical over the interior of Mr. Goldthumb's trunks.

Such speculations will not be *caviare* at a moment, when, among other efforts of the cheap movements, Music is taking her part; when ballad entertainments and oratorios, well-trained orchestras, and magnificent *solo* players, accessible to all such as command a shilling—show, not merely the immense competition in "the profession," but also bear witness to the eagerness and interest of the public.—I would have the musician aspire to something better by way of rhyme, than the verse of Mr. Catnach can furnish: to something more real, more distinct, more fresh in its imagery—than those wonderful arrangements of "trilling hearts," "swelling bosoms," "clouding feelings," and "shrounding memories," which are made up in "the Lane" and the "Garden," with not half the care, neatness, and probability which attends the confection of the third Fairy's robe,—or the building in the last scene of a pantomime of that stately Pleasure Dome, out of which some celestial being is to close the story with a celestial tag. Happily, though Barry Cornwall has told us in the preface to his delicious Treasury of Song, that "England has been singularly barren of song-writers," the musician need not seek far for his playfellows. We have lyrics by the score, the *saying* of which would have made a singer's fortune in the days of Beard, or Miss Brent. Many of our lyrists, too, now write with a deep respect for music; and are thus more likely to come near the due adaptability, than such as, from the fulness of their hearts, so enrich their strains, that no further touch of colour can be laid upon them by any fellow labourer. Had there been sufficient appreciation of these matters, we should, ere this, have had operas from Moore—from Leigh Hunt—from Barry Cornwall—each, it may be presupposed, being willing to do his "spiriting," under conditions, which are, essentially, little more fettering than those of the Italian sonnet. We should hardly have permitted to die in comparative obscurity, one of the most delicious versifiers and most fanciful poets of any day—George Darley. As his very name will be strange to many who read this, and as the quality of the above praise may therefore excite suspicion in those who conceive themselves well read in poetry, let me justify myself and pleasure our friends by a specimen of a song of the right quality; a love-song, but how different from the opera-trash with which we have been deluged!—

Sweet in her green dell the Flower of Beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair.
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air!

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow-banks that lure him from above.
O that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
Ope she her eye-lids at the dream of my lay;
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!

Come, then, my Bird! for the peace thou ever dearest,
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me!
Come! this fond bosom—my faithfullest—my fairest—
Bleeds with its death-wound, but deeper yet for thee!

There are few, I imagine, so dull of ear and so gross of fancy as not to be charmed by the dainty elegance and exquisite music of the above. Perhaps, on some future day, I may recall a few other English songs, or snatches of song, by various hands and on various themes, more clearly to illustrate the amount of our riches, and the short-sighted want of enterprise of our musicians, being persuaded that our public is not unprepared to listen. The public of St. James's and May Fair throngs to look at the grimaces of the mock negroes—to listen to the

rhymed "chronicles of small-beer" they sing, calling it self verse—and to be enchanted by the rattling of their bones, and the thrum of their banjos; but the public of Sadler's Wells and the Surrey Theatre prefer Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, to Kotzebue and the author of "London Assurance." And the public of the provincial Mechanics' Institutes did not find Tennyson's "May Queen" too abstruse and high-flown when it was sweetly and clearly said in song by simple Abby Hutchinson. On "this hint" I shall continue to speak, urging the lovers of cheap music to demand true poetry, not jingle from the singer—and good composition, not stale Italian airs, or grim second-hand German combinations, from the musicians of England.

THE PEASANT SUBJECTS OF THE CITIZEN KING.

A Letter from a Labourer of the Vallée Noire to the Editors of a certain Journal.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

(Translated for Howitt's Journal.)

It is said among us, that you publish a journal, the object of which is to enlighten us on many subjects which, up to the present time, have been very dark indeed. I have heard that you would permit even the poorest villager to pour out to you his sorrows and his ideas (the same things now-a-days). Therefore, I take my pen in my hand, begging you to excuse me if I do not understand very well how to turn a sentence; and if I say, for want of knowing better, some things that the law forbids us to think.

In racking my brains to find out the reason why so many miseries overtake us that nobody complains of, and nobody tells the king of, I think I have found it out, and I will not be sluggish enough to shrink from disclosing it. Yes, I have found out the right answer to the riddle; and if it is not the truth, I will forfeit my baptism. This is it: they maintain that the revolution did us a great deal of good, and brought us vast advantages. We believed it, too; and when we found ourselves without lords, without priests, without tithes, and without feudal service, we imagined that we were going to be as free and as merry as the larks in the fields. We were deceived, as I am a man! I do not know how it was contrived; but with the empire, with the restoration, and above all, with the Revolution of the year Thirty, behold how feudalism, tithes, serfdom, and even statute-labour,—yes, even statute-labour,—all these have fallen back upon us. Nothing is changed but the names. The feudal system—this is the absolute power of him who has possessions over him who has none. Tithe—this is taxation, which only secures advantages for the rich, never for the poor. Serfdom—this is our state of poverty, which gives us over to the tender mercy of the money-holder and the farmer. And statute-labour—this is our obligation to pay rates towards undertakings styled "works of public utility."

Be good enough to think a little: if the rich—whether they are great, middling, or little—are not our feudal lords; and if we have not become again "*la gent taillable et corvéable à merci*," as they used to say when I was young; I remember it still. There are no fortified castles now, it is true; but oh! how strong and solid for the defence of the class that wields it, has money—or *capital*, as it is called now—become! and how subtle, how tractable, how stinging it is—that yellow money—which permits everything to some, and forbids everything to others! We had formerly only one lord to a village—we have ten, twenty, thirty at present. They

are not all residents; we do not know them all. There are some of them that we have never seen—that we cannot flatter ourselves we shall ever soften or persuade, for we shall never see them.

Some of them are deputies; and pleading in the Chambers for the rich, bring many an evil on the poor man, who does not even know their names, and who has not (as in former times) the consolation, such as it was, of inwardly bestowing maledictions on Monsieur le Comte, or Monsieur le Marquis, the lord of his district. Some of them are bankers; and we see no more of them than of the others. They regulate the rate of interest, they cause money to be dear, and whoever is forced to borrow is sure to be ruined. And below these there is the class of small proprietors, who have all manner of power over us, besides the power of money; because from among them we are forced to choose our mayors and their assistants, our municipal councillors; in short, our chiefs and our masters. They no longer make use of our throats to hang us, nor of our shoulders to beat us, nor of our women by "seigniorial rights;" but they make use of our stomachs to leave them fasting, of our arms to make them work for their advantage, for wages three times too small. And as for our wives, our sisters, our daughters—oh! hypocrites! you well know that a crown, a silk apron, a little ease, and gratification of vanity, sometimes—alas, that it should be so!—the poverty of the poor mother of a family, will make them do viler things than the ancient right, the true name of which I know, but will not say. If that ancient right humiliated us, and debased us, it brought us less sorrow of heart. It was possible to believe that those poor creatures of the good God had yielded, through fear and superstition; for they imagined that the feudal lord was more than a man; when they did not respect him like an angel, they feared him like a devil. Now, the devil has made himself a common man: he walks around our houses, in hat and great coat, and we distrust him less. But, in truth, we ought to distrust him more; for if you should attempt to defend your poor flock, who can say that this rich marauder, who fears neither God nor devil—who laughs at scandal as he laughs at the priest, and at the law which is made and used by him and for him,—will not ruin you by ejecting you from the house which he has let to you, by claiming back the money which he has lent to you (I will not say at what rate of interest); finally, by refusing you the work that you cannot live without! Shut your eyes, all will go well; open them, you will go (if so it pleases him) to ruin. Thus you live, always in fear, not of one only, as in former times, who (at least when, by good chance, well-disposed,) protected you against his neighbours; but of twenty and thirty masters, who will all support one another against you, if necessary.

As for taxation, and the rates for public works, look a little, good people, if these are not, under other names, feudal service and statute labour! To whom do they go? To what purpose are they applied? To what people do they bring advantages, this money and this work which they take from us? They say that the money provides for our being well governed! What share have we? we who have no votes in the benefits of a good government! Was it we who established it! Does it render us any account of its proceedings? Do we know what goes on in it? They say that those poor rich people are in dreadful danger of not becoming richer; and that, if every one who has an office or place in the nation does not run to their aid, they shall die of grief. But who is there that will, some fine day, undertake the defence of little property against great?—it is my opinion that it will be a long time first—and the defence of no property, that is to say, of the life of the poor, against all proprietors, little and great. Oh! I do not see that there is any desire to receive the Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ. They

say that we are too stupid and ignorant to know what we want, or what we ought to have; they say that we have consented to this government, because we have not rebelled against it. We are not turbulent. God knows! we, in this country of ours, have but little rage or evil words among us. They say, besides, in the government newspaper, that there is no cause to feel embarrassment about the lower classes, seeing that there are the police, and the military, and cannon, and great fortifications to prevent us from making a movement.

It is to this that I wished to come; it is to all these fine expenses towards which each of us pays his little part—upon the grain of salt that he puts in his pot, upon the air that he breathes through his little cabin window, upon the license for his poor little trade, upon the four or five bad pieces of furniture that he has not always been able to pay for; in short, upon whatever is most necessary to his poor life. Again, we pay the police! for what! for guarding against thieves, those who have something to be stolen; for, as to us, we fear nothing; thieves are not so stupid as to come to our homes. We pay the soldiers. Are we at war with the English, the Prussians or the Russians? Must we keep so many troops for the few volleys of cannon that have been heard these thirty years? But it appears that the rich people who keep shops at Paris, choose that there should be plenty of soldiery to take care of them. We pay the functionaries of government. Oh! on that subject I should have much to say before I could finish showing you all the good they do us. This shall be left for another occasion. But I have still statute-labour to prove to you, and there I am quite ready.

For whose use are the rates for public works? for whose use are the roads? Not for us, good people, who spoil none, and who do not want great public roads for our wooden shoes! It is not the cart, nor the carriage, nor the oxen, nor the horse, nor even the ass of the day-labourer which disturbs the levels, and hollows the ruts. The day-labourer has none of all these. A narrow, straight pathway would serve his purpose better. It is the proprietor; it is the farmer; it is he who has crops to lay up, and beasts to take to market; it is all these who cry out for roads, and who send us to go and break the stones.

You see, then, that the poor is at the mercy of the rich, as formerly the weak was at the mercy of the strong. You see, then, that as one misery has taken the place of another, nothing is grined; in the same way that a burden which has only changed its name is no pleasanter to carry at one time than at another.

But I have not done enumerating our troubles and our anxieties. You shall see now that evils are coming upon us worse than ever, and that every poor man is about to be put to the question, to know whether, having something, he has a right to live; or whether, having nothing, it is not incumbent upon him to throw himself into the river with a stone round his neck, to make room. I wish to take your advice about it, to know if I should not do better to make up my mind at once and kill myself, with all my family, before the new griefs and the anxious weariness begin that will force us to it by little and little.

In the ancient order of things, we had our commons, the sacred and inalienable property of the poor, as our old priest used to say; and our lords never thought of selling them. They might have done it in certain cases, but they had not ventured it. We had enough to do to defend them from encroachments and claims; but our lords did not always gain their causes, and the law of '93 made them hear reason whether they would or not.

So we soon got the habit of regarding as our own those "waste and empty lands" as they were called. We each bought five or six poor animals, or fewer if we

could not do so much; and from that moment, seeing it appeared as if we should never be cheated out of them, we made our children shepherds; we got wool to clothe us from our sheep, milk and cheese to feed us from our goats, and from our poultry or pigs a little revenue of twenty, thirty, or forty crowns a year. This saved us from misery; this made us and our poor children sure of the means of living. For indeed, calculate what a poor labourer burdened with a family gains and consumes, and you will see that it is as clear as the word of God, that without our little live stock, we could not exist. The least that a man consumes of rye or barley bread, costs fifty francs a year. Suppose he has a wife, a father or mother, and only three children to feed. When a peasant has only five people upon his shoulders, he is very happy—very happy! This is what misery makes one say and think—but let that pass. Put the total expense at the lowest possible, a family must have two hundred and fifty francs to live on, without any other luxury but bread and water, without fire-wood, and without candles. I have not counted soap, nor the salt that we use to make of a little clear water peasant's soup. It is not that this makes the bread better, but it prevents it from choking you: and something warm in the stomach makes a pretence of soup.

Now, let us see about our wages: tenpence a day in summer, fivepence in winter. Take out Sundays and holidays, and frosty weather when we cannot work the ground; if we get to two hundred francs a year, I defy us to exceed it by a single crown. Will they say that it is enough, and that we can exist? You must suppose then that we have no debts; and yet if we do not begin housekeeping with some furniture, we must get in debt to buy it. You must suppose too that we are never ill, and constant health has not been the lot of any man that I know of. Be stopped from work only one week, and you are in debt. Be stopped three months, and you are ruined. Be stopped a year, and you are lost. Turn lame, and you are dead. Being ill, do not hope to pay the doctor. They are all good and charitable in our country, that is the least I can say of them. But they must be very rich indeed to supply us all with drugs, and to give us a little meat and some wine, which we should want to strengthen us up again. The more generous and honourable they are, the longer they remain poor, or the sooner they become so. It is the fate of all those who have a good heart, to come very soon to the end of their power to do good in this world, where people are ready enough to allow them to work, but slow to do likewise themselves. Illness, then, is misery and pauperism.

But this is not all. There is, besides, the want of work. I have always heard people say to the poor, "*work!*" I have never seen that this gave them work when there was none to be had. The more property is divided around us, that is, the more people there are in tolerably easy circumstances, the more useless do those become who have nothing; and, let them say what they will, I see clearly that these are always the largest number.

There are then, besides the ordinances of the Church, besides illness and accidents, forced stoppages from work. There is not a single labourer who has not suffered heavily from all these things. Once in debt, we never can get out of debt. The man who has no security to give, has no resource but among usurers. He cannot pay the interest. At the end of two or three years they strip him of his furniture and all he has: the debt is paid by this means, but he must begin again; and when a man has once been in misfortune he does not easily obtain credit for ten crowns to save him from being turned out of doors, though his old father or mother be infirm, his poor wife sickly, or nursing, and his children nearly naked.

This is, I think, a sufficiently hard lot. Well! we have been partly saved from it hitherto in our country,

thanks to the common pasture grounds. I cannot conceive then what can have entered the head of government to authorize all the municipal councils to shut up, enclose, or sell the commons. They have taken away from the poor man his portion on the common ground; they have forced him to dispose of his animals; they have reduced him to make of himself—what! a poacher! no, for game is so well protected now that a lark costs fifty francs to the poor fellow who catches it.—What! a beggar? no, for begging has just been forbidden. They have built among us an establishment in which there are sixty beds for six thousand poor; and those who may dislike to stay there, or who cannot be admitted, will go to prison if they stop at the threshold of a door to ask for a morsel of bread.—What then! a thief and robber, until the galleys and the guillotine follow.

There are certain good people who endeavour to lay us asleep with reasoning. "My children," say they, "you do not understand the thing at all. To whom are the commons to be sold?—to yourselves! It is perfectly free to you to buy, each, your little portion, to enclose it, to feed your animals in it, or to sow it, and to become proprietors. This will be delightful for you who have never been proprietors before! This will give you satisfaction, civil rights, consequence. You never would have found an opportunity of buying without this. At least, you will get land cheap, and, perhaps, a time to pay for it."

Ah! depart from us with your sophistries! He who has nothing, can buy nothing; and if he obtain credit, in these times, it is his ruin. We too well know what borrowing is;—with interest at fifteen and twenty percent., lawyer's expenses and repayment, that is to say, the seizure of our goods! Unhappily, your flat-teries have caught many of us; and you have persuaded many a poor fellow that the sale of the commons would make his fortune. Meanwhile you enclose them; you cut down our old familiar trees, which gave us walnuts out of their green shade, and you sell them for the benefit of the corporation, as you would sell the soil to lay out roads which are of use only to you; would increase the establishment of armed rural police, who are only required to protect you; would cringe to power by voting rates for public works, which bring profit to this or that elector, who will take care to pay you for your complaisance another time, &c. I should never have finished if I told all that is done for you, and is not done for us, by the taxes that you lay upon us.

Besides, let me add, you deceive us when you promise that we shall become rich by becoming proprietors. You make some unfortunate men swallow this falsehood, and they hasten their ruin by assisting with all their might at the destruction which you call, I believe, the allotment of the land. The simpletons!—they do not perceive that, with their little morsel of meadow, they cannot rear cattle! Cattle love to range; they will not eat, they cannot live upon a bushel-full of grass; that with their morsel of field, they cannot grow corn. Without cattle, they will have no manure. The common required neither manure nor cultivation; the numbers of animals feeding upon it were sufficient for it. What will you farm with? You have neither oxen nor plough; you must borrow them from the rich at the cost of five francs each time. And when you are blighted, flooded, hailed upon, who will repair the damage? The little you may save from one good year will not be sufficient to lay by against a bad one; and then, every separate kind of cattle must have its shepherd or herdsman. On the common a single boy could take care of all.

If you could but all see the truth, instead of buying patches of common, you would make one great, one single common with the small contribution of each; and if you would till it and work upon it all together, and without jealousy and distrust of one another, you might see yourselves perhaps become richer than all your neighbours.

But this would need, not only that you should see the truth, you must know besides the meaning of the "love of our neighbour," and must be persuaded that we ought not to try to devour one another. And then it would be necessary that this should be done with a true heart, in perfect harmony, and with the endeavour to please God. If I spoke this way in our village they would say that I was mad: and if I spoke so elsewhere, I should perhaps fare still worse.

What is to come of it, however, if the clever people who write so much about it, do not find some way out for us? What with the enclosure law, the game law, and the mendicity law, I do not know that we shall long have enough to buy a rope to hang ourselves. They reply to our complaints, that the middle class have the right and the power; that property must be respected; and that the interest of the little is the same as the interest of the great. But, I say that what they call the "little," is very "great" to us; and that in their way of looking at things, the greatest numbers are so little, so very little, that they take no account of them. A pretty calculation it is, to say, there are five men out of a thousand that we have satisfied, and that are in a position to become richer and richer! If the 995 others are not satisfied, let them go somewhere else. And where shall they go, if it is everywhere the same?

This is what we are reduced to, then, to ask what is to become of us, of people who will not answer, and who even think us very insolent for daring to ask such a question. When they wish to pacify us they say, "You will die of hunger, it is true; but you will have a beautiful church, that will do honour to your pastor. You will never taste meat; but you will have a neat market-place, where you will have the pleasure of seeing it exposed to sale: this will do honour to your mayor. You will be put in jail if you take it in your head to leave your *commune*, because you cannot leave it except in the capacity of a vagabond; but you will have under your eyes a very fine road: this will do honour to your work. You will not be able to teach your children to read; but you will have a school out of which you will see issue the children of your rich neighbours, learned, clever, ready for everything, and capable of shutting you in your jail with a touch of their finger: this will do honour to your municipal corporation! You, perhaps, do not believe in the Mass (*we do not*); but you will have a priest, whom you will help us to establish in a pretty parsonage, and this will attract visitors to the place; it will also serve the purpose of such a one who sells wine, and such a one who will set up a baker's shop; and of such a one who will bring custom to the baker, as another will to the publican. All four will be ruined some day or another; but others will take their place, and so trade gets on. Finally, while you eat your black bread you will have the pleasure of seeing us eat our white bread: this will do honour to your patience."

It is very well, my dear neighbours! Follow your own way and take your ease. Have a house of your own, a good white house, with a stone staircase and two floors, transparent glass, vine-branches for fuel, meat in the pot, and wine in the cellar; a clever, economical wife, strong and well fed, that she may serve you well and diligently; no children asking for bread instead of going to sleep, to cry by your bolster, or clamour at your door; yours will go to school, with shoes on their feet, and books under their arms.

As to us, who have nearly lost everything, and who are going to lose the rest to provide you with these amusements, we ask you what sacrifice you will make to give us some compensation? We do not know what to point out to you, since you have rendered us powerless, and say that this is all for the best. But you who are so learned, and whom the government teaches and advises so well, perhaps you may think of some little thing. We wait.

THE BEGINNING AND END OF MRS. MUGGERIDGE'S WEDDING-DINNER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

It was quite a pleasure to peep into Mrs. Muggeridge's house, because it was so clean and so well-furnished. It had three front windows and a door; on the door was a brass-plate, as bright as leather and whitening could make it; and on this plate was engraved, "J. Muggeridge, Gardener" (it was a little bit of vanity, and all the neighbours said so); and there were nice white-fringed roller-blinds in the windows, the tassels of which were tied up in little frilled bags, and snow-white dimity curtains, besides, in the chambers. The house-floor was as bright as mopping every morning could make its red bricks; and every afternoon two yards of smart carpeting were laid down before the fire. The mahogany case of the eight-day clock, and the mahogany chest of drawers, which stood in the kitchen, were rubbed till they shone like looking-glasses. This clock and chest of drawers were the pride of Mrs. Muggeridge's kitchen; for these, with various articles of tin ware—all block-tin!—together with a bedstead and bedding, were her own contribution to the house-plenishing when she was married—to say nothing of a five and a ten-pound Bank of England bill, which she kept in a little red housewife, and which she had saved partly in service and partly by dress-making, in which she was very clever. Someway or other this clock and chest of drawers held a place in her heart; and yet, let it not be imagined that she had a small heart for all that—for, besides clock and chest of drawers, let me see how many other things, animate and inanimate, this heart of hers held. First and foremost came John Muggeridge—her first and her last love, as she always called him—a stout-built, ruddy-complexioned, brave-hearted man, of five-and-thirty; secondly, her two healthy, merry children, the youngest of which was nearly five—children that always looked clean and wholesome, even when grubbing up to the eyes in the dust of the little back garden; thirdly, the little *front* garden, with white cockle-shells set all round its borders, and its fine carnations, double-stocks, and mignonette; and fourthly, her house, and all that it held—pots and pans included; and then I will leave it to any jury of intelligent readers whether Mrs. Muggeridge had a small heart or not.

It would have put any cynic into good humour to have seen John Muggeridge's arrival at home on a Saturday evening. Clean, and bright, and cheerful as things looked in an ordinary way, they were made to look ten times brighter to welcome that time. The flower-pots in the windows were quite dazzling with red-lead; the clock and chest of drawers had an additional polish; the windows were cleaned; the fire burned brightly; the kettle was boiling; the tea-things set out; and the children, glowing with their Saturday's washing, were looking out in a perfect ecstasy of impatience for his coming: and as to Mrs. Muggeridge, why, she did not take so much pains with herself on her wedding-day as she did now on a Saturday evening. Any man would have been proud to own such a bright-looking, neatly-dressed, loving woman for a wife!

Muggeridge was, as the brass-plate announced, a gardener; but not on his own account: he was in the employment of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. He went to his work on a Monday morning, and returned home at the end of the week. He had good wages, but he did not spend much over himself; he regularly brought home full three-fourths of it. His wife was as economical and self-denying as himself through the week, but Sunday was an exception. There always was a little joint of meat for Sunday's dinner; a piece of a neck of mutton, or a little cut of beef, with potatoes under it, or a pudding, and a foaming tankard of good ale to wash it all down. It did Mrs. Muggeridge good

to see the relish with which her husband ate his Sunday dinner, and it did him good to see how she and the children enjoyed it also.

Every Sunday Muggeridge might be seen fetching the dinner from the bakehouse, covered with a clean cloth, and in his Sunday clothes and his well-blackened shoes—they were his Sunday shoes, and his wife blacked them—and the eldest little child trotting by his side, talking in a loud voice all the way there and back. I wish everybody, with a heart to love the poor, had only seen for once the hearty appetites with which those dinners were eaten.

"What a relish there is in a bit of meat!" Muggeridge would say every time he held his plate for a second piece.—"Sure-ly, what a relish there is in a bit of meat!"

Mrs. Muggeridge knew a little more of life than her husband did; she had lived in service, and had eaten good dinners from one twelvemonth's end to another: she knew the taste of ducks, and geese, and chickens, and pigeons, as well as beef and mutton. All these were good, she said—very good, in their way; and she wished with all her heart that Muggeridge could only have a taste of all the good things she had eaten. Yes, these were all good, very! but after all, there was nothing that was cooked, either roasted or boiled, that equalled hare! What a shame it was, she said, that hares and such things were quite out of an honest, poor body's reach! There was something so indescribable about hare, with its savoury stuffing, and rich sauce, and currant jelly! It made her mouth water even to think of it, and she was sure it would do her good to see Muggeridge enjoying it. She knew very well, she said, how to cook a hare; for in one place where she had lived, she had been servant of all work, and her mistress, who often had hare, had been at a deal of trouble to teach her how to cook it; and then she went through all the detail of skinning, stuffing, skewering, and so on, till it came to its being cut up and eaten! Muggeridge, in idea, devoured the hare; he was sure, he said, that it must be good; and it was, as she said, a sin and a shame that hares were out of the reach of poor folks!

Mrs. Muggeridge used to say to her neighbours that she was a very happy woman, and had a deal to be thankful for in such a husband: he was so fond of her and the children; he had no pleasure out of his own house; see only how he contrived a bit of time on Saturday nights to do up the garden! and then she had such pleasure in minding it and the flowers he had in the pots, all the rest of the week: she had taken quite a liking to flowers because he was so fond of them. There was not, indeed, anything that she would not do to please him!

So said Mrs. Muggeridge; but, whenever she said so, she remembered one thing—one little thing—which we must explain. When her husband married her, she was carrying on a nice little dress-making business: she had laid by fifteen pounds, besides buying the bed, and clock, and chest of drawers. Muggeridge had saved what he called "a little bit of money." he would have still been saving, had he remained a single man; but he never thought of this as any reproach to her, for he loved her and the children a deal better than money. But one thing troubled him, and that was, that his "little bit of money," and his wife's too, had been lost by lending, greatly against his own will and wishes, to a relation of Mrs. Muggeridge's, and he now had nothing but his wages to rely upon. On the loss of the money his wife had volunteered, considering that they had but two children, who now, as she said, were "nicely out of hand," to take to her dress-making again, in which she had such good reputation, and thus make an effort to gain some more money in the place of what was lost. Nothing in this world could have made Muggeridge more grateful to his wife than this volun-

tary offer. Unfortunately, however, it never went beyond the offer and the promise: she always said she meant to do it some time, but she had procrastinated so long that her husband had now no faith in the promise; and this was just the one discordant string between them. On the other side of the question somebody had told her that, if he only *would*, he might get a five pound, now and then, by raising prize-flowers for the show; but he never did it. *She* blamed him, and *he* blamed her; and they might have gone on blaming one another to no purpose, year after year perhaps, had it not been for the dinner which she cooked on no other day in all the year but the 18th of December, which was the seventh anniversary of their wedding-day, and which fell that year on a Sunday.

"How Muggeridge *did* enjoy that bit of a neck of pork and apple-sauce last Sunday!" thought Mrs. Muggeridge to herself, as she was pondering during the week on what they should have next Sunday for their wedding-day's dinner; "I never saw him relish anything like that pork; and the pinch of dried sage and the mustard made it as good as goose! I do love to see that man enjoy his dinner! How he would like a hare!"

Mrs. Muggeridge thought of the hare again and again; she thought of the nice middle cut of the back, and the savoury stuffing, and the sauce and the currant jelly; and she thought if she could only, just for once, see that on her husband's plate, she should be perfectly happy. The idea stuck fast in her brain, she could not get it out again: "There's plenty of winter-savory and lemon-thyme in the garden," thought she; "Muggeridge set that himself when I wanted to make a stuffing for heart;—and currant jelly, why one might get a sixpenny pot of that at the confectioner's, and what's left will do to give the children after physic, if they should want any. It will be a dear dinner," thought she, "any how; but just for once! At all events I can go and ask the price of a hare—there is no harm in asking."

The poulterers' and game-shops were full of hares, and pheasants, and turkeys—there was evidently no lack of such things. Mrs. Muggeridge wanted a hare for as little money as possible. She was in despair when she heard four-and-sixpence and four shillings asked; she could not afford above two shillings. The people asked her if she supposed that they stole their hares to sell them at that price. Mrs. Muggeridge turned round and walked home disconsolately, thinking that hares were not meant for poor folks' eating. When she reached her own door, she became, for the first time, aware that a big lad in leathern leggings and a smock-frock, whom she had noticed near the game-dealer's, had followed her home.

"Can I say a word to you, missis?" said he.

She took him in. He inquired if she wanted a hare; he said he had been selling some in the town, and that if she liked he would bring her a good one for two shillings, the price he had heard her offer.

Mrs. Muggeridge was delighted—it was the very thing she wanted, and she felt as if she could not be civil enough to him. The next night, after dusk, he brought the hare in a covered basket, and received the stipulated two shillings. Now what a dinner her husband should have on his wedding-day! but he should know nothing about it till it was time for him to begin eating. She begged him accordingly, on Sunday morning, to take the children out for a walk, as she meant to cook at home that day, instead of sending to the bakehouse; he did so, promising to return punctually at one o'clock.

The hare looked quite grand, twirling by a worsted string behind the little clothes-horse, on which she hung a clean sheet to make a hastener, before the fire; Mrs. Muggeridge was indefatigable in basting it. The savoury odour proceeded forth from the house; the

neighbours seemed to do nothing all the morning but come a-borrowing, first salt, and then flour, and then a meat-saw, and everybody knew what a dinner the Muggeridges were going to have that day!

The hare was done to a turn as the husband and the children came in with the foaming tankard of ale which they had called for on their way; the sauce was poured into a milk-jug, and the currant jelly turned out in a saucer; the potatoes were smoking hot and fit for a lord's table. Muggeridge could hardly believe his senses when he came in, it smelt excellently, and there seemed such plenty of it! He tied on the children's pinafores and set them on tall chairs, and sharpened a knife for his wife to carve this unexpected delicacy, and seemed quite delighted with the compliment she had paid their wedding-day.

The middle cut of the back, with plenty of stuffing and gravy and currant jelly, was on his plate.

"Now taste it, John," said his wife, impatient to see the effect it would produce; "I'd live on bread and water for a week to see you relish it properly!"

Muggeridge said it was good, very good! but he was not quite sure whether the pork and apple-sauce last week was not as nice. Mrs. Muggeridge was shocked to hear him say so, and to please her he was helped a second time; the children eat the potatoes and gravy and currant jelly, as much as they could get, and left the hare—but then children are no judges!

Muggeridge went back on Monday morning to his work; and Mrs. Muggeridge lived contentedly on potatoes and salt in the memory of the sumptuous Sunday's dinner. In the midst of these pleasant reminiscences, what was her surprise and consternation to receive a visit from a constable, who presented a warrant issued by the then sitting magistrates. She must go along with him and answer for the high crime and misdemeanour of having bought a hare from an unlicensed dealer!

Poor Mrs. Muggeridge! if her own kitchen floor had opened and swallowed her up, she could not have looked in greater dismay. Before the bench of magistrates was she brought.

How had she become possessed of that hare? From whom had she bought it? Did she not know that she was amenable to the law for having purchased a hare from an unlicensed dealer?

"Oh Lord, no! how could she think she was doing any harm?" asked she.

"But what business had a person like her with a hare at all? The poor had nothing to do with game of any kind."

These words put poor Mrs. Muggeridge into a passion; and she said she meant no harm by what she had done—not she, indeed! She meant only to give her husband, who was an honest man, a treat on his wedding-day, and that was the reason she had a hare; and a very good reason too! But, added she, her wrath growing as she spoke, rich ladies who were fond of their husbands, to whom, however, hardly anything was a rarity, might buy just what they liked, and no harm done; but poor folks, who worked hard for every penny they got, could not get any little rarity at a price lower than the rich would give for it, without making criminals of themselves. That was the magistrates' law, she supposed.

The magistrates said that she was contumacious. The whole bench was against her; they insisted upon knowing from whom she had bought the hare. She could not tell them; for the very best of reasons, because she did not know herself. She told them so, and said, farther, that she did not think it was any business of hers to be asking folks' names before she bought anything from them, or to inquire if they were regularly licensed and qualified to sell! No, indeed, that was no business of hers! All she knew was, that she had

honestly bought and paid for the hare; and if the law made that a crime, why, then, the laws wanted mending, that was all she could say!

Her answer, and the temper in which it was given, did not please the magistrates at all. They said she ought to be sent to prison; but because she and her husband had hitherto borne respectable characters, and this was the first offence, she would merely be fined.

The fine and the costs, together, came to five pounds! She stood quite confounded as this sum was named. Five pounds!

Yes, and she must either pay it or go to jail! She thought of the money which her own relation had robbed them of. She thought of what her husband would say. She groaned aloud, but said not a word, and felt ready to drop.

The magistrates did not seem to consider how next to impossible it must be for a poor woman like her to pay the fine; they waited for her answer however.

"I have some good furniture," at length she said, "a capital chest of drawers, and a good eight-day clock; either of them is worth the money, if your worships cannot make it easier for me—for I meant no harm—not the least—and have always borne a good character!—Cannot your worships make it easier to me?"

No! the magistrates said they could do nothing of this kind, and that she must think herself very leniently dealt with as it was.

A warrant was, therefore, issued to seize furniture to the amount of fine and costs; and she went home balancing in her mind which she would rather lose, clock or chest of drawers. She decided upon the latter, for said she to herself, John would miss the clock most, and the house would be so lonesome without it. A clock is, as one may say, a sort of live thing that keeps one company.

The men, however, said that the chest of drawers was not enough by itself, nor the clock either, so they must have them both; and spite of all the poor woman said, so they had. They told her for her consolation, however, that they should be sold, and whatever money was over, it should be sent to her. But no money ever came.

Mrs. Muggeridge sat quite heart-broken in her desolated kitchen; the pride of her eyes was gone. She felt as if she should never take pleasure in anything again—she hated the very idea of hare. She was so very miserable that she could not help scolding the children.

"Whatever will Muggeridge say!" thought she again and again, and while she was thus thinking the door opened and in he walked. "The news had just reached him," he said, "and his master, who had blamed him for buying a hare under any circumstances, had allowed him to come home and see after things."

It quite overcame poor Mrs. Muggeridge to see that her husband was not angry with her. They sat down by the fire together, each took a child on their knee, and the children were soon fast asleep. There was something very soul-cementing and consolatory in their thus sitting, side by side, in their trouble, without either upbraiding the other.

"I'll tell you what, John, I have positively made up my mind to," began Mrs. Muggeridge, after a long pause; "I'll take again to my dress-making, as you wish, and as I have so long promised—that I will! and I'll never rest till we have got this money, and the other money too, back again! You shall see, John," she said, "that good may come out of evil. I'll begin dress-making to-morrow morning, that I will!"

"Ay, do, my lass," said John, taking her hand kindly; "do, and we shall, may be, be none the poorer in the end by our losses—and I'll tell you what I will do too—it's what master has wanted me to do a long time—as well as you—I'll grow those flowers for the

show; I know I shall succeed if I only begin—for when once I begin in good earnest nobody can beat me."

"Well, now, I am pleased," said poor Mrs. Muggeridge, ready to cry; "and I'll tell you what, John, we won't fret ourselves any more about the loss of the money and these things, but we'll set to, and get more; and after this, what we get we shall keep."

They *did* get more, and they turned it to good account too.

Fifteen years afterwards, the time at which we are writing, the house, which is now their own, and to which considerable additions have been made, looks as bright as ever; and the field at the back of the house, which they have now on lease, and mean to buy, is a large, flourishing nursery-ground and garden; and John Muggeridge and his two sons, the eldest a fine young man, turned twenty, and half a dozen men besides, are busy at work in it; while Mrs. Muggeridge, as buxom and cheerful as when she was young, and her three pretty daughters,—for when she began dress-making she had lots of children—make the house inside more cheerful even than a summer flower-garden.

Poetry.

THE SLEEP OF THE YEAR.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Now frolicsome, fruit-bearing Nature is dull—
'Tis the sleep of the year, for its garners are full:
When if for a moment we linger or roam;
The fields are forlorn, and we hie away home.
The hearty old farmer now fills up his can,
And seizes his pipe, fire-side comfort his plan:
His tastes never costly, yet unto him dear,
He lives at his ease in the sleep of the year.

His fields, deeply ploughed, are prepared for the frost,
That all things may serve him, and nothing be lost:
Well drained and well furrowed, he's quite at his ease,
And rains may fall heavy, or not, as they please:
His cattle look well, deeply buried in straw,
Well housed and well fed, now the weather is raw:
His barns all brimfull, his stack-yard too, near,
A solid affair in the sleep of the year!

His farm is his garden, you see 'tis his pride,
For neatness, for produce, known both far and wide:
And of sheep, and of cattle, well bred, he can speak;
And see but his horses—how strong and how sleek!
His face and his fire well each other beseeem,
Whilst he breathes out the smoke in a leisurely stream.
You see what he thinks of—his face makes it clear—
His harvest is made—'tis the sleep of the year!

The Peer, or the Statesman—what cares he for them?
Or Prince in his palace—for root or for stem?
His farm is his kingdom—he knows all is right;
He hears the flail going from morning to night.
His neighbours drop in, just to chat and to smoke;
To feel he is happy, and laugh at his joke:
His home is his palace—he's nothing to fear—
But sinks to sweet sleep in the sleep of the year.

Edingley Grange, Notts.

Literary Notices.

Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Cundall.

Among the very prettiest gift-books of the season is this one by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It is a graceful and attractive little volume, and contains in its simple child-like stories a moral of deep meaning, which will not be the less felt, because it is left to the young reader's own heart to discover. The book contains two ballads: the first, "The Adventures of a Wood Sprite;" the other, "The Story of Blanche and Brutikin." We will say nothing of an echo of other writers for the young in these charming tales, but cheerfully accord our praise, rejoicing that the children, who, though just critics, are never stern ones, have so much pleasure in store as the reading of this book cannot fail to give them.

The illustrations, by Absolon, are among the most lovely of his designs. The whole book is, in fact, simple, child-like, and excellent.

The Battle of Life. A Love Story. By CHARLES DICKENS.

ALL the world reads whatever Charles Dickens writes; they cannot help it; it is an inevitable result of Charles Dickens writing at all. After the reading comes the discussion; and in the case of this "Battle of Life" there can be but one opinion—that the aim and tendency of this book are as noble as anything its author ever produced; still, that the victory which good Dr. Jeddler's daughter, Marion, gains over her struggling heart, is about as foolish and ill-judged a victory as that of most ordinary battle-fields. We agree with Dickens, that there are no victories more glorious than those which are gained over self; those in which a struggling heart becomes purified and ennobled by sacrifice and suffering for the good of others; but we think he has failed to show this beautiful combat worthily sustained in Marion Jeddler. She, like a foolish girl, tortures the hearts she loves, while she disciplines her own; and makes their suffering, through her sacrifice, greater than it would have been without it. The elder sister, Grace, was the one, after all, who, in the "Battle of Life," would bear the cross and wear the crown.

The book, however, spite of this misconception of plot, is full of fresh and beautiful sentiment; and poor Clemency Newcome, with her two left legs and her heart always in the right place; and her husband, who would go down to the grave wondering that his wife should ever do a wise or clever thing, are delightful characters: they are full of all that genial true-hearted simplicity in describing which Dickens is so much at home.

The sentiments throughout are as sound and wholesome as truth itself. For instance, hear what is said, about a great battle. Dr. Jeddler says—

"On this ground where we now sit; where I saw my two girls dance this morning; where the fruit has just been gathered for our eating from these trees, the roots of which are struck in men, not earth; so many lives were lost, that within my recollection, generations afterwards, a churchyard full of bones, and dust of bones, and chips of cloven skulls, has been dug up from underneath our feet here. Yet, not a hundred people in that battle knew for what they fought, or why; not a hundred of the inconsiderate rejoicers in the victory, why they rejoiced; not half a hundred people were the better for the gain or loss; not half a dozen men agree to this hour on the cause or merits; and nobody, in short, ever knew anything distinct about it but the mourners of the slain." * * *

"Granted, if you please, that war is foolish," said Snitchey; "there we agree. For example—there's a smiling country (pointing it out with his fork,) once overrun by soldiers—trespassers every man of 'em—and laid waste by fire and sword. He, he, he! The idea of any man exposing himself voluntarily to fire and sword! Stupid, wasteful—positively ridiculous. You laugh at your fellow-creatures, you know, when you think of it."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work FOR all, and we desire to work WITH all.—EDS.

Prosperity of the Co-operative Cause.—On Monday, the 28th of December, the first meeting of the new CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE OF LONDON was held in Farringdon Hall, Snow Hill. The League itself is but a few weeks old, yet such is the interest already excited in its success, that though no advertisements or posting had been resorted to, and the gathering was of the members and their friends, admitted by tickets, this commodious hall was crowded, and the enthusiasm which was manifested throughout the proceedings demonstrated the strong feeling that pervaded the assembly. The meeting was held in the evening. It was most felicitously termed a CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL, and a more genial or auspicious festival never was held in old or modern times. Tables were ranged down the hall, and others on the platform, at which tea and coffee were served, with all the agreeable accompaniments of cake and condiments, at the simple, because co-operative, charge of sixpence per head.

We imagine that there were present upwards of three hundred persons—about half of them, as it should be, the wives, sisters, daughters, etc. of the members and their friends. Above, the beams of the old baronial roof were hung with festoons of evergreens, amid which the holly held, as fitting, its proper pre-eminence; with oranges suspended like golden apples of success amid the foliage. Below, the gay colours of the ladies' dresses and bonnets enlivened the *total ensemble* of the scene; while smiles, sent from the heart to every face, whether homely or lovely, were as animating as the pleasant murmur of happy voices that filled the hall during the tea hour. At two of the chief tables Mrs. and Miss Howitt made tea, and we noticed on the platform various of the active members of the Whittington Club: Mr. Carpenter, the son of the late celebrated Lant Carpenter; Mr. William Howitt—who, indeed, as the original advocate of these leagues in his *Letters on Labour*, took the chair; Mr. Goodwyn Barmby, Mr. Spencer T. Hall, Silverpen, of Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper; and other active friends of the people, some of them introduced by Lady Byron. A grand piano was provided, at which a lady volunteered her services, and various songs were sung during the tea-time. At half-past seven, Mr. Howitt took the chair, and in an opening speech explained his views of co-operation amongst the working classes, and its certain benefits, giving instances of its successful working. He was followed by various members of the League, amongst them Mr. Slaney, who detailed, in the clearest manner, the origin and objects of the League; and by Mr. Ainger, the Secretary, a very young man, who, in a speech which would have done honour to any assembly for its eloquence and heart, kindled in no small degree the spirit of the meeting. Mr. Goodwyn Barmby and Mr. Spencer Hall followed in addresses that, full of poetry and feeling, seemed to bring the green freshness of the country into the dense heart of winter and the city; and Mr. Roberts, of Plaistow, opened up to the startled audience the fearful details of his personal knowledge of the misery and destitution existing all around them in London in this tremendous weather, one thousand houseless fellow-creatures every evening traversing the streets of the metropolis; and calling upon them to co-operate as became their character as followers of Him, who was the first divine founder of the principle of co-operation in the words—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" and "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another." The Chairman, in

conclusion, adverted to the various topics advanced, and especially to the statements of Mr. Roberts; and asked whether the civilization of which we boasted could be said, after what we had heard, and what we know, to be a true, a sound, a desirable civilization. "Is it," he asked, "a civilization that can or ought to endure? Europe held down, not by the law of love, but by armies and police; the press in chains, representative constitutions denied, open trials and juries denied; secret trials, government-paid judges, and dungeons, where cudgelling was yet, as in Germany, inflicted on unconvicted prisoners, in order to extort confessions; the soul of man put into the bondage of fear, and every man made afraid of his neighbour—was that civilization? Was it a true civilization that, in our own empire, had reduced Ireland to its present frightful condition, with famine stalking amid three millions of half-naked people in this inclement season? Was it civilization that had made the Highlands of Scotland what they are now?—that had dis-housed and disinherited thousands?—that had filled the beautiful hills of the Highlands with a famine as desperate as that of Ireland itself? Was it a true civilization that, in our large towns, and especially in London, presented such awful contrasts of luxury and distress?—that had furnished the Report of the "Association of the Health of Towns" with such terrible details of poverty, disease, and misery in great and wealthy London? No, this was a false, a distorted and an unchristian civilization. It was for the people, now fast educating themselves, to introduce the true civilization—that in which all should partake, and which would enable every man, woman, and child, to develop their intellectual life; to discharge the eternal responsibilities of their nature; to enable the whole moral, religious, and intellectual resources of the country to come forth for the benefit of the mother country and of each other.

The sentiments which were uttered and responded to by the working classes present, were of that generous and elevated nature that most agreeably surprised those not accustomed to meetings of the people, and were the best guarantees of the success of the co-operative principle, and of the sound Christianity of those now taking the lead in its introduction. The Festival terminated at about half-past ten o'clock, amid mutual congratulations and expressions of pleasure.—*Correspondent.*

The Leeds Co-operative League, better known by its less intelligible name of the Redemption Society, holds its first Anniversary early in January; Mr. Howitt takes the chair. The Rev. Mr. Larken, of Burton Rectory, Mr. Phillips, of Huddersfield, Mr. Thomas Spenser, and other well known friends of the progression of the people, having engaged to attend. The Society, which is particularly prosperous, will have very interesting details to produce, and a very crowded gathering is expected. In our next number we shall present a more detailed account.

Mesmerism in India.—From the "Bombay Times" of Nov. 16th.—"The Bengal Government are, it seems, so well satisfied with the reports of the committee appointed to ascertain the nature and amount of relief derived from being subjected to mesmeric influence, by patients undergoing surgical operations, that an hospital has been directed to be established, of which Dr. Esdaile is to have charge, uncontrolled by committee or boards." It will be seen also by the newspapers that the same

effect of producing insensibility in the nervous system is induced by the inhalation of the vapour of ether, as is produced by mesmerism. In this state, from the use of ether, Mr. Linton, the most celebrated surgeon of England, and perhaps of the world, has amputated a leg, without the slightest suffering in the patient. This is one of the greatest blessings which science ever conferred on mankind; and now that the benefit can be enjoyed under the sanction of medical and surgical art, will become of universal application.

Offices, 19, Greatham-street, Dec. 24th, 1846.

Orphan Working School, City Road, London.—DEAR SIR,—I have the honour to draw your attention to the following statement.

The Orphan Working School was instituted in the year 1758, by a few benevolent individuals, for the maintenance, instruction, and employment of 20 orphan or other necessitous boys. At a time when it is not known that any other similar institution existed, Christian sympathy was thus awakened. Soon afterwards 20 girls were added; and this little company of forsaken ones has been the forerunner of all the other noble charities of the kind.

In 1773 the school was enlarged by the erection of the building in the City Road for 70 children. Gradually this number was increased until, in 1842, 100 were in it, when it was determined to build for 240. At the present moment 139 children are enjoying all the benefits which the Institution affords.

A new building, now in course of erection at Haverstock Hill, is nearly finished, and will be opened next spring.

Towards the expenses an appeal has been presented to the public, which has been liberally responded to, but still the sum of 7,000*l.* is deficient.

The ladies of England are proving their interest in the prosperity of the institution, and are enlisting the sympathies of all around in this benevolent cause, as will be seen by the enclosed paper.

The object of the committee is to be enabled to open the building free from all pecuniary liabilities next spring.

It has been suggested that a small volume should be published, the contributions of the most distinguished writers of the day, of *all* parties, on orphanage, or any relative subjects.

This volume will be dedicated to Her Majesty, and a copy presented in due form. A copy will also be presented to each of the Lady Patronesses, and likewise to each of the ladies who are kindly acting as Secretaries throughout the country. The remainder will be sold for the benefit of the Charity.

The subjects are left entirely with the writers, and may be either in prose or verse. It is thought by this plan a sufficient variety will be secured so as to make the volume one of a most popular and interesting character, and by its extended circulation likely to confer a lasting and important benefit on the orphan poor throughout the country.

The object is not sectarian. It is intended to give in an introductory article a notice of all sister institutions in the metropolis, and to offer space for a distinct notice of each of the principal ones.

The work will thus be made useful to all; and as it will be got up in the best style with illustrations, it will be suitable as a present, or for a place on any drawing-room table.

I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JOSEPH SOUL, Secretary.

WILLIAM HOWITT, Esq.

Our readers will not expect that our Journal in any part or department will display in its first numbers the full growth of its maturity. Our strength and resources will gradually and steadily develop themselves. Articles on subjects of science, on various institutions for the public good and comfort, and on matters of general interest, are in progress in the best hands.

The Editors are happy to announce that they have secured the able assistance of the following eminent writers:—

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, (*Copenhagen.*)
PHILIP BAILEY, (*Author of Festus.*)
GOODWYN BARMBY.
MISS BREMER, (*Stockholm.*)
DR. BOWRING.
ELIHU BURRITT.
MRS. CHILD, (*New York.*)
HENRY F. CHORLEY.
THOMAS COOPER.
BARRY CORNWALL.
EBENEZER ELLIOT.
W. J. FOX.
FRANKLIN FOX.
FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.
WILLIAM L. GARRISON.
MARY GILLIES.
SPENCER T. HALL.

DR. HODGSON, (*Liverpool.*)
MRS. HODGSON.
R. H. HORNE.
RICHARD HOWITT.
LEIGH HUNT.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.
MRS. LEE, (*Boston, U. S.*)
J. R. LOWELL, (*America.*)
CHARLES MACKAY.
MISS MITFORD.
MISS PARDOE.
ABEL PAYNTER.
SILVERPEN, (*of Jerrold's Magazine.*)
DR. SMILES, (*Leeds.*)
DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.
CAMILLA WATMAN.
ALABIC A. TULLIS.
WHITTIER, (*The American Poet.*)

AN ARTICLE ON FREE TRADE, from the pen of DR. BOWRING, will appear in our next number.

The plain History of THE CASE OF THE RAJAH OF SATTARA, from the pen of GEORGE THOMPSON, will also speedily appear.

MR. HOWITT is also actively engaged in the preparation of his *Letters to the Merchants and Mechanics of England, on the true importance of India to this country.*

As it is the wish of the Editors to combine in their Journal all the talent of the day, they have the pleasure of announcing that they have engaged the services of Mr. W. J. LINTON, in addition to those of their present able Engravers, Messrs W. and G. Measom.

Information addressed to the Editors on every matter and occurrence which affects the interests of the public, and especially of the working classes, will claim their zealous attention.

Copies of all short articles, whether in prose or verse, had better be kept, as the Editors cannot undertake to return them.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, January 9, 1847.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON A BRITISH HOLIDAY.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM CLOSED.

BY W. J. FOX.

THERE is a Book which says, in reference to the admission of the poor and ignorant to the highest knowledge and most valuable privileges, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

We profess to hold that Book in the deepest veneration. It is "part and parcel of the law." Its touch binds witnesses to tell the truth, and judges or sovereigns to the administration of impartial justice. Its contents are protected from attack by pains and penalties. For its official exposition we pay millions of pounds sterling per annum. It is declared "alone" to constitute "the religion of Protestants," and we are a Protestant people. Its principles and precepts are proclaimed, every Sunday, from twenty thousand pulpits, established or dissenting, to be of universal application, and universal obligation. Surely then it might be presumed that we are a most inexclusive people. That we deal with inferior kinds of knowledge according to the rule which the Book applies to the most important knowledge. That we freely dispense the enjoyments of the intellectual life when subject to our control, by the maxim of the Book on the enjoyments of the spiritual life. Whenever we have the means of ministering to mental culture; whenever we can feed the soul through the senses, and cherish the upspringing of purer tastes and finer pleasures; whenever we can turn to account an idle day, redeem it from temptation, waste, or debauchery, and place the "ignorant present" in some temple of the past, "rich in the spoils of vanquished Time," no doubt our motto is, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Or rather, the knocking will not be waited for. Facility of access will imply invitation. Think you so, reader! Look at the picture. That building is the British Museum, with its Egyptian mummies and Elgin marbles, its stuffed humming birds and fossil megatherion; and that surrounding crowd, disappointed of their cherished hope for the mental profit of a holiday "that comes but once a year," is a representative detachment out of 20,000 well-dressed mechanics, who, on the 26th of December last, best known as "boxing-day," applied there for admission, and were turned back, with a refusal, from its gates.

Large numbers also were on that same day sent away from the National Gallery. And there, we are told, the outer gates were kept rigidly closed, to prevent parley. Rubens and Titian, like Theseus and the Sphinx, were guarded as if they had been prisoners whom the crowd was congregating to release from their confinement. Magdalens and Madonnas, or the queenly Isis, can receive no visitors at such vulgar times. *Madame n'est pas visible*. Go away, rude people, with no more business here than the boy Jones peeping about Buckingham Palace. So said, or seemed to say by the facts, the high wall in Great Russell-street, and the iron palisades and gates in Trafalgar-square, and the Government, and the Trustees, and the Porters, the Police, and the Sentries. Heathen Gods give no Christmas-boxes. And since, to help in worship, the immortal painters of the Papal Church produced their altar-pieces, the times themselves are altered. Nominal publicity, when most wanted, is real privacy. They are locked up, and you, the people, are locked out. Go away; to the pot-house, the gin-shop, or the skittle-ground, if you will. They are open, without knocking.

That either of these exclusions was intentional, it would be unreasonable to suppose. There existed, assuredly, no specific purpose to disappoint those particular people, on that particular day. Nor are the two Institutions in question by any means amongst the least liberal of those which are called national. On certain days, their gates stand wide open; at least, during

certain hours when, unfortunately, the shopman is fixed at his counter, and the artisan at his toil. But still they are not regulated on the mercenary maxims which prevail at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. They are no purloiners of pence from the curious poor. Neither did they seek to make a harvest of the holiday. They found the day under their rule of exclusion; and they simply stuck to their rule. That was all. The understrappers could not help themselves. They had no directions to make the day an exception, from the acting functionaries; and they, again, had no orders from the Trustees; and the Trustees had received no intimation from the Government; and the Government had heard no cry from the people that was loud enough, long enough, and strong enough, to make them trouble themselves about the matter. There needs, it seems, a popular agitation to win for the working-man the opportunity of looking at a picture, which is public property, upon a leisure day.

And so, no exceptional interference having been made, Galleries and Museums fall back upon exclusiveness as the natural order of things. The "second nature" of habit has made it so, in this country. We are professors of Christianity, and projectors of national education; but in their freedom of spirit, we neither obey the one nor patronize the other. "Knock, and it shall be opened," no more holds of the sculpture gallery than of the workhouse. We refuse the bread, but we do not give the stone; no, not even a sight of it. No malevolence was meant. Her Majesty's Ministers are moderately non-exclusives; they have done several little good things, and they intend to do several little good things more. But boxing-day did not occur to the members of the cabinet, or if it did, not in connexion with any craving for artistical enjoyment. That never suggested itself to their imaginations.

Our rulers do not know the people. They only regard the masses as a half-washed swinish multitude. They fear to trust them, and so do very much that tends to make them not trust-worthy. They anticipate a multiplication of statues with noses broken off, pictures with eyes scratched out, and unique vases smashed to atoms; forgetting that these were trophies of aristocratical, or semi-aristocratical achievement. They forget that artists spring up amongst artisans rather than amongst nobles. They dream not of what sometimes happens, that the carpenter in their drawing-room is criticising their taste. They never heard of the "picture fuddles" of the Whitechapel weavers; as they call a stroll along the Strand and Pall Mall, to feast their eyes at the print-shop windows. They never thought of boxing-day. This is what I complain of. They are the nursing fathers, and nursing mothers of the nation; and ought to know its wants, and provide for those wants at the proper time. They have "spilt their lives among the cliques" long enough; it is time for them to venture out, and begin to make the people's acquaintance.

It is needful to say, also, that these treasures of genius and art, and these reliques of the antique world, have been locked up from their real owners and masters. They are not private property, like the falls of the Clyde (!) the birks of Aberfeldy (!) the pillars of Fingal's Cave (!) and, for aught I know, we might add, the rainbows of the Trosachs. What nobleman would endure to be treated like the Nation, and be barred out of his gallery by servants who did not happen to think of his wishing to go there? There would be a prompt change of the, not liberal, but liveried ministry, in any private mansion where such forgetfulness occurred. These treasures are a portion of the people's heritage. They are an heirloom in our great Saxon family. They, and all the good they can bestow—and what a world of good is that—are the nation's property. And the nation is ripe, or ripening, for their enjoyment. Twenty

years ago, twenty thousand artisans in Great Russell-street, if there at all, would have been there for a row. Last boxing-day brought no occasion for reading the Riot Act. Generally, the supply of mental and spiritual nutriment must precede the demand. Some degree of artistic enjoyment must have already been created, when there is a cry for more. This desire should be most liberally treated, and most earnestly encouraged. To gratify, promote, extend, and exalt it, should be a ceaseless aim with all whom legislative, administrative, or any other authority, invests with the power to do so. No ancient custom or existing interest should be allowed to impede; no idleness of porters or cupidity of prebendaries. Cathedrals, Galleries, Museums: all means of bringing the common mind into contact with the gifted and the heroic, should be consecrated to that purpose. The convenience of the toil-worn should be consulted. Their days are mortgaged to drudgery. Could not such places be made accessible in the evening? Could they not be lit up, without being burnt down? They should be like heaven; "no night there." And when frequented, as they would be, by the million; and their lovely and ennobling influences imbibed as the best refreshment after days of labour; the result would be far more than merely a rational enjoyment. It would rise into a moral training. One mental elevation has affinity with another. The purest attributes of character are all related. Any one virtue heralds a host of kindred virtues; and "never alone appear the immortals."

FREE TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

NO. I.—TUSCANY AND ROME.

WHAT a striking contrast between the Tuscan and the Pontifical States! their soil the same—the same their climate. Their coast—their rivers—their plains—their mountains distinguished by close resemblances. Inhabited by races descended from the same stock—speaking the same language—professing the same religion—studying the same literature—honouring the same poets, philosophers, and historians. Yet what a marvellous contrast! The agriculture of Tuscany advanced, but still progressing—her fields richly cultivated—her vineyards abundant—her olive-groves wide in extent and superior in produce—labour and science gradually invading, and subduing, and fructifying her pestiferous marshes—her lands high in value—her peasantry well-clad, well-fed, and prosperous. To what are all these blessings to be attributed? To the influence of Free Trade—its beneficent influences in action for three generations. To the results of that legislation of which Leopold was the founder, and which happily has been supported by his intelligent successors, aided by the councils of enlightened statesmen, like Foscombroni—of whom Napoleon said, he was a giant in an *entre-soi*—a great man deserving a greater field of action and authority.

But Rome—the imperial city—and its dependencies—what a different tale they tell! Its agriculture, backward and stationary—not to say decaying. Gloomy comparisons crowd on the mind as soon as you cross the frontiers. To the smiling campagna, the gay vegetation, the happy villages of Tuscany, succeed ill-cultured and inglorious wastes. Vineyards and olive grounds,—wine and oil are marked by inferiority. The Pontine marshes remain in all their desolate appearance, all their destructive power, occupied by a few wanderers, upon whose haggard countenances disease has fixed its permanent seal. In Tuscany the Ombrone and other rivers have

been turned into some of the dismal swamps, to fill them with their rich deposits, and thus introduce fertility and health, where all before was sterile and pestiferous; in others, deep and well-directed drains have conveyed away the foul and stagnant waters to the Mediterranean Sea. A folio volume, published under the auspices of the present Sovereign of Tuscany, records in all their details the noble conquests of science over these realms of unproductiveness and pestilence. The example, the encouraging example, stands at the very gates of Rome—Rome has looked on untaught, unmoved. Monopoly—protected monopoly—is there.

It was my good fortune, some years ago, to travel with the accomplished Sovereign of Tuscany through the southern states of his dominions,—to visit with him the spots where for many a year he had been engaged in the honourable work of recovering the soil, which the wars of the middle ages, and the ignorance and neglect of more modern times, had converted into pestilential *palude*, and rendered uninhabitable by any but the most miserable of the miserable. The mortality among the families whose poverty chained them to those desolate regions was incredibly great: most of those who were born died in infancy or childhood; and of those who lived weakness, suffering, and multiform diseases were the sad but inevitable destiny. There are still towns in Southern Tuscany which are wholly abandoned by such of their inhabitants as are able to migrate during several months of the year; there are military stations to be attached to which in certain seasons, is nearly equivalent to a sentence of death; but an intelligent prince has been successfully wrestling with and vanquishing the powers of pestilence, and has seen the tide of population slowly but surely invading, occupying, cultivating lands, not long ago possessed by the mingled waters of the sea and the mountains; and forming vast marshes, producing only coarse reeds and rushes of unwholesome *algæ*, almost unapproachable by man. It is a liberal commercial policy which has given value to the lands of Tuscany, and made it profitable thus to rescue them, even at an enormous expense. It is a liberal commercial policy that has supplied pecuniary resources for the enterprise, and *that* without taxing posterity by debts and difficulties. Rome has hitherto done nothing.

In the same fear of progress—the same alarm which "perplexes monarchs" with the dread of change—Rome has hitherto turned a deaf ear to every suggestion of amendment. I had it once in charge to discuss with the late Pope the desirableness of improving the communications through the Pontifical States. I pointed out to him the benefits that Tuscany had received from her better roads, and the wonders that railway communication had elsewhere effected; augmenting wealth, increasing felicity, extending commerce, securing peace. But I could make not the slightest impression on the holy father; to him all movement seemed dangerous, all advances heretical. He would not inquire about the *quod eundem est*—the *quod itur* was his sole guide.

Not the best road to travel—No!
But where they went before, to go.

There was no want of cleverness, still less of courtesy, in the manner with which the venerable pontiff carried on the argument. He liked the past,—in the past his authority was rooted. Looking backwards to the solid glories and substantial power possessed by his predecessors,—when no inquiry had molested, no philosophy shaken, no discussion undermined the proud edifice of papal sovereignty,—who can wonder that a pope should desire to be left alone, and to exclude those influences which might weaken, but assuredly would never strengthen, the ancient authority of the Tiara? We talked of Free Trade; and he said that Free Trade was England's interest; but he could not see that it was

the interest of Rome. Perhaps it is not of *The Rome* that was in his thoughts and affections; for Free Trade is undoubtedly intimately associated with religious liberty and political emancipation. And this is but another of its multitudinous recommendations. But the old man felt, and almost acknowledged, that in the diffusion, the popular spirit of Free Trade, there is something essentially opposed to that concentrated, monopolizing abstraction of which he was the sagacious representative. He told me he did not like the elements of which Free Trade was made up. They were to be found in England,—they suited England,—they might add to the greatness of England; and the envoys of England did well to preach the Free Trade doctrines. But he was not to be converted. In truth, he liked better to talk of the ancient literature of Italy; he quoted Dante with delight and with fervency; speaking no language but Latin and Italian, it was a great pleasure to him to be able to discuss the merits of the classical, and especially the classical religious poets of Italy. His readings, or rather, his repetitions, were admirable—emphatic, in the highest degree. And, as on this portion of the field of study I was most happy to hear him discourse—so perhaps he allowed to my political and commercial heresies an unwonted indulgence. There was much of benignity in his voice and manner. Passing through the magnificent halls of the Vatican, amidst a court crowded with ecclesiastical dignitaries,—cardinals, bishops, and mitred abbots,—ambassadors, and their trains,—multitudes of attendants in the richest and most varied costumes,—a personal reception by the pope, in his own apartments, is a touching contrast to all the pomp around. You enter; an ancient man appears, clad in garments white and unadorned, a silk skull-cap on his head; no decoration but the gold cross on the slipper of the right foot; he places his right hand on his left arm—that you may kiss the fisherman's ring—and when you leave he gives you his blessing.

A comparison between the manufactures of Rome and Tuscany is most instructive. Not that either possesses extraordinary manufacturing aptitudes; the position of both rather points them out as admirably fitted for agricultural development; each has a fertile country, a population widely spread, consisting mainly of peasant proprietors, holding that claim upon the land, known as the *mezzaria* system, by which the landlord furnishes the estate and dwellings rent-free to the occupiers, and receives as an equivalent a certain portion of the produce. Such a population, bound, as it were, to the soil, and claiming certain rights of occupation, will not easily be enticed to manufacturing labour. But there are in the towns of the Tuscan and Pontifical States multitudes of labourers dependent on weekly wages for daily bread; and among such,—if capital and credit be accessible on tolerably easy terms,—manufacturers naturally spring up; and their spontaneous production, when the exclusion of foreign competing manufacturers is not a condition of their existence, is no doubt a benefit and a blessing. The rate of interest in Tuscany is much lower than the rate of interest in Rome, and this gives to Tuscany a considerable advantage; but it is more than counterbalanced by the higher rate of wages paid in all the Tuscan towns, consequent upon the greater demand for labour; and this again confers on the Tuscan population a striking superiority over the Roman, which is exhibited in the possession of a much greater portion of domestic comforts; of better education, food, and apparel. And, what is more important still, the intellectual existence of the Tuscan is far more cultivated than that of the Roman. It has been said, and said with truth, that the whole atmosphere of Tuscany is full of art; and if I were asked to point out a spot where art has impregnated all existence with its charms—where

its influences are everywhere present—everywhere felt—I should point out the city of Florence. Art there seems to have given a grace, a polish, a tone of amenity to the meanest inhabitant. It mingles with their daily doings, it melodizes their beautiful language, it occupies their habitual thoughts. Rome, perhaps, has sublimer attractions—in its ancient ruins, and its modern creations; but with *those* are associated melancholy and mournful remembrances, and with *these* the ostentatious display of a religion whose connexion with the arts is now remote and shadowy: a religion which has long lost that noble cement which characterised the days of Raffaele and Michel Angelo. It was, indeed, a superb triumph for Catholicism, when it had for its ally all the intellectual greatness of a glorious age—when it bound to its sway whatever poetry could invent, or painting depicture, or sculpture carve, or architecture elevate—whatever could captivate the senses, by fragrant incense, or majestic music—whatever, in a word, imaginative genius could invent, of sweet, or solemn, or sublime. But those times have passed away. The real splendour of Catholicism is as much a tale that is told—a brightness that is departed—as is the voice of the Pagan oracle, or the pomp of the perished Pantheon.

The hands of industry are busy in the towns and villages of Tuscany. Thousands and thousands are engaged in the manufacture of platted straw for hats and bonnets. It is a pretty sight to watch the multitudes who are occupied in the production of this neat and popular article. Scarcely is the child trusted to itself ere it is trained to weave the straws together. In the streets and the market-places,—along the roads and in the vineyards,—in the porch of the dwelling,—in the adjacent garden and field you may see children, girls, and women industriously plying their laborious fingers to provide the plat-work of Tuscany for the markets of the world. You have scarcely crossed the Roman frontier ere the scene is totally changed; there appears no domestic, no social labour. In Florence, there are large fabrics of silk stuffs which still preserve their ancient reputation—a reputation which gave them a European name—Florentines being still the designation by which a large branch of the silk manufacture is known. Of the Alabaster works of Etruria, I need scarcely speak. For elegance and lightness of form, for tastefulness and variety, their reputation is universally established. In truth, whatever is done in Tuscany, is done well. No favour, no protection being accorded to native produce over foreign imports, no manufacture can support itself, except on the ground of its cheapness or its excellence. For if any other country can provide an article less dear, or more perfect, than that which is made at home, the ports of Tuscany are open. The duty levied is the merest trifle. So Tuscany only manufactures what she can manufacture well.

But in Rome, the Roman must use that alone which Romans can produce. Inexorable tariffs exclude the foreign article. True the smugglers come to the aid of the consumer, and break down some of the barriers which have been raised by monopoly. Protected against the strong progressive impulse which competition presents, the Roman manufacturers are in a state of inconceivable backwardness. The machinery employed is of the simplest and the rudest sorts. The improvements which have been in action for centuries in Northern Europe, have not yet penetrated Rome. I saw men engaged in fulling woollen cloths by trampling them in hot water under their naked feet. The application of steam-power to the hundred purposes of cheap production is wholly unknown. Every thing is costly,—every thing coarse. Progression—improvement—knowledge in all its shapes excluded. The "*stare super antiquas vias*" is the ruling—the all-pervading maxim. Unchanged—unchanging Rome—stedfast—immovable Rome—is the fond fancy of Roman rulers. So she

stands still while the world marches forward—the bark is fastened to the shore, and the stream flows by it towards the ocean. Like another Memnon in the wilderness,—without vigour or vitality.

It would be easy to transfer the comparisons and the contrasts into the wider regions of commercial relations. The power which Rome once wielded—the power of the world—has been replaced by a mightier power—the power of commerce. All conquest has been transitory except that which has intertwined itself with, and based itself on, the permanent interests of nations. If remote colonies have been founded by—if distant lands have been subjected to—a military dominion, unconnected with the benefits of profitable commercial interchange, in the moment misfortune attacks the mother country, and her warlike resources are crippled or checked—in that moment her foreign possessions break away from her control. The sole bond by which they are held—that of military possession—is broken; and the authority, supported only by force, totters when that force is removed. Thus Rome, when her warlike legions could no longer be sent forth to maintain the Roman sway on the domains she had subdued, suddenly ceased to exercise any—the least influence over them. Commerce she had little or none. That beneficial barter of commodities by which trade becomes the handmaid and the instrument of mutual benefits, had no existence; and when the Roman warrior was no longer the possessor of the field, there was no Roman legislator, no Roman trader, to take his place. So transitory is the influence of merely military domination. And now that commerce has become the very autocrat of the world—now that the greatness of nations is only estimated by the extent of their trading relations—now that merchandise is become monarchy, and merchants monarchs—into what a small and narrow sphere has the “mighty mother of the world” been driven:—how weak the mandate, how poor the sovereignty of “Imperial Rome!” And if Italy is to be regenerated—if there be hopes of her resurrection, or anticipations of her future glory—they must be sought—not amidst the wrecks of her old and famed metropolis—but in those spots where commerce has been creating wealth, and knowledge, and independence, and from whence she stretches out her hands to the whole brotherhood of man.

To him who now wears the tiara a noble mission is confided. Gregory the Sixteenth, with all his resistances, prejudices, and alarms, belongs to the times that were. Pius the Ninth has entered upon his high position with a true appreciation of the wants—the claims of the age. If he can resist the pernicious influences that will beset him, there will be no bounds to his popularity and power, not only in the states of Italy, but throughout Catholic Christianity. His disposition to advance will be favourably contrasted with the determination to stand still, which was the law of his predecessor. Italy wants a sovereign who shall be the recipient of the public love, and Rome has still links enough binding her to all the states around to give to an intelligent Pontiff an immense authority. The other day, I received from an Italian lady a letter, written on a sheet, at the top of which, engraved in gold, was a portrait of the present Pope.—“See!” said she, “it is thus that we communicate with one another, thus that we convey our gratitude for what the holy father is doing—our expectations of what he still may do.” Under the guidance of a cultivated and civilized spirit, Rome itself may awaken from its slumbers. It has still within it some of the intellectual elements which made it great and glorious. Let any man cross the city into the Trans-Tiberian quarter, (Trastevere), and watch the countenances of those who still represent the citizens of ancient Rome—that portion of the population which is believed to have escaped the fusion with the various races which have from time to

time invaded, possessed, and peopled the Italian provinces. In the whole of that community, in the women especially, he will find much to admire, and will not easily believe that any great degeneracy can have corrupted such a noble race. And it may be laid down as a safe position that where *sound minds* and *fine physical powers* are preserved, there is no cause to despair of the redemption of nations. The seeds of greatness have not been wholly trampled down in Rome itself—there is still fire in the ashes.

A FEW DAYS' TOUR IN THE ODENWALD.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE Odenwald, or Forest of Odin, is one of the most primitive districts of Germany. It consists of a hilly rather than a mountainous district, of some forty miles in one direction, and thirty in another. The beautiful Neckar bounds it on the south. On the west it is terminated by the sudden descent of its hills into the great Rhine plain. This boundary is well known by the name of the Bergstrasse, or mountain road, which road, however, runs at the foot of the mountains, and not over them, as the name would seem to imply. To English travellers the beauty of this Bergstrasse is familiar. Its hills, continually broken into by the opening of romantic valleys, slope rapidly down to the plain, covered with picturesque vineyards, and at their feet lie antique villages; and the richly cultivated plains of the Rhine, here of thirty or forty miles width. On almost every steep and projecting hill, or precipitous cliff, stands a ruined castle, each, as throughout Germany, with its wild history, its wilder traditions, and local associations of a hundred kinds. The railroad from Frankfort to Heidelberg now runs along the Bergstrasse, and will ever present to the eyes of travellers the charming aspect of these old legendary hills; till the enchanting valley of the Neckar, with Heidelberg reposing amid its most lovely scenery at its mouth, terminates the Bergstrasse, and the hills which still stretch away to his left on his way towards Carlsruhe assume another name.

Every one ascending the Rhine from Mayence to Mannheim, has been struck with the beauty of these Odenwald hills, and has stood watching that tall white tower on the summit of one of them, which with windings of the river, seemed now brought near, and then again was thrown very far off, seemed to watch and haunt you, and take short cuts to meet you for many hours, till at length, like a giant disappointed of his prey, it glided away into the grey distance, and was lost in the clouds. This is the tower of Melibocus, above the village of Auerbach, to which we shall presently ascend, in order to take our first survey of this old and secluded haunt of Odin. This quiet region of hidden valleys and deep forests extends from the borders of the Black Forest, which commences on the other side of the Neckar, to the Spessart, another old German forest, and in the other direction from Heidelberg and Darmstadt, towards Heilbronn. It is full of ancient castles with a world of legends; on it stands, besides the Melibocus, on a still loftier point, called the Katzenbuckel, another tower, which overlooks a vast extent of these forest hills. Near this lies Eberbach, a castle of the descendants of Charlemagne, which we shall visit; the scenes of the legend of the Wild Huntsman, the castles of Götz von Berlichingen, and many another spot familiar by its fame to our minds from childhood. But besides this, the inhabitants are a people living in a world of their own, retaining all the ancient simplicity of their abodes and habits; and it is only in such a region that you

now recognise the pictures of old German life, such as you find them in the *Haus Märchen* of the brothers Grimm.

In order to make ourselves somewhat acquainted with this interesting district, Mrs. Howitt and myself, with knapsack on back, set out at the end of August, 1841, to make a few days' ramble on foot through it. The weather, however, proved so intensely hot, and the electrical sultriness of the woods so oppressive, that we only footed it one day, when we were glad to make use of a carriage and horses, much to our regret.

On the last day in August we drove with a party of friends and our children to Weinheim, rambled through its vineyards, ascended to its ancient castle, and then went on to Birkenau Thal, a charming valley, celebrated, as its name denotes, for its lovely hanging birches, under which, with much happy mirth, we dined.

Scrambling amongst the hills, and winding up the dry foot-paths, amongst the vineyards of this neighbourhood, we were yet more delighted with the general beauty of the scenery, than with the wild flowers which everywhere beautified the hanging cliffs and warm way-sides. The marjoram stood in ruddy and fragrant masses; harebells and campanulas of several kinds that are cultivated in our gardens, with bells large and clear; crimson pinks, the Michaelmas daisy, a plant with a thin, radiated yellow flower of the character of an aster, a centaurea of a light purple, handsomer than any English one; a thistle, on the driest places, resembling an eringo with a thick, bushy top; mulleins yellow and white; the wild mignonette, and the white convolvulus and clematis festooning the bushes, recalled the flowery fields and lanes of England, and yet told us that we were not there. The meadows in the moist emerald sward were also scattered with the grass of Parnassus, and an autumnal crocus of a particularly delicate lilac.

At the inn at the mouth of Birkenau Thal we proposed to take the eilwagen as far as Auerbach, but that not arriving, we availed ourselves of a peasant's light wicker wagon. The owner was a merry fellow, and had a particularly spirited black horse; and taking leave of our friends, after a delightful day, we had a most charming drive to Auerbach, and one equally amusing from the humorous conversation of our driver.

After tea, we ascended to Auerbach Castle, which occupies a hill above the town, which, however, is far overtopped by the height of Melibocus. The view was glorious. The sunset across the great Rhine plain was magnificent. It diffused over the whole western sky an atmosphere of intense crimson light, with golden scattered clouds, and surrounded with a deep violet splendour. The extremities of the plain, from the eye being dazzled with this central effulgence, lay in a solemn and nearly impenetrable gloom. The castle, in ruins, seen by this light, looked peculiarly beautiful and impressive. In the court, on the wall, was an inscription purporting that a society in honour of the military career of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, in whose territory, and in that of Baden, the Odenwald chiefly lies, had here celebrated his birthday in the preceding July. Round the inscription hung oaken garlands, within each of which was written the name and the date of the battles in which he had been engaged against the French. An altar of stones and moss stood at a few yards' distance in front of these memorials, at which, a peasant living at the tower told us, the field-preacher had delivered an oration on the occasion.

In the morning, at five o'clock, we began to ascend the neighbouring height of Melibocus. It took us an hour and a quarter. The guide carried my knapsack; and, as we went, men came up from different footpaths through the woods, with hoes on their shoulders. When

we arrived at the top we found others, and among them some women, accompanied by a policeman. We found that they were peasants who had been convicted of cutting wood for fuel in the hills, and were adjudged to pay a penalty, and in default of payment to work it out in hoeing and clearing the young plantations for a proportionate time,—a much wiser way than shutting them up in a prison, where they are of no use either to themselves or the state.

The view from the tower, eighty-eight feet in height, over the great Rhine plain, is immense and splendid, including two hundred villages, towns, and cities; the windings of the magnificent Rhine lie mapped below you, on whose banks are seen, as objects of peculiar interest, the Cathedral of Speier; the lofty dome of the Jesuits' Church at Mannheim, and the four towers of the noble Cathedral of Worms. In the remote distance, as a fitting termination to this noble landscape, are seen the heights of the Donnersberg, the Voeges, and the Schwarzwald. The policeman, who followed us up into the tower, mentioned the time when the inhabitants of that district had hastened hither to watch the approach of the French armies, and pointed out the spot where they were first seen, and described their approach, and the terrors and anxieties of the people, in the most lively and touching manner.

The wind was strong on this lofty height, and the rattling of the shutters in the look-out windows in the sides of the tower, and of their fastenings, would have been dismal enough on a stormy night, and gave quite a wildness to it even then. The view over the Odenwald was beautiful. Half covered with wood, as far as you could see, with green winding straths between them, distant castles, and glimpses of the white walls of low-lying dörfs or villages, it gave you an idea of a region at once solitary and attractive. The whole was filled with the cheerful light of morning, and the wooded hills looked of the most brilliant green. We descended, and pursued our way through the wooded glades, with that feeling of enjoyment which the entrance into an unknown region, with a view to explore it, pleasant companionship, and fine weather inspire. When we issued from the woods that clothe the sides of Melibocus, we sat down on the heathy turf and gazed with a feeling of ever-youthful delight on the scene around us. Above us, and over its woods, rose the square white tower of Melibocus; below lay green valleys, from amongst whose orchards issued the smoke of peaceful cottages; and beyond arose hills covered with other woods, which shrouded spots, the legends of which had reached us in England, and had excited the wonder of our early days—the traditions of the followers of Odin—the castle of the Wild Hunter,—and the strongholds of many an iron-clad knight, as free to seize the goods of his neighbours as he was strong to take and to keep them. All now was peaceful and Arcadian. We met, as we descended into the valley, young women coming up with their cows, and a shepherd with a mixed flock of sheep and swine. He had a belt around him, to which hung a chain, probably to fasten a cow to, as we afterwards saw them secured.

We found the cottages, in the depths of the valleys, amongst their orchards, just those heavy, old-fashioned sort of things that we see in German engravings; buildings of wood-framing, the plaster panels of which were painted in various ways, and the windows of those circular and octagon panes that, from old association, always seem to belong to German cottages, just such as that in which the old witch lived in Grimm's *Kinder und Haus Märchen*. There were, too, the large ovens built out of doors, and roofed over. The people were of the simplest character and appearance. We saw several children sitting on a bench in the open air, near a school-house, learning their lessons, and writing on their slates, and we went into the school. The school

master was a man exactly befitting the place—simple, rustic, and devout. He told us that the boys and girls, of which his school was full, came, some of them, from a considerable distance. They came in at six o'clock in the morning, and stayed till eight, had an hour's rest, and then came in till eleven, when they went home, and did not return again till next morning, being employed the rest of the day in helping their parents; in going into the woods for fuel; into the fields to glean, to lead cattle, cut grass, or do what was wanted. All the barefooted children of every village, however remote, thus acquire a tolerable education, learning singing as a regular part of it. They have what they call their *Sing-stund*, singing-hour, every day. On a black board, the *Lied*, song or hymn for the day, was written in German character in chalk; and the master, who was naturally anxious to exhibit the proficiency of his scholars, gave them their singing lesson while we were there. The scene was very interesting in itself, but somewhat humiliating to our English minds, to think that in the Odenwald, a portion of the great Hyrcanian forest, a region associating itself with all that is wild and obscure, every child of every hamlet and cottage, however secluded, was provided with that instruction which the villages of England are in a great measure yet destitute of. But here the peasants are not, as with us, totally cut off from property in the soil which they cultivate; totally dependent on the labour afforded by others; on the contrary, they are themselves the possessors. This country is, in fact, in the hands of the people. It is all parcelled out among the multitudes; and wherever you go, instead of the great halls, vast parks, and broad lands of the few, you see perpetual evidences of an agrarian system. Except the woods, the whole land is thrown into small allotments, and upon them the people are busily labouring for themselves.

Here in the Odenwald, the harvest, which in the great Rhine plain was over in July, was now, in great measure, out. Men, women, and children were all engaged in cutting it, getting it in, or in tending the cattle. Everywhere stood the simple wagons of the country, with their pair of yoked cows. Women were doing all sorts of work, reaping, mowing, and threshing with the men: without shoes and stockings, clad in a simple, dark blue petticoat, a body of the same, leaving the white chemise sleeves as a pleasing contrast, and with their hair, in some instances, turned up under their little black or white caps; in others, hanging wild, and sunburnt, on their shoulders. The women, old and young, work as hard as the men, at all kinds of work, and yet with right good will, for they work for themselves. They often take their diners with them to the fields, frequently giving the lesser children a piece of bread each, and locking them up in their cottage till they return. This would be thought a hard life in England, but, hard as it is, it is better than the degradation of agricultural labourers in a dear country like England, with six or eight shillings a week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no house, garden, or field of their own; but, on the contrary, constant anxiety, the fear of a master, on whom they are constantly dependent, and the desperate prospect of ending their days in a Union workhouse.

Each German has his house, his orchard, and his road-side tree, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up and tie together, and in many places hold the boughs together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn-plot; his plot for mangel-wurzel, for hay, for potatoes, for hemp, etc. He is his own master, and he therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motives for constant exertion. You see the effect of this in his industry and in his economy.

In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the

trees and of the cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries, and sliced apples and pears lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from their chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows amongst the trees and under the bushes, every little strip of grass by road-sides, and river, and brook, is carefully cut with a sickle and carried home on the heads of women and children in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use is lost. Weeds, nettles, nay the very goose-grass which covers waste places, is cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streams which generally run down the streets of the villages, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh-grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One cannot help thinking continually of the enormous waste of such things in England. Of the vast quantity of grass on banks, by road-sides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in churchyards, where grass from year to year springs and dies, but which, if carefully cut, would maintain many thousands of cows for the poor.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy; the very cuttings of the vine are dried and preserved for winter fodder; the tops and refuse of the hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppy after the heads have been gathered for oil; and all these are converted into manure for the land. When these are not sufficient the children are sent into the woods to gather moss; and all our readers familiar with Germany, will remember to have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn the falling leaves are gathered and stacked for the same purpose. The fir-cones, which with us lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected and sold for lighting fires.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasant is an example to all Europe. Time also is as carefully economized as anything else. They are early risers, as may well be conceived, when the children, many of whom come from considerable distances, are in school at six in the morning. As they tend their cattle or their swine, the knitting never ceases, and hence the quantities of stockings, and other household things which they accumulate, are astonishing.

We could not help, as often before, being struck in the Odenwald, with the resemblance of the present country and life of the Germans to those of the ancient Hebrews. Germany, like Judea, is literally a land flowing with milk and honey; a land of corn, and wine, and oil. The plains are full of corn, the hill-sides, however stony, are green with vineyards; and though they have not the olive, they procure vast quantities of oil from the walnut, the poppy, and the rape. The whole country is parcelled out among its people; there are no hedges, but the landmarks, against the removal of which the Jewish law so repeatedly and so emphatically denounces its terrors, alone indicate the boundaries of each man's possession. Everywhere you see the ox and the heifer toiling beneath the primitive yoke, as in the days of David. The threshing-floor of Araunah, often comes to your mind when you see the different members of a family, father, mother, brother and sister, all threshing out their corn together on the mud-floor of their barn. But much more so when you see them in the corn-field itself collect the sheaves into one place, and treading down the earth into a solid floor, there in the face of heaven, and fanned by its winds, thresh out on the spot the corn which has been cut. This we saw continually going forward on the steep slopes of the Odenwald,

ten or a dozen men and women all thrashing together. A whole field is thus soon thrashed, the corn being beaten out much more easily while the ear is crisp with the hot sun.

Having taken leave of the schoolmaster, his scholars and his bees, with whose hives nearly all his house-side was covered, we pursued our way to the Jägerhaus on the top of the Felsberg, one of the highest hills in the Odenwald. The day was splendid with the fine breeze, and all around was few, cheerful, yet solitary, bright and inspiring. The peasants in the harvest-fields, the herds watching their cattle, gave us a passing salutation, and when within sight of you took off their hats even at a field's distance. This custom in Germany is carried so far, that, even social and friendly as it is, it becomes almost troublesome. We walked on in great enjoyment, here sitting to look back on the scenes that we had left, or to drink from the glittering waters that we had to pass.

Just as we were about to enter the woods again, we met an old woman slowly wandering on from some cottages amongst the trees by the wood-side. She had a leathern belt round her waist, and a cord fastened to it by which she led her cow to graze in the thickets and by the foot-path, while her hands were busy with her knitting. A boy, of about seven years old, was leading a kid by a chain, letting it crop the flowers of the hawk-weed in the grass. The old woman saluted us cheerfully; told us that the boy's father was in America, and his mother gone out to service, and that he was entrusted to her care. It was just like a scene from one of the old *Märchen* of the country, and unlike anything in England.

The path through the beech woods led us up to the open summit of the hills where stands the solitary Jägerhaus, but with a splendid view over similar woody hills and distant castles on their ridges. In the woods, just beyond the Jägerhaus, lies the *Felsen meer*, or sea of rocks, and the *Riesenstein*, or giant pillar, objects which are much visited, and which are well worth seeing. The wood, in fact, is on the slope of the hill, over which huge blocks of granite are scattered. "In one steep hollow these stupendous blocks are showered down one on another in a chaotic wildness, like the waves of a tempest ocean. The spot was just the one to attract the attention of the Druids, and accordingly they appear to have been busy in preparing one of their large temples, as it is supposed to Odin, at the time that they were interrupted, probably by the armies of Julius Cæsar. You find amid the solemn shadow of the wood the projecting blocks of granite so cleared away in part, and in part so left, as to describe a rude circle, in the centre of which stands a monstrous mass, as large as a tolerable house, which constituted the altar. You see, on some of the stones, the marks of some rude carving, in the manner of a sort of dental, as if for a frieze or cornice.

Not far from this you come to where the *Riesenstein* lies. This is a colossal pillar of granite of 32-ft. long. The soil is dug away which formerly half buried it, and it lies in its gigantic greatness as in a grave. It is supposed to lie where it was hewn, and never to have been reared; to my eye, however, it is where it has fallen broken from its base, which still shows itself in the earth. It is an object which strikes you with a sort of awe and deep surprise at its ponderous greatness. Parallel with it, appears, half-buried in the earth, a long square block of granite, rudely carved in the manner of that at the temple, and as if it also had been intended for a cornice or frieze to rest on the pillars.

The whole scene brought back strongly the gloomy superstitions of the Odenwald, ages before the Romans had planted here, by a severe discipline, agriculture and the arts.

(To be continued.)

THE FLINT AND HART MATRONSHIP.

(Concluded from p. 20.)

Thus, as we have seen, the "aiming low" style of education, combined with the prospective sedative of parochial whipping, grandly triumphed, through the united wisdom of the Solons of the Board. Moreover, so perfectly satisfactory was this triumph in various ways, that they one and all slept amazingly well that night, comfortably assured that they had fully served their country and the Three Commissioners, by giving power to such genuine officialism as should effectually use it to crush any tendencies of that spiritual phoenix, which might rise forth, even from the chill ashes of pauperism.

Tobit's faith in human nature was his only solace. He knew it to be about as genuine a thing as the XXX ale of his own brewing; and, to do him justice, he would have rather that the whole dozen barrels of extraordinary four-years-old October, in his cellars, should have been turned to vinegar by the mightiest thunder-storm that ever swept beneath the blue skies of Organ-fall, than that feminine Bumbleism should have won the day against the merciful heart that throbbed beneath the faded silk gown. This sort of faith, therefore, enabled him to put the very best face on matters before Mary; though, as Mrs. Tunn well knew, when next time safe and alone amidst the vats and barrels, there would come immediately forth such a speaking two-edged tickling sword, so omnipotent and powerful, as to at once rout with its cut-and-come-again indignation every Nubbs (though a bewigged barrister), Nix, Tapper, and Bull, in every united parish blessed with a Board and its profundity of Solon wisdom. Therefore he would smile cheerily, whilst he carved and helped the delicately roasted fowl, (Peg knew other things besides the concocting home-made wines, or "abominations," as Tobit called them,) had words as sweet as the great raspberry puff and the flowing cream; and after these, in spite of the wine and ale controversy, he tucked a bottle of the inimitable ginger under his arm, and led the way to the great barrel-shaped bower in the garden. However, having by and by to return to the house for some glasses, and coming presently from thence, with them and Mrs. Tunn, it was observable, after that, that he smiled not only more cheerfully, but that, between Peg and himself, there was established a secret understanding relative to the little woman; for whenever she sighed, they looked furtively at one another, with happy and resolved countenances. Yet, by-and-bye, even sighs passed away. For not a heart so genuine as that of the little woman's could be unhappy when the falling shadows from the sun brought still more richly forth the great incense of the garden-flowers around; and the light south wind was filled with the lingering odours of the lilies on the mere, and the roses clustering on the brewery thatch; and, at last, like an outspoken voice of worship to the sensual ear, stole on the lowest, yet most dulcet notes, of the wondrous and distant parish organ. Surely, surely now, instead of dock and nettle, the honeysuckle began to grow apace, and the rose to flourish, even in the sinking sun!

With the tea Mr. and Mrs. Tunn's looks progressed in mysteriousness; for, had Mary been observant, she would have seen that glances had ripened into winks, bold looks into most expressive, though silent, notes of admiration, undertaken and effected behind the large teapot, or the small maid-servant, as she handed round the cake, or in any other manner or convenient way that presented itself; till at last Tobit, bringing forth his brewing ledgers, and saying he was busy, Mary volunteered to assist; and after a few minutes' showing, she was so expert in waste, knew so much about half-barrels, and so on, that she might have been arithmetician to

John Bull's favourite drink, and computed how much he had gloried in since the Conquest. So that when she bid Tobit and his wife good night, and said she should start early in the morning, the honest brewer broke forth into a public and most extraordinary smile, caught up and continued by admirable Peg. It was very clear that there was something in the wind, and that they considered her an astounding little woman.

But the truthfullest heart had Mary, and one justly and grandly independent; so that by the time the early sun on the morrow had mantled over the brewery thatch, she was far on her way across the dewy marsh-land. Beside the lonely mere, its alders shadowing the path, the tall reeds bending gracefully to the ripples as they onward flowed, the open spaces made by the marshman's sickle showing the broad waters and the distant shore, and all the treasury of prodigal nature that lay between, brought full the thought of little Tim and his childish gift. It lay safe within the pocket of the faded silk gown; and now brought forth, it looked drooping, yet was not dead, for it had not been crushed or down-trodden because the hand of pauperism and poverty had given it. And this thought of Tim, and this thought of his prison life since yesterday, made Mary look back to catch a last glimpse of the prison walls themselves. Not a prison for this reason, but because the laws, by which it was governed, were left to the pernicious will and interpretation of ignorant, and therefore brutalized, officialism. If a Poor Law be a right to humanity, which it is, till wealth shall become distributive and poverty not a necessitated condition, a wise Government would, and surely will, not merely make the law itself progressive in mercy, and purge from it all Malthus bitterness, but will so require education in its serving officials, that something like beneficence and justice may be looked for from Bumble rule.

Mary had reached a small green knoll, when the noise of approaching wheels, and some loud voice calling, made her turn once again, and there sure enough was not merely Tobit's light cart, but his man Barm within it, who had such respectful notions concerning the faded silk gown, that he had already commenced touching his hat forty yards off, or thereabouts. "Please to get in, mum—quick, for my master's been a going on to the barrels in such a way, that he's like to work clean over. And there's my misus, mum,—she's a good un, bless her,—is a saying that the cakes 'll get cold—and—"

"But I am going home," said Mary.

"Please, mum, get in, or master 'll be a working hisself off; for he's just as bitter as if he'd whetted his appetite with a whole pocket of hops this morning." At this piece of direful information of Tobit's wrath, Mary stepped in, Barm gave the reins a jerk; and at once was off towards Organfull. Oh how the lark carolled as it clove the sky! oh, how the morning's practice on the organ came rich and clear! and oh! how at last the clustering and the opening roses glittered vermillioned on the brewery thatch!

Mr. Silus Progg, the master of the workhouse, was mightily elated at the Flint election, inasmuch as his private tactics and patronage in Organfull had largely helped towards that event. He was, moreover, comforted in the assurance, that Flint would be by no means soft towards poverty and pauperism, as had been pretty practically shewn some years before, when he had assisted her to wash the plates of, and wait upon a certain squire, whose coat armour had occupied so prominent a place in the delicate and mathematically-sided bag. Accordingly, on the important evening of the Flint induction into office, and after a private, though patronizing confabulation with Mr. Bump, Mr. Progg took tea in the matron's room, and there, after certain private reminiscences of bygone times, enlivened and mollified by a little something genuine in every cup, their to-be and domestic method of procedure was

strongly set forth; and after apportioning pretty stringent measures for pauperism at large, they forgot not especially to notify the orphan child, or the miserable drudge to whom it had nestled to rest.

I, who write of, and intend to write of, wrong, with an iron pen, and with all the energy of my stern and fearless heart, because I consider it an error and a weakness to gloss over one social evil, or one social misery, quail as I paint the shadows of my picture. Nor, would I paint them, but, that great nature teaches me, that a divine light is breaking over all earth's sorrow, and all social darkness.

During the reign of the former matron, the Screw administration had been, by all paupers, considered of a very stringent and practical character. But it fell into desuetude for its mercy, now Mr. Progg was so ably assisted in his larger coercive processes by the penetration of an assisting Flint. To keep Mr. Bump's tongue safe on the coercive side, he was occasionally regaled with tit-bits in the matron's room—or now and then with something peculiar and genuine (I really cannot exactly specify what it was), but it was a something, that Mrs. Screw discovering, made her fall off instantly to the antagonistic or pauper side, though solely for the purpose of grumbling, rather than to abate one impulse of the innate viciousness of her heart. Yet sometimes, like enemies on the same side of a belligerent army, Flint and Screw shook hands, and fought stoutly together against the pitiful side of misery. Hence the bedridden and the old were more than ever desolate, the sick more neglected, and less nourished by a strengthening dietary (though the astounding quantum of port wine, sago, arrow-root, and chickens summed up monthly before the board, was enough to have strengthened pauperism to the efficiency of a Samson or a Goliath, and given it ability to carry off the workhouse on its shoulders), matronly women harder worked, and left less minutes with their little children; girls never hearing womanly sympathy, or taught that mercy should be to them a sterling virtue; and last and worst of all, so coerced and down-trodden were the little children, that the only lesson graven on their hearts was, that earth was one huge prison of suffering and wrong! Yet when the immaculate Flint appeared before the board, her sympathy for the sick and aged was so extraordinary, and her pocket-handkerchief so delicate and large, that the implied virtue was received as a genuine fact by all, with the exception of Tobit, who wanted no glasses to see the stony heart and tearless eye. As to the school, which came immediately under Flint officialism, its administration was usually deputed to Mrs. Screw; but on such days as were liable to visitations, from the chaplain or the board, there, in the school-room, sat Flint in immaculate state, hearing the droning tasks that only made stupidity more stupid; and there, on all occasions in the dunce's corner, stood little Tim, whom it was sedulously reported was a "vicious infant" requiring more governance by the birch-rod than any pauper child in the whole Union-house. And Madge too was always thrust in a conspicuous place of punishment, poring over some improbable task her half witless brain could not comprehend, for the sole reason that she loved this miserable child, and stood forth on all occasions as its defender. She had always loved little children, and been their friend. But Tim became to her desolate life something whereby its feminine and hidden nature upgrew; bearing stripes for him and hunger for him, yet she could dry his tears, and think that her narrow world had grown much larger and more beautiful since she had known him. The summer waned away, the dull dreary winter came, and pauper childhood knew so much of cold and hunger, that, by the time it crept about that barren yard in frost and snow, the nettle had drooped quite away, and the dock had rotted in the winter's wind.

In the meanwhile, beyond the workhouse walls matters had progressed hopefully. Grandly independent as I have said, Mary Hart would not hear one word of the honest brewer's and Mrs. Tunn's proposal of living permanently with them; but after due consideration and consultation she opened a small school for the village children in one of Tobit's cottages, and eked out its narrow income by keeping the brewery ledgers. Further, too, her spinet and books were borne conspicuously to her cottage, in the largest brewery cart, and not only afforded much comment to Solon-consideration, but a fine theme for Tobit when alone with his barrels. Moreover, too, by some strange sort of proceeding, which, with all my logic, I cannot fathom, hooks in the cottage pantry—empty over night—would hold such things, next morning, as a fat duck, a delicate chicken, or a savoury ham; and the closet's empty jars be filled with nice preserves; the plates hold an astounding cake; the cellar, a small barrel of XXX; and empty bottles be exchanged for those filled with delicate cowslip wine, made after the famed recipe. The reader may be more cunning than I am in solving such domestic necromancy. As for the necromancy of heart in the childhood of Organfull, that was still more wonderful. Urchins that had been an eye-sore to the stately and aristocratic Nubbs, as he passed the street corners, were now no longer seen; but, with Mary Hart in her little school, progressed marvellously in learning; danced, on holiday afternoons, to the lively tunes she played upon her old spinet; or learned to sing; or out with her on the breezy marshland, helped her to gather plants for drying, and hear from her lips their nature's pretty history. And Solon-wisdom and policy were not now exactly in their old position; for popular parish opinion had veered about, owing to certain strange whispers afloat beyond the workhouse walls!

Injustice often makes a pathway to pure justice. The day that Mr. Tapper had so recommended practical application of the rod to pauperism, Mrs. Tapper, in her peepings, had discovered such flagrant sins in the ledger, as to afford due ground for strenuous curtain lectures. Upon the nightly delivery of which, Mr. Tapper adjourned to the ale-house; from thence, by a very natural transition, had been carried to the county jail for debt; and from thence had come down, by easy stages, to the workhouse. Once practically under the administration of Flint and Progg, his opinions essentially changed. He therefore pretty quickly came forth, and publicly announced in the village, that there was much secret consternation within the workhouse walls; for Madge, having been cruelly beaten, had run away, and could nowhere be found. Tobit sent messengers in search of her; and, after two days, she was found some twelve miles from Organfull, exhausted by starvation, in the midst of a desolate swamp. Borne to Mary's home, she whispered, that because she had stolen some bread for little Tim, who was imprisoned in an outhouse, she had been dreadfully punished by both Flint and Progg. Neither Tobit's indignation, nor popular indignation, could stand this. A magistrate was summoned; the workhouse entered at an unexpected hour, and poor little Tim found in a shed, naked, bruised, and delirious with fever. The case was so flagrant as to warrant the immediate suspension of Progg, Flint, and Bump; and, upon further inquiry, the committal of the two former, for trial, at the next assizes, on both charges of cruelty and gross speculation.

Recovered from the delirium of the fever, it was yet clear to all, that the pauper child's young life was ebbing fast. A year's cruelty and wrong had done its direful work. But Mary tried to make this ebbing life a happy one; a prelude to the beautiful and merciful in heaven. Yes; and she talked of this heaven to the child—a heaven never heard of within the workhouse walls. And it being June time, poor Madge, when she

grew better, fetched fresh blooming lilies from the mere; and weeping Tobit cropped budding roses from the brewery thatch, to strew and blend together on the bed of death. And one night when he nestled to Mary's heart, when his flaxen curls covered like a veil the drooping face of Madge, little Tim asked Mary still more of heaven. "Are there rods there and black places?"

"Nothing but what is beautiful and good, for God is there, my baby."

"Ay, then I'll crop lilies there for you and Madge—that I will." He nestled closer, and his hands moved as if they cropped the flowers already. With his last thoughts thus hovering over our earth's type of purity and loveliness, the child's young spirit lightly passed heavenward.

Six years have now gone by, during which "aiming high" has supplanted "aiming low" officialism in the Union-house of Organfull. All this time it has been the Hart matronship, assisted by worthy coadjutors; for Nubbs, Nix, and Bull, at last heartily ashamed of their "aiming low" policy, condescended to be taught by the knowledge of honest Tobit Tunn, and learn that officialism, to bear out the purposes of a just law, ~~must~~ be instructed instead of ignorant. None happier than the workhouse children, for they have been taught many things of the beautiful world beyond the workhouse walls. Within them too is now a gay flowered garden, where the roses grow apace and the honeysuckle flourishes in the sun, where once the dock and nettle died down and perished in the winter's wind; and Mary's pretty tunes on the old spinet come gaily there, through her open parlour casement. Once a year, they and the village children have cake and tea and ale beneath the brewery thatch; and after that, going with silent steps to the old churchyard, they srew fresh roses and lilies above the grave of little Tim; and the grand organ playing soft and slow, they half fancy its notes are angel-whispers, telling of the dead child's happiness in heaven.

My moral is therefore this. *Let Government educate its officialism, if it would have its laws administered in a spirit of justice and wisdom.*

SILVERPEN.

THE PREACHING EPIDEMIC OF SWEDEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

ONE of the most singular psychological phenomena of the present day has occurred in Sweden; and as but little, if anything, is known of it by the British public at large, I think it will be interesting to the readers of this Journal to lay before them such information as I have been able to obtain on the subject.

That portion of southern Sweden formerly called Småland, and which now comprises the provinces of Kalmar, Wexio, and Jönköping, though one of the poorest parts of the kingdom, is inhabited by a laborious and contented people. Their lot, which is one of extreme suffering and privation, is rendered endurable to them by their natural simplicity of character and deep religious feeling. About sixty years ago, a very strong religious movement took place among them, which, for political reasons, or otherwise, government thought fit to put a violent stop to, and with great difficulty it was done. Whether there be a predisposition among these simple but earnest people for religious excitement, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that at the commencement of 1842 the singular phenomenon of which we are

about to speak made its appearance among them; and from its rapid spread, and apparently contagious character, and from the peculiar nature of its manifestations, it was popularly called the Preaching Epidemic.

Dr. J. A. Butsch, Bishop of Skara, in Westgöthland, wrote a long letter on this subject to Dr. C. F. Wingård, Archbishop of Upsala, and Primate of all Sweden, which letter is considered so perfectly authority on the matter, that it is published in an appendix to Archbishop Wingård's "Review of the Church of Christ," an excellent little work, which has been translated into English by G. W. Carlson, Chaplain to the Swedish Embassy in London, a gentleman of great erudition and accomplishments. To this letter we shall have frequent occasion to refer.

The reader will naturally ask, as the bishop himself does, what is the Preaching Epidemic? What it really was nobody as yet has been able to say. Among the peasantry the most general belief was, that it was an immediate Divine miracle, in order to bestow grace on such as were afflicted with the disease; and as a means of warning and exhortation to those who saw and heard the patients. Among others, somewhat above the class of peasants, many denied altogether the existence of the disease, declaring the whole to be either intentional deception in the desire of gain and notoriety; or else self-delusion, produced partly by an overstrained religious feeling, or by that passion of imitation which is common to the human mind. The bishop himself was of opinion that it was a disease, originally physical, but affecting the mind in a peculiar manner. He arrived at this conclusion by attentively studying the phenomenon itself. At all events, bodily sickness was an ingredient in it, as was proved from the fact that, although every one affected by it, in describing the commencement of their state, mentioned a spiritual excitement as its original cause, close examination proved that an internal bodily disorder, attended by pain, had preceded or accompanied this excitement. Besides, there were persons who, against their own will, were affected by the quaking fits, which were one of its most striking early outward symptoms, without any previous religious excitement; and these, when subjected to medical treatment, soon recovered.

The bishop must be a bold man, and not afraid of ridicule; for, though writing to an archbishop, he says that though he will not give the disease a name, still he will venture to express an opinion; which opinion is, that the disease corresponds very much with what he has heard and read respecting the effects of animal magnetism. He says that he carefully studied the effect of sulphur and the magnet upon several sick persons, and found the symptoms of the Preaching Epidemic to correspond with the effect of animal magnetism, as given in Kluge's "*Versuch einer Darstellung des Animalischen Magnetismus als Heilmittel*." In both cases there was an increase of activity of the nervous and muscular system; and, further, frequent heaviness in the head, heat at the pit of the stomach, prickling sensation in the extremities, convulsions and quakings; and, finally, the falling, frequently with a deep groan, into a profound fainting fit or trance. In this trance, the patient was in so perfect a state of insensibility to outward impressions, that the loudest noise or sound would not awaken him, nor would he feel a needle thrust deeply into his body. Mostly, however, during this trance, he would hear questions addressed to him, and reply to them; and, which was extraordinary, invariably in these replies applied to every one the pronoun *thou*. The power of speech, too, in this state, was that of great eloquence, lively declamation, and the command of much purer language than was usual, or apparently possible, for him in his natural state. The invariable assertions of all the patients, when in this state, were, that they were exceedingly well, and that they had

never been so happy before; they declared that the words they spoke were given to them by some one else, who spoke by them. Their disposition of mind was pious and calm; they seemed predisposed for visions and predilections. Like the early Quakers, they had an aversion to certain words and phrases, and testified in their preaching against "places of amusement, gaming, excess in drinking," may-pole festivities, gay clothing, and the crooked combs which the peasant women wear in their hair, and which, no doubt, were objects of vanity and display.

There was in some families a greater liability to this strange influence than in others; it was greater also in children and females than in grown-up people and men; and amongst men, those of a sanguine choleric temperament were most susceptible. The patients invariably showed a strong desire to be together, and seemed to feel a sort of attraction, or spiritual affinity, to each other. In places of worship, they would all sit together; and it was remarked that when a person afflicted with the Preaching Epidemic was questioned about the disease in himself individually, he always gave his answer on behalf of them all; and thus said "we" where the inquirer naturally expected "I."

From these facts the learned bishop infers that the Preaching Epidemic belonged to that class of operations which have been referred to animal magnetism. He says that, whatever may be the cause of this singular agency or influence, no doubt exists of its always producing a religious state of mind, which was strengthened by the apparently miraculous operations from within. He goes then into the question, whether the religious impression produced be in accordance with the established notions of the operations of "grace on the heart," and decides this not to be the case, because "the excited person, immediately after he begins to quake, experiences an unspeakable peace, joy, and blessedness, not on account of new-born faith through atoning grace, but by a certain immediate and miraculous influence from God." These are the bishop's own words. But with the polemical question we have nothing to do. However, the bishop goes on to say, that, "whatever the origin of the disease may be, it characterises itself by Christian language, and makes its appearance with many truly Christian thoughts and feelings;" and that, "probably, the disease has universally met with something Christian, previously implanted in the heart to which it has, in an exciting way, allied itself."

With respect to the conduct and conversation of the patients, during the time of their seizure, he says he never saw anything which was improper, although many strange rumours to the contrary were circulated and believed, to the great disadvantage of the poor people themselves. In the province of Elfsborg, where the disease prevailed to a great extent, bands of children and young people under its influence went about, singing what are called Zion's hymns, the effect of which was singularly striking, and even affecting. He says that to give a complete and detailed description of the nature of the disease would be difficult, "because, like animal magnetism,"—we use his own words—"it seems to be infinite in its modification and form." In the above-mentioned province of Elfsborg, it was often said, "Such and such a person has begun to quake, but he has not as yet dropped down, nor has seen visions, nor has preached."

This quaking, of which so much is said, appears to have been the first outward sign of the influence; the inward-vision and the preaching being its consummation; though when this consummation was reached, the fit mostly commenced by the same sign. Nevertheless, in some patients the quaking decreased in proportion to the strength which the disease gained. These quakings also seem to have come on at the mention of certain words, the introduction of certain

ideas, or the proximity of certain persons or things, which in some mysterious manner appeared inimical or unholy to the patient. Sometimes, also, those very words and things which at first affected the patient ceased to do so as he advanced to the higher stages of the disease; and other words or things, which hitherto had produced no effect, began to agitate him in the same way. One of the patients explained this circumstance thus—that according as his spiritual being advanced upward, “he found that there existed in himself, and in the world, many things which were worse than that which previously he had considered as the worst.” In some cases the patients were violently affected by the simple words, “yes,” and “no;” the latter word in particular was most painful and repulsive to them, and has frequently been described by them as “one of the worst demons, tied with the chains of darkness in the deepest abyss.” It was remarked also that they frequently acted as if they had a strong temptation to speak falsehood, or to say more than they were “at liberty to say.” They would therefore exhort each other to speak the truth; and so frequently answered dubiously, and even said they did not know, when a contrary answer might have been confidently expected, that an unpleasant impression was frequently produced on the mind of the hearer; and some persons imbibed from this very circumstance unfavourable ideas of their truthfulness; when, in fact, this very caution and hesitation was a peculiarity of the disease.

In the province of Skaraborg, the bishop says he has seen several persons fall at once into the trance, without any preparatory symptom. In the province of Elfsborg, the patients preached with their eyes open, and standing; whilst in his own province of Skaraborg, he himself saw and heard them preaching in a recumbent posture, and with closed eyes, and altogether, as far as he could discover, in a state of perfect insensibility to outward impressions. He gives an account of three preaching-girls in the parish of Warnham, of ages varying from eight to twelve. This account, but principally as relates to one of them, we will lay before the reader.

It was shortly before the Christmas of 1842, when he went, together with a respectable farmer of the neighbourhood, the Rev. Mr. Linqvist, and the Rev. Mr. Smedmark, to the cottage where a child lived, who, by all accounts, had advanced to the highest stage of the disease. Many persons, besides himself and his friends, were present. As regards all the three children, he says that, for their age, as is generally the case in Sweden, they were tolerably well-informed on religious matters, and could read well. They were naturally of good disposition, and now, since they had been subject to the disease, were remarkable for their gentleness and quiet demeanour. Their manners were simple, as those of peasant children; but, being bashful and timid, were not inclined to give much description of their feelings and experience; still, from the few words they spoke, it was evident that, like the rest of the peasantry and their own relatives, they considered it a divine influence, but still asserted that they knew not exactly what to think either of themselves or their situations. When in the trance, they declared that they were exceedingly well; that they never had been so cheerful, or felt so much pleasure before. On being awake, however, they complained, sometimes even with tears, of weakness in the limbs, pain in the chest, headache, etc.

In the particular case of the one child to which we have referred, the symptoms were precisely the same: there came on, in the first place, a violent trembling or quaking of the limbs, and she fell backwards with so much violence as to give the spectator a most painful sensation—but no apparent injury ensued. The patient was now in the trance, or state of total unconsciousness; and this trance, which lasted several hours, divided

itself into two stages, acts, or scenes, totally different in character. In the first place, she rose up violently, and all her actions were of a rapid and violent character. She caught at the hands of the people round her; some she instantly flung aside, as if the effect produced by them was repugnant to her; others she held gently, patted, and rubbed softly; and these the people called “good hands.” Sometimes she made signs, as if she were pouring out something, which she appeared to drink; and it was said by her father and another man present, that she could detect any one in the company who had been dram-drinking; and she would in this way represent every glass he had taken. She went through—for what purpose it seems impossible to say—the operation of loading, presenting, and firing a gun, and performed most dramatically a pugilistic combat, in which she alone sustained and represented the action of both parties; she likewise acted the part of a person dressing; and what rendered all this most extraordinary was, that, though she was but a simple, bashful peasant child, clad in her peasant’s dress—a sheep-skin jacket—yet all her actions and movements were free, and full of the most dramatic effect: powerful and vigorous when representing manly action, and so indescribably graceful, and easy, and full of sentiment, when personating female occupations, as to amaze the more cultivated spectators; and, as the Bishop says, to be “far more like the motions of an image in a dream than a creature of flesh and blood.” Another circumstance is peculiar: although these children differed from each other in their natural state, yet, while under the influence of the disease, their countenances became so similar as greatly to resemble each other.

To return now to the child who had advanced into the second stage of the trance; this was characterized by a beautiful calmness and quietness of demeanour and countenance; and with her arms folded meekly on her breast, she began to preach. Her manner in speaking was that of the purest oratory; her tones were earnest and solemn, and the language of that high spiritual character which, when awake, it would have been impossible for her to use.

The little discourse ran somewhat as follows, after the bishop noted it down on his return home:—

“My friends, let us turn from the evil of our ways; let us, my friends! The Saviour wishes it. Think how pleasant it would be to come to him; and if we would, we might. He does not desire that any one should perish: from the lowest depths of hell all may be saved, and come to him. How pleasant it will be to come to him; to receive our wedding-garments, and sit down with him. Oh, how pleasant that will be!

“But if we will not turn to him, we commit a great sin and grieve him. Think, if he meet us with angry looks; think, if he bid us go to the left side! to the place of darkness, where we are separated from him! Knock gently, knock gently, my friends, and he will certainly open to you.

“Then let us now, my dear friends, raise a sigh—a good sigh—which shall penetrate through the clouds to the Saviour! Let us go in the narrow way; let us go in the thorny path! Will you not go there? Then I will go there by myself alone; but go you also, and do not think that it is painful! It is not painful, if we only go to the Saviour! And though I am young, and my words are those of a child, yet you must believe them. Although they are the words of a child, they are meant for your well-being! For God’s sake, believe them, dear friends!”

Such were some of the words of the child, who, in this extraordinary state, had something saint-like in her appearance. Her utterance was soft and clear; not a word was retraced or repeated; and her voice, which in her waking state had a peculiar hoarseness, had now a wonderful brilliancy and clearness of tone, which pro-

duced great effect. The whole assembly observed the deepest silence, and many wept.

These children, during all the time they were subject to this influence, had, as the parents stated, tolerably good appetites, although they were particular as to the food they ate, taking by preference milk and fruit, especially dried apples and cherries, of which it was necessary for the parents to keep a good stock.

The bishop tells us that these children were cured by medicines which he himself procured for them. The disease, according to his account, was frequently cured thus, though generally in its earlier stages. He does not anywhere state that death was the consequence of it; though he says that the patient sometimes foretold his own death. He tells us that many of the "quaking people" were taken to the hospitals, and on their arrival there were found to be free from any symptom of the disease whatever; but scarcely had they returned home, when it again appeared in its full force. Many individuals also, by means of a firm will and a faithful endeavour to counteract it, succeeded in doing so. Others, on the contrary, from their belief of the disease being of a divine character, became predisposed for the contagion, both bodily and mentally; and thus, being attacked, helped to make it worse by their own superstition and submission to it.

He concludes by saying, that as the phenomenon in question lay out of the sphere of human knowledge and experience, its extraordinary and miraculous character struck the mind with awe, which produced a very general religious movement among the perfectly healthy portion of the community. The consequence of this has been to send multitudes of persons to the churches and meeting-houses, who otherwise would never have gone there; and in many instances it has effected the most vital change in life and sentiments. Many a one has thus become a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and has been weaned from drunkenness and other vices; and showy dresses, crooked combs, dancing, and the much-aborred May-pole merriment, in many parts, have fallen into disuse. The bishop himself saw by the roadside a May-pole which had been cut down from this cause, and he also knew a poor man who gained his livelihood by fiddling, who burned his violin, that it might not be a cause of sin to himself or others. How like is this to many a passage in the books of the early Quakers!

In the province of Skaraborg alone, where the disease did not prevail so generally as in other parts, the number of persons affected by it amounted, in 1843, to from two to three thousand; and in this province many healthy people, particularly boys, gave themselves out as belonging to this class, and rambled from place to place, making religious harangues, and thus gaining a good livelihood. These imposters were often mistaken for the preaching-diseased, and through their means honest afflicted persons were brought into discredit, and often made to suffer.

As in the case of the Bishop of Skara, the clergy, throughout the districts where the disease prevailed, used all the means in their power to put a stop to it, but in vain; the governors of the provinces then interfered. Medical men were sent out; many of the patients placed in hospitals, and others were attended at home; and by the end of 1843, the disease had almost ceased to exist. Nothing of the kind seems to prevail at present: but as I am informed by a Swedish clergyman, the good effect produced by it on the minds of many an otherwise hardened sinner, remains to testify of its truth and reality, although no one, whether learned in the science of physical or spiritual life, can yet explain the cause and nature of this extraordinary mental phenomenon.

Portry.

EUROPE'S HOPE IN THE NEW YEAR.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

Author of "The Purgatory of Saicida."

WHAT, though the Old Year saw the hallowed mound
Where Kosciusko grandly sleeps, hemmed round
With things of thrall, for guards; and their base trick
Triumphant—the proud Czar and guileful Metternich?
Albeit no hand

Be on the brand,
He waits, Young Year!—the teeth-clenched Pole—
To read on thy prophetic scroll,
If thou givest a day—for Fatherland!

Wilt thou tread the banks of the crag-browed Rhine,
And hear no music but praise of the vine?
In the land of thought they will sing these strains
That tell how they long to burst their chains;
And if thou comest, to say, "Tis time
To work out freedom unstained by crime!"
The workmen are ready in that thought-clime.

Still unextinguished shalt thou find
Tell's spirit in his brethren's mind;
Free, as o'er Alps the eagles soar,
They hold their birthright, as of yore;
And ne'er shall Tell's bold brethren bow
Before another Gesler now.

What of the birth-lands of undying story—
Rome and Athena's democratic glory?

Behold! the "triple tyrant's" throne
A tribune's seat well-nigh hath grown:
Or, he who fills it reads the sign,—
From out the new book Sibylline,—
That warns the growing Mind's old foe—
"Back! for thou shalt no further go!"
And, though to Greece, from Othman freed,
A mock-king's yoke hath been decreed,—
Vain shall barbarian struggle be
To hold the land of Liberty!

Bold Swedes, amid their forest pines,
Say that thou com'st, Young Year, with signs
Of equal laws for peasant men,
Forthane, and clerk, and citizen.
With more than hope they wait the boon
Already by Norse brothers won.

Is all hope crushed for France, by his nerved hand
Who graspeth sway so sleekly bold—
That dynast new, in king-craft old—
The shrewdest pupil of shrewd Talleyrand?
True Frenchmen know that power of thrall,
Though propped by bastion, fort, and wall,
Is ever brittle as a rope of sand!

Beyond the Pyrenean hills,
Though anarchy breath the region fills,
Twin noble nations surely gorm
With spirits that to quell the storm
Shall meekly rise. Be thine, Young Year,
The work such progeny to rear,—
And page thy annal, for the good,
"Dawn of Hesperian brotherhood."

Alas! young woe-bringer to Erin's shore,—
Our song of hope thou changeest to distress!
All English hearts indignantly deplore
Their rulers' course of guilty heartlessness
To brother millions—counted less than slaves,
Because uncared for, either for their toil,
Or nobler use: held dwellers 'cross the waves
For idlers to make prey of, and a spoil!

Fell Famine leading by her gaunt right hand,
 Now, as thou touchest on that fated strand,—
 We shudder at the vision, and forefear
 What penance for our crime a future year,
 With Justice linkt, retributive may bring.
 Oh, that while Science o'er the world doth fling
 Her giant arms, subversive of the strength
 Of rocks, contracting space and weary length
 Of time unto one Present,—and earth fraught
 Becomes with new-found nerves to bear Man's thought
 To Man, in moments, where our sires toiled days,—
 Enlightened justice may our councils raise
 To loftiest, wisest effort that shall free
 Our brothers from this direst agony!
 Nor there have end; but in the future prove
 A bond of mutual and fraternal love—
 Cementing, as in children of one mother,
 Heart of the Saxon to each Keltic brother.

THE VERDICT OF THE POOR.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

Sits a maid upon a stone,
 Singing slow in under-tone:
 Comes a man across a moor,—
 He is old, and lame, and poor.

"Riches are a glorious boon,
 As is aught beneath the moon."
 Thus the maid, upon the stone,
 Singeth slow, in under-tone.

"Not for hoarding;—daily care
 Dwells where hoarded riches are:—
 Not for wasting;—sinful deed
 Squanders what the wretched need.

"But for giving;—God above
 Gives to all men in his love.
 Hoard or squander,—desperate sin
 Thy sad heart hath drunken in."

Came the man across the moor,—
 He was old, and lame, and poor;
 And the maid, upon the stone,
 Spake him thus, in under-tone:—

"Here is gold;—the wretched feel
 Miseries which the rich can heal."
 But, abashed, he hangs his head,
 Asking not another's bread.

"Heav'n hath daughters—daughters three,
 And one's name is Charity;
 She is fair, but more I prize
 Her sister of the bandaged eyes.

"Mercy treads with glorious feet;—
 Thus he makes her answer meet—
 "She is fair, but most I prize
 Her sister of the bandaged eyes.

"Industry will up and strive;
 Idleness will never thrive:
 Sluggard heart will lose its share,
 Begging alms in Holy name.

"Justice, for the young and old;—
 Give them *that*—not rich men's gold;
 Age has won its right to rest;
 Honest work is young man's quest.

"Justice, and no man is poor,
 Though another owneth more.—
 Thus the old man made reply,
 Taking nought of Charity.

Literary Notice.

The Elevation of the People, Moral, Instructional, and Social. By REV. THOMAS MILNER. London: Snow.

THIS is an excellent and useful work, written in an earnest and liberal spirit, and with great knowledge of the important subject on which it treats. No pains or research have been spared in collecting material from which to present a clear view of the present state of the people, and the means for their social and moral improvement and elevation. One only regret we find in going through its eloquent and able pages, which is, that the author does not faithfully record and acknowledge the sources whence he draws so much valuable matter. We can recommend the book nevertheless as a storehouse of knowledge and facts, inestimable to all those who wish to assist in improving and elevating the people. In order to give an idea of the style of the work and the author's mode of reasoning, we select the following passages:—

"More than two millions added to the stated number of home-dwellers in the space of ten years! This is a fact involving fiscal and moral considerations, which equally demand the attention of the civil government and the Church of Christ. The accession, too, in process, year after year, challenges the serious notice of political economists and the friends of religion. The laws of Providence, in obedience to which the nation multiplies, are not evil in themselves. It is vicious legislation, human improvidence, or popular degeneracy, that renders their operation disastrous. Not as a curse did the decree of heaven announce to the patriarch a people sprung from his loins, plentiful as the sand and numerous as the stars. It was the promise of a blessing, at the prospect of which his mind expanded with satisfaction and swelled into triumph. * * * But there is room to speak of an overgrown population with nervous anxiety, to mourn over its increase, and apprehend danger from the masses, when legislation provides no adequate outlet, places unjust restriction upon the food of a cooped-up nation, and no commensurate provision is made for the attainment of mental culture and of the bread of life. We have, then, an ill-fed, ill-clad, wretchedly-housed, and wrongly-directed population—as much a pest as the reverse is an honour. This is not, however, with us at least, a necessary evil. Whatever measure of it we have must be regarded as a penalty self-provoked and not arbitrarily inflicted. The resources possessed by the nation, to provide for its own physical, mental, and moral wants, have been restrained by partial enactments, or kept inactive by voluntary indifference; and hence we have no reason to murmur at Providence, but to accuse ourselves. To aim at retrieving the consequences of past neglect and injustice, to endeavour to keep pace with the need of the community, is now the special duty of society; and to be stimulated to its discharge, too much prominence cannot be given to the fact, that with the revolution of every year there are hundreds of thousands added to the general aggregate of the dwellers on our soil."

There is sound wisdom in the following remarks.

"Generally speaking, it is one of our national misfortunes at present, if it be not a national disgrace, that those to whom the country commits its childhood occupy a low social status. The village schoolmaster ranks with the parish clerk and constable; and the intelligent teacher in towns lags far behind the thriving shopkeeper and prosperous merchant in public estimation. The incompetency of such officials has undoubtedly contributed to this effect, and the effect helps to perpetuate the cause; for an inferior standing in society and a scanty remuneration will operate to repel from the office those who are best adapted to fulfil its functions, unless stern necessity compels it. But independently of all deficiency in the class of instructors, it is plain that the national mind has imbibed loose and grovelling views in relation to the office, however unexceptionably conducted. Who are treated with less consideration than the tribe of governesses by the aristocracy of wealth? * * * The vice—for it deserves no better name—is extensively prevalent and of long standing. When Boswell wrote to his father, Lord Auchinleck, to inform him that he was coming down to Scotland with Dr. Johnson, the old Scotch judge lifted up his hands in profound astonishment, exclaiming, 'Our Jamie's clean aff the howks now. Would any body believe it? he's bringing down a dominie wi' him—an *avid dominie*!' It is time for such views, betraying ignorance and folly, to be abandoned. The circumstances around us demand that we judge righteous judgment. Doing so, the mature—whether heads of families, or simple members of society—will warmly appreciate the service that aims to frame aright the intellectual and moral character of the rising race, will adequately remunerate it, and will hold those in reputation who competently engage in it, second, indeed, to none in their status in the social scale. In proportion as this is done, an inducement will be afforded to well-qualified labourers to appear in the field, working for the nation's advance, averting household disaster, diminishing the public burdens, and promoting a more general prosperity. Let us learn a lesson from the Athenians—their greatest men were schoolmasters."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

FROM the multitude of kind and suggestive letters which we have received, and for which we beg here to thank the writers, we select the following as containing much material for solid thought. We thank our "Well-Wisher" for his postscript to the above letter, the hints in which, we think, have already been acted upon.

TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM HOWITT.

London, Jan. 7th, 1847.

FRIENDS,—On the commencement of your Journal, which I desire should prosper, I am tempted to offer a few suggestions that may perhaps help forward the great object which you have at heart—the elevation of the working-classes among our fellow-countrymen to health and happiness. Much has already been said in your first number on the sources of evil to this class, and intemperance is not wholly left out. But, friends, the first great step to the improvement of the masses, and without which no further step will ever be effectually taken, must be the fixing down, and the barring up, of the floodgates of inebriety; it must begin with the closing up of the drinking-shop for ever; the reduction of taverns to the smallest number consistent with the convenience of strangers and travellers; the strict enforcement of reasonable hours on all these establishments throughout the working-days of the week, and the non-admission of any but strangers and travellers, during any hour of the twenty-four pertaining to the Lord's Day; on which day, holy as it is, more evil, perhaps, than on any other day, is incurred in the way of intemperance. I am no teetotaler, friends. I know not of any good thing given to us of God needing to be rejected on general principles. Neither reason, nature, or scripture, teach me any such doctrine. To the pure, all things (eatable or drinkable) are pure; only let our moderation be known unto all men. At the same time, no blame attaches to him who thinks it concerns his safety entirely to abstain from fermented liquors; but, on the contrary, his total abstinence is in him praiseworthy; and it certainly will not lessen his merit, if he presume not to measure others by his own standard; nor to dictate to those who, on his own shallow grounds of argumentation, are much better judges of the question than he can be. Let these liquors be saleable on working-days by all persons who choose to deal in them, but on a vigorously penal condition that none be consumed in the shop. Beer carried home, and shared with the wife, will never, I should hope, create intemperance; but as to children, they undoubtedly need it not, and ought never in childhood and youth to taste of such liquors.

Justly, friends, do you insist on the claims of labour being regarded. Woe to him who grindeth the face of the poor, and defraudeth the workman of his just hire! But the claims of a wife and family, on the workman himself, are still stronger than are his claims on his employer. Toward them there should be a love stronger than death! Yet who are notoriously, among workmen, the most negligent of children and wives? Are they not the ablest mechanics, the largest earners of wages? This, friends, should be the first subject of agitation, and of petition, by the working-classes; the drying up of the sources of temptation; the closing of drinking-shops, and, in its sequence, of pawn-shops, and of prison-houses. For not a doubt can be entertained, that full one-half the misery and crime in our country incident to the lower classes, is generated by the vice of intemperance. Petition for remedies against the cesspool and choked drain! Yes! Let not that object be neglected; but there is a poison viler, and more fatal, than what proceeds thence; it is the poison of the beer-drinking-shop, it is the pestilence of the gin-shop. The former may destroy the body; the latter sends body and soul to the abyss! They who will not help themselves cannot be helped. Let the working-classes help themselves in this master question, of which they are themselves most extensively the masters. Let them commence and continue the agitation, year after year if needs be, till the object be by legislation obtained. Never disheartened, let them never cease from

the struggle; since the strife itself will have a powerful operation in lessening the inclination to resort to those seats of the drunkard and the scoffer, which, in their desires and their efforts, the would-be temperate have already doomed to destruction. Let churches and chapels, village-libraries and mechanics' institutions be opened on every Sabbath eve, and these will in time afford edification, and even recreation, infinitely higher to the once intemperate, than they ever had found amid tobacco fumes, bacchanalian songs, and poisonous potatoes!

There is another remedy for the ills of the working-classes, of which I think highly, and wish that you, friends, may think so too, and undertake its cause; I mean that of emigration; not the emigration of capitalists to be fleeced and ruined. Persons of this latter description need no urging, and must judge for themselves. But, by migration to new colonies, men who can put their hands to any sort of labour in out-of-door work, cannot fail to improve their condition. They may suffer somewhat at the commencement; but probably not one-half of what both Scotch and Irish are suffering now; and temperance and industry will next to a certainty soon lead them to independence. The comfortable log-house of a Canadian cottager, or farmer, will be a happy exchange for the cellar and the garret, in some noisome and noisy lane, or alley, of some crowded mart, where nature is never to be seen but in its deformity. And even if agree sometimes visit the log-house, as at times it will, this I believe, who have myself seen some of those countries, has been owing to damp floors, which need never to be damp—for timber to floor there is in the same abundance as to build withal; to chinks in the structure which need only to be closed with a little clay, or mortar; or to unglazed windows left open at night, in spring or autumn; which, if glass be too expensive for the occupant to procure, may be remedied by a tight window-shutter having one small square, or rounded, piece of glass, in its centre, till larger means procure larger accommodation. Another cause there is of this malady, which is an abundant source of mischief in all moist climates, and that is, the neglect of changing damp shoes and stockings, on getting home from out-of-door work. Let men be guilty of this neglect anywhere, and they must anywhere take the consequences. Government will probably afford some aid towards promoting this object; but the thing wanted is, a perpetual provision for enabling persons to emigrate. Might not a saving fund be formed, which should enable a number of persons yearly to emigrate, proportioned to the sums paid in; the emigrants before a certain period to be designated by lot; and after that period taken by seniority of contribution; but never exceeding, in the sum appropriated for the out-going expenditure, that proportion of the whole money paid in, which would be an ample security for the emigrants of the year succeeding; and so in perpetuity?

I wish that "The Society of Friends" had turned their charity toward the highlands and isles of Scotland, rather than to Ireland; for this one reason, which I flatter myself will not give offence. Their projected noble contribution of £20,000, would probably have remedied, or mainly remedied, the sufferings of the former country; whereas, among the millions of ill-fated Ireland, their charity may be lost as a drop in the ocean! The ills of Ireland are national, and perpetual. It is impossible to doubt that famine stalks in Ireland, to a greater or less extent, every year. Its prevailing institutions, the prevalent ignorance and indolence consequent thereon, the preconcious marriages fostered under the same system, without the slightest preparation, without regard to the decencies, not to say the comforts of life; these circumstances, joined with the curse of absenteeism, and the want of an efficient poor-law which would compel residence, have left the Irish multitude in a half-savage state, and are ever bringing them up to the famine-point. Legislation of the most searching kind can alone remedy those ills; and we now hope soon to see a legislation that will be effective.

Yours,

A WELL-WISHER.

Progress of the Co-operative League of London.—This association has engaged the large and elegantly fitted-up room known as Farrington Hall, King's Arms Yard, Snow Hill, and they intend to make it their central station for the commencement of a vigorous plan of operations. On Monday evenings it will be open for lectures on subjects of general interest; and on Wednesday, public meetings to explain the principles and objects of the League, will be held. On the four remaining evenings of the week, it will be the study of the Directors to provide instruction and recreation both for members and the public. The lectures will commence on Monday, 18th inst.; free admission will be given to members, and the charge to the public will be so small as to place knowledge within the reach of all. At all public meetings of the body, admission will be given without charge; practical operations have already been commenced, with a view to mitigate the sufferings of that distressed body of persons, the needle-women. A shirt manufactory has been established, and it has been found that shirts can be produced equal to those sold by the Trade, and a clear profit of 40 per cent. at the same time be obtained for distribution among the work-people—surely this is a sufficient proof of the utility of co-operation.

Establishment of a New Athenaeum at Warwick.—This institution was opened on Monday the 4th. The public meeting was held in the Town Hall. It was crowded and enthusiastic. The chair was taken by Sir Charles Douglas, one of the borough members, supported by William Collins, Esq., the other member. After some introductory observations by the chairman, William Howitt addressed the meeting at great length, congratulating the inhabitants of Warwick on the establishment of such an institution amongst them; he took occasion, from local associations, to point out the vast advance made in the progress of knowledge, and of the nation, since those feudal ages in which the towers of the castle were reared. He took the character of the great hero of their history, Sir Guy, as a basis for the demonstration of this advance. Sir Guy, however fabulous were his exploits, was the true example of what was believed by the minstrels and chroniclers to be the perfection of human nature; yet Sir Guy, after killing his quota of dragons, boars, giants, and the like, made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ, and came back to absent himself from his family, and hew himself out a den in a solitary rock. Such was the ignorance of the period. The ages of chivalry, in fact, over which Burke lamented, were ages of brutal strength, in which the sense of right, of true religion and justice, was but beginning to struggle through the dense cloud of ignorance and superstition. The people were wretched serfs, dull as the clouds they tilled, and crouching under the walls of one castle to escape the ravages and insults of the lord of another. Then began the dawn of the ages of ingenuity; but for century after century this ingenuity was only excited for the invention of weapons of destruction, or of armour to ward it off. Our museums and galleries of armoury are full of the works of those ages, in every species of curious but barbarous weapon that could be aimed at human life. Lastly came the great ages of combination, when the still developing powers of the human intellect only produced inventions like that of gunpowder, and collected hosts against hosts for lawless slaughter. This lasted even to our own times, and had begun to destroy all faith in the Christian religion, because men began to believe that it had no power to arrest this destructive madness of what was called civilized man. But the last thirty years had changed the whole scene; had vindicated ancient prophecy; had re-established faith in Christianity, by showing that it really did tend to improvement; and had fixed itself, with all its humanising influences, deep in the human mind. The age of chivalry was gone; but the age of steam was come,—the age of steam-enginery; of steam-packetry; of railway; of mechanics-institutes; and of Atheneumry, any one of which was a cheap exchange for all the ages of chivalry put together.

Mr. Howitt then contrasted the characters of Queen Elizabeth and of Queen Victoria, as evidences of the striking advantages of civilization. Elizabeth, as proved under the hands of herself and her ministers in our archives, with all her fame and abilities, was covered with the infamy of the most systematic political murders,—pre-eminent among them, that of the Scottish Queen, Victoria, on the other hand, living a life of domestic peace, and harmony before the nation, and to whose mind a political murder would be as inconceivable as it would be revolting to the age.

For all these evidences of wonderful advance, the speaker then drew the surest arguings of the rapid progress of the future and of man, quoting Tennyson's lines,

For I doubt not, through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

The meeting responded most enthusiastically to this address. Mr. Twanley, the active and popular magistrate, Mr. Charles Redfern, Dr. Jefferson, Mr. Molady, and other speakers followed, with much varied energy and humour, and Sir Charles Douglas closed the meeting by some admirable exhortations to the study of the national history. 225 were handed in by some public-spirited individuals, and Sir Charles presented the library with a great number of useful works. The institution commences under the best auspices.

Extract of a letter from Nottingham.—Jan. 7th.—To-day we were in the crowd of the market, and saw sundry groups telling fortunes. Cows selling, or being sold, and operatives buying books, and one man reading to a large group in the midst of the mud of the market-place. Good signs of the times, these! Would that our own poor neighbours the Irish were so employed. In Dearden's back-shop there were four or five artisans *en dishabille*, buying an immense number of soiled volumes, apparently for some humble book-society. They all looked like Elihu Burritt of a humbler kind; but still of that class. These are all in their own sphere influential men, and are producing great effects. Success to them!

The Editors are happy to announce that they have secured the able assistance of the following eminent writers:—

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, (Copenhagen.)
PHILIP BAILEY, (Author of *Festus*.)
GOODWYN BARMBY.
MISS BREMER, (Stockholm.)
DR. BOWRING.
ELIHU BURRITT.
MRS. CHILD, (New York.)
HENRY F. CHORLEY.
THOMAS COOPER.
BARRY CORNWALL.
EBENEZER ELLIOT.
W. J. FOX.
FRANKLIN FOX.
FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.
WILLIAM L. GARRISON.
MARY GILLIES.
SPENCER T. HALL.
DR. HODGSON, (Liverpool.)

MRS. HODGSON.
R. H. HORNE.
RICHARD HOWITT.
LEIGH HUNT.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.
MRS. LEE, (Boston, U. S.)
J. R. LOWELL, (America.)
CHARLES MACKAY.
JOSEPH MAZZINI.
MISS MITFORD.
MISS PARDOE.
ABEL PAYNTER.
SILVERPEN, (of Jerrold's *Magnolia*.)
DR. SMILES, (Leeds.)
DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.
CAMILLA TOULMIN.
ALARIC A. WATTS.
WHITTIER, (The American Poet.)

The next week's Record will contain some account of the SOIREE of the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE in Liverpool: and also of the first SOIREE of the LEEDS REDEMPTION SOCIETY.

An account of
THE RAJAH OF SATTARA,
from the pen of George Thompson, will appear in the next number.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWITT, 17, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, January 16, 1847



ENGRAVED BY W. & G. MEASOM.

A FEW DAYS' TOUR IN THE ODENWALD.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Continued from p. 36.)

From this place we went over hill and valley towards Rodenstein, the scene of the Legend of the Wild Huntsman. At noon we sat down under a large old oak on a wild hill-side, scattered with a few such trees, and with great masses of rock. It was most intensely hot. I took off my knapsack, and we made a resting-place of a block of granite at the foot of the tree. Below us was an extensive prospect, and above us a range of beech-wood stretching for miles. We were now not far distant from the abode of the Wild Hunter, and the country seemed just of the character for such an inhabitant. To reach Rodenstein, the remains of an ancient castle, it was necessary, however, to traverse those woods; and when somewhat refreshed we plunged into them with that intention. A church had been pointed out to us from a distance, which we must pass; towards this we endeavoured to steer our course through the woods. We found these, however, of great extent. All track soon vanished, and around us was only one deep and solemn shade, the lofty pillars of beech boles, and the thick canopy of their heads. Below, the earth was brown with withered leaves, and scattered with great pieces of rock covered with vivid green moss. Here and there the presence of bogs was indicated by the pale green of the *noli-me-tangere* (touch-me-not), with its yellow flowers; a plant whose name gave a significant caution, for where it grew was treacherous footing. After half an hour's progress, though confident of going in the right direction, the scene was solemn and impressive. There was no outlet visible, but one interminable waste of shade and deep silence. We began almost to repent having ventured through these unknown woods, when we heard the snapping of a dry stick, then a human voice, and in the far shade descried an old woman in the dark dress and cap of the country, with two children with her.

The old woman undertook to guide us through the wood. She and her two grandchildren went silently on, here and there picking up a stick, and then gliding on again, beckoning us to follow and to avoid the morasses. Through the deep shade, and the withered rustling leaves, they went on and on, threading the morasses, striding from stone to stone, and silently beckoning us to follow. There appeared no bounds to the woods, and our silent, gliding conductor seemed for all the world like an Indian guiding us out of the depths of an American forest. At length we caught a glimpse of light, and deemed we were emerging from the wood, but it was only an opening in which the sun blazed on the stones, till they shone dazzling and white as snow. We still had to go on and on. Anon our conductor disappeared among thickets, and we followed, tracing her through bogs, and amongst rocks and boughs, till at once we emerged in a croft, and with the village church standing before us.

On offering our ancient guide a piece of money, with our heartiest thanks for our guidance, she shook her head, folded her hands, and said, "*Nein, dass kan ich nicht*," Nay, I cannot do that; "*Es ist kein guter Christ der einen Fremden nicht aus einem Walde helfen wollte*"—He is no good Christian that would not help a stranger out of a wood. It was an instance of disinterested goodness, that we did not expect even in this out-of-the-world region—even in the heart of the Odenwald; but all our entreaties were in vain; she would only wish us, "*eine gluckselige Reise*"—a happy journey—and disappeared in the woods, leaving us but just time to put the money into the hand of one of her grandchildren, who appeared more conformable in his desires to the wishes of the present generation.

At this dorf, or village, of Neunkirchen, we entered

the public house, to get a pint of wine, and some rest after our fatiguing walk through the wood; and the rare arrival of strangers in that solitary place was sufficiently indicated by a curious fact. Scarcely had we seated ourselves, when in bounced a young fellow, in the somewhat picturesque dress of a student. With a familiar nod he saluted us, informed us that it was very warm, of which we had had only too much proof, and took his seat opposite to gaze at us. Then entered a woman of about forty—a light, active woman, with the look of a town about her, with a cap on, trimmed with pink ribbons, a worked collar, and smart apron. She made no hesitation in saying she supposed we were from a distance; and being assured of that, said, that perhaps we were from some foreign country; assured of that too, she inquired, was it from France? No. From England? Yes. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed; "how far off!" She brought a chair, and seated herself, and wanted to hear all about England; and to hear English spoken. She had heard, she said, Dutch, and French, and Hungarian, but never English. To gratify her, we spoke a few sentences, at which she lifted up her hands and eyes, and exclaimed, "*Sonderbar!*"—extraordinary!

We told her we wanted to go to the scene of the Wild Huntsman; and asked her if they ever heard him now, and whether she believed in the legend. "God forbid!" she exclaimed, coming close to us; and with her finger emphatically aiding her expression, said, "*Bloss eine bauern Bildung—eine bauern Bildung!*"—A peasant's invention, a peasant's invention!

She then informed us that she was a widow; had been a widow thirteen years, and had four sons, one of whom was a civil engineer; one a tutor in a family; one a student at some neighbouring university; and the youngest—the young man before us—the schoolmaster of this village. That she lived near Darmstadt, and was come to see this son and the engineer at the neighbouring dorf of Gumper. "Of course you'll go to Gumper!" said she. No, why should we go to Gumper! What was there remarkable there? "There is my son," was her conclusive reply.

This singular and lively woman then set on and ridiculed the country dialect of the Odenwald, with much fun and genuine humour. She wanted to know what the Wild Hunter was called in English; and then made many ludicrous attempts, but in vain, to pronounce it. *The* she could not make anything of, till at last she made the extraordinary discovery, that she must put her tongue against her teeth to make this peculiar sound. When she had still tried to master this phrase for some time in vain, her son shouted out as in contempt of her inability, "*Ach! es ist, the wilde hunter!*" and both he and his mother were quite triumphant at his amazing success.

As she was going to Gumper, and as our way lay for some distance in the same direction, she requested permission to accompany us so far, and speedily appeared with her parasol in one hand, and her little basket on her arm, ready to set out.

Our walk was a most beautiful one, over high, wild, and rocky ground, on the hill-side, with the beech woods of Neunkirchen above us, and views below, through openings in the hills, over a vast landscape, with the beautiful castle of Lichtenstein not far below us, and the castle of Ehrenberg on its hill in the far distance. Our vivacious guide and her son went on talking of a variety of matters, telling us the names of the plants and of the villages in sight, and inquiring whether I was a nobleman, or a merchant—one of the ministry, or what else.

After descending the next hill, she directed us how to find the Rodenstein, and took a regretful adieu, seeming to stand on the hill-side where we left her, and hold an earnest talk with her son, before they proceeded onward.

We entered the woods in which Rodenstein, the

remains of the castle of the Wild Hunter, lies. The entrance to these woods is particularly beautiful. It was near the entrance to a valley shut in by high wooded hills. The sun was getting low, but not so low as to prevent its lighting up our path with a ruddy glow. The way was over a rocky track; the green valley lay below us, and above us the beech woods, which clothe these hills for miles. The green boughs hung from the wood-side, over a short green turf, enriched by those summer flowers, that grow pretty much here as in England: the marjoram, the wild carrot, here and there a crimson pink, and a stem of the golden-rod. Around us, in various heights and positions, stood masses of rock, some of them almost hidden by trees; and the clematis hung its festoons from the branches around. It was a place of solemn beauty and repose, that could not be passed without our sitting down on one of the masses of stone, saying how beautiful it would be thought in the neighbourhood of some town in England; how much it would be exhibited and frequented; and then, how strange it seemed that we, who, in our childhood, read repeatedly, with a solemn interest, the ballad of the Wild Hunter, without a dream that we should ever be on the spot, were then actually upon it! Such thoughts enhance the pleasure of such a moment. We gazed with a still pleasure on the glistening green woods on the opposite side of the valley, rose up, and went on. The path proceeded along the wood, still near the bottom of the valley, but never descending into it. Like the woods we had passed in the afternoon, we found this extensive; and the sun suddenly dropping behind the mountains, cast a shade through it that was particularly solemn. We had again around us one wide view of the silent and grey stems of trees, the green canopy above, the brown floor of dead leaves below. Here and there started up great rocks, half shrouded in trees, and all was silent as the tomb. As we went onward, that "brown horror," as Pope calls it, of the woods gradually deepened. We descended into deep glens, only to ascend out of them again, and to find ourselves still without view of or outlet to Rodenstein. We came at length to a wild mass of rock below us, called the *Wilde Weichenstein*, or the Stone of the Little Wild Woman, from the legend that it is the haunt of a brownie in the shape of a little woman, that at times comes out when some one is late with his harvest, and cuts the corn, or binds the sheaves after the reapers, with amazing rapidity, and astonishes them with the quantity of work that is done.

The scene at that hour almost authenticated the legend to our feelings; it was sombre and impressive in the extreme. Around us rose those vast woods, below us sunk that deep and secluded valley. Here were the haunted rocks of rustic superstition, looking dark and fit for supernatural habitation; and on the other hand stretched the profound and shadowy solitude of the wood, which the melancholy note of one single wood-pigeon made only more solitary. Mary besought that we might hasten out of this place, for it affected her beyond expression with awe and apprehension. We pushed on, and descending rapidly into the valley, all at once among the tall trees stood the ruins of Rodenstein.

They are in a spot thoroughly befitting the legend. They lie in a sort of cove in the side of the hill, where that deep and secluded valley becomes somewhat wider, and leaves a space of meadow-ground in the bottom. All around it tower up beech woods which cover the whole hill for miles. It stands in a hollow, shrouded by trees, yet not at the bottom of the valley. Still lower down, but hidden from it, stands the *Bauer-hof*, or farm-house belonging to it, and where in former ages the array of the Wild Hunter has been heard going out when war was approaching, or coming in when peace was about to return. The immediate vicinity of

the castle consists of orchards and shrubby-walks, laid out by the proprietor, and inclosed between close rows of fir-trees, so that they are very secluded; and various flights of rustic steps and winding ascents conduct you around the ruins, and lead you to every side of it. The greater part of one tower, and various walls remain. The lower part of the tower is open on one side, and, like all such places in Germany, has a table and benches, so that parties coming thither can bring their refreshments and take them there. A wooden staircase on the outside leads to an upper story, which was locked up, but where, no doubt, by getting the key from the house, parties could sit and refresh themselves whilst they enjoyed a view over the still meadows below, and of the orchards behind, and the great woods all around. We passed under the arch of one of the dungeons, an arch of rude stones, the ends of which were left depending of various lengths, as they happened to be, and then descended to the farm, where an old man who sat at the door sharpening his scythe, as the Germans in their economy do, not by grinding it away, but by hammering it out on a little anvil, directed us the way to Reichelsheim, the village at which we were to pass the night. It was not till we had descended the valley a considerable way that we could get a glimpse of the walls of this seat of one of the most singular and striking traditions of Germany amid its woods.

Of this legend, which is devoutly believed by the peasantry of Germany, and which figures in the pages of many of their poets, a word or two may perhaps be said. The tradition is this:—In former times there lived at this Castle of Rodenstein a proud and lawless Earl, who, on one particular Sunday morning, took it into his head to ride a-hunting. People tried to dissuade him, but in vain; he called forth his pack of fierce dogs, which were the terror of the country, and, putting his horn to his mouth, blew a tremendous blast to summon his followers.

No sooner had this horn sounded, than two strangers, appareled for hunting, rode up, the one on his right hand, and the other on his left. The one on his right was a fair young man, with a mild countenance, and was mounted on a white horse; the other was as dark and fierce-looking as the Earl himself, and his steed was coal-black. The Earl and his attendants set forth, galloping across the country, and soon started a large stag, which kept them in full pursuit. Before long they came to cornfields. The poor peasants, whose only hope for the year lay in the harvests of these fields, came forth, and besought the Earl, by all that was holy, to change his career, and not despoil for ever themselves and their children. The fair hunter on the Earl's right hand prayed him to listen to the cry of the people, whilst the dark one did all he could to inflame his pitiless nature. The chase sped on, trampling the corn into dust, and the weeping peasants called upon Heaven for vengeance. A little farther on, and they came to where a young man was herding cows, in the neighbourhood of a village. They were the cows of the widows and orphans, and many of them had calves. At sight of the fierce dogs the cows were terrified, and the dogs sprang upon several of them. The young man prayed the Earl to call them off, as they were the cows of the poor widows and fatherless, and were all their wealth in this world. Again the two stranger hunters acted as before, and the Earl, infuriated at the audacity of the cowherd, urged the dogs onward: the cows were killed, and the poor herd was left dead likewise on the bloody field. After this they came to a wood where a pious hermit dwelt, who, seeing this man of wrath and cruelty approaching, went forth to meet him, with words of exhortation on his lips. Again the fair hunter spoke in vain; and the Earl, raising his hunting-whip, began to chastise the hermit for his presumption. But

in an instant all was changed! The present had become the past, and a long, awful future lay before the Earl. From that moment, mounted on his fiery hunter, he was doomed to ride, until the day of the last judgment, with all his dogs in full career, chasing after a spectral stag, and driven onward by avenging spirits. From that time he has been the harbinger of woe and war; and in seasons of public calamity and distress is believed to be heard issuing forth at midnight with the speed of the whirlwind, and the cry of spectral horns and bounds.

The most entire faith exists in the minds of the uneducated peasantry in this omen; and the year after we made our little tour in the Odenwald, when there was a general excitement regarding a war with France, it was firmly believed among the people that it would take place, because many inhabitants of the Odenwald had heard the going forth of the Wild Huntsman.

Reichelsheim, where we passed the night, is a regular rustic village: heavily built, ill paved, and dirty, as such places generally are. Here, at seven o'clock in the evening, we saw the swine which had been out under the charge of the swineherd, in the woods and stubbles, come scampering into the village like so many greyhounds. They wanted nobody to take them home: but some ran down one street, and some down another; here one turned into a yard, and there one into another. All seemed eager to get home, as though they had the prospect of a good supper. Early in the morning the swineherd was blowing his horn to collect them again; and out of their different yards they came reluctantly, driven by boys to the general herd. Geese are driven out and brought home in the same manner, twice a day; and as we passed through some of the villages, we met geese by thousands, half running and half flying down the streets, with open beaks, as if parched with thirst, or out of breath with running home.

From this place we set out on the following morning in a *bauer's* or peasant's wagon, with a couple of heaps of straw, and a couple of sacks stuffed with the same for seats; our driver occupying one sack and heap and we the other. In this way, however, we had a most delightful drive to Erbach, at about fifteen miles distance, over a part of the Odenwald as wild as any we had passed, less cultivated, having larger patches of heath, and tracts of dark Scotch fir, with here and there a boy cracking his whip after his herd of swine.

We passed the castle of the Graf von Fürstenau, near Michelstadt, a picturesque old place, and reached Erbach at noon. This place, independently of its pleasant situation in a more open and cultivated country, is celebrated for the castle of the Graf (or Count) von Erbach, in which the late count, with great exertion and expense, made a very rare and valuable collection of arms, armour, and antiques. In one large hall, called the Rittersaal, or Knight's Hall, are the arms and armour of some of the most celebrated heroes of Germany. Amongst the armour is that of Götz von Berlichingen, Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, the celebrated king of Sweden, Franz Sickingen, etc. These suits of armour are fitted on lay-figures, with faces painted as much as possible after the likenesses of the respective owners, so that you seem to have the actual men before you. There are sixteen of these, and various figures on horseback in the attitudes and habiliments of the tournament. Some of them with the most grotesque horns, wings, and other bearings on their helmets; one helmet, in fact, representing the face of a dog. The shields and swords of other knights hung aloft with their escutcheons.

The windows of this hall are emblazoned with rich painted glass, and altogether it is one of the most striking and complete halls of old romance that can be imagined. In a small chapel adjoining, are the tombs of Eginhard and Emma, the founders of the family.

Eginhard was the secretary of Charlemagne, and Emma his daughter, whom he gave him with the possession of Michelstadt. Their portraits hang likewise in a large family gallery in the castle, with a number of others. There is also what is called the *Gevehr Kammer*, or armoury, which contains a very fine collection of arms of all countries, especially of guns, many of which are of exquisite workmanship; there are also arms used in the chase, and numbers of the horns of deer, with the date and place of their being killed, as for instance, the gun with which the countess shot the forty stags.

Not the least worthy of inspection is the room of classical antiquities, in which are many fine statues and busts of Greeks and Romans, especially the statue of Trajan sitting, one of Hadrian, and one of Mercury as a child, a most admirable thing, full of characteristic life and spirit; a bust of Scipio Africanus, of Titus, Antoninus Pius, etc. etc., with a great number of Roman military antiquities, standards, helmets, swords, bottles, and other earthen vessels; the complete armour of a Roman soldier, a fine set of Etrurian vases, etc.

While we were in the Rittersaal, a company of ladies came in, and sat down to coffee. They had, like all German ladies, their work-baskets with them, and seemed preparing for a pleasant afternoon of work and chat. Inquiring who they were, the man who showed us the room said they were the Countess von Erbach and her friends. The countess was an old but an active and cheerful looking lady; and the simplicity of her life, taking coffee thus after a dinner at one o'clock, and sitting to work in this grand old Rittersaal, was very striking and amusing in its difference from English life. We had a letter to Mademoiselle Rouse, a lady residing with the countess, and mentioning the circumstance to the man, "Here she is," he said, and immediately stepped across the room to the ladies and informed her. She immediately came forward to take the letter, which was from her friend the Countess Kilmansegg, and in the politest manner insisted on going over the house with us.

(To be continued.)

THE RAJA OF SATTARA.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

In the vicinity of the holy city of Benares, on the banks of the far-famed Ganges, resides an illustrious Hindoo prince, whose name is PURTAUB SING. This prince once sat upon the throne of Sattara, but is now a state prisoner, and subsists on the stipend paid him by the British Government, to whom he is in captivity. His ancestor was the great SIVAJEE, whose talent and bravery effected the deliverance of the Mahrattas from the yoke of the Mahometan emperors of Delhi, and who became the founder of the Mahratta empire, subsequently ruled over by the Rajas of Sattara, and their Peishwas, or prime ministers. Sivajee died in 1680. The Mogul emperor, Aurungzebe, bore the highest testimony to his ability when he said, "Sivajee was a great captain, and the only man who has had the management to raise a new kingdom while I have been endeavouring to destroy the ancient sovereignties of India. My armies have been employed against him for nineteen years, yet, nevertheless, his State has always been increasing."

The Mahratta empire was finally broken up by the British power in 1817, at which time Purtaub Sing, the rightful possessor of the throne, a youth of eighteen, fell into the hands of the conquerors. It was deemed alike due to his hereditary rank, and the feelings of the Mahrattas, to assign to the young prince a limited territory, consisting of a portion of the great empire won by the swords of his ancestors; and he was accordingly placed on the throne of the principality of Sattara, a

province situated about a hundred miles below Bombay, on the western coast of India. In consequence of his inexperience in matters of state, a British officer was appointed to manage his affairs. This gentleman soon reported to the Bombay Government (to which the principality of Sattara was subordinate) that the Raja was fully competent to undertake the administration of the country; and accordingly he assumed the entire rule, under the oversight of the same officer, who remained in the capacity of Resident or Ambassador at his Court.

All went on well for seventeen years. The Raja was a model for the study of princes. He was frugal, temperate, just, and beneficent. He was the zealous promoter of education amongst all classes of the people. He collected his taxes with mildness, and made his territory the most flourishing portion of India. He liberally patronised all improvements of a useful character, and devoted large sums from his own income for public works calculated to benefit the people. The Residents successively appointed at his Court were continually sending reports to their superiors of the exemplary and enlightened conduct of the Raja, and the Bombay Government from year to year represented the prince to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, as a ruler pre-eminent for his personal virtues and wise administration. At last the Court of Directors unanimously voted their distinguished ally a present of a splendid sword, which was accompanied by a flattering letter, assuring the Raja that the course he had uniformly pursued through a period of eighteen years, had inspired the Directors with sentiments of the highest admiration and the most sincere esteem.

"India House, 29th December, 1835.

"Your Highness,

"We have been highly gratified by the information, from time to time transmitted to us by our Government, on the subject of your Highness's exemplary fulfilment of the duties of that elevated situation, in which it has pleased Providence to place you.

"A course of conduct so suitable to your Highness's exalted station, and so well calculated to promote the prosperity of your dominions, and the happiness of your people, as that which you have wisely and uniformly pursued, while it reflects the highest honour on your character, has imparted to our minds feelings of unqualified satisfaction and pleasure. The liberality also which you have displayed in executing, at your own cost, various public works of great utility, and which has so justly raised your reputation in the eyes of the princes and people of India, gives you an additional claim to our approbation, respect, and applause.

"Impressed with these sentiments, the Court of Directors of the East India Company have unanimously resolved to transmit to you a sword, which will be presented to you through the Government of Bombay, and which we trust you will receive with satisfaction, as a token of their high esteem and regard.

"With sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, we subscribe ourselves, in the name of the Court,

"Your Highness's most faithful friends,

"(Signed) W. S. CLARKE, Chairman.

"J. R. CARNAC, Deputy-Chairman."

About the time the sword was voted, a misunderstanding occurred between the Raja and the Government of Bombay. The cause was this:—the treaty which placed the Raja on the throne, secured to him the reversion of a number of very productive jagheers, (or feudal estates, which, in the event of the incumbent's dying without issue, were to lapse to him, and become portions of his territory, together with the revenues yielded by them. The Bombay Government put a different construction on the treaty—one which would have given them these estates. On the Raja's sovereignty over these possessions being called in question, he submitted the case to the decision of the Court of Directors, and at the same time consented to abide by the opinion which the framer of the treaty, the Hon. Mr. Elphinstone, or any one of the previous Residents at his court, then in England, might give on the subject. On the 24th September, 1834, the Court of Directors sent out a despatch to Bombay, containing a decision in the Raja's favour, and directing that that decision should be communicated. It arrived in Bom-

bay in April, 1835, but was concealed from the Raja. In the following month (May) the Raja, in an interview with the Governor of Bombay, brought the subject to his notice, and requested to know if any decision had arrived. The Governor withheld from the Raja the knowledge of the decision which had been in his own possession for several weeks, and advised him to draw up another statement of his claims, promising to transmit it to England without delay. Another statement was prepared and sent to the Government of Bombay, but it was never transmitted to England. In May, 1836, (one year after,) the Raja saw the Governor again, and questioned him on the subject; the answers were evasive and deceptive; and the Raja, penetrating the excuses of the Governor, left his presence indignant and disgusted.

On his return to Sattara, the Raja resolved to send an agent of his own direct to London, to state his case, and also to represent the conduct of the Bombay Government. On this design becoming known to the authorities, every effort was used to induce the Raja to abandon his intention, but without effect. It then became necessary to ensure the failure of the agency, by reporting the Raja, previously, to the Directors, as engaged in treasonable practices against the British power in India. While the Raja was busy preparing documents to send by his envoy, a plot was hatched. There were two instruments ready made to the hands of the Bombay Government. The Raja's only brother, next in succession, a man of dissolute habits and traitorous mind; and a Brahmin of great, but perverted talents, who had conceived an inveterate hatred of the Raja, in consequence of being denied a high situation at court. These men, in concert with certain other abandoned characters, induced two native soldiers belonging to a British regiment to appear before their officers, and depose that they had been taken in disguise to the palace of the Raja at midnight, and had been admitted to an interview, at which the Raja had avowed his partnership in a conspiracy with certain of the principal native chiefs to drive the British out of India. The depositions of these soldiers reached the Bombay Government on the 11th of September, 1836, and on the 15th a despatch was sent to the Court of Directors, informing them that there was no room to doubt that the Raja was in league with the native princes of India, to overthrow the British power. The Raja, profoundly ignorant of what had transpired, sent his agent to England at the latter end of October, to be told on his arrival that his master was a traitor.

The charge having been preferred, it was requisite that the Raja should be convicted; and the British Resident at his Court received from the Governor of Bombay a private paper, instructing him to take measures to entrap the Raja. That officer spurned to do the infamous work assigned him. Whereupon, two individuals, from amongst the confidential friends of the Governor, were selected to act as secret commissioners, in conjunction with the Resident at Sattara, to inquire into the truth of the charge. In the meantime, however, the British Political Agents at the courts with which the Raja was alleged to be intriguing, had reported that they could not discover a trace of any plot. The Governor of Bombay, nevertheless, proceeded with the inquiry, deeming it necessary, in his own words, to justify the statement he had sent to England. The secret commission sat. The witnesses called to prove the interview with the Raja were the two soldiers, and a menial servant. One soldier swore that the interview took place up stairs; that the Raja wore his usual dress; and that when they entered a woman was present, who rose and went away. The other soldier swore, that the interview was down stairs; that the Raja was naked to his waist; and that on entering he was perfectly alone. The menial swore that the meeting took place in the

open *choke*, or inner court of the palace. The two commissioners, selected by the Governor, found the Raja guilty. The third, the Resident, General Lodwick, declared the evidence a mass of prevarication and perjury.

The supreme Government of India deemed the report of the Commissioners insufficiently supported by evidence. The Bombay Government resolved, for their own sakes, that the Raja should not be restored to favour, and proceeded, therefore, to prefer other charges; but in order to render them more successful in their result than the former one, which had broken down, removed General Lodwick from his post, and appointed Colonel OVANS, one of the Commissioners who had found the Raja guilty. This person was for three years exclusively employed in secret endeavours to criminate the Raja. The whole of his transactions have been recently brought to light, and a more revolting exposure of the arts resorted to in India, to effect the destruction of the native princes, is not to be found, even in the guilty annals of British proceedings in that country.

Throughout the whole of this period, the Raja was kept in profound ignorance of all the measures of the Government. Aware, however, by the imprisonment and subornation of his friends and servants, that his downfall was determined on, he again and again offered to relinquish his kingdom, craving only permission to be heard in his own defence, and to have the opportunity of proving his entire innocence. This was denied.

At last, in 1839, the Raja was called upon to admit the truth of three of the charges brought against him, and promised, on this condition, that his crimes should be forgiven, and that the protection and favour of the British Government be again extended to him. The Raja spurned the condition, and demanded a trial. A trial was refused; and as a punishment—not for his alleged offence, but for his rejection of the terms offered—he was taken naked from his bed at midnight, placed in a litter, and conveyed from the palace of his ancestors. He was afterwards carried across the country nine hundred miles, to the place where he now resides. The whole of his property, private as well as state, was confiscated. The estates, respecting which the original dispute took place, were appropriated by the Bombay Government. The Raja's unnatural brother was placed on the throne, but denied the right of adoption; and thus the entire territory was secured, eventually, to the British Government.

The Raja was followed into exile by twelve hundred of his faithful people, many of them persons of rank; all preferring to share his captivity, to remaining under the rule of his brother. Every event which has subsequently taken place, has helped to demonstrate the entire and absolute innocence of this injured prince. The evidence against him, since it has been called for and printed by parliament, has been proved to be a mass of forgery and perjury. The principal witnesses have confessed their guilt. The parties guilty of fabricating papers, have given up the names of their employers, and stated the sums they received as their rewards. The intercepted correspondence of the Raja and his friends, now public, shows only their honour and fidelity, and their perfect innocence of all connexion with the intrigues alleged. Yet the Court of Directors, before whom all these facts have been laid bare, have sanctioned the iniquitous proceedings against the Raja, have protected every criminal whom it has been sought to bring to justice, and have richly rewarded those of their own servants who are most deeply implicated in the transactions to which we have referred.

Thank God! the Raja has not been without friends. A small but steadfast minority in the Court of Directors have done their duty. A still larger number in the Court of Proprietors, though a minority, have done theirs; and, more recently, the question of the Raja's treatment has been taken up out of doors; and,

while we write, a vigorous course of agitation is being pursued, which we confidently believe will issue in a parliamentary inquiry into all the circumstances of the case. It is in the hope of contributing to this result, as well as to inform the minds of our readers on matters relating to contemporaneous events in India, that we have penned this brief sketch. That which the friends of the Raja ask is what no human being with a spark of justice can deny. It is the right of every man, in every clime—THE RIGHT TO BE HEARD IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.

COMMENT ON LORD RODEN'S "LETTER TO THE GENTRY OF IRELAND."

BY R. H. HORNE.

No one will impugn the benevolent motives and intentions of Lord Roden; everybody will respect and applaud his humane feelings, and endeavours to ameliorate the horrible condition in which his country is placed at this moment. Nor should anybody question the practicability upon a large scale of the remedies he proposes, lest it should be the means of damping ardour for good in any degree, however small, in any locality of famine. Clare, Mayo, Galway, Waterford, Donegal, the Bay of Bantry, South Reen, Dingle, etc. - in short, so many places are in so shocking a state, that it would be an act of cruelty to object to any amount of relief that could be given to such sufferings. All honour, therefore, to the Earl of Roden, for all his good feelings and intentions, as well as his good deeds.

There are several passages, however, in his Letter, against which I request permission to record my protest. Let us begin with the first sentence:—

"Tollymore-park, Dec. 28, 1846.

"My dear Fellow-countrymen,—As a partaker with you in the great calamity with which it has pleased Almighty God to visit our country, by the entire destruction of the food of the people, I feel it to be the duty of every man to endeavour, to the utmost of his power, to alleviate the sufferings of those about him, by furnishing information as to the means whereby food may be obtained at a reasonable price by our humble brethren of all classes and denominations."

Lord Roden is "a partaker in the great calamity." Among the last accounts from Skibbereen (county Cork), I find the following. It is written by the special reporter of the *Cork Examiner*, and its truth attested by Mr. Dowling, a solicitor, and Mr. Wellpy, a merchant, both well acquainted with the locality and the facts.

"I have seen children reduced to skeletons, in some instances; in others bloated beyond expression by hideous dropsy, and creeping around the damp wet floors of their miserable cabins, and like the meaner brutes of the creation, unable to stand erect, or even articulate. In other hovels there were crawling, jabbering idiots, whom disease and hunger had deprived both of strength and reason, who regarded with horrible apathy their own sufferings and the privations of their friends, and looked with unmeaning and inexpressive countenances on those who approached to afford them relief. There are at present in the workhouse of Skibbereen 1,000 inmates; of these there are 136 in the fever hospital, 128 in the infirmary, and there were admitted on the last board-day 127." (Of that number many have since died, and many more are in a dying state. Here is another picture:—) "On entering, we found the lifeless body of Sullivan, stretched upon a little straw, pale, worn, and emaciated, his eyes half closed in the sleep of death, and his mouth gaping horribly, for he had just expired. On the same wretched sop, and covered by the same scanty clothing, we saw his wife expiring, the death rattle in her throat, her glazed eye and distorted features betokening the sufferings of her last mortal agony. At the feet of their dead and dying parents were stretched four young and helpless children, prostrated by malignant fever, and faintly imploring for something to moisten their parching lips. Sitting by a few sods of turf in the corner, was a miserable-looking girl, who only that day had risen off her fever bed, crying madly and frantically. She was the remaining daughter, and had three times relapsed into fever. With an expression of grief and frenzy, she rushed out of the cabin, tearing her hair, screaming wildly—"My father and mother are dead—and I am left alone!"

In what kind or degree is the Earl of Roden "a partaker" of these calamities? They are not uncommon cases of horror, painted up to create an effect. Similar pictures of horror are but too common.

"On entering this miserable place, I saw an infant, three or four years old, lying upon a pallet of rotten straw—its little limbs extended in the rigidity of death, and its body scarcely covered by its scanty clothing. At the further corner of the cabin was a sick child, about seven years of age, who had been obliged for three nights to lie alongside its dead sister, and endure the cold and terror of contact with the lifeless clay. At ten o'clock on Saturday night, the hour at which I entered, the wretched mother was absent, begging the price of a coffin to inter her child, and rescue her only surviving daughter from contagion." (The same eyewitness goes to visit a patient in the dispensary, in company with the surgeon.) "In the first house that we entered, which belonged to a widow-woman named Sullivan, there were six children lying down together in fever, the wretched mother unable to provide them sustenance of any description. She declared to Dr. Donovan that not one of them had tasted a morsel of food since an early hour the previous morning, and that they had not a farthing or a farthing's worth to purchase even the smallest quantity of bread." (The reporter gives statements of children and parents, the dead and the dying, in frightful abundance, and concludes with the following, which was given by Dr. Donovan in evidence.) "Daniel Donovan declareth, that he knew the wife of Jeremiah Leary, of Bridgetown, to have been for three days in labour, in a roofless house, and on the day after her confinement he saw her, whilst labouring under fever, begging about Skibbereen; and he has within the last fortnight known her to offer her only bed covering—an old coverlet—to a rag-collector, for a few pence, which the latter refused from an apprehension that it would spread contagion. And he further declareth, that within the last week he has seen the body of a man lying for days uninterred—that decomposition had set in, and that on the same way of straw, two persons, his son and daughter, were stretched under the same sheet that covered the corpse."

I have not called particular attention to any part of the above details by means of Italics, or other typographical assistance: one sentence is nearly as frightful as another. Calamities, indeed! What words can be adequate to describe such sufferings! In what kind or degree can the Earl of Roden be "a partaker" in them? "Famine," exclaims the worthy rector of Aghada, (another starving district,) "is a word that does not describe the miseries of these people. Their joy of heart when I can give them even one shilling, or a quarter stone of Indian meal! God help them! The great majority are living on one meal of turnips a day, and often not that. Late last evening I was in a house when the daughter came in with three turnips, a gift from a neighbour. The delight, the joy of them all at this unexpected provision for supper, was almost a light in the house."

With what difficulty will any well-conditioned individual, with all the comforts of life around him, be able to understand how a few turnips should possibly bring joy into a house like the coming in of a bright light! How should a nobleman be able, whether in bed, or "at table," or seated in his valuable library, to understand it in its due force? Lord Roden tells us that those who do not reside among the people cannot duly estimate the nature and extent of their sufferings. Probably; but how can all those who do live among them do so? Can his Lordship do so, when he calls himself a partaker in these calamities? That all the landed gentry suffer losses now, and are sure to suffer yet greater losses of property, no doubt can be entertained. But the pangs of hunger are harder to bear than the loss of several thousand pounds; and there is no rich man who would hesitate an instant which to choose, if the loss of half his possessions were weighed against death from slow fever, or after a fortnight's anguish from starvation, the last three days and nights being passed with the dead body of his father or son lying close beside him. None of the rich gentry are partakers in any of the present miseries of the people of Ireland.

At a recent presentment sessions for the barony of West Carberry, the Rev. W. Townsend moved, that "A presentment should be made for the purchase of coffins;" when Mr. Beecher, a magistrate, in supporting the proposal, stated that the wretched people had already devised a plan to meet this part of their destitution. "In the parish of Kilmoe," said he, "the Roman Catholic clergyman of that place told me, within the last week, that the condition of his people is such, that

a single coffin with a false bottom is taken from house to house, in which the bodies are carried to the grave, and there deposited in the rags that covered them; whilst the coffin is taken to the next house, and made to answer a similar purpose."

I proceed to the second point in Lord Roden's letter. He speaks of the great calamity "with which it has pleased Almighty God to visit the country," &c.

I am, of course, well aware that it is a common form of expression to say that a dreadful visitation has pleased God; that it has pleased God to send a pestilence, or a famine, or a flood: still I would never miss any opportunity of objecting to the expression, as one derogatory to the Supreme Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator; because we cannot reconcile the idea of his finding any pleasure in the sufferings of his creatures. The words of Christ may be most aptly quoted whenever such an expression is used—"Righteous Father, the world hath not known thee." But Lord Roden's letter has something more.

"The scourge," says his Lordship, "with which this island has been visited (I believe for our national and individual sins), extends itself, more or less, to every class of society," &c.

Now, as far as the "more or less" degrees to which this scourge extends itself to the rich, and to the poor, this comparison has been clearly displayed above; but why should the voice of the Earl of Roden take upon itself the sacred office of the prophet, or the expounder of a vision of his own, and announce to the world his belief that the blight of the potato crop in Ireland is a direct punishment inflicted by God's pleasure for the sins of the Irish people, singly and collectively? If so, then the same punishment having fallen upon some parts of Scotland, must be attributable to the same cause. But surely Scotland and the Scottish people cannot reasonably be classed, after their years of almost constant prosperity and tranquil industry, with the periodical scarcities or partial famines of Ireland, and its consequently disturbed or miserable condition for ages? This, however, is only a small part of the incoherency of such a declaration. If the calamity be indeed a punishment for sins, national and individual, how is it that the legislators of Ireland have not come in for the heaviest share of the punishment, for the crying sins of misgovernment? Most assuredly upon the legislators of the country (to say nothing of all previous sins and wrongs against Ireland,) is chargeable the criminal blindness of allowing five or six millions of people to be wholly dependent upon one vegetable for their food, without the slightest provision against a failure in the crop from any atmospheric accident, or disease in the seed, or changes in the quality of the soil. Where is their share of the punishment for this sin? True, they are punished "more or less," but how much less than the poor, and comparatively innocent people!

Should not this dreadful calamity be rather regarded as the visitation of an All-wise, Merciful, and Pitying Creator, who has thus brought the miseries of a misgoverned country to a climax, of a kind to which there can be no denial or resistance, in order to enforce that justice and humanity which it could obtain by no other means; and that, out of all this mass of misery and death, fair-dealing, improved condition of life, and prosperity may arise?

In this process, however, towards renovation, as in all similar cases of national distress, leading to an improved condition of things, let us never forget that the great mass of the extreme suffering—its agonies and death—is always borne by the people. The pocket of a landlord may be "touched," to his injury, at the same moment that the cold finger of Death touches the last pulse of hundreds of the naked forms of the poor.

Still, let me repeat, all honour to the noble Earl of Roden for his kind heart and good deeds, which are in no wise impugned by any of these comments.

Poetry.

LONDON LAYS!

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

NO. I.—ENGLAND'S RIVER.

A HEALTH from every English lip
 To England's royal River!
 And may its stream flow broad and deep,
 And treasure for our country keep,
 For ever and for ever.
 Let those who watch for our decay
 Believe the wheel is turning:
 For all they plan, for all they pray,
 While THAMES is still the world's highway,
 We need not put on mourning.

Chorus.—A health from every English lip, &c.

The Rhine is jovial 'mid the vines
 Of purple Autumn glowing;
 The Rhone like arrowy lightning shines;
 And dark, amid its haughty pines,
 Is Danube hoarsely flowing.
 The strange New World hath giant streams,
 With each its thousand daughters;
 But none may match for Poet's dreams,
 Or Memory's grave and lofty themes,
 Old THAMES! thy royal waters!

Chorus.—A health from every English lip, &c.

Bear hence our gallant sons, who yearn
 To grace their country's story;
 Renown in distant climes to earn
 With hands that strive, and hearts that learn,
 And hopes that point to glory!
 From East and West, and South and North,
 Bring all their worthiest hither,
 To warm them at the Briton's hearth,
 And join his carol, "Peace on earth!
 The olive ne'er can wither!"

Chorus.—A health from every English lip, &c.

YOUTH SELF-GLORIFIED.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

O, EMILY! dear Emily, the morning of our days
 Is like the lark that soars to heaven, all happiness and
 praise:

The earth is full of beauty, rose-bloom is on the sky;
 And hope can never fail us, and love can never die.

O, Emily! blest Emily, the rivers we behold
 In youth seem liquid diamond, that flow o'er sands of
 gold:

So joyous is their motion, so beautiful their sleep,
 That seldom think we how they tend unto the solemn
 deep.

Yet, Emily, gay Emily, dread passing-bells will toll;
 And change, and death of those we love, bring sadness
 on the soul:

Long shadows of the evening-time will reach us ere the
 night,

Where roses bloom in maiden joy, and lilies laugh in light.

Then, Emily, wise Emily, enjoy these blessed years
 Whilst cares are slight, and laughter light, and April-
 bright the tears:

Leave evil to its future day, sufficient it will be,
 Though many are the loving hearts will wish it small
 for thee.

Edingley Grange.

(1) It is necessary to announce that these songs cannot be published in any other form, without the author's permission.

SCENES FROM THE PEASANT-LIFE OF HUNGARY.

BY R. K. TERZKY.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

NO. I.—THE TAX-GATHERER'S VISIT.

AT about the distance of a mile from Kemete, in a valley lying high among the hills, stands the Rusniak village of H—. The most superficial glance over the surrounding country would suffice to make the observer acquainted with the occupation and means of subsistence of its inhabitants; and that by such unmistakable evidences as not even the uniform winter garment of nature can conceal. Upon the snow-covered ascents of both sides of the valley, and above the leafless branches of the underwood, fresh heaps of refuse or rubbish from the mines elevate themselves like molehills; and amidst this very rubbish, and especially in the more extensive and older growth of wood which covers some portion of the hills, may be seen ascending, to the very horizon, immense columns of smoke, which indicate the kilns of the charcoal-burner. Among these, and in direct lines down the descent, run the hollow roads; along which, by locking all the four wheels, the copper ore and the charcoal are conveyed to the smelting-houses. All these roads merge in the high-road, which is cut up with ruts a foot deep, and which, running along the valley parallel with the river, conducts us at once into the village of H—.

It was approaching the hour of noon, when a sledge, drawn by four horses, was seen advancing along this road towards the village. The extraordinary mode by which the driver contrived to keep his horses in a continued trot, might excite the mind of the spectator either to merriment or pity according to his own temper. This driver was seated upon a wooden saddle, totally uncovered, and of a most simple construction, which, with scarcely anything under it, was set upon the bare ribs of one of the hinder horses; and with his whip-handle he made such violent exertions that all his limbs were kept in perpetual movement, and his body was thus preserved from freezing. The cold was intense; and not only was the man's neck bare, but his ankles also, as the trousers did not reach to the botakori, or shoes, worn by the peasant.

Scarcely had this sledge reached the middle of the village and drawn up before the public-house, when all the dogs were in a great state of activity; and not the dogs only, but the inhabitants also of all the little low wooden houses of which the village was composed. Bare-footed girls and boys were soon seen hurrying along the street; and the speed with which they moved, as well as the peculiar expression of their countenances, indicated that the person who had just now arrived in the sledge had the power of exercising some formidable influence on the inhabitants. This sentiment was still further proved when, somewhat later, the elder people began to assemble before the constable's house, casting, from time to time, looks of serious anxiety towards the inn. And there must have been reason why all should be thus anxiously uneasy; for even upon the constable, the head man in the village, this visit seemed to have produced the most disagreeable effect. Scarcely was he aware of the arrival, when he sprang up from his noon-day repast, over which he had been engaged, and, snatching up his walking-stick, the badge of his dignity, he hurried off to a cottage at four doors distance from his own house.

Arrived here, he entered the room with a bowed head, and found the whole peasant family, consisting of seven persons, sitting at dinner. His salutation to them was in the bitter words of a curse. Now, although the con-

stable was reckoned a bold, determined sort of man, and although it was by no means his custom to bend before his equals, yet he was compelled in this instance, as he was in entering most peasants' houses, to assume a position of humility, because the lofty domineering air of office would have placed his head in the clouds of smoke which filled the upper part of the room, and which could not find ready vent through the hole which was made in the wall between the windows for its exit. Below the height of this hole the peasants' houses are free from smoke; but as, singularly enough, it is made lower than the height of a grown man, every one who has reached this size, and who cannot inhale smoke readily, is compelled to keep his head in the lower region of the purer air.

"Now, you fellow, you!" began the constable, in his bent position, and in the greatest rage; "how have you kept your word with me! Do you mean to give me the three gulden or not? you gipsy!" Now, here is Mr. B— come here himself about the taxes, and I have not yet had one single kreutzer from you! Am I to be flogged on your account? you rascal! Will you give me, or will you not, the three gulden? If you will not, I will carry away your door and windows!"

The impression which this speech made upon the party sitting round the table was very various. At the first sound of the constable's voice, the two youngest children, greatly terrified, raised a shrill cry; this set the next two eldest crying likewise; and then, as if invited by this quartett to join in chorus, the calf, which was tied at the foot of the stove, began to bleat; and this roused the whole brood of chickens under the stove, which struck in with its many-voiced staccato.

Notwithstanding all this cursing, and crying, and commotion, the master of the house, who sat at the table, maintained the most perfect composure, and kept eating his linseed oil and potatoes as if he heard nothing of all that went forward. The mother alone seemed to feel every word which the man had spoken, as so many daggers, and trembled through her whole frame, the while she busied herself in pacifying her two youngest children.

"Now, Oetko, how much longer shall I wait here? Do you mean to give me the three gulden or not?" again inquired the constable, in the utmost state of wrath.

"Begone to the devil with you! I cannot carve you the money out of my soul! I have not a single heller in the house!" returned the man, at once thrown off his guard. He was again about to resume his pretended indifference, when it so happened that he dropped a hot potato into the burning fat, which at once confused him, and he reddened. After this the storm burst forth on his side; and only the tables between them, and the smoke above them, prevented the two angry men from coming to close quarters. At length the constable elevated his stick, and reared himself up to the full height of his dignity, in order to represent to the negligent payer of taxes the certain consequences that awaited him; but, as he lifted his head, he happened to get his mouth into the stratum of smoke, and thus brought his lungs into such a conflicting state, that they would no longer serve him for any purposes of speech. With his body still more bowed than when he entered, he now withdrew from the room, not omitting, however, in passing, to lift the door off its hinges, and carry it away with him to his own house.

In less time than it will take to read this, two under-constables, or vice-constables, forced the two frozen windows out of their frames, and carried them away also in the same direction as the door had already taken. These windows, let us remark, in passing, were, like all

in the village, neither of glass nor of paper, but formed from the inner integument of the cow's stomach, prepared for the purpose.

The misery in the house was now great. With tears and abjurations, the poor mother sought to defend her four half-naked children from the bitter cold. With the self-sacrificing love of a mother she threw her own fur cloak over them, and tried to wrap them in the bed-covering, even as the mother-bird shields her young under her wings.

The keen winds of an unusually severe winter soon were blowing from every point of the compass through the wretched room. Driven almost to despair, and bending over her children, the mother sate with her bare feet on the earthen floor, and had compassion on the little calf near the stove. With a heart agitated by intensest anguish, she directed her prayers above for help and for pity. Simple as she was, she knew that man's greatest enemy is man; that a more icy wind swept through the gulf between two human hearts, than that which now penetrated her room; and she knew that the nursing at her breast now drew in with the bitter milk the seed of that cold inhumanity which would make it, in after life, repel its old mother.

Ah, Almighty Father! in what way have these creatures, called men, sinned, that they should deserve punishment such as this for so many thousands of years? I cannot believe that this beautiful world is solely and eternally destined for a place of oppression and of suffering to the bad: I cannot believe it—no! Thou art too wise for that!

The cries of the children having now been, in some degree, appeased by the mother, she herself, in the excess of her suffering, and, perhaps, also in the excitement of despair, burst forth into a loud lamentation, which resounded to her neighbours in the street. But, as we before remarked, help was not to be looked for from others. Fairly bewildered by all this, and greatly excited also, the father paced backwards and forwards in the cold room, kept continually knocking the empty pipe in his empty hand, and sought for his tobacco-bag, which he commonly had about him. At length he remained standing before his wife, and said to her in a kind and almost beseeching voice,—

"Go, wife, and bring me that piece of linen, that I may carry it to the host of the public-house; perhaps he will give me three shein gulden for it."

"No!" returned his wife, fiercely; "No! I will give nothing! And even if I and my children must perish of cold, I will give nothing! What reason had you to spend all the money in liquor, you drunkard! Why did you not pay the tax out of that last money you received for carriage?—Oh, unfortunate woman that I am!"

"What is the use of talking thus? As if I were the only person in the village who had not paid the tax! There are more than one half of the peasants who are in my case," remarked he, in the conciliatory tone of one who would excuse himself; and then added deprecatingly, "then I will take the calf and carry it to the host."

"No! no! Nothing at all!" exclaimed the woman, raising herself up from the bed. "They may cudgel you, before I will let you carry anything out of the house to sell."

"Woman! don't enrage me! You know me!" said the husband, sternly.

"And I would rather that you should strike me down dead, than that you should carry anything out of the house!" said she, in violent passion, and placed herself exactly before him as he advanced towards the calf. He, however, pushed her roughly aside; seized the calf, threw it on his shoulder, and went with it out of the door in the direction of the public-house.

The wife, in a state of desperation, ran after him: the renewed cries of her children, however, and the deep snow, prevented her, and sent her back to the cold

(1) To call a man a gipsy, in this country, is equivalent to calling him a liar.—TRANSLATOR.

room, where she at length was compelled to stop up the windows with such portions of the bedding as could best be spared.

With the exception of a Russian military guard-room, there can scarcely be a more simply furnished apartment, consisting of four walls, than the public-house of this village; or even, we may say, than any public-house in Hungary. A long table, and two benches of the same length, each formed of a beam sawn in two, with props of the most natural construction, represent exactly the necessary and the only furniture of such places. If to this be added the large, round stove of clay which stands within a railing in one corner of the room, whilst the other corner is partitioned off with boards, within which the sale of the liquors takes place; and furthermore, add to these the walls grown yellow with damp and thaw, and the floor composed only of earth, the reader may then form a very correct idea of the interior of that village beer-house to which we would conduct him.

Having entered it, let us now discover something of the parties who breathe its atmosphere.

"He seems to-day to be very much out of sorts. How he scolds the driver!" said one peasant to another, as he scraped off the frost from the window-pane with his finger nail.

"Certainly! There will be something up in the village to-day," returned the one addressed, who at the same time attempted to peep through the frozen window, and continued, "Oh! what a great fur cloak Mr. B. has got!"

"It is of wolf!" said the first speaker.

"How like a fool you talk! Can't you see that it is made of bear-skin!"

"Look ye, look; Oetko is bringing his calf to sell," exclaimed one.

"And there the petty constable is bringing all the forfeited goods!" remarked the other.

"Now, God have pity on all those who at this season have not paid their tax! It is cold enough to freeze them to death!"

"Look! look! There comes the priest! Most likely he would pay a visit to Mr. B. to inquire after the poor, and to make entreaties for the constable."

"Now, I wonder whether it is true that he received from the city authorities of St. Petersburg a golden breviary as a new year's gift!" asked a peasant who stood to the right of the window from his neighbour.

"Certainly, he has had it from there. Don't you remember some years ago, how gracious the Emperor Alexander was to our parish? If he had not travelled through this place, our church would not have been finished yet."

"What is that there? what is it?" cried the voice of a drunken guest behind them, as he raised himself with a half-filled flask of brandy from the table and tumbled against the window. "Who is it that's outside?" cried he, striking his hard fist at once through the window-pane, and staring out at the empty sledge. The host, who in the meantime had become aware of the damage done to the window, hastened forward and said to the man,

"You must pay for that window, Gaidass."

"Don't make such a bawling, you rascal!" returned the drunken man, and then broke forth into curses and abuse.

In the meantime the servant of the newly arrived official came into the room, and the angry man was obliged to restrain himself. The calm, however, could not be of long continuance. The drunken fellow felt a delight in letting loose his spite on the servant in his white travelling cloak, and boots, and spurs.

"You are a rogue," exclaimed he, "as well as your master. Are you come here to suck our blood, you rascal!"

Scarcely, however, had he uttered these words, when the host and a young man named Janko, who had that moment entered, stepped up to him and conjured him, in God's name, to keep silent, and to retract what he had already said, if he did not wish to taste the cudgel.

"I was fourteen years a soldier," returned the man, "and I have tasted more cudgel blows than you all together; and I am not a bit afraid of them. But such a beggarly tax-gatherer as that I would shoot down," screamed he, in the greatest rage, making an attempt to fall upon the servant, from doing which he was withheld by Janko. The servant, however, returning the curses with which he was assailed, hastened out of the house in order to make known the assertions of the old soldier.

Before long, therefore, the whole magistracy of the village entered the room, laid hands on the disturber, bound him, and hurried him instantly out of the beer-house, across the street into durance.

Whilst this was going on, the possessor of the calf entered, and endeavoured to drive a bargain with the host. The latter, however, being well aware of the advantage which he had over the peasant, made use of every means, and of every obstacle and impediment he could devise, to beat down the price of the calf to about one-half of its worth.

"Five gulden will I give you for it, if you like; and two of them you must leave against your debt," said the host, and with these words he closed the long bargaining.

"But at all events, Mr. Host, you will give me a pound of salt into the bargain," said the peasant; "I have not had a single grain of salt in my house for fourteen days."

"Not a kreutzer above five gulden," returned the host; "but I will trust you a few pounds, if you will only promise me to keep the day of payment punctually."

The poor man at length consented to the proposal in silence, and the bargain was closed.

"Mr. Host, trust me three kreutzers' worth of brandy, and I will certainly pay you at Easter," said Janko, in a beseeching tone, whilst he was at the trouble of drawing the slip of wood, on which his debts were scored, out of his sleeve.

"No, fellow!" returned the host.

"Nay, do, I pray you: see, here is my rowasch; there is just room upon it for a groschen."

"No, no!" again repeated the host.

"Now may you be burnt, you and your whole concern! you —!" cried Janko, greatly excited; concealed again his record of debt, and seated himself close to his former neighbour, who was lucky enough to get a half-pint of brandy on trust.

"Drink, Janko," said this one, and offered him the bottle, in return for which he received a "God bless you!"

"Ha; folks! the constable is going to be flogged!" exclaimed a fellow, rushing into the room.

"And why so?" asked Janko, astonished.

"Why so?" observed his neighbour; "how can you ask such a foolish question? for what do constables get beaten?—because he has not got the whole amount of tax for the new year. That's the reason why."

"Poor wretch!" said the host, who stood within his

(1) By *rowasch* is understood those two well-known tallies which serve as debtor and creditor accounts among the peasants of this country, and of the whole of Russia, who can neither write nor read. The master of the beer-house: the huckster; nay, even the under-bailiff carries his ledger in a ring or an iron wire, and only adds to the amount on the wooden core, which the peasant presents to him beseechingly, and with assurances of certain and speedy payment, when there is space upon the tally which is to be found on the iron wire, to add either a 10, 5, or even a 1. When the debtor pays his score the former figures are all planed off, and a new account begins.

wooden partition; "poor fellow! his wife cried when he was chosen to the office, knowing beforehand that he was too good a man for a constable, and that, on that account, he never would do for constable."

"Let's go and see, however; let's go and see!" cried a voice in the room, and the greater number of those present, among whom was Janko, hastened out to enjoy the spectacle of their chief man being beaten in the presence of the stern receiver of taxes, and surrounded by his lamenting family.

All this took place in the year of our Lord, 1830.

"And wherefore all this poverty? this extreme degree of inhuman oppression? What is the cause of this slavish treatment?" may, perhaps, be inquired by the sympathising but differently instructed reader.

It is difficult to give the answer to these questions. It would lead to a political discussion, and, therefore, overstep the limit of these sketches; and besides this, might bring these harmless pages under the eye of some one or other political party, which Heaven forbid! These pictures, however, will indicate some of the reasons for the miserable condition of the peasants, as well as of the whole country; and we will now leave it to the reader's own mind to form his own judgment of these things, according to the degree of humanity and of general cultivation in himself.

The greater part of all classes in Hungary, not even excepting that of the peasant himself, would remark, on reading these representations of human misery, "Yes, but it is natural for all that. It cannot be otherwise; the peasant is born for it—he is doomed both by God and the world to this earthly wretchedness. This condition is in accordance with his own humble nature, and the constitution of the country. To this subjection he must, therefore, by right submit." And under favourable circumstances the following verdict might also be obtained: that if the condition of the whole country were raised, the reaction, from the nobles downward, would operate upon it beneficially. Nothing can be opposed to this; for we are clearly in the condition of the middle ages. But what then becomes of human rights? They cannot long be subjected where such opinions exist. As to the eight-centuries-old constitution of the nobles, it is a fact that it will neither purify opinion, nor educate the peasant to place him by the side of his ennobled brother; and, indeed, in every country where there does not exist a sense of the true destination of the human race, be they of what class they may—where the nobles will not forego those old privileges, which cause men to look down upon the inferior classes;—in a word, where serfdom, although abolished in form, yet still exists in the feeling and conduct of the lord of the soil,—what can be expected from the independent development of such a country in one century? Sadly too little for it to be helpful in the approaching world-reform. The rights of man, from the lower Danube to the Ural Mountains, must of necessity be written down in blood; and for the obtaining of these rights their descendants will have rather to thank the Golden Bull than the Double Eagle.

"Phantasies!" exclaims the incredulous.

Of a certainty; but in such phantasies the fire-sparks are concealed from which the wings of the double-eagle shall be singed, and the parchment rolls of St. Stephen's be turned to ashes. And let him who would form an idea of these phantasies, go, during some spring mid-night, to the field of Rakos, and listen to the gipsies playing the Rakotay;—in that melody alone, lies a presentiment of the free, independent future existence which is advancing for Hungary.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S SUNDAY RAMBLE WITH A POOR MAN OF AYR.

It was Sunday forenoon as I advanced over the very level ground near the shore, towards Alloway. People were walking on the beach enjoying the sunshine, breeze, and glittering world of waters; lovers were seated amongst the broomy hillocks, children were gathering flowers amid the crimson glare of the heather; all had an air of beauty and gladness. To my left lay a richly-wooded country, and before me, beyond Alloway and the Doon, stretched the airy range of the Carrick hills. It was the direction which I was pursuing, that Tam o' Shanter took from the town to Alloway, for the old road ran that way; but there is a new and more direct one now from Ayr, and into that, having been shown the cottage where Mrs. Begg, Burns's sister, still lives, I struck. This agreeable road I soon saw diverge into two, and asked a poor man which of the two led to Burns's monument. At the name of Burns, the poor man's face kindled with an instant animation. "I am going part of the way, sir," he said, "and will be proud to show it you." I begged him not to put himself at all out of his way. "Oh," said he, "I am going to look at my potato plot which lies out here." We fell into conversation about Burns; the way again showed a fresh branch, that was the way to his potato field—but the poor fellow gave a hesitating look, he could not find in his heart to give up talking about Burns, and begged that I would do him the honour to allow him to walk on with me. "But your potatoes, my friend?" "Oh! they'll tak no harm, sir. The weather's very growing weather—one feels a natural curiosity to see how they thrive, but that will do next Sunday, if you would allow me to go on with you?"

I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure. I only feared that I might keep him out too long, for I must see all about Burns's birth-place, Kirk Alloway, the Brig of Doon, the monument, and everything of the kind. It was now about noon, and must be his dinner hour. He said, "No; he never had dinner on a Sunday; for years he had accustomed himself to only two meals on that day, because he earned nothing on it, and had ten children! But he generally took a walk out into the country, and got a good mouthful of fresh air, and that did him a deal of good."

I looked more closely at my new companion. He was, apparently, sixty, and looked like a man accustomed to dine on air. He was of a slight and grasshopper build; his face was thin and pale; his hair grizzled; yet there was an intelligence in his large grey eyes, but it was a sad intelligence, one which had long kept fellowship with patience and suffering. His grey coat, and hat well worn, and his clean but coarse shirt collar turned down over a narrow band of a blue cotton neckerchief, with its long ends dangling over his waistcoat, all denoted a poor, but a careful and superior man. I cannot tell what a feeling of sympathy came over me: how my heart warmed towards the poor fellow. We went on; gay groups of people met us, and seemed to cast looks of wonder at the stranger and his poor associate; but I asked myself whether, if we could know, as God knows the hearts and merits of every individual of those well-dressed and laughing walkers, we should find amongst them one so heroic as to renounce his Sunday dinner, as a perpetual practice, because he "earned nothing on that day, and had ten children." Was there a man or a woman amongst them who, if they knew this heroic man, as I now knew him, would not desire to give him, for that one day at least, a good dinner, and as much pleasure as they could?

"My friend," said I, "I fear you have had more than your share of hardship in this life?"

"Nay," he replied, he could not say that. He had had to work hard, but what poor man had not? But

he had had many comforts; and the greatest comfort in life had been, that all his children had taken good ways; "if I don't except," and the old man sighed, "one lad who has gone for a soldier; and I think it a little ungrateful that he has never written to us since he went, three years ago. Yet I hear that he is alive and well, in Jamaica. I cannot but think that rather ungrateful," he added; "but of a' Robin Burns's poems, there's none, to my thinking, that comes up to that one—Man was made to mourn."

I could not help again glancing at the thin, pale figure, which went as softly at my side as if it were a ghost, and could not wonder that Burns was the idol of the poor throughout Scotland, and that the Sunday wanderer of his native place had clung so fondly to the southern visitor of the same sacred spot.

"Can you explain to me," I asked, "what it is that makes Burns such a favourite with you all in Scotland? Other poets you have, and great ones; out of the same class, too, you had Hogg, but I do not perceive the same instant flash, as it were, of an electric feeling, when any name is named but that of Burns."

"I can tell you," said he, "why it is. It is because he had the heart of a man in him. He was all heart, and all man; and there's nothing, at least in a poor man's experience, either bitter or sweet, which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth, and gives him courage and comfort if he needs it. It is like a second Bible."

I was struck with the admirable criticism of the poor artisan. What acuteness of genius is like the acuteness of a sharp experience after all! I found that had I picked the whole county of Ayr I could not have hit on a man more clearly aware of the real genius of Burns, nor a more excellent guide to all that related to him hereabouts.

* * * * *

The bridge of Doon is well carved over with names; and overgrown with masses of ivy. Standing on this remarkable old grey bridge, my companion exhibited a trait of delicate and genuine feeling, which no man of the most polished education in the school of politeness could have surpassed. Gathering a sprig of ivy, he said, presenting it—"May be ye would like to send this to your leddy in England, it's gathered just frae the keystone." I accepted it with the liveliest pleasure, and it is now carefully preserved where the good man wished it. We now returned to Ayr, talking of Burns, his history, his poetry, and his fine qualities all the way; and after one of the pleasantest rambles I ever made in any company, I bade my old friend good-bye at his door, leaving in his hand a trifle to mend his Sunday supper. "But," said he, as I was going away, "might I request the favour of your name, that I may know who it was that I had the honour of a walk with to Burns's monument, when I am thinking of it?" I told him; his face passed from its usual paleness to a deep flush; and he exclaimed—"Eh sir! I ken yer name and that o' yer leddy too, right weel!" Depend upon it the recollection of that walk has been as pleasant to my old friend as to myself.—*W. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the Poets.*

THE BATTLE OF THE POSTERS.

BY A LITERARY POLICEMAN.

DICKENS has written the Battle of Life; and with all its fine genial spirit people find a want in it. Naturally—he has omitted the hottest part of the battle. It is the Battle of the Posters. In the very heart of society, from day to day and year to year, this great warfare is waged. Thousands fight and fall; are alternately elevated to glory, and destroyed; are maimed,

rent limb from limb; are slain, and buried in utter oblivion; and not a soul grieves over them, except their own fathers.

Little do the good people who walk through London or other great towns, and gladden their eyes with brilliant colours and a fine chequer-work of art and fancy on all those walls which used to be called dead, but which are now the most alive of any—little do they know, and therefore little do they care, for all the host of contending passions and interests, of gay hopes and speedy disappointments which are connected with the gaudy hues before them. The man who like me has little to do, and a great desire to learn, takes his daily walks abroad, and finds the invisible hand of that race of geni called Bill-stickers have spread everywhere on walls of brick or timber, those beautiful PEOPLE'S BOOKS, which, like other matters of art, have of late advanced to such perfection—have spread them in every imaginable colour of the rainbow, or of beaux that don't like rain, for his delight and instruction. He pauses, reads, ruminates, and passes on. From interval to interval his mind is full of brilliant colours and brilliant promises. There is nothing in theatre, shop, or factory—nothing in public meeting of eloquence or argument—nothing in art or the science of comfort that is new and attractive—nothing of coats, hose, shoes, or gloves—nothing of hats silken or beaver—nothing of sweet perfumes, or luxurious foreign delicacies—nothing of song or music—nothing earthly, nothing heavenly—nothing in book or newspaper that can charm or divert—that is not promised him if he will be kind enough just to go to the right place for it. Punch offers his fun, Moses his verses and his vests; spectacles for the nose, and still more extraordinary spectacles for the eyes, stand upon broad spaces, and invite to broad grins. There are pictures as plentiful as letter-press: it is a public exhibition that never closes. The beauty of it to the perambulating connoisseur is that the change is as rapid, and the variety as enchanting, as the most voracious hunger of novelty can crave.

Ay, but here, alas! is the rub—to the unlucky exhibitors—to the individuals behind the scenes. They are like the frogs which the boys were pelting in the water—that which is fun to you is death to them. Every one who furnishes a dish to this feast of the senses wishes it to be a standing dish; but the reader says, "Ho presto! begone, and give us something new;" a novelty, a new wonder, a new spur to the palate of some particularly charming kind. The poor caterer sees too truly that there are as many covers as guests; for the next bill-sticking waiter, a benefactor to you but a pest to him, covers all his glory with a wet sheet, more effectual as a damper than any wet blanket.

In fact, the enormous cost which is daily incurred for public amusement by private individuals, in painting and decorating the dead walls of our cities, is one of the wonders of the age. It is a fresco-painting of an hour; a phantasmagoria of scenes as rapid in their progression as they are brilliant in their character; an ever changing kaleidoscope of the day's combinations. No flowers bloom more plentifully in field or glen than these flowers of the street; none perish so suddenly amid ever springing successors. They spring, however, more truly than the poet meant, amid

"The exhalations of the golden dawn;"

silvery mists, if they cherish, just as readily obscure them. They may twine up columns, but they turn out to be the columns of printers' ledgers; and the capitals that they festoon are sure to be of the I-owe-nic order. It costs you, worthy wanderers in the gardens of the bill-sticker, but little trouble,—but the whole thing is a world of trouble to the providers; it is an enchanted, but not an enchanting region to them. It is an enterprise where enter fewer prizes than disappointments.

It is a trial of temper, where there turns up little to temper your trial. It is a battle, a strife, a contest for the possession of a field that never acquires a fixed owner; where you may get nine points of the law, but the tenth point will put your eye out. Put the best face on the matter that you may, the next instant may deface you. You may put yourself round a wall, but you can put no wall round you. You may climb as high as you please on the fence, but it will prove no defence. Another poster is coming post haste, and you will be *red* no longer, or will exhibit only in *visible green*.

Perhaps there are no mortals that are more subject to the ups and downs of life than the advertizers by placards. A sanguine man issues his thousand bills in sanguine tints, and walks along from one public place to another; visits the Exchange; promenades past the Fleet, that now lies wrecked in Farringdon-street; explores all the wooden walls and scaffoldings from Stamford-hill to Fulham, and rubs his hands in delight to see his name and fame universal. "Bravo!" he cries; "that is a bill-sticker now! That is a man! I'll recommend him!" He turns back. "Ha! there they are!" he exclaims. "There shine out my genuine blues and reds! But how! what! no; as I live they are *not* mine! They are that execrable *Casino de Venise*." As he advances, it is still the same. Then a huge STRAND THEATRE FRASCATI has overwhelmed four superb posters of his own, and informs him that the exhibition is *every* night, so that he may expect a similar envelope every day. Another very cunning individual has his posters out on a Saturday, and towards evening, so that everybody the next day may, going churchward, have a full view of them; or there comes a Christmas day and a Sunday together, and then there are two whole days of unassailable publicity. The knowing man who has sent out his bill-stickers in all directions on the Saturday, or the Friday, so as to secure Saturday and Sunday, or Sunday and Monday, walks forth on the first of these days in great self-felicitation. He feels that his name and proclamations are all over the neighbourhood; city and suburbs are full of them; they are read, and re-read, by passing and repassing thousands. But, behold! there is no end to the acuteness of this age. Hobthrush has been out! Robin Goodfellow has been in his pranks! Lucretia has sent out "the Children of the Night," and a tremendous explosion of Vesuvius in the Surrey Gardens, has put out the intended blaze of the Lady's Newspaper, or perhaps of Howitt's Journal!

Every man thinks *his* posters are demolished first. There is some pique, some spite, some design against *him*. There is some rival that watches *him*; but then the bills that cover his, are those of no known rival. But oh! he has it! His competitors bribe! yes, they bribe all the bill-stickers to annihilate him. That is it; they bribe all, for if he bribe it is of no use. His posters are none the more respected. Away they go—this is wholly gone—there four are gone at once—there one hangs in tatters; some spiteful hand has rent it; and there just one corner of his beloved bill sticks forth from the sheet of a lion-tamer, enough to make him groan. While! only see there! the bills of some certain people hang till doomsday. Fair or foul, the walls plastered three times a day with broadsides of all sizes and colours, there stand those detested great bills, as if they burnt all other paper off their backs. It is positively unbearable—it is personal—it is insulting!

The Battle of the Posters is a well-fought battle; there is a perpetual fall of victims; a constant grumbling of the canon of wrath; a constant fume of the gunpowder of chagrin. It is a battle that has its old and knowing veterans—its generals of transcendent strategy—its Bluchers and its Wellingtons, that slay and conquer by force of numbers. There are subtle men who contrive to ex-

pend all their bills in a few of the busiest places; there is nothing like it, they say; all the world congregates there—where one reads a placard in the suburbs, a thousand read them there; and they whisper to themselves—that it is a wonderful saving of legs, and of time into the bargain. None but greenhorns wander all the way to Turnham Green to stick bills, when they can turn 'em green at their leisure in the city by a new issue of a new customer's posters. Who would think of roaming as far as Tottenham Cross when Tottenham-court-road will do just as well? Who would dream of stretching his legs as far as Blackwall, when any wall is black enough in London, and looks all the better for the application of half-a-dozen posters together? Then there are the sharpshooters, light troops employed by rival houses, who follow one another at a good smart trot, and cover up the posters of Dombey and Son with those of Trencherman Brothers or of the firm of the Golden Canister with those of the Grasshopper Tea Company. Every hour has its changes and its events; there are victories and defeats, plots and counter-plots, always going on. The wood-cutters in the forest of Finsbury are busy hewing blocks into ever new designs, and fresh broadsides are firing every hour from the steam guns of the press. Such is the Battle of the Posters; it is a battle of life and of death. After all, the only security is in the vans and the walking placards; and these are apt to wander away into regions which no human eye has ever yet discovered, except mine, and those of my peripatetic brethren.

So falls, so languishes, grows dim, and dies
All that Cheapside is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of advertizing are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of puffs,
Placards, and posters, and the crowns and palms
Of gorgeous show-bills withered and consumed!
No power is given to lowliest Innocence
Long to protect her own. The bill-sticker
Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
Who in the bodily image, in their bills,
Their flaming hues, in station or in size
Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
Broadside and pictures—heaping high
New sheets upon the broad backs of the old;
And placing trust in privilege usurp'd
And resurped, are scoffed at with a smile—
By greedy watcher from the neighbouring stand
Of hackney-coaches aimed. To slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
Their colours, boasting, blazoning and lies
Expire—and the printers' robes of red and green
The ablest posters' still appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and memory.

Literary Notices.

Gatherings from Spain. Part I. MURRAY'S HOME and Colonial Library. No. 39.

THIS is quite a delightful book; a worthy companion to the best of Mr. Murray's excellent and cheap publications. It may be enjoyed in two or three different ways; but first and foremost, as an amusing description of a most interesting country, for the edification of a class, which even in these locomotive days is still numerous, namely, the fireside travellers; and of many besides, who have some pretensions to the dignity of actual travellers; for Spain is a country little known beyond its coasts—and no wonder—a look into the chapter on travelling with post-horses, on diligences, etc. will be quite sufficient to explain why a gentleman used to his easy carriage, on the last improved patent springs, or Englishmen in general, accustomed to fly along their railroads, rather shrink from encountering a tour in the Peninsula. Spain was in advance of most European countries as to roads, fifty years ago, but all that time she has stood still, or gone back, from the devastations of

war, and is therefore now far behind; and anything like a cross-road, or deviation from the beaten royal roads from Madrid to the frontiers or sea-port towns is nearly impracticable for wheel-carriages, unless the tourist is desirous to prove the strength of his joints. The following extract suggests a very severe test:—

"The Spanish postillions generally, and especially if well paid, drive at a tremendous pace, often amounting to a gallop; nor are they easily stopped, even if the traveller desires it—they seem only to be intent on arriving at their stage's end, in order to indulge in the great national joy of their doing nothing: to get there they heed neither ruts nor ravines, and when once their cattle are started, the inside passenger feels like a kettle tied to the tail of a mad dog."—P. 54.

As to the diligences, what should any of us think as we took our seats, to see the conductor or guard, "zagal," as he is called, who runs by the side usually in Spain, in a picturesque, jaunty costume, collect a supply of stones to hurl at the leaders' heads, as one means of "getting on;" oaths being the next in efficiency?—

"The start is always an important ceremony, and as our royal mail used to do in the country, brings out all the idlers in the vicinity. When the team (six animals, mules and horses,) is harnessed, the mayoral (coachman) gets all his skeins of ropes into his hand, the zagal his sash full of stones, the helpers their sticks; at a given signal all fire a volley of oaths and blows at the team, which, once in motion, away it goes, pitching over ruts deep as routine prejudices, with its pole dipping and rising like a ship in a rolling sea, and continues at a brisk pace, performing from twenty-five to thirty miles a day."—P. 63.

For all these reasons travelling on horseback is recommended as the best by far for any one who really wants to see Spain in its infinite variety; for its variety is so great, that it presents the aspects of many countries and many climates in one. The central table-land, as it may be called, is of a great elevation, and from it rise mountains crowned with snow. Madrid is 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Between the arid plains of this central district, abounding in the finest corn, and the regions washed by the Mediterranean sea, basking in a tropical sun, and bearing in luxuriance the fig, the orange, the pomegranate, the aloe and the carob-tree, how great is the transition! and there is, besides, the sea-coast on the east, where the summer is intensely hot and the winter very cold, and the northern mountainous and humid region, furnishing the finest timber of Spain; a country of hill and dale, rich meadows, and numerous streams, and in the valleys an improving dairy produce. As to railroads for a country like this, our author thinks them hopeless speculations, except for very short distances. He argues not only from the difficult nature of the country, but the character of the people:—

"The Spaniard," he says, "a creature of routine, and foe to innovations, is not a moveable, or locomotive; local and a parochial fixture by nature, he hates moving like a Turk, and has a particular horror of being hurried; long, therefore, here has an ambulating mule answered all the purposes of transporting man and his goods."—P. 48.

This looks very hopeless; quite as damping to recent notions of creating "a network of rails" in Spain, as the mountains and rocks; but we do not give up the hope yet that though "man" may continue to amble forth on his mule, a day will come when some of his "goods," in the form of the produce of those vast plains, waving with golden corn, may be transported to the coast and shipped on board our merchantmen by means of steam.

"The central table-lands of Spain are perhaps the finest wheat growing districts in the world; however rude and imperfect the cultivation—for the peasant does but scratch the earth, and seldom manures—the life-conferring sun comes to his assistance; the returns are prodigious, and the quality superexcellent; yet the growers, miserable in the midst of plenty, vegetate in cabins composed of baked mud, or in holes burrowed among the friable hillocks, in an utter ignorance of furniture, and absolute necessities. The want of roads, canals, and means of transport, prevents their exportation of produce, which from its bulk is difficult of carriage in a country where grain is removed for the most part on four footed beasts of burden, after the oriental and patriarchal fashion of Jacob, when he sent to the granaries of Egypt."

An indolent and vicious government, and the ravages of war, have thus done for Spain, what a continuance of our restrictive policy would have done for us. Spain has no corn-laws, but her roads have been suffered to fall into decay, her resources to be wasted, and the effect is the same.

The description of the peasantry instantly suggests the Irish to our minds; and were there space, the parallel could be carried through many other views of them. In accounting for the desolation of Spain, however, there would be no risk of falling into the Malthusian doctrine. The cry of "over population" will not explain everything there. Spain was once a kind of terrestrial paradise, rich, and covered with beauty and abundance, and then it was thickly peopled. Now wide tracts, once cultivated like gardens, have returned to a state of nature, and bear harvests of fragrant thyme for the wild bee. Man has disappeared from them. Certain disciples of the over-population theory would do well to think of these things.

"Silent, sad, and lonely is her face," says the author, describing the general aspect of the country, "on which the stranger will too often gaze; her hedgeless, treeless tracts of corn field, bounded only by the low horizon; her uninhabited uncultivated plains, abandoned to the wild flower and the bee, and which are rendered still more melancholy by ruined castle or village, which stand out like bleaching skeletons of a former vitality. The dreariness of this abomination of desolation is increased by the singular absence of singing birds, and the presence of the vulture, the eagle, and lonely birds of prey."

Such are the descriptions of a rich and luxuriant country, with a fine native population ruined by the dormancy or misdirection of its national energies, the continual ravages of revolutions and of wars, and by a government which combines in itself all these elements of disorder and inertia.

Poems and Snatches of Prose. By T. DENHAM. London: Smith and Elder.

We have gone through this book with great interest, and with a sad and sympathizing heart. We will let the writer speak for himself, for he can do it well:—

"On the night of the twenty-ninth of October, 1844, and after a day's vexation (with such I am well acquainted), we—that is, my wife, myself, and children—were in bed. They slept, I could not, but lay revolving many painful things in my mind, wondering would I ever get a blink of hale-hearted happiness. I had often thought of Professor Wilson; had even written two letters to him, which were given in despair to the flames—for I am a man of no education, never being farther than the Testament when at school. I am, even now, at the writing; have bought 'Chambers' Arithmetic,' but my mind is too unsettled to make progress, and can but find delight in the attempt at verse-making, which I write with almost the facility of prose. Well, I wondered if I might show him some of my pieces—wondered if he would read them, or laugh at them; wondered again if it might be possible he would think them decent; and if I might print a volume; get as much profit as would clear my debts, and enable me to taste, for the first time in seven years, an easy mind."

The poems which he wrote the professor not only condescended to read, but to praise; and the little volume before us is the result of those words of praise and encouragement. Whether it will enable him to pay his debts, or, as is too often the case, sink him only deeper, is a question which we fear may find a doubtful answer. The poems abound with a manly spirit, evince great power of language and feeling, and reveal, at the same time, that sad and bitter experience of life which too often makes the existence of the superior-minded artisan a burden and a sorrow. This stanza has great truth and significance in it:—

"They speak o' slaves in ither states,
And muckle gear they gie them;
But O! there's some within our gates:
We're ourse familiar wi' them.
Wha, think ye, is the greatest slave?
It's no the man o' 'et, sirs;
It's him amang the free and brave—
The honest man in debt, sirs."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

Soirée of the Mechanics' Institute in Liverpool.—The public meeting of this Soirée was held on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., in the excellent lecture-room of this fine institution. It was crowded with an audience of the first people in Liverpool, amounting to twelve or fourteen hundred. William Browne, Esq., the President, was in the chair, supported by Mr. Thornely, M.P. The speakers were principally, Mr. Aspinall, William Howitt, Mr. Dawson, the celebrated lecturer, Mr. Rogerson, and Sir Arnold Knight. Many bold and eloquent things were said on the subject of popular education, which were received by the audience in the most zealous spirit. Between the speeches, songs were sung by Miss Romer and Signor Sapio. After the public meeting, the young people adjourned to the spacious ball-room, and dancing was kept up till two o'clock.

This institution appears to be ably conducted by Dr. Hodgson, but has more the features of a college for young merchants, than of a mechanics' institute. Mr. Dawson, indeed, proclaimed that the day of mechanics' institutes was about over. That these institutions should take another name, as the people would proceed to educate themselves in their own way.

Soirée of the Leeds Redemption Society.—This meeting being the first anniversary of the Society, which may not be very well understood by its title, was held on the evening of Thursday, the 7th, in the Music Hall. The Society is, in fact, a co-operative league, the objects of which are to accumulate capital and to purchase land, to redeem the land, and also to trade. The Association has now been in existence about a year, and its success in the subscription of funds has been most encouraging. There is the greatest zeal and confidence of success in its members, some of whom show themselves excellent men of business.

The audience assembled appeared to be about five hundred, a fair proportion of them females. The Chair was taken by William Howitt, who had been expressly invited to do so. On the platform we observed the Rev. Mr. Larkin, Rector of Burton, Lincolnshire; Dr. Smiles, and Dr. Lees, of Leeds; Joseph Barker; Mr. G. W. Phillips, of Huddersfield, and other warm friends of the popular cause. Letters were read from Lord Ashley, Mr. W. J. Fox, Douglas Jerrold, Joseph Mazzini, Mr. Linton, and others, expressing their cordial approval of the principles and objects of the Society, and promising, on all occurring opportunities, to promote its views. Joseph Mazzini desired to be enrolled a member.

Mr. Howitt opened the proceedings by a speech expressive of the necessity of co-operation amongst the people for the acquisition of their just rights, and for raising themselves in the social scale both intellectually and in point of physical comfort. He was followed by Mr. Larkin in a very able and interesting address, pointing out the operation of the co-operative principle in ancient times. He showed that it was the principle of the Old Testament, which was laid down in the Mosaic Law, and made practical in the institutions of the Promised Land. He adverted to the sect of the Essenes, and quoted Josephus respecting them. He went on to trace the principle through various histories down to our time, and then pointed out the necessity of a wide embrace of the principle by the people, if they meant to enjoy the good in life which God designed them. We are sorry to learn, from Mr. Larkin's address, that Mr. Minto Morgan, the author of "Hampton in the Nineteenth Century," was in very precarious health in Italy, whither he had gone to gather information and assistance in his views for popular co-operation.

Joseph Barker delivered one of his characteristic speeches, full of clear good sense, and firm trust in Providence. We regret that we cannot give some specimen of it. Various other able speeches were delivered by Dr. Lees, and members of the Association, (particularly by Mr. Hole and Mr. David Green,) illustrative of the objects of the Society, and of the progress of its transactions.

These proceedings were preceded by tea, at which the greatest social pleasure appeared to prevail, and were terminated by an address from the chairman, which excited the warmest response and acclamation. Every circumstance augurs the rapidly extending influence and spread of this important movement.

Famine in Ireland.—We have pleasure in presenting the following genuine letter, which at all events shows of what noble stuff an Irishman's heart may be made.

"An Appeal to the Irish Working Men in England, Scotland, and Wales."

"MY DEAR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—What I am about to say requires no apology, and little preface.

"A vast proportion of our people are at this moment STARVING. You cannot open a newspaper which does not teem with accounts of new famine victims, and the frightful half-dead-and-alive condition of the survivors.

"None know better than you the privations endured by the labouring classes in Ireland: the difficulty they experience in keeping soul and body together, even in the best of times.

"You can judge of their situation now. A heavy responsibility, my countrymen, rests upon your shoulders. Each and every one of you is imperatively bound to put this question to himself, 'What can I do for poor Erin? What can I do to help Erin *marourneen* through her present fearful trial?'

"MUCH, VERY MUCH,' will be—must be the answer of every man of you who has 'got the shamrock around his heart.'

"Brethren, there are thousands among you, not a man of whom but might by *practising self-denial* be enabled to stretch his hand daily across the Irish sea, and save some poor starving creature from death. Not one of you all who might not do good service by imploring others to give for the salvation of our famine-stricken countrymen.

"Think of the tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, who are at this present moment without the means of procuring a mouthful of food or a rag to cover their nakedness. Think of this, and resolve—solemnly and deliberately resolve—to perform your duty as Irishmen.

"Spend not a penny needlessly; restrict yourselves to the mere necessities of existence, and devote the surplus to the saving of precious life.

"Truly do you earn your bread in the sweat of your brow; you require to take occasional relaxation; but do not, at the present fearful moment, think of indulging in any pleasure, however innocent, if its gratification involves expense. A true Irishman should shrink to be seen at a place of public amusement, while countless multitudes of his countrymen are famishing. The Irish have always been noted as a fighting nation. Irish working men in Great Britain, I implore you in the name of the God of Heaven to struggle and to become 'life' preservers.

"Let each man resolve to save a human life. When he rises in the morning let him pray to God to assist him to gain the victory over self, and be made the means before he retires to rest of saving a fellow-countryman from perishing.

"Irishmen, you should at once resolve upon aiding your poor suffering country by word and deed. As I said before, every one of you can do something. Meet, meet, then, in your several localities, and that quickly—

'The work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow.'

"I have still much to say to you, but at present my heart is too full to suffer me to write any more.

"May God strengthen you for the good work.

"Your sincere friend,

"A SON OF ERIN."

The Inhalation of the Vapour of Sulphuric Ether.—A discovery has been made within the last few months which is of the greatest importance to suffering humanity. Dr. Morton, a surgeon-dentist of Boston, U. S., has found that by inhaling the vapour of sulphuric ether, a state of stupor is produced which lasts only for a few minutes, and during the continuance of which surgical operations of a most serious character may be performed without the person operated on feeling the least pain; on the contrary, if we may judge from the report of some persons who have had their teeth extracted during the narcotic state, the sensation has been of a very pleasurable kind. Some interesting cases of this nature appear in a paper in the *Lancet* of the 2d of January, by Henry Jacob Bigelow, M.D., one of the surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital. A girl, sixteen years of age, was allowed to inhale the vapour of ether for three minutes; she then, says the report, "fell asleep, when a molar tooth was extracted, after which she continued to slumber tranquilly during three minutes more. At the moment when force was applied, she finched and frowned, raising her hand to her mouth, but said she had been dreaming a pleasant dream, and knew nothing of the operation." The next patient was a middle-aged healthy looking woman, who inhaled the vapour for four minutes; in the course of the next two minutes a back tooth was extracted, and the patient continued smiling in her sleep for three minutes more. Upon coming to herself she exclaimed that "it was beautiful—she dreamed of being at home; it seemed as if she had been gone a month."

In the same journal there is a letter to Dr. Boot, from Mr. Liston, of University College, who says, "I tried the ether inhalation to-day, in a case of amputation of the thigh, and in another requiring evulsion of both sides of the great toe-nail, one of the most painful operations in surgery, and with the most perfect and satisfactory results. It is a very great matter to be able thus to destroy sensibility to such an extent, and without apparently any bad results. It is a fine thing for operating surgeons; and I thank you most sincerely for the early information you were so kind as to give me of it." As there is no blessing without an alloy, so we are sorry to say this great boon is not without its attendant evils. One patient who was operated on nearly lost his life by the extreme state of narcotism produced by the inhalation of the vapour; but being in the hands of a skilful surgeon, prompt means were used, and he was restored after an hour's exertion on the part of his medical attendant to a state of perfect safety, and no ulterior bad consequences were the result. It is a clearly-ascertained fact that this narcotic vapour acts differently on different constitutions, and therefore no one should employ it as an agent for producing sleep without feeling himself competent to meet promptly every difficulty that may happen to arise.

(The above has been kindly supplied to us by an able practitioner.)

Birmingham Mercantile and Literary Institute, in connexion with the Association for obtaining an Abridgment of the Hours of Labour. We are glad to hear of the flourishing condition of this society. It has the advantage of meeting a serious objection often urged against the efforts of the early closing movement, "How do you intend to spend your time?" for it not only shows us by its programme of action, but by its list of eminent lecturers engaged, what it means to do, but has already obtained the approval and support of the employers. The enterprising young men who have started it, encouraged by its success, propose to raise it into a regular Whittington Club. At present the subscriptions are only 2s. 6d. per quarter. The members have the use of the library, and are admitted, free, to the lectures of the Polytechnic Institution, in addition to the news and reading room, classes, and lectures of the Birmingham Mercantile and Literary Institute. The news and reading room are supplied with the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Paper*, the *Birmingham Journal*, and other provincial papers, and the following periodicals:—*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, *Howitt's Journal*, *People's Journal*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Punch*, and several temperance publications.

The Classes are, a discussion class, on the principle of the Birmingham Eclectic Society; a singing class, on Hullah's system, and a class for the study of composition and elocution, under the management of the Rev. H. Hutton.

The lecturers for the next quarter engaged, are Dr. Knox on the Races of Men; Mr. St. John on Texas, etc.; George Dawson on the Festus of Bailey; Follet Aaler on Chronometry; William Wills on the Glaciers of Switzerland; and Mr. Clarkson on the Physiology of Digestion. The spirit of this young institution is worthy of Birmingham, and is the certain augury of success.

The Editors are happy to announce that they have secured the able assistance of the following eminent writers:—

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, (*Copenhagen.*)
 PHILIP BAILEY, (*Author of Festus.*)
 GOODWYN BARNBY.
 MISS BREMER, (*Stockholm.*)
 DR. BOWRING.
 ELIHU BURRITT.
 W.B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S.
 MRS. CHILD, (*New York.*)
 HENRY F. CHORLEY.
 THOMAS COOPER.
 BARRY CORNWALL.
 EBENEZER ELLIOTT.
 W. J. FOX.
 FRANKLIN FOX.
 FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.
 WILLIAM L. GARRISON.
 MARY GILLIES.
 SPENCER T. HALL.

MRS. HODGSON.
 R. H. HORNE.
 RICHARD HOWITT.
 LEIGH HUNT.
 DOUGLAS JERROLD.
 MRS. LEE, (*Boston, U. S.*)
 J. R. LOWELL, (*America.*)
 CHARLES MACKAY.
 JOSEPH MAZZINI.
 MISS MITFORD.
 MISS PARDOE.
 ABEL PAYNTER.
 SILVERPEN, (*of Jerrold's Magazine.*)
 DR. SMILES, (*Leeds.*)
 DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.
 CAMILLA TOULMIN.
 ALARIC A. WATTS.
 WHITTIER, (*The American Poet.*)

The Editors have the pleasure of announcing that early in February will commence a series of papers on

PHYSIOLOGY,

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE,

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution.

The next Number will contain

DR. BOWRING'S SECOND PAPER ON FREE TRADE.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S

"VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES"

Will in future appear first in this Journal, and will very soon commence.

Stamped copies of the JOURNAL may be obtained through the post, and circulated free in the colonies, and in all countries with which we have treaties.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM HOWITT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, January 20, 1847.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

AN APPEAL

For Clothing the Naked and Destitute Irish, addressed to all classes, and especially to the Women of England.

THE Society of Friends have raised their subscription for the starving Irish to upwards of 30,000*l.*; and the terrible scenes displayed to their active agents in that unhappy sister country, have induced them to propose a subscription for a supply of clothing for the destitute there. We think we cannot do better than to give as nearly as possible the whole of this appeal to our readers:—

William Forster, a member of the Society of Friends, now engaged, from a sense of duty, in investigating the extreme distress at present existing in different districts of that country, thus expresses his views on the subject:—

"I have a scheme which occupies much of my mind, and my inquiries from place to place. It is nothing less than an attempt to provide *useful, warm, necessary* clothing upon a large scale for the unclad (and unless something be done in a few weeks, nothing short of the naked) peasantry of Ireland. Everybody seems at first to think it too vast to be attempted. I say No; that what can be done on a small scale can be done on a larger. I wish to get it into the hands of the women of England, old and young, rich and poor, and I should not be afraid of 50,000 garments being ready for use in the course of a few weeks."

"That contributions in money would be more useful than in clothing."

"That where any clothing is given, the articles should be stout flannel jackets for the men and boys, and flannel petticoats and stout calico under garments for the women and girls. These should be made of the coarsest and warmest material, in order to prevent pawning, which in many instances would be difficult when the wearer was suffering from hunger. It should, however, be stated that the districts for which this application is made are principally remote from any town, some of them twenty or thirty miles, and also, that if clothing such as has been described was parted with, it could only be used by parties equally poor."

Amongst the numerous affecting statements received are the following:—

"One family at Castlebar was visited, when a mother and six children were found in a wretched cabin: five of the children were lying on the floor in a state of entire nakedness, with nothing but a ragged sheet to cover them, another on the mother's lap, in the same state, wasted with disease and famine to a skeleton."

"At Aghadown, the police informed us that the night before, while on patrol, they were attracted to a cottage by an unsteady light. On proceeding to ascertain the cause, they found a father and son were lying dead, whilst the survivors, being unable to purchase even a candle, were endeavouring to keep up a light with straw picked from the thatch."

It is earnestly desired that the women of England of every class may be willing to co-operate in this work, as even the smallest contribution will enable the *poor* to unite in the privilege of relieving the deep distress of their suffering fellow-creatures, and in the blessing which it is believed will rest upon those who freely administer, whether out of their abundance or of their penury, to the wants of the afflicted.

LUCY BRADSHAW,
For the Ladies' Committee.

* * Any contributions in money or clothing may be sent, directed to the care of Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, London: Joseph Crosfield, Liverpool; or Joseph Bewley, Dublin.

FREE TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

NO. II.—ISLE OF MAN.

THERE are few men whose personal history is so touchingly interesting as that of Augustin Thierry. I knew him in the heyday of his youth—the bright and black-eyed enthusiast—the gay and agile creature—in whom the blood of excitement flowed—and whose daily life was of vigorous and joyous energy. Never was a warmer heart; never a heart beating with nobler sympathies. Fervent in his admiration of truth, and progress, and liberty; and not less excited in his hatred of error, backwardness, and despotism—indignant against the usurpations of the ruling few, and only dreaming of the means of elevating the subject many. In his view, the world was divided into two classes—the oppressors and the oppressed; and he, above all others, poured out "his hate for hate, his scorn for scorn, his love for love."

But to some, time brings desolation and darkness; and such has been Thierry's doom. The eyes once so lustrous have been smitten with blindness—the frame once so active has been crippled into helplessness. He has lost the power of seeing, the power of moving; and, to add to his forlorn condition, the friends who were dearest to him have been swept away—lost not to sight alone, but to every sense—to all but melancholy memory.

I remember well, that when Thierry was engaged in those studies which led to the publication of his most interesting History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* appeared. It was welcomed by Thierry with eloquent delight. The romance came most opportunely to the aid of the historian. That state of things—that distinction of races—which the sagacity and genius of Scott had seized upon as characteristic of the times of the early Norman kings—the profound investigations of Thierry had marked as the great fact of the era which occupied his attention. But Thierry liked to suppose that the same lines of demarcation exist to the present hour. In the existing privileged aristocracy of England he was fond of tracing the representatives of the Norman invaders; in the now suffering multitudes he only viewed the descendants of the oppressed Anglo-Saxon race. In all the unpopular legislation which still dishonours our code, he traced the trail of the ancient Norman serpent; in every effort made by the English people to recover rights, or to redress wrongs, he fancied he saw the re-awakening of the spirit which first repelled the Norman bastard, and which for many years exhibited itself in the outbreaks of individual heroes like Robin Hood, or the popular insurrections headed by the Tylers and the Cades—true representatives of national feelings.

No doubt, he pushed his theory too far; yet it is most true that to this hour truth would be found in the old declaration, that

"The folke of Normandie
Among us woneth yet, and shalleth evermore.
Of Normans beth those high men that beth in this land,
And the low men of Saxons." (1)

Let any one glance over the family names of our nobility, and he will be struck with the great proportion which are of Norman origin. Let him take up the Directory, walk through the streets of any of our large cities, and he will find that nine out of ten of the names of the tradesmen and middle classes are Saxon. Let him look at the surnames of our peasantry, and he will not discover one in a hundred with any other than an Anglo-Saxon derivation. But with the overthrow of feudalism and serfdom—with the more frequent intercourse of the

(1) Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

various races—with the mutual intrusions of the French upon the Saxon, and the Saxon upon the French language—and with that fusion, the ultimate result of both, which is exhibited in the existing *English* tongue—it is become difficult to draw those lines of separation between the conquering and the conquered races which were so visible for many generations after William the Conqueror was seated on the English throne.

If there be any part of the British empire, however, where there still remain deep and marked distinctions between the different races—any spot where still existing habits and institutions, and records and monuments, exhibit the distinct impress of the various communicators—which in England are now blended together,—that spot is the Isle of Man.

The basis of the population is Celtic, and the Manx language bears the strongest affinities to the Gaelic, the Erse, and the Welsh. The names of places, with a few exceptions, and those principally of a Scandinavian origin, are Celtic: the most common term, with an infinite variety of adjectival modifications, being *Balla*—house—inhabited place—village—town. Wall (Gaelic). In truth, each nation which invaded or settled on the island, left behind it monuments in stone and in story, which exist unimpaired to the present hour. Their various languages and laws are to be traced in separate stratifications, so to say, in what remains of the past. The Celtic first—for the Romans, if they ever visited the island, left no traces behind them.—Hence Glencutcherly (near Douglas), the Glen of the Harper; Balla-coielly—the House of Concealment (in Ballaugh); Cronck-ny-Marroo—the Hill of the Dead (near Grenach); Cronck-na-Moar—the Great Hill (near Kirk Christ Rushen); Cronck Ballavarry—the Hill of Varry's House (near Kirk Andreas); Ballaquaile—the House of Judgment (Onchun); Glen Darragh—the Vale of the Oaks; and others innumerable. Connected with this period, the island presents a great number of Druidical remains, in the form of cromlechs, or altars; of large circles, made of stones placed erect at irregular distances from one another, of the same character as the Temple of Classerius, in the Island of Lewis, or Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. The Scandinavian period left behind it many Runic inscriptions, which are to be found, some in perfect condition, in various parts of the island. Most of them are sepulchral, and show the persons in whose honour they were engraved to have been professors of Christianity. These Scandinavians, too, left mementos in the names of persons and places. The *Tynwald* Hill, on which all the laws are proclaimed,¹ bears the old Norse title, meaning the Court in the wood. The judges are still called *Deemsters*, a word obviously of Scandinavian root, meaning the pronouncing of the sentence of the law, (dommer in Danish, from dom: doom, English.) The highest mountain in the island is called the Snafeld (Snowfield). The Calf [of Man] means the smaller island, being also a Scandinavian word. Santwart—the Saints' Hill; Kirk

—Cross,—and many other terms traceable to the same source; while among the inhabitants the number bearing surnames of Icelandic and Norwegian origin is nearly as great.

The government of the Isle of Man has undergone many remarkable changes. The island had, in turn, British and Welsh, Icelandic and Danish, Scotch and Irish rulers; and was then held, for about a hundred years, by Norwegian kings; who, in the middle of the 13th century, recognized the authority of the kings of Scotland; and their authority was, in turn, superseded by that of the kings of England, who first conferred the sovereignty of the island upon Percy, the Earl of Northumberland, and afterwards gave it to Sir John Stanley, upon whom Henry the Fourth conferred the title of King of Man: the title afterwards was modified to that of Lord of Man. The supremacy of the Stanleys having been disputed, it was confirmed by James the First, and the sovereign authority remained in the house of Derby down to the year 1736, when it was transferred to the Duke of Athol, in the right of his grandmother—the male succession of the Stanleys having been broken. It continued in the Athol family down to the year 1765, when the island was purchased of the then duke,—but with many reservations,—these being the subject of many new arrangements, and paid for by several additional parliamentary votes—till, in 1830, all remaining rights and interests whatever were finally and wholly disposed of to the British crown.

Among the prominent motives put forward in recommendation of the purchase, the fact that the island was a great receptacle for smugglers was strongly urged; and the treasury grounded their application (in 1764) to the duke, for the purchase of the island, on the necessity of “preventing the illicit and pernicious trade which is, at present, carried on between the island and other parts of His Majesty's dominions, in violation of the laws, and to the diminution and detriment of the revenues of the kingdom.” And the history of the trade of the island is curious and instructive. Under the Stanley regime the inhabitants had all the benefits of the protective system, and of that interference with purchases and sales which exhibit the crudest and the rudest notions of political economy. There are many statutes of the 16th and 17th centuries, “establishing and confirming” the law, that “if any person buy or sell corn, grain, or any other merchandize, in market, or out of market, or in any private place or house, without licence from the governor or his deputy, he shall forfeit the goods, or the value thereof, to the lord of the isle.” And, again—“If any salt, iron, timber, or any commodity that is useful for the country, be brought into any port or haven within the isle to be sold, no manner of persons are to intermeddle therewith, or buy the same at wholesale, until the same shall have lain for three tides after notice, to the intent the country may be furnished according to the rate it is to be sold for by that time; otherwise, if any offend therein, he shall,

(1) At the Tynwald Hill an annual assembly of the islanders was held, on St. John the Baptist's Day. The communication that was made to Sir John Stanley, when he was created King of Man, in 1406, by Henry IV., is recorded in the Man statute-book, and is so illustrative of men and manners, that I cannot refrain from transcribing it.

“Our doughtful and gracious Lord,—This is the constitution of old time which we have given in our days: First, you shall come thither in your royal array, as a king ought to do, by the prerogatives and royalties of the land of Mann. And upon the Hill of Tynwald sitt in a chaire, with a Royall cloath and cushions, and your visage unto the East, and your sword before you, holden with the point upwards; your barrons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your benefited men and your deemsters before you sitting; and your clarks, your knights, esquires, and yeomen, about you in the third degree; and the worthiest men in your lande (these are the twenty-four keys), to be called in before your deemsters, if you will ask anything of them, and to hear the government of your land and your Wille; and the Commons to stand without the circle of the Hill, with their clarks in their surplices. And your deemsters shall make calle in the coroner of Glenfabia;

and he shall call in all the coroners of Manne, and their yarges in their handes, with their weapons upon them, either sword or axe. And the moorars, that is to witte, of every sheading, then the chief coroner, that is the coroner of Glenfabia, shall make affence upon paine of lyfe and lyme, that noe man make any disturbance or stirr in the time of Tynwald, or any murmur or risings in the kinge's presence, upon paine of hanging and drawing. And then shall your barrons, and alle others, know you to be their Kinge and Lordc.

“That your commons come unto you, and shewe their Charters how they hold of you; and that your Barrons that made no Faith or Fealtie to you, now make the same. And if any of your Barrons be out of the Lande, they shall have the space of forty days, after that they are called, to come and shew whereby they hold clayme lands and tenements within your lande of Mann; and to make Fealtie and Faith, if winde and weather served them, or els to cease their temporalities into your handes.”

Many of these forms—such as the fencing in the Tynwald, the attendance of the authorities of the island, the summoning the people, and the proclamation of the laws, are preserved to the present day.

upon presentment to the great inquest, be severely fined, unless he do sell the same to the country at the rate which he bought it." A pretty encouragement this to importation, and of "furnishing the country" with articles for its wants. No wonder that Lord Fairfax should have reported in the time of the commonwealth, that they might feel secure in the poverty of the island; and that in the general destitution a Scotch writer should have said, "Lawyers in the Isle of Man get no fees, and beggars no alms, for none of them are there." All was restriction; and when a vessel arrived in port, four "traffickers" were appointed to decide on the value of the goods; who were sworn "to deal truly with the merchant strangers, but more for the country's profit." These traffickers settled the price, and arranged the distribution; but no stranger was allowed to carry money out of the island. There was a law, that out of every twenty barrels of salt one was to be paid to the merchants (traffickers) for their trouble. That of a cargo of wine one *choise* hogshead should go to the clerk, to be paid for at the price of the ordinary; but, moreover, it was provided that "*My lord the governor, the bishop, and the archdeacon only, are to have choice wines to drink free of cost in their own families.*" This is provided for by a statute dated 1523. It seems to have been discovered in the 15th century (for down to that period no Manxman was allowed to leave the island, and no produce of the island was permitted to be exported), that prohibition "to pass the land with their goods and cattle hath been a great hindrance to the lord, and that better it were for shopmen and chapmen to thrive upon merchandize, than foreign merchants and chapmen." So licences were to be granted, if, in the quaint English of the island, the lieutenant was warned "to goe and knowe if he have any business to the coast they goe." And the lieutenant, "if suit were made" to export merchandize, was to consult the council whether the island could spare the wares, and to grant or deny "lycence" accordingly. There is another amusing provision, that if any farmer wanted to pay his rent to the lord by the export of corn and grain, for so much rent as was due he should have liberty to sell and ship. No cattle, however, was allowed to be offered for sale till "the lord's steward" had the refusal. Multitudes of other restrictions of the same character are to be found in the statutes and laws of the island, one of which is well worth preserving. The poor inhabitants lived principally upon potatoes and herrings,—the herring fishery being one of the great resources of the island; but there is a statute of the year 1622, which provides "That the people be cherished (such is the tender word—*cherished*), to pay the lord's rent though there be no herring fishery." The maxim that—*nemo dat quod non habet*—nobody can give what he has not—appears to have been no check on the exactions of the Lord of Man. Even there, however, the effect of the removal of restrictions was anticipated by some of the authorities; for Sacheverell, the governor, at the end of the 17th century, writes, after lauding the goodness of the Manx ale, "Were we allowed freedom of commerce it would be of great value wherever England trades."

The position of the Isle of Man in the centre of the Irish Channel—almost equi-distant from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; and so near to each that all may be seen at the same time on a clear day from the elevated parts of the island—led to the establishment of an organized company of smugglers from Liverpool, who at the end of the 17th century carried on a very large and very profitable contraband trade. They were soon joined by Manxmen, and the island became a great warehouse for the reception of goods—Indian goods especially,—which were conveyed to the surrounding coasts, at an estimated loss of from 400,000*l.* to half a million of British revenue. Many regulations

and many acts of parliament were introduced, but with imperfect success. Strange tales are told of the heroic adventurers who baffled all the efforts of the British navy to intercept or capture them, particularly of a Frenchman (Thurot) and a Dutchman (Yawkins). It is reported of the last of these sea-kings, that he on one occasion, having hoisted an empty cask on his main-top, passed safely between two of the king's cutters, and threw his hat into one, and his wig into the other. Great concessions were, however, afterwards made by the lord,—more vigorous steps taken by the legislature,—and illicit trade was so much checked, that a popular song thus laments the downfall of the smuggler:—

Oh! babes unborn will mourn the day
When the Isle of Man was sold away;
And every old wife who loves a dram,
Bewails the loss of the Isle of Man.

This is in sad contrast to the boast of a jolly poet of Galloway—

What noggins have I drunk of smuggled rum,
All from the little "Isle of Three Legs" come:—

in allusion to the Manx arms of three armed and spurred equi-distant legs united at the thighs, which implying, according to Manxmen, that their island rests on the three kingdoms—on each and all of them—*Quocunque jeceris stabit*.

On the final sale of the island to the crown, the power was exercised by parliament of introducing such fiscal laws as were necessary to the protection of the British revenues. But such protection was obtained by the total sacrifice of the interests of the poor consumers; for the arrangement made was to prohibit the importation of all articles subject to high duties in Great Britain, except under licence; and the quantity to be introduced under licence was defined by act of parliament, the distribution of the licences being left to the lieutenant-governor of the island.

Monopoly and privilege thus assumed a strange form in the legislation of the Isle of Man. They were represented by the word *Licence*,—the most important articles of consumption being imported under licence alone,—and licences being granted under the authority of the ruling powers only, none but those in favour with the ruling powers could obtain them. Licences were given solely to the opulent and influential. The rich man revelled in cheap tea, cheap sugar, cheap spirits, cheap tobacco;—while the poor man paid double price for all the articles that he consumed, either to the privileged party, who possessed a licence, or to the party who purchased licences of others. The trade in licences was an important one. They were sold by auction,—they were made the instrument of extorting higher rents,—they were employed in all ways for purposes of oppression and corruption. The unprotected consumer paid a high price for what he wanted, that high price being caused by the licence monopoly; but not one farthing of the augmented price went into the public treasury.

To this state of things the attention of the late government was called; and Sir Robert Peel, to his great honour, determined to redress the grievances under which Manxmen were suffering. He made one of his first free trade experiments on a small scale in the Isle of Man. He decided to free from the licence system all the imports into the Isle of Man—with the exception of tobacco, spirits, and Eau de Cologne (which were reserved until experience should show the results of liberal legislation). The success has been most complete: the revenues have greatly increased,—commercial transactions have been wonderfully augmented,—the value of lands and houses, and all other property in the island, has been much elevated,—and a satisfaction almost universal (the exceptions being only among the few who

lost the pride and the privileges of monopoly) pervades the Manx community. Nor have any of the prognostications of evil been verified. Smuggling has not increased,—the privileges of the islanders have not been menaced,—the population, far from falling off, has been largely added to,—in a word, there has only been an issue of good,—unshadowed, undiminished by corresponding evil. And those who aided the progress of Manx commercial emancipation have had evidence in a thousand shapes of the sincerity of Manx gratitude.

Besides these commercial changes, other benefits have been conceded to the Isle of Man in connexion with the freedom of its ports. In ancient times, the harbours of the Isle of Man were subject to the severest regulations. As early as 1529, every boat, vessel, or pickard, that anchored within them was subject to a tax of 8*d.*, if with a cock-boat, and to half that amount if without one. And down to the year 1845 a heavy tax was levied on every vessel that entered the harbours of the island. This tax, indeed, was the source which was looked to for the necessary repairs of the harbours. In consequence of the desire to avoid this payment, boats and ships frequently were lost at sea, and many a brave mariner perished under the ban of that inhospitable law which denied him an asylum in the moment of danger, unless at a price which he was frequently unable and always unwilling to pay. This grievance was removed by the act of 1845. The repairs of the harbours are now provided for out of the surplus revenues of the island,—and, among recollections which charm the cares, sweeten the bitternesses, and accompany the toils of public life,—a rude song, chanted to the old tune of 'Marbrunk s'en va-t'en guerre,' by hundreds of voices in the ports of Mona, on occasion of a visit to the island, will not be forgotten.

"Hurrah! for him who served us—
A glorious man was he;
Hurrah! for him who saved us,
And set our harbours free."

A LABOURER'S HOME.

BY MARY GILLIES.

On a sultry day of last summer, a little party entered one of the lanes branching off from the great thoroughfare of Whitechapel, and walking slowly forward, oppressed with the heat and the burdens they had to carry, stopped before the door of a small house of two stories. The party consisted of a man, his wife, and five children, the youngest being a baby in arms. They were evidently country people; and the wife's ruddy cheeks, and the children's bright complexions, were enough to remind every one that looked at them of green fields and fresh breezes. The husband carried a little girl in his arms, and a large bundle on the end of his stick over one shoulder. The wife carried the baby, and a basket so full of all manner of articles, that the lid gaped open. The three boys, who made the rest of the family, had each a pack, box, or bundle; and beside them was a man with a truck, on which were deposited a couple of small bedsteads, a cradle, and a chest, a table and three chairs, with two or three little stools. They had come up by the canal from their village, and had brought all their furniture and goods with them to settle in London, where the man had reason to expect to get into constant work; and work had become scarce down in the country. He was a bricklayer's labourer, and had a cousin in the same trade, now employed on the houses of a grand new street in course of building in the neighbourhood; and it was this cousin who had advised his move to London, and who had taken two rooms for him in this lane in Whitechapel.

The outer door stood open, and a crowd of little dirty children who were at play in the passage, ran off up the narrow, dark staircase as the new comers entered. They evidently ran to announce the arrival of the lodgers, as a pale, lame woman, with a crying infant in her arms, soon appeared with the keys of the two ground-floor rooms, which the landlord had left with her; and these being opened, our party from the country entered their new abode.

A close, stifling sensation struck them as they went in, but heat and fatigue had got the mastery for the time, and the first thought was rest; so they put down their burdens without a word, set about unlading the truck, paid the porter's hire, and when he was gone seated themselves on some of their goods.

"John, dear," said the wife, after a minute's breathing time, "there's a horrid smell, and it's dreadfully dark. I wish you would open the window."

She had lost her bright colour, and looked faint and sick as she spoke. Her husband directly tried to comply with her wish, but it was no easy task. The window was thick with sooty dust, and splashed with mud, and seemed glued to the frame-work with dirt. He shook and pulled from top and bottom, and at last had to force it up with an iron tool which he took out of the bundle he had been carrying. It was not made to open from the top. The three boys began to look out and take their observations; and Peter, the eldest, declared that the nasty smell came in at the window from that black stuff in the gutter. The little girl was clinging to her mother's side as if frightened at the strange place, and now asked for a drink of water.

"I should like a draught of cold water, too, John," said her mother, "better than anything I can think of."

"That you shall have, Sally," he replied; and after searching out a clean jug from a basket of crockery, he set off in quest of water. He groped along the passage, and called to the woman up stairs, whose voice was heard trying to quiet two screaming children, to ask "where the pump was?" Receiving for answer, that the water-butt was in the back yard, he groped his way farther along the passage, and stumbling down two steps came to a ricketty door, half broken off the hinges and without a latch. Pushing it open, he went out into the yard.

What a place he had got into! Poor John's weather-beaten face became livid with the sudden disgust. He had done plenty of hard work, and many a rough job, but such a place as this close to a human dwelling, he had never seen yet. The yard was one mass of the most offensive refuse, stagnating and putrefying in the burning sun. The water-butt he was looking for stood close beside the centre of these abominations. He had to remind himself of Sally, and her pale lips, or he would not have been able to make up his mind to pick his way up to it. He did it, however, but when he turned the cock no water came; it was empty.

"There's no water in the butt," he called up the stairs.

"The water came in this morning, too," answered the lame woman. "Well I suppose my husband never told them to put the ball-cock right, and I know none came in last water day, neither."

"And when will it come in again?" asked John.

"This is Friday; why next Monday," she answered.

"What's to be done?" thought John to himself, struck dumb at the sudden experience of a new kind of hardship. Many a privation had he endured, but the denial of a drop of cold water had never happened to him before.

"Can you oblige us with a little water, neighbour?" he said, shutting the door upon the reeking yard, and returning towards the stairs.

"I have only a little left," she replied, "but you are

welcome to it; if you will come up-stairs and fetch it. It's hard work for me to carry it up or down, with my lame leg, and the child in my arms."

John went up, and followed her into her room. It was so crowded and dark, that he hardly saw what was in it at first. On a bed in one corner lay a pale, consumptive girl, of about fifteen, whose cough sounded hollow and death-like. Beside her was a boy about twelve, whose head and throat were bandaged up, and much swelled. Besides these there were six children of different ages, including the infant. The mother pulled a small wooden tub from under the bed, and told him to take what water was there, adding that she "wished there was more, for his sake."

He took a little—not all—he could not bear to do that—and kindly thanking her, went back to Sally with it. She was nursing her baby, and eagerly put her lips to the jug; but in a moment she set it down again, and shook her head. John soon found out why. His senses had been deadened by the horrors of the yard, and the stifling air of the up-stairs room: but he now perceived the smell and colour of the water were equally odious.

"You shall have some beer in a minute, Sally," he cried; and without listening to a caution as to spending their little stock of money, he set off to get it.

At the door he met a friendly face. It was his cousin Joe, who had come at his dinner hour to see after them all. The two went out together, and soon returned with a can of beer, a supply of bread and cheese, and a hearty greeting to Sally from Joe. And now the comfort of rest after fatigue, and refreshment after thirst and hunger, drove away all care for the moment. They ate, and drank, and talked, and laughed. They were used to hardships, and the wife especially was always ready to be cheerful and hopeful. Even the children all took good draughts of beer. If they had been used to such draughts, John would not have kept such a stock of the goods and furniture together that Sally's savings as a servant had bought on their marriage, nor have been able to move his family to London without help, and only by parting with the chest of drawers and looking-glass; but, without a drop of water to give them, what could he do?

When this pleasant meal was over, the present evils did come to mind a little, however; and Joe was asked whether he could not have found a better place for them. He answered, that since the improvements had been begun in the city, so many poor people's houses had been knocked down to make room for the new streets, that there was no getting lodgings anywhere. That they had told him he must not go beyond four shillings a week, and he could not do better. That as to the bad smell, and dirty yard, and want of water, it was as bad everywhere about; and that a butt in the yard was something above the common, for numbers of lanes and alleys had only one stand-cock for all the houses. He and John sallied forth, and soon put the ball-cock to rights, and shovelled the worst of the horrible refuse that covered the yard into a heap in one corner. That was all they could do: nothing like a drain to carry any of it off could be found; there was none whatever. And so, with an agreement that John should go to work next morning at six, they parted. Work and good wages were sure: that seemed to make all smooth.

By ten o'clock at night, the labourer, and his wife and five children, were all in bed and asleep, in one room of their new home. It was true they had another; but Sally had declared at the first glance that her poor boys could not sleep there till she had scoured it. The wall near the window was green and damp, and smelt most offensively: they did not know why; but it was because it was saturated with the same disgusting matter which had overflowed into the yard, and which

there was no drain to carry away. The window looked into the yard. They had done the best they could. John had brought a pail of fresh water from a pump several streets off, tired as he was; and they had coffee; and the little bit of fire seemed to sweeten the room; and they had put up the two beds, and arranged all as well as possible; and now they slept too soundly to feel the bites of noisome vermin, or to be conscious that they were drawing in poison at every breath. The sleep of toil is indeed a boon. Only the mother was roused from time to time by her infant's restlessness; never since he was born had he needed so much nursing in the night; but sleep came upon her again as soon as she had quieted him.

It was wonderful to see how much Sally did for the two rooms in the course of Saturday. All that could be done without water she did. The precious pailful, and the little that Peter had strength to fetch in, she had to husband with the greatest care, and only used a little to clean the windows. Everything was arranged as tidily as possible when John came home in the evening from his work. The back room was of great use, to hold all spare things, though Sally could never go into it without a shudder. She and Joe went out, and marketed for Sunday with the day's wages. She sighed as she put her children into bed without their Saturday night's good washing; but to put by a little water to cleanse the faces and hands of all the family was all she could do. Still she consoled herself, and said, "The water will come in on Monday."

During the night, however, an anxiety began to press upon her that she could not shake off. Her infant's restlessness increased; it cried and wailed unceasingly, and little Mary began to droop also, and often woke up crying. She got scarcely any sleep; and the hollow cough of the girl in the room above sounded very sadly in her ears. The heat, closeness, and bad smell, oppressed her, and she was fevered by the bites of vermin. The increasing illness of the two youngest children kept her employed all Sunday. She could not go to church with her husband, nor join his walk with Joe and the boys.

Monday morning came round. She wished for Monday, the day for the water to come in. But, besides the continual attention required by the children, a new hindrance to the scrubbing she longed to begin now appeared. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and out of a court close by the house there began to run a stream of abominations like that in the yard. This court contained about twenty houses, with four or five families in each, and it had neither drains, nor water, nor scavengers. There had been three weeks of dry, hot weather. No wonder that a "stream of abominations" flowed out of it now. It flowed more and more; and the rain falling again, it spread, and came into the passage, and even threatened to get into the room. Again and again did Sally stem this odious flood, and sweep it back into the gutter. Whenever she tried to get to work, this black, noisome enemy seemed to make its appearance. Once towards the afternoon, as she was labouring at her hopeless task, she observed a gentleman on the opposite pavement, who had stopped to look at her. There was something so sympathizing in his face, that she could not help expressing something of her troubles to him.

"Five times this very day, sir," said she, "have I swept this place as clean as I possibly could; but you see the state in which it is again. It is no use to try to keep it clean." He gave her a look of pity, and passed on.

Besides this, another trouble had come upon her. The water she had so longed for was discoloured and offensive when she drew it, and a nasty black scum appeared on the top. A little which had been left in the bottom had tainted it all; and, besides, the butt

was old and rotten, and enough to spoil the water had there been nothing else. Such as it was, however, it must be used; and first she set about washing up all the clothes that had been worn, meaning to finish and clear up before her husband came in. But what with the black stream, and the poor restless children, she got on very slowly; and the wet clothes were still about, and the floor still unscrubbed, when he appeared at the door. The bad water caused the steam and the clothes to smell very badly; the baby had cried for a long time, and was still evidently in too much suffering to be quieted; the supper was not laid; the passage was wet up to the door of the room, for the attempt to cleanse it had been given up in despair. Peter was nursing little Mary, who leaned her sick head on his shoulder, and Bill and Dick were complaining, in turn, of hunger, and fretting for their supper.

"Here's a pretty place for a man to come home to after his hard day's work," cried John. "I thought you were going to clean it all up, and you've got it worse than ever." So saying, he flung himself on the bed, and soon fell fast asleep from utter exhaustion. The day had been close and hot, and he was tired to death.

Sally hid her face in her hands, and the tears dropped fast through her fingers: she did not hear even her baby's cries. She only heard her husband's harsh tones, and saw his angry look. And all he had said was true: it was a wretched home for a tired man to come to; but he did not know all she had had to contend with.

That night was but the beginning of troubles. Matters only grew worse and worse, and before the week was out John had found out how bright and comfortable a place the inside of a gin palace is, and never entered his miserable home till late at night.

Before the end of the week, too, the poor family above stairs had all left the house. The father came home one day from his work too ill to stand; next day he was prostrate with typhus fever, and was carried off to the hospital; and the same evening his wife and eight children all went into the Union workhouse. What could they do? They depended on his daily wages for support, and his illness left them paupers. Another family took possession of the room next day.

In the other room, up stairs, there lodged a poor Irishwoman, named Mary Miller, who was out all day selling apples in the streets. As she came in at night she would stop to say a kind word to Sally, or give some fruit to the boys: hers was the quietest corner of the house; but this week it also underwent a change. She had a married sister, with a large family, whose husband was seized with fever, and died. To save her helpless relations from starvation, she took them all into her one little room, which now became a scene of noise, confusion, and dirt. How few of the richer classes who exercise hospitality in their convenient houses, can estimate the virtue of this action!

The first week was over and John's wages were paid, but part of them went to pay his score at the public-house. It was the first time in a long life of labour that this had ever happened, for he was a most temperate man. He could not bear his own reflections, but the dirt and wretchedness around him constantly stifled his better feelings. Sally had worked hard, but all she did seemed of no use, for the rainy weather made the yard worse than ever. Damps and overflowing refuse encroached from back and front; the children were all fretful, and she herself seemed changed. She looked dull, and heavy, and untidy, and dirty, instead of being bright and clean as she used to be. John, however, set off on Monday evening after his work, to search for better lodgings. He could not believe but what he could find better. The wide streets were clean and airy; the houses and shops full of com-

fort and riches; but everything there was quite beyond his means. He was obliged to turn down the lanes and courts again, and there he found nothing but patterns of his own wretched home. Anything at all better was already full. Many were much worse. In some he saw scenes of misery that sickened his heart. In one room he saw a sick man lying by his dead wife, on a heap of straw, and their children were crying round them for food. In another a coffin stood among the living family; and a grave-like odour told the tale of how long it had stood there. He staggered off and went home. He had gone through toil, and suffering, and sorrow; but this was a form of evil he knew nothing of, and it bewildered him. There are many large towns and small towns also where such things are, and even in villages they may be found; but his village was particularly sweet and healthy, and a well of pure spring water was in the middle of it. There he had been full of care for want of work; here he had plenty of work, and good wages: but they were of no value to him. He could buy food, it was true; but the poisonous air seemed to taint it; and his sick children and pale wife seemed as if it did them harm instead of good.

He went in downcast and moody. Sally thought he had been drinking, and reproached him. He answered angrily, and words were uttered such as had never passed before between them. He took to the public-house again, next night. The week passed on drearily. Joe had gone off to the country to hay-making. He was a single man and could go where he liked. John half made up his mind to pay his rent when he got his wages, sell off all he had, and go back to his village. But when the wages were paid, they were all required for a mournful purpose—to buy a little coffin. Poor Sally laid her baby in it with choking tears, and John went out like a broken man to pawn his Sunday suit to buy bread. A few days more and little Mary was laid in her coffin too. The poor mother sat in the dark back room beside her lost treasures, and the father went to his daily toil to earn the means of burying them: Before he could earn it that back room had to be given up to save the rent, and he saw in his own family what had horrified him in another's—the coffins of the dead stand among the living. At last, by selling a bed, the cradle, the table, and pawning more clothes, the price of laying the little children in our common earth was got together, and on a Sunday morning the heart-stricken parents followed them to the grave.

When they returned to their desolate room with the three boys crouching by them, and Peter's sobs for the little sister he had loved so much breaking the silence, John took his wife's hand, and in his plain homely way, asked her to forgive him. "I have neglected you," said he, "I have left you in your wretchedness and gone to the ale-house; but look at me and say you forgive me, and it shall never happen again."

She made no answer. Her hand was cold, and a shivering fit, followed by burning fever, came on. He put her into bed; he made some tea for her, but she could taste nothing, nor could she understand the words of affection he spoke. It was too late.

The physician came; he was the same who had stood with pitying looks when she had tried in vain to clean the doorway some time before. How changed was the fresh ruddy face now! There was no hope for her in such a tainted air as that which she breathed, and the fever hospital was full. Another week and she had escaped from this rough world, and before she died her little Dick lay by her a corpse. But she did not know it; she was mercifully insensible to all the woes around her.

And poor John, where was he? He had toiled through the weary days with aching heart, and nursed her through the night. But now his brain was bewildered; his head ached, his limbs seemed unable to sup-

(1) It is a fact.

port him. He leaned over his dead wife, and kissed her, and groaned aloud. On some straw in the corner lay the other two boys; the room was bare of all else. Beside him stood the poor Irishwoman, Mary Miller, the tears streaming down her kind face.

Two gentlemen had entered without any one seeing them—it was the physician and a friend who visited these abodes of sorrow for the first time. Some exclamation of pity escaped him.

"These miseries will continue," answered the physician, "till the government will pass measures which shall remove the sources of poison and disease from these places. All this suffering might be averted. These poor people are victims that are sacrificed. The effect is the same as if twenty or thirty thousand of them were annually taken out of their wretched homes and put to death; the only difference being that they are left in them to die."

The unhappy husband raised his head and gazed with a half inquiring look at the speaker. The physician took his hand, and then wrote an order on a slip of paper, which he gave to a man who waited without to deliver.

"You will stay here," said he to Mary Miller, "until they come from the Fever Hospital to carry away the father and the elder boy; the younger will not live that time."

"Never!" shrieked John, in a frantic voice; "no man on earth shall separate me from *her*!" and so saying he fell senseless on the floor.

"You will stay by them, as I have said," repeated the physician to the sobbing Irishwoman; "there is hope for him still."

"I will stay," replied she, "and may the Lord bless you."

The hospital received the sick, and the parish took charge of the dead; and so this labourer's home was once more vacant.

Let no one think there is exaggeration in this tale of misery; such wretched homes, and such harrowing scenes, exist by hundreds and by thousands in all our large towns. Let us arouse from our apathy, and demand from our legislature that it shall be so no longer.

A FEW DAYS' TOUR IN THE ODENWALD.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Continued from p. 46.)

FROM Erbach we posted in the evening to Eberbach on the Neckar, down the beautiful Gamelsbach-Thal; and thence the next morning ascended through the woods of Emmensberg to Katzenbuckel, the highest point of the Odenwald.

On the summit of Emmensberg, after winding up the steep woods, we came to a hunting-lodge of the Prince of Leiningen, son of the Duchess of Kent, and of course half-brother to the Queen of England. We went into the lodge, where we found two men at work cleaning and preparing for the family, which was expected in a few days from the Tyrol, to be present at the grand review at Schwezingen. The lodge is a perfectly plain building, furnished in the plainest possible manner, without any paintings or works of art of any kind—a mere rustic resort for the prince whilst hunting there. English fire-places, a few wooden chairs, tables, and German beds of the plainest kind, were all the furniture, except a quantity of stags' horns, the owners of which had been killed in these woods, and upon each pair of which was inscribed the date of its fall.

One of the workmen, going a little way through the woods to put us in the right road, gave us the account

of several different hunts, and repeatedly put the question to us "*understanden sie mich*?" which sounded so much like English that we asked him if he could speak it, at which he wondered very much. This however, was not the only instance in which the Odenwald dialect sounded vastly like English to us. Instead of *ja* and *nein*, the *yes* and *no* of the Germans, the Odenwalders say *yo* and *no*. As we proceeded towards the Katzenbuckel, we asked the way of a boy tending some goats; "*grad forrats*," said the boy, which was pretty much what a countryman in some parts of England might have said. Another spoke of the *sonshine*.

The Katzenbuckel itself is a hill of no great height, but it stands upon very high ground, and has a tower built upon its summit which commands a very extensive view, in one direction over Heilbronn to the heights of Waltenburg between Stuttgart and Tübingen, and in a favourable state of the atmosphere as far as the beautiful region of the Swabian Alps, a district of poets and poetry, which bounds the horizon, whilst the other side is bounded by the Taunus and the hills of the Rhine. Around the tower is a picturesque scene of rocky ground and wooded thickets. As we approached it, we heard through the surrounding trees low voices, like the cooing of doves, and then kisses the loudest that ever were heard, which, while they gave evidence of human presence, sounded something startling in this high, wild place. The next moment the turn of the road brought us full in view of one of those bowery seats which, with very good taste, the Germans always place in such situations, however remote, for the visiting of such spots is one of the greatest pleasures of the people. In this wild-wood bower sat the loving couple we had become aware of, a man and woman of respectable appearance, but not very young. She was stout and very good looking, with a ruddy and somewhat sunburnt complexion, and her dark hair all gathered up from the front and sides of her face and fastened in a sort of crown on the top, a mode of dressing the hair which prevails in some parts of Germany, and which gives a very picturesque and, to some faces, a very becoming effect. Her lover, however, did not seem to have engrossed all her attention, for like a regular German woman she had her knitting in her hand, and was working away busily all the time.

They looked not at all disconcerted at being thus discovered; and he, lifting his cap at our approach, bade us good morning in a voice full of the utmost self-complacency. I remarked, that no doubt they found it very pleasant sitting there, at which the lady smiled, blushed, and knit faster than ever. We inquired if they had yet mounted to the tower, to which they replied, "No, they were yet too warm, and were waiting here to cool."

We, however, not being too warm, went onward after bidding them good morning, and just as we reached the tower saw, to our astonishment, one of those well-known machines in England, a velocipede, reared against it. The owner of this machine soon advanced from out of the bushes towards us.

This man was one of those mortals who are always scheming and inventing, and wandering about, rolling stones that gather no moss, nor in fact anything but eccentricities. We had seen him before near Heidelberg, and had heard somewhat of his history. He had invented a sort of carriage, in which literally the cart was put before [the horse; the horses were placed behind this carriage to push it on, like a man wheeling a barrow; the driver was placed above, and before them was a looking-glass, so that when he raised his whip they saw it, and by the very fear of it escaped its infliction, pushing on, and so not needing the stroke. This ingenious mechanic mounted the tower after us. At the top he soon fell into discourse with us, and having told us of his various extensive travels, seemed very anxious to know

where we came from, and on being informed, wished to be informed also whether velocipedes were known there. I told him that twenty years ago they were in vogue, and that I myself knew a gentleman who rode on one from London to the North of Scotland, about seven hundred miles; that he exhibited it in several of the large towns to the inhabitants, and afterwards rode upon it in France. At this account he appeared so much delighted that he talked on with the most amazing volubility; told us of his own travels and adventures, which, however, seemed to have very little in them.

We soon grew tired, and attempted to make our escape from him; but he descended the tower after us, mounted his machine, and came flying down the hill after us, inquiring if we knew the way to the village; nor should we, probably, have easily got rid of him, had he not, fortunately, found our loving couple still cooling themselves in the arbour, and been seized with an irresistible desire to tell them the story of the gentleman who rode through England, Scotland, and France, on a velocipede.

While he was relating this with great animation, we quietly took a path through the bushes, a little apart from the more beaten road, and presently saw him come driving down, evidently in quest of us; now and then he stopped, looked eagerly round, but always below where we were; and then, not finding us, we saw him, evidently very reluctantly, take up his machine, and slowly ascend the hill again.

Who would have expected to find lovers, and velocipedes, and mechanical geniuses, on such a wild and far-off hill as this? but odd people are found in very odd places, and having allowed them to occupy us thus long, we must return to the tower.

From the top of the tower, as might be expected, a magnificent view is obtained over the far country. Below, at some little distance, lies the valley of Hell, so called from the depth and gloom, and sombre dreariness of its general aspect. That, however, which struck us with most surprise was the sort of hidden, unexpected region which lies on these Odenwald heights. We ascended out of the Neckar valley, and instead of finding that we had again to descend to an equal depth on the other side of a ridge, we beheld ourselves on a high table-land country; with its wide plains, its doris or villages, and solitary woods and fields, in which peasants were getting in their harvests, and ragged boys were herding their goats, and wild girls, all health and activity, climbing aloft into the pear and apple trees, and shaking their mellow crops to the ground. In these high regions, however, the fruit-trees are not so numerous as in the valleys, and the fruit has a wild and dwarfish look.

A pair of good horses conveyed us along the still beautiful banks of the Neckar in the evening to Neckarelz, passing on our way over a high, cold, and barren tract of land. It was almost totally destitute of soil, a region of blue, clay slate, with meagre crops; a wandering shepherd or two with his flocks, and along the road-sides large tufts of black hellebore, and a tall thistle with a crimson flower, which was new to us.

A deep ravine, rent with the fury of wintry torrents, led us down into the Neckar valley again at Neckarelz, where we found ourselves in a wide vale, surrounded by vineyards, with populous villages, and on the hill opposite to our inn, the fine old castle of Neuberg. Our inn was one of those which by its exterior led us to anticipate but indifferent entertainment; but the cleanliness of all within told a different tale. We were received by a little, quick, plump young woman, the landlord's daughter, and evidently the ruling spirit of the house. She showed us a nice chamber, then opened a spacious eating-room, and inquired what we would have, and then flew off, full of good-humoured vivacity, to fetch it for us. She was one of those lively, good-

natured, bright-spirited, and occasionally arch creatures, that make all things pleasant about them. She surrounded us with all the comforts and luxuries of the house, arranged for our journey on the morrow, and was ever at hand, and willing to chat about the neighbourhood, and to tell us all we wanted to know, as if it were her greatest delight to study our pleasure. When she wanted to describe any thing very forcibly she had a way which many Germans have, of clapping her forefinger on the ridge of her nose, placing her face forwards, pretty near to yours, and then with the turns of her finger and the turns of her head, making that as clear as day which her active tongue would have made tolerably intelligible alone.

When we retired to our chamber, she saw our eyes glance up to the window, which was without curtains. "Ah," said she, with an arch smile, "you'll say the money is wanting here; but no, the curtains are only in the wash." She was one of those good-tempered, merry and clever little creatures, who might figure as an inn-keeper's daughter in a romance.

It was quite an eventful night. Before we slept, a magnificent thunder-storm frowned darkly over the valley, and then blazing out lighted up the stern old castle on the opposite hill, and the waters of the Neckar. The singular sight of large quantities of linen spread out to whiten by the laundresses in the meadows before the house, and guarded through the night by watchmen and dogs, in huts of straw, for the purpose; the watchman with his horn blowing through the night, and his rhymed speech sung out every hour; the wild, tempestuous glow of the morning through deep shadows on the hill sides, and the distant landscape, gave a character to the place and the scene which was highly impressive. The intense light of bright weather in which we had hitherto seen German scenery gave it an air of uniformity, a want of depth and tone, which in some degree had disappointed us. This was darkly grand and solemn as a landscape of Salvator Rosa.

The next day's journey was still down the Neckar, still beautiful with its wooded hills and vineyard slopes, and as thickly studded with villages below, and castles and old convents above, some converted into secular dwellings, as on the Rhine itself. Amongst these came first, the striking pile of Hornberg, the ancient seat of Götz von Berlichingen, whence, after the Bauern Krieg, or Peasants' War, he was ordered not to remove; where he wrote his own life, and where he died. It stands on the left banks of the Neckar, as you go up from Neckarelz, and just above the village of Neckar-zimmern. It is finely situated, and is a very picturesque and striking ruin. We quitted our carriage at Neckar-zimmern, and walked up the steep road among the vineyards, and entered the court-yard by an old gateway house, upon which still remain some armorial insignia, although the main shield has been taken away. An active and good-looking old woman of eighty, a great age for a German peasant, was our guide; and the jäger, or keeper, came out of his cottage in the court, with his game bag slung on his side, and accosting us with great respect, seemed quite pleased that the English came so far to see the abode of Götz von Berlichingen, with whom, he said, the glory of knighthood had departed.

The castle is extremely interesting. Various out-works with picturesque towers lead you up into the inner court, and the ruins of the Rittersaal, or baronial hall. Part of the present ruins, by their date of 1572, appear to have been built or restored by the successors of Götz. The entrance to the eating-room of this date is a curiously decorated door-frame, having one side beautifully carved with different figures, but so curiously turned at the top, that the jamb has this carving outside, and the other inside. The Rittersaal is a fine large room; the old kitchen, chambers, and chapel

remain. In the lower out-hanging towers are dungeons, one of which is entered from above by gratings, according to the usual fashion of the times. A lofty look-out tower, square on the two inner sides, and the outer ones circular, gives a vast prospect over the country. The whole is perched aloft, like an eagle's nest, and looks down grandly upon the Neckar, which makes a fine sweep below it. In front, beyond the Neckar, the hills sweep away to the distance of a mile in a variety of curves and recedings, leaving an undulating plain of considerable extent, cultivated in corn and vegetable plots. To the left of the plain rises a broken hill; and beyond that, at the point of meeting between two valleys, rises a still higher, on which stand the castle of Guttenberg, and the convent of Hoch-hausen, the scene of the very popular and romantic German legend of the fair Nothburga.

Behind this castle of Hornberg, at a moderate distance, rise wooded hills, with roads pleasantly winding up them, and into the woods. A more lovely situation cannot be conceived; and the circumstance that from his unfortunate and compulsory participation in the peasants' war, the noble-minded Götz was for thirty-seven years a close prisoner here in his own house, and employed his leisure in reviewing and writing his own life, gives a deep interest to it. We cannot help seeing him in the bloom of his years and his fame, issuing forth gaily, with his followers, to slay the stag and the boar in the forests, that still seem so pleasantly to invite you, or to chastise some proud and lawless robber-knight, and succour the distressed poor. We then see the peasants, by thousands, marching up from Weinsberg and Wimpfen—we see them come swarming up these steepes, mounting the one hill, that, projecting from the forests above, comes down into the immediate neighbourhood of the castle itself, and then holding parley with the gallant knight, or threatening to burn him out of his castle if he would not put himself at their head. We see his unfortunate compromise to put himself at their head for a month; their defeat; his captivity at Heilbronn; his removal hither, and his solitary abode in his lofty fastness, gazing out, day after day, over the forests and the fields that were forbidden, on pain of death, to his footsteps, and thence turning inward on his own past life, and sitting down, from day to day, to write portions of it.

His castle, not many years after his death, went into the family of its present possessors—the family of Gemmingen, who reside at Carlsruhe; but in an adjoining building called the Mantel-Bau, which became the dwelling-house of the later proprietors, is still kept a plain suit of his armour, his pilgrim-staff, his banner-staff, his sword; and at Jaxthausen, another house of his, at some distance, still live his descendants, and there his famous "iron hand" is still kept.

In this neighbourhood lie numerous castles, as Ehrenberg, Minneberg, to which striking and poetical legends are attached; we passed also Wimpfen am Berg, an old town, now a watering-place, pleasantly situated on the height above the Neckar, and Wimpfen im Thal. They are now busy with great salt works. These places lay in the very midst of the terrible scenes of that famous peasant war, which forms so remarkable a feature in German history; and near Wimpfen im Thal lies also the battle-field, where the Markgraf, George Frederick of Baden, fought against the Bavarians and the Spaniards in April 1622, under Tilly and Corduba, and where he would have been totally defeated had not four hundred of the people of Pfortzheim, under the command of their Bürgermeister Deimling, saved him at the expense of their own lives.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

SONNET.

THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

BY R. H. HORNE.

THE sun, that ruled the heavens, is sinking;
Thou see'st the rising of the moon;—
A forest-stag the pool is drinking;
His hunter died at pitch of noon;—
The miser o'er his hoard is thinking,
Which ruined men shall pilfer soon;—
Eve's tears flow into smiles to-morrow;
Thy joy grows from thy neighbour's sorrow;
Life in its pride from Death must borrow:
Thus discords harmonize the tune.
All life is balanced—all and each—
Fixed state thou canst not learn, nor teach
A perfect poise is out of reach;
And faith-full Patience man's best boon.

TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE BARRETT.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he!

GRAY.

WORTHY disciple of his art divine,
Whose golden sunsets, rich, romantic shores,
And pastoral vales, reflect fair Nature's face,
In every varying charm her beauty wears,
How have I loved thy pencil! Not a grace
Shed over earth from yon blue vault above,
At Dawn, Noon, Sunset, Twilight, or when Night
Draws o'er the sleeping world her silvery pall,
But thou hast traced its source and made thine own!
Nay, not an hour that circles through the day,
But thou hast marked its influence on the scene,
And touched each form with corresponding light;
Till all subdued the Landscape round assumed,—
Like visions seen through Hope's enchanted glass,—
A beauty not its own; and "cloud-capped towers,
And gorgeous palaces, and temples reared,"
As if by magic, lined the busy strand.
Of some broad sea, that rippled on in gold
To meet the setting sun! Nor less I prize
Thy solemn twilight glooms; when to mine eye,
Indefinite, each object takes the shape
That fancy lists, and in the crimsoned west,
Bright as the memory of a blissful dream,
As unsubstantial too, the daylight fades,
"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Primitive Painter! Neither age nor care,
Nor failing health,—though all conspired to mar
The calmness of thy soul,—could dim the power
Thy pencil caught from Truth. Thou shouldst have lived,
Where sunny Claude his inspiration drew,
By Arno's banks, in Tempe's haunted vale;
Or learned Poussin 'neath th' umbrageous oaks
Of some old forest, bad his sylvan groups,
Goddess with Mortal, Fawn with Dryad joined,
To Pan's untutored music circle round.
For such the themes thy chastened fancy loved:
But now thy sun has set, thy twilight sunk
In deepest night, and thou hast sought a sky
Where never cloud or shade can vex thee more!

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

WE present our readers a portrait of the new Pope, in the new and extraordinary character of a papal reformer. Reform has, at length, burst into the old and stereotyped church of Rome—stereotyped by its doctrine of infallibility. Railroads have conquered even Roman inertia. The spirit of life pervading all Europe, has scaled the Alps, and spread its wings over the Holy Roman See. In the new Pope we see, more than in any circumstance of late years, the great sign of the times—progress. That nothing can withstand it; no constitution, however ancient; no creed, however despotic; no men, however hostile in their spirits or their interests. The day and the hour are come when the spirit of God moves on the waters of human life, and will put the whole ocean of them in motion. Arts, science, intellect, and comfort, shall now rapidly overspread the earth, and the very “desert shall blossom as the rose.” With a reforming Pope, and railroads, the very wastes of the Campagna will and must become cultivated and healthy.

But they who believed that the Pope was a reformer in a merely doctrinal sense, will find themselves deceived. Pius, in his Encyclical Letter to the primates, archbishops, and bishops of the Catholic world, shows himself as Catholic as any of his predecessors. He declares that he will uphold and maintain all the ancient faith of the church. He has already given his sanction to a *miracle* performed by Mother Mackrina, the Abbess of Minak, on a young French priest, M. l'Abbé Blaupin.

So far from being disappointed, we are glad of this. We are glad that so great and striking a demonstration has been given, that men may, if they please, retain the utmost peculiarity of their faith, and yet find it no hindrance to their uniting with their fellow-men in the work of the common good. We hail it as a fact most gratifying, that Catholicism may work with Protestantism for the general advance. The world, and especially the Catholic world, owes a great debt to the new, and let it be remembered, *infallible* head of the Roman faith, that he has sanctioned social reform and social progress; that he has taken from his ancient faith the stigma of antagonism to political progression. Henceforth it matters not to our national and citizen interests of what faith a man is; that is a business betwixt himself and God: he is as a man and a subject perfectly allied to the general brotherhood in the great work of human amelioration.

Pius the Ninth was the Cardinal Mastai Ferretti. He is of a noble family of Senigallia, and received the best civil, as well as moral education. Love for the study of the sciences was united with love for the study of virtue, and both grew in him with age. When he reached the priesthood he became as eminent a preacher as he was a good theologian, and learned in other matters. His merit raised him to the honour of the pre-lacy. During all this time he was distinguished for his labours of love amongst the poor, teaching them, and exercising the ministry in the house of retreat for the poor. The education of young men was one of his most zealous cares. When the diocese of Imola was vacant, he was the only man whom the late pope deemed adapted to the difficult task of dealing with the temper of that country, and the difficult circumstances of a popular nature connected with it. He was created Cardinal Archbishop, Bishop of Imola, December 14th, 1840.

“The new pontifex,” says an unquestionable authority in a communication to the *Tablet*, “is fifty-four years old, is of a commanding presence, his countenance beaming with an almost angelic innocence; his habits

incorruptible; his manners gentle and winning; his learning eminent; his capacity and dexterity in business well proved; in a word, he abounds with all the qualities requisite to render him supereminent in his exalted station, whether we look to the spiritual or temporal duties now devolved upon him.” The portrait of Pius bespeaks such a man.

It is a singular fact, that so little did Mastai expect his own elevation to the papal chair, that he was one of the three cardinals appointed after the third scrutiny, to open the voting papers. Thirty-four votes are the number required for the election; and on opening the thirty-fourth, which gave him the majority, his emotion was so great that he fainted and fell. His two colleagues raised him and bore him to his seat: for a long time he strenuously refused to accept the election.

One of the first acts of Pius was to publish an amnesty for all political offences; and to liberate all the political persons who would pledge themselves not to abuse this act of clemency. Of the political wisdom of this act every one can form an idea, who knows the discontent prevailing in Romagna. It is said that by the amnesty, six thousand prisoners have been liberated, of whom nine hundred were incarcerated in Rome, the expense of whose maintenance was about 260*l.* a day.

This act of the Pope has thrown the whole population of his States into a fever of enthusiasm. M. Rienzi, the chief of the insurrection which broke out in Rimini, in September, 1845, was liberated from the castle of St. Angelo, and admitted to an interview with the Pope, who would not allow him to descend to the kissing of the toe, but gave him his ring to kiss; treated him with much affability, and taking Rienzi's own manifesto out of his desk, observed that it contained many useful suggestions of which he would avail himself. The *Univers* abounds with accounts of the new Pope's simple behaviour, walking the streets of Rome without ceremony, and of his active benevolence and deeds of justice. It is a glorious beginning—may it last!

The great changes which the Pope contemplates are—the introduction of railroads, which are to consist of six lines; first, from Rome to the frontiers of Naples; second, from Rome to Civita Vecchia; third, from Civita Vecchia to the confines of Tuscany; fourth, from Bologna to the confines of Tuscany; fifth, from Bologna to Ferrara; sixth, from Forlì to Ravenna. One of the lines projected is to be carried out to Ancona, under the auspices of the Pope and Lieutenant Waghorn, for the transmission of the Anglo-Indian mails.

The establishment of a *free press*, and the reduction of the household and Swiss Guards, are spoken of: the diminution of convents, and the taxation of the revenues of the Church; and lastly, the withdrawal of the annual grant to the College of Jesuits, on the ground that the community is rich enough without it.

Pius has ordered an examination of the state of the prisons, in which were found 54,000 condemned prisoners, or nearly two per cent. of the whole population. He has ordered the release of all who were condemned to five years' incarceration; and is urging on negotiations with France for a colony in Algeria, for all those condemned to twenty years' duration, or upwards.

It requires no sagacity to perceive that in these changes the most extraordinary and bold revolution which ever was contemplated, is thus contemplated by one man. It requires still less to perceive that, amid the hostile interests thus freely menaced, the life of such a man is not worth a twelvemonth's purchase. Cupidity, fanaticism, political systems, are all in arms against him. There are rumours of poison already, and that Pius is obliged to use the utmost circumspection in his life and diet. Austria is equally alarmed at his proceedings; but to enemies, both domestic and foreign, the brave man presents a brave and noble front. The people would lay down their

lives for him. Already, once alarmed at a rumour of his illness, the inhabitants of the Trastevere, the descendants of the ancient Romans, sent a deputation to him to ascertain the truth, and to promise protection to him to the death; and a writer in *Dolman's Magazine*, the Catholic organ in this country, speaks out a great truth:—"The Pope knows the material strength of his position in Italy, and Austria ought to know it too. With his words of peace and promise he has quelled discontent and rebellion in his own states. He has but to speak another word, and the cry of a few enthusiasts would be the cry of a nation. Pope Pius IX. would be King of Italy!"

Literary Notices.

Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets.
By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

BEING, as all the world is aware, *rather* closely connected with the author of this work, we did not mean to treat on it in this journal further than by occasional extracts; but the curious onslaught upon it in the *Athenæum* induces us to say a few words about it.

The public has for some time been wondering what was the cause that the notices of books in the *Athenæum* have been so odd. When they got to the end of what purported to be reviews, they found themselves no wiser than when they began. They were told a great deal about the binding, and whether the edges of the books were gilt or cut. They heard a good deal about errors of the press, and were assured on every occasion what a vastly better book the *Athenæum* could have written: but as to what was in the book under notice; as to any regular analysis of its subject, or description of its contents, they got none. The public were not aware that Mr. Dilke, the proprietor, having plunged into the ponderous guidance of the *Daily News*, had got too many irons in the fire; and that during his absence, there had been a revolution in the *Athenæum* office: the readers of the press and the binders had made an inroad with broom-sticks and paste-pots, and driven the old critics out of their corners, and taken their places. One of them seized on the *Homes and Haunts*, and hence a great display of literal errors, or what professed to be such; but no account of the real nature or contents of the book.

We happen to know that this work has engaged the author's zealous labour for upwards of two years; that in pursuit of matter for it, and in order to be accurate, he has travelled from end to end of the United Kingdom: visiting the youthful haunts of Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, etc. down in the West of England—their later ones in the north; those of Shelley, Byron, Keats, etc. from London to beyond Aberdeen; those of Scott, Campbell, Hogg, Burns, etc. in Scotland; those of Spenser, Mrs. Hemans, Goldsmith, Swift, etc. in Ireland, from the North to the far West. Is it to be supposed, that in so extensive a survey the author of the *Rural Life of England*, and of *Visits to Remarkable Places*, should have found nothing of interest? That in nearly a thousand pages of so practised a writer there should be nothing better worth commenting on than that by a misprint *Sim* is made *Sam*, or *Bailly* is made *Bailie*.

The entomologists describe, amid a host of beetles, two of particularly opposite nature. These are the *Cetonia aurata*, or Rose Beetle, and the *Geotrupes stercorarius*, the dirty dor-beetle—the "shard-borne

beetle," of Shakspeare—or in plain English, the dung-beetle. The beautiful rose-beetle, or rose-chaffer, in its splendid coat of green and gold, by a fine instinct, seeks out and lives amid beauty and fragrance. You may find it on any May-morning, glittering on the bosom of the newly opened rose, inhaling its aroma, and revelling in its crimson loveliness. The dung-beetle, on the contrary, follows an opposite instinct. To him neither rose, nor lily, nor apple-blossom, nor anything that is beautiful, or sweet, or elegant, exists. He has neither eye nor nose for them. His organization is of a kind that does not allow him to perceive them. To him all creation is a blank—except one spot—the dung-hill; and to that he whirled, droning away past the whole superb and odoriferous productions of the garden.

In the entomology of 'criticism, the very same creatures exist. The true critic is immediately attracted towards whatever is beautiful, true to nature, or noble in sentiment; and draws it forth, and recommends it to the reader; he leaves the little flaw, or the spots of dust, to such as have no higher tastes or perception. It is the genuine literary dung-beetle which revels in the dirt at the foot of the noble pile which the true man truly describes. To him the finer contents of a book have no existence. He has no organization to enable him to perceive or lay hold on them. Where the writer describes a Vicar of Wakefield, he sees only that the Vicar's shoes are dusty; where the poet describes a noble scene, or utters a fine sentiment, the literary *stercorarius* is only aware that the poet's trousers have no straps.

But the mighty hunter of small deer before us is not content to point out literal errata, he must pretend to know a great deal. He is quite amazed that Mr. Howitt has not included all the poets that ever lived in his two volumes; and, as we learn, is most indignant that he himself is not included, having some years ago come out with a great flourish of trumpets as a great epic poet, of whom nobody took any notice; and what is worse, having the other day sent an ode to this *Journal*, which was returned with thanks. He is very much amazed that Sir Philip Sydney was not put in, with all Penshurst on his back,—while nobody but himself ever believed Sir Philip to be one of our most eminent poets, though he is a great writer, and was a most noble man; and while, also, everyone knows that the very first article of Mr. Howitt's "*Visits to Remarkable Places*" was Penshurst, which, with all its family documents, was thrown open to him by its present noble owner, the descendant of the Sidneys, and which forms the most complete account of Penshurst ever published.

He is equally profound on the traditions of Holland House, and shows that Addison never did or could write any of his "*Spectators*" there. We can only say that such are the traditions of Holland House, and the *only* traditions of Holland House. That they were most kindly, personally, and on the spot communicated to the author by the present noble proprietor,—and that any one who supposes that Addison was obliged to be married to the Countess of Warwick before he could or did write anything at Holland House, knows very little of Addison's history or habits of intimacy in that house for many years before that event.

The writer delights, however, in finding mares' nests. Such is that of *Sam* for *Sim*. The lines in Ben Jonson's verses alluded to are these:—

"Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers."

Any other than a mere literary dor-beetle would have seen that this was a mere misprint. But he finds a mare's nest as big at Abbotsford. The account of the interior

and its contents, he says, was *not* furnished by Sir Walter himself. Lockhart knows better, and *he* knows better, cunning fellow. Now, who says that Lockhart ever did say that Sir Walter furnished it? The statement to be found at page 551 of Lockhart's People's Edition of Scott's Life is this:—"I now insert the fullest account that I know of—one drawn up in 1829, for a keepsake, called the Anniversary, of which Mr. Allan Cunningham had at that time the management. It was written in the character of an imaginary American, supposed to visit Scotland in the summer of 1825, and to examine the place when Sir Walter was absent," etc. Now, Sir Walter being a contributor to the Anniversary, and his perpetual mystifications of this kind, gave the public an idea that Sir Walter furnished it himself. It was, therefore, not only *said* that Scott furnished it, but it has continued to be said so; but so far from Mr. Howitt saying that Lockhart says so, he himself says he doubts the truth of the saying, because he finds the account so inaccurate.

But this literary *Stercorarius* is not content to attempt wielding little matters of this kind; he actually runs Quixote-like on the localities of London, and carries the Mermaid Tavern and the Globe Theatre clean away at one lift out of their ancient positions. "The Mermaid Tavern," he says, "never was in *Friday Street* at all, but in *Bread Street*." It is the first time we ever heard of it. Gifford, in his *Life and Works of Ben Jonson*, says, "About this time (1603) Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham, and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the *Mermaid*, a celebrated tavern in *Friday Street*." We need not quote, regarding so well-known a fact, further than that Charles Knight in his "London" gives the same locality.

Equally absurd is the exploit of the literary *Stercorarius* as regards the Globe Theatre. Stow, who should be pretty good authority, places it on Bankside; and turning to Charles Knight's "London," the first work on London at hand, we find him declaring the same thing, and locating Bankside thus: "Not the least interesting part of the river is that now lying on our right between the bridges of Black Friars and Southwark, and known generally from a very remote period as the Bankside. * * * And here, too, on the Bankside was the Globe Theatre (Shakspeare's theatre), situated very nearly in a line with the approach to the present Southwark Bridge."

Another mare's nest of this very acute critic is, that Mr. Howitt talks of the Globe Theatre being burnt down in 1613, and yet of the name of Shakspeare being found in the accounts of the theatre for that year. The theatre was burnt down in *June* of that year, and surely half a year was time enough for the name of Shakspeare or of a thousand other men having been looked for on its books. This is a simple fact as regards Shakspeare; but to proceed with the blunders of this writer would be a waste of time. He concludes, as such men generally do when they have sufficiently cooled their malice, with an air of candour, warning Mr. Howitt to be careful of his reputation for accuracy. We conclude our remarks with a warning too, and that is, to the proprietor of the *Athenæum* to take a good new besom, and sweep the literary dor-becies out of his premises. The patience of the public may be too much tempted. It looks not for ebullitions of spleen, but good sensible criticism, and if it does not find it in one publication, will soon look for it in another. The *Literary Gazette* says of this very same work: "The whole work is digested with ability and care; *nothing more could be done by an author*. We heartily commend his diligence, and bear witness to his talent." The acute editor of the *Examiner* says: "A fresh and

vidid love of the subject is as obvious in its last page as its first." The honest and candid editor of the *Atlas* says: "The energy of Mr. Howitt's style, his rapid survey of facts and characters, the clearness with which he masses the principal features of a biography, and the integrity which everywhere shines through his criticisms, confer a permanent interest on the work. There will be many differences of opinion on points of taste; but it is the province of such books to raise questions of this kind. They provoke speculation; they set you thinking and finding fault, which is the first thing most people do when they are required to think; they open new views, and disturb old prejudices. A book which never begs the question is sure of rough handling in some quarters."

Here then, leaving the critics, we remark ourselves, that we confess that Mr. Howitt is a dangerous man in the literary republic. He advises authors never to sell their copyrights, but merely editions. He tells them, what publishers had much rather that he did not tell them, that they will get no more for a whole copyright than they will for a single edition. He tells them that they have no right to rob their families and children to enrich booksellers. He says, I never would sell my copyrights, and my works are become a substantial property to me. I have sold merely one edition of the present work; and the large sum I have received from that is but the first instalment of many thousand pounds which I hope to receive, or that my children will receive, from successive editions. He bids authors, as he does mechanics, to combine, and thus to become powerful and alike independent of publishers and reviewers. He tells them these and many such truths, in these very volumes. He bids the public to laugh at critics, and read and judge for themselves. He says, that for five-and-twenty years the critics have been continually serving him as Goldsmith says the robber did the sailor,—first knock him down, and then tell him to stand; but that he has not only stood, but walked on, trusting in truth and the public, and every year finding the sale of his works extend, and his favour with the public on the increase. These are dangerous doctrines, but Mr. Howitt enjoys danger, and flourishes on it. On the other hand, he points out the fate of authors who will not combine, and will not be men of business. One such case we will quote. The critics talk of "the gossip" of the volume: if this be gossip, it is of an awful kind,—

TANNAHILL'S HOLE.

"For want of poets and poets' children entertaining these rational ideas, what miseries have from age to age awaited them! In the course of my peregrinations to the birth-places and the tombs of poets, how often have these reflections been forced upon me! Humble, indeed, are frequently their birth-places; but what is far worse, how wretched are often the places of their deaths! How many of them have died in the squalid haunts of destitution, and even by their own hand! How many of them have left their families to utter poverty; how many of those careased in their lives, lie without a stone or a word of remembrance in their graves! Scott, with all his glory and his monuments in other places, has not even a slab bearing his name laid upon his breast. Chatterton's very bones have been dispersed to make a market. Motherwell, amid all the proud cenotaphs in the Necropolis at Glasgow, such men as Major Monteith having whole funeral palaces to themselves, has not even a cubic foot of stone, or a mere post with his initials, to mark his resting-place. But still more melancholy is the contemplation of the beginning and the end of Robert Tannahill, the popular song-writer of Paisley. Tannahill was no doubt stimulated by the fame of Burns. True, he had not the genius of Burns, but genius he had, and that is conspicuous in many of those songs which during his lifetime were sung with enthusiasm by his countrymen. Tannahill was a poor weaver of Paisley. The cottage where he lived is still to be seen, a very ordinary weaver's cottage in an ordinary street; and the place where he drowned himself may be seen too at the outside of the town. This is one of the most dismal places in which a poet ever terminated his career. Tannahill, like Burns, was fond of a jovial hour amid his comrades in a public-house. But weaving of verse and weaving of calico did not agree. The world applauded, but did not patronise; poverty came like an armed man; and Tannahill, in the frenzy of despair, resolved to

terminate his existence. Outside of Paialey there is a place where a small stream passes under a canal. To facilitate this passage, a deep pit is sunk, and a channel for the waters is made under the bottom of the canal. This pit is, I believe, eighteen feet deep. It is built round with stone, which is rounded off at its mouth, so that any one falling in cannot by any possibility get out, for there is nothing to lay hold of. Any one once in there might grasp and grasp in vain for an edge to seize upon. He would sink back and back till he was exhausted and sank for ever. No doubt Tannahill in moments of gloomy observation had noted this. And at midnight he came, stripped off his coat, laid down his hat, and took the fatal plunge. No cry could reach human ear from that horrible abyss: no effort of the strongest swimmer could avail to sustain him: soon worn out he must go down, and amid the black boiling torrent be borne through the subterranean channel onward with the stream. Thus died Robert Tannahill, and a more fearful termination was never put to a poetical career. The place is called Tannahill's hole, and cats and dogs drowned in it, from its peculiar fitness for inevitable drowning, float about on the surface, and add to the revolting shudder which the sight of it creates."

Characteristics of Men of Genius; a Series of Biographical, Historical, and Critical Essays, selected by permission, chiefly from the North American Review.
2 vols. Chapman, Brothers, Newgate Street. 1846.

THESE volumes are valuable additions to our materials for thought. To criticise their contents would be a work of supererogation, after the excellent preface of Mr. John Chapman, which is, indeed, an able review of the whole. They comprise articles on Gregory VII., Ignatius Loyola, and Pascal, ranked as ecclesiastics; on Dante, Petrarch, Milton, Shelley, Lord Byron, Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, and the Poets of Germany. From this list of poets we would have abstracted Scott, and treated of him as a novelist. Michael Angelo and Canova are classed as artists; and Machiavelli, Louis IX., and Peter the Great, as statesmen. Here is abundance of variety, and all are more or less treated with talent; some with profound ability—as for example, Goethe, towards whom a spirit discriminative as well as reverential is maintained. We agree with Mr. Chapman in wishing, however, that an article on Schiller had been also given, and we may add, by the same able hand. The favourite maxims of the two men here given in juxtaposition, are suggestive of the power to develop each. Schiller's was, "Keep true to the dream of thy youth"—Goethe's was, "It is not the knowledge of what *might be*, but what *is*, that forms us." These two maxims, taken in their broad sense, merge into one. Keep true to the dream of thy youth, and thou wilt never cease to inquire, and to accumulate the knowledge of what *is*. It is because the dream of youth becomes dull before manhood, that the knowledge of what *is*, so seldom is attained, and action is so tardy and defective, and progression so uncertain and slow.

The essay on Shelley pleases us the least of all. Laudatory as it is, it is apologetic, and Shelley needs no apology. His course is simply the upward tendency of the flame of aspiration, necessarily destructive at its first kindling, but burning on more and more clearly into a steady glow. And this leads us to another objection. We would fain have seen in writers so advanced as these, a distinction made, the neglect of which opens the door to extensive error. We mean, a distinction between the systems and powers which have been invented or set up by men in various ages, in the name of Christ, and the doctrine, or rather influence, which is true Christianity. The former have generally been diametrically opposed to the latter, yet they have all been called *Christianity*. It is time that this error in language should be corrected. The writer, for example, of the brilliant essay on Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, describes that extraordinary and gifted man as having for his aim the spread of Christianity. His aim was indeed the spread of a system which he conceived to be Christianity, but which possessed no single resemblance to it, in truth. In like manner the writer

on Shelley represents him as opposed to Christianity; and indeed Shelley fell into the same mistake concerning himself, a mistake which he would have corrected had he lived longer. Let any one read at p. 221 of Vol. I. the list of his sacrifices for conscience and principle; then the description of his generous, loving, truthful nature; and lastly Leigh Hunt's testimony—"He was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest;" and then ask, Was this man opposed to Christ?

The same error in language runs through the article on Pascal, and that fine one on Gregory VII. No praises of Gregory's intellect, his grand views, his powerful will, his great achievement, can be too high. He conquered brute force by church authority. He raised a great despotism which overtopped all others. But this is not Christianity. He is said to have been the son of a carpenter—here is his history condensed by a poet:—

"There was a carpenter of Tuscany,
Whose son, from a cowed monk, made himself Pontiff.
High-fronted saints and martyrs, men sublime
In aspiration and security,—
Trusting to virtue, wisdom, Justice, peace,
The elements of nature in their souls,—
Have by thus trusting left their tasks undone;
Staked midst the roar of flames, or nailed and left
In silence on the lonely night-black cross.
So I, who know what blood I have within,
Do act, believing all mankind the same;
And being now in thunder throned above them,
Shall melt them with my fiery bolts, and pour
These tremblers in the moulds of my fixed will.
One Altar—one High Pontiff—and some Kings,
Holding in fief their sceptres."

Gregory VII. A Tragedy, by R. H. Horne.

Christ was the son of a carpenter. When the tempter came to him, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, He turned away. He went among the poor and oppressed; denounced the powerful and the oppressors; chose the human heart as his kingdom; taught that the Infinite Spirit is the universal Father; taught reverence, faith, and love; and was rejected and crucified. But the great domination erected by Gregory has crumbled away; the once terrible powers of the Church are but words; while the "still, small voice," awakened in the heart of man by Christ, speaks ever more and more distinctly; begins to influence feeling and action, and begins at length to unfold the meanings and bearings, and the great simplicity of truth in his words, "One is your Father, even God, and all ye are brethren."

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I saw an insect painfully pursue

Its dusty path, yet scarce escape my tread,
When instantly its filmy wings outspread—
High through the crystal air it soaring flew
Beyond my power, and far beyond my view.

And in my heart, Let pride mark that, I said—

Let pride mark that, when it is vainly led
To smile disdain upon life's toiling crew;
Let strong hands pause—be scornful lids unsealed;

Knowing how oft in some poor form's disguise
Wings of a folded spirit are concealed,

Which flashing forth, may strike them with surprise,
And bear to sunlit heights, where never came
Wealth's glowworm gleam—its consecrated name.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

Public Meeting in Sheffield, to connect an Athenæum with the Mechanics' Institution.—On Wednesday evening, the 12th instant, a public meeting was held in the Cutler's Hall. The Mayor presided, and after addressing the meeting in favour of popular education, called upon Mr John Taylor, the managing director of the Mechanics' Institute, to read a report of the present condition and prospects of the Institution. The report detailed the rise and progress of the institute, and showed that by a judicious extension of operations, its future usefulness might be greatly increased. It also stated that several hundred young men—clerks, warehousemen, shopmen, and others—were ready to become members, and pay a subscription of 25s. per annum, on condition that they could be assured of the usual comforts and conveniences of an Athenæum. It was proved that, in order to carry out their plans, the directors needed a commodious Hall; and an immediate augmentation of the Building Fund, by additional donations, was strongly recommended. Resolutions in support of the leading features of the report were passed unanimously. The following gentlemen were on the platform and took prominent parts in the business of the evening:—John Parker, Esq. M.P., one of the secretaries of Her Majesty's Treasury; Henry George Ward, Esq. M.P., one of the secretaries of the Admiralty; Samuel Bailey, Esq., author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions;" William Jeffcock, Esq., William Fisher, Esq., William Smith, Esq., Thomas Dunn, Esq., Richard Solly, Esq., T. A. Ward, Esq., Thomas Birks, Esq., Edward Bromley, Esq., George Tucker, Esq., Mr. Isaac Ironside, Mr. George Cropper, Mr. Richard Oley, &c. &c. Towards the close of the proceedings, donations, amounting to more than £1000, were announced amidst loud cheers; and a canvass for further subscriptions was agreed upon. The meeting was very satisfactory to all the parties concerned, and cannot fail to beneficially influence the town. The attendance of Mr. Samuel Bailey, who has not appeared in public matters for some years, was hailed with great delight. His speech was heard with deep attention, and will no doubt receive a large share of notice in distant places. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Lord Morpeth and Dr. Hodgson, of Liverpool, received invitations, but were unable to be present. The directors were made aware that Mr. William Howitt was likely to be in the neighbourhood of Leeds about the time of the meeting, but were unable to convey to him a sufficiently early intimation of their desire for his countenance and assistance. That gentleman passed through Sheffield on the 11th, and said what pleasure it would have given him to aid in promoting the object in view.

JOHN FOWLER.

Health of Towns Association.—It gives us great pleasure to see the energy with which this most important association prosecutes its labours. It is now issuing a weekly sheet of facts and figures, of which the reprint from this Journal of Dr. Southwood Smith's Address to the Working Classes of England on the subject, forms a number. From the second number we may select the following fact as demonstrative of our reckless waste of the necessary means of keeping up the productive power of our lands.

Guano Streams.—"The annual value of the chief constituents of the Sewage Water, which at present passes into the Thames from the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, is £23,360; and of that which flows from all the Sewers of London, on the supposition that the fluid they discharge is of equal strength, £433,879."—*Evidence of Professor Miller. Report of the Select Committee on Metropolitan Sewage Manure, p. 41.*

It is most gratifying to be able to state from personal knowledge, derived from a recent journey through the manufacturing districts, that the exertions of the association have awoken a lively interest on the subject everywhere. Most

populous towns are now discovered to need great sanitary reform. The drainage and sewerage are acknowledged to be very defective. In Liverpool a new act for the consumption of smoke is just about taking place. Why not have one comprehensive and effective act for every place? In Sheffield there is a talk of the Town Council taking up the sanitary question. The deadly churchyard earth at Minchinhampton has caused the subject of crowded burial-grounds in towns to be again considered. We shall give every attention to this great question, and shall do all in our power to diffuse the necessary knowledge of its needs and its advance.

We are glad to hear of the successful progress of the *People's International League*. The objects of which are:—

To enlighten the English public as to the political condition and relations of foreign countries;

To disseminate the principles of National Liberty and progress;

To embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in favour of the right of every people to self-government, and the maintenance of their own nationality.

To promote a good understanding between the peoples of all countries.

Frederick Douglass no longer a Slave.—Several warm-hearted individuals have purchased the freedom of this truly noble human being. "They could not bear," says a letter to the Editors from the North of England, "that such a man should be in danger from the wicked laws of the slave-holder, and therefore they negotiated with his former owner Hugh Auld for his freedom, explaining to him at the same time the grounds of this proceeding. His freedom has been purchased, and the next steamer from New York will bring the documents of his manumission to this country."

Progress of the Co-operative Principle.—Amongst the encouraging signs of the times, are the appearance of two periodicals in the Isle of Man, "The People's Press," and "The Herald of Redemption." We should have preferred for the latter the title of "The Herald of Co-operation," as one much more clearly indicative of its objects, but the work itself is ably written, and both promise to be of great service to the cause.

Temperance.—We have had several letters, inquiring how far we mean to advocate the cause of temperance; and alluding to passages in the articles of some of our contributors which did not seem to be in strict accordance with that spirit. We are desirous not to interfere with the communications of those writers of high note whose productions do honour to our pages, confident in the general soundness and purity of their views. Our readers, as well as ourselves, must leave to them a wise liberty, but as to the general cause of temperance we are zealous for its progress. We know how much depends on it for the elevation of the working classes, and for the general improvement of society. We recommend it to the labouring classes, especially, as one of the grandest means of their emancipation from the miseries of their present condition; and while we wish to be allowed to practice temperance rather than abstinence, as has ever been our wont, and to maintain the propriety of this liberty for others, we agree fully that for those who have lost the power of temperance there is no resource but in perfect abstinence; and recognise the truly fraternal and Christian feeling of those who, to encourage the weak, enter the lists of abstinence themselves. These are our views, and with these views we shall be happy to record the triumphs of the reforms of temperance, to give a medium to the advocates of this great cause, and to further their views all in our power. We now present a paper on this subject from a true friend of the people.

On Intoxicating Drinks.—A Lesson for the Sober.—All history testifies that indulgence in intoxicating drinks has introduced more physical suffering, immorality, and crime into the world than any other vice to which our race is addicted; for the *scars* instigated or rendered destructive by drink, the *crimes* perpetrated by its influence, the *lives* it has sacrificed and *wealth* wasted, proclaim it as the monster evil in all ages.

More than half of the *crime* of our country is still to be traced to the debasing power of intoxicating drink,—it is still the source of most of the *diseases* which afflict society, and in the catalogue of *deaths* it is found to be the greatest destroyer of our species.

It still forms the largest tax on individual industry, and sacrifices the largest amount of national wealth *through idleness, waste, fire, and shipwreck*. The love of drink still poisons the fount of infant education, saps the mental and moral stamina of our adults, and forms one of the greatest obstacles to all social and political improvement.

Where is found a greater incubus on all exertions for effecting the emancipation of our race, than is found in the stupefying influence of pot and pipe, and the habits and associations they so often engender?

Who perpetuates ignorance, superstition and bigotry more effectually than those who drink to their own destruction the means by which their children might be enlightened, and themselves qualified to aid in the regeneration of their country?

Who contributes more largely to support injustice and oppression in every form, than those who give millions annually to uphold the tavern, and decorate the palace of the gin seller? while they neglect schools and institutes, despise books, sneer at instruction, and in their despair or drunken frenzy too often sell themselves as fighting tools to keep their brother slaves in subjection.

Seeing, then, the numerous evils occasioned by the love of drink, *we are all morally bound* not only to avoid the temptation ourselves, but by precept and *example* to endeavour to dissuade others from so destructive a vice.

We shall hear some persons advocate *its moderate use*, and talk of its *temperate indulgence*; but who can say he will prove its master who once tastes the seductive poison, seeing it has so often been proved to be uncontrollable by the stoutest hearts and strongest minds?

Its immediate effect is to force the passions into activity, and *weakens the powers of self-control*; and every successive indulgence gives energy to the one, and hastens the prostration of the other. It is highly fallacious to suppose that intoxicating drink imparts strength to either mind or body, for its use gradually undermines the strongest constitutions, and inflames, weakens, and eventually destroys the most highly gifted minds.

Intoxicating drink is baneful to our whole bodily and mental structure; it unnaturally stimulates the vital action, forces the blood too rapidly through its channels, injures every delicate vessel, weakens the digestive organs, irritates the nervous system, and overcharges the brain; producing in turn delirious sensations, noisy madness, and drunken stupor.

The *intoxicating ingredient* in all drinks is *alcohol*, a strong burning poison, which varies in quality in different liquors; brandy, rum, gin, whisky, and wine, containing a greater proportion of it than beer, ale, or other malt liquors.

But though the quantity of alcohol in wine and spirits may more immediately injure the body, the use of *malt liquors* is no less destructive of health; for in addition to the alcohol contained in them, the narcotic of the hops, and other pernicious substances sold by brewers-druggists, and used by brewers and beer doctors, render them equally injurious.

Spirit drinkers, for the most part, become pale and emaciated, the constant stimulus injuring all those organs which supply healthful nutriment to the body; their appetites therefore gradually fail them, their nervous system becomes irritable tending to insanity of mind, and their constitutions, however vigorous, rapidly sink to decay.

Beer and wine drinkers, on the other hand, have a tendency to become bloated and corpulent, which is a disease of body supposed to arise from the partially fermented nature of the drink; their blood becomes dark and adhesive, impeding circulation, their livers enlarged, their whole viscera diseased, their breathing difficult, and inflammation or apoplexy generally terminates their career.

Unhappily, it is a very common error among the unreflecting, (which is strengthened by the drinking habits of society,) that intoxicating drink will the better enable them to perform labour, sustain fatigue, and endure cold; but so far from this

being the case, the contrary has been often proved, for the excitement of drink leaves their bodies more depressed, more susceptible of cold, and more subject to diseases of every description.

Habit and custom, too, have already ensnared thousands to the gradual undermining of all that is useful in their lives or noble in their nature; and it requires a great amount of moral energy to break those bonds and be courage proof against the sneers and solicitations of those who are still prejudiced and spell-bound in favour of this intoxicating poison.

But would those who are still free from its influence stand secure, they should sedulously avoid the most distant temptation. Thousands in this metropolis and our large towns, attracted by the joyous feelings of their nature to share in those recreations and amusements which are too often associated with drink, have by first sipping the poison been gradually led captive to all its degrading and brutalizing tendencies. Would the sober, therefore, preserve their health of body and strength of mind, would they contribute to the freedom and happiness of their race, would they be fit companions for the wise and moral, and be good husbands, fathers, and friends, they should eschew intoxicating drink as the most subtle and potent of tempters, which once yielded to may blight their manhood, sear their hopes, and speedily effect their destruction.

WILLIAM LOVETT.

The Editors are happy to announce that they have secured the able assistance of the following eminent writers:—

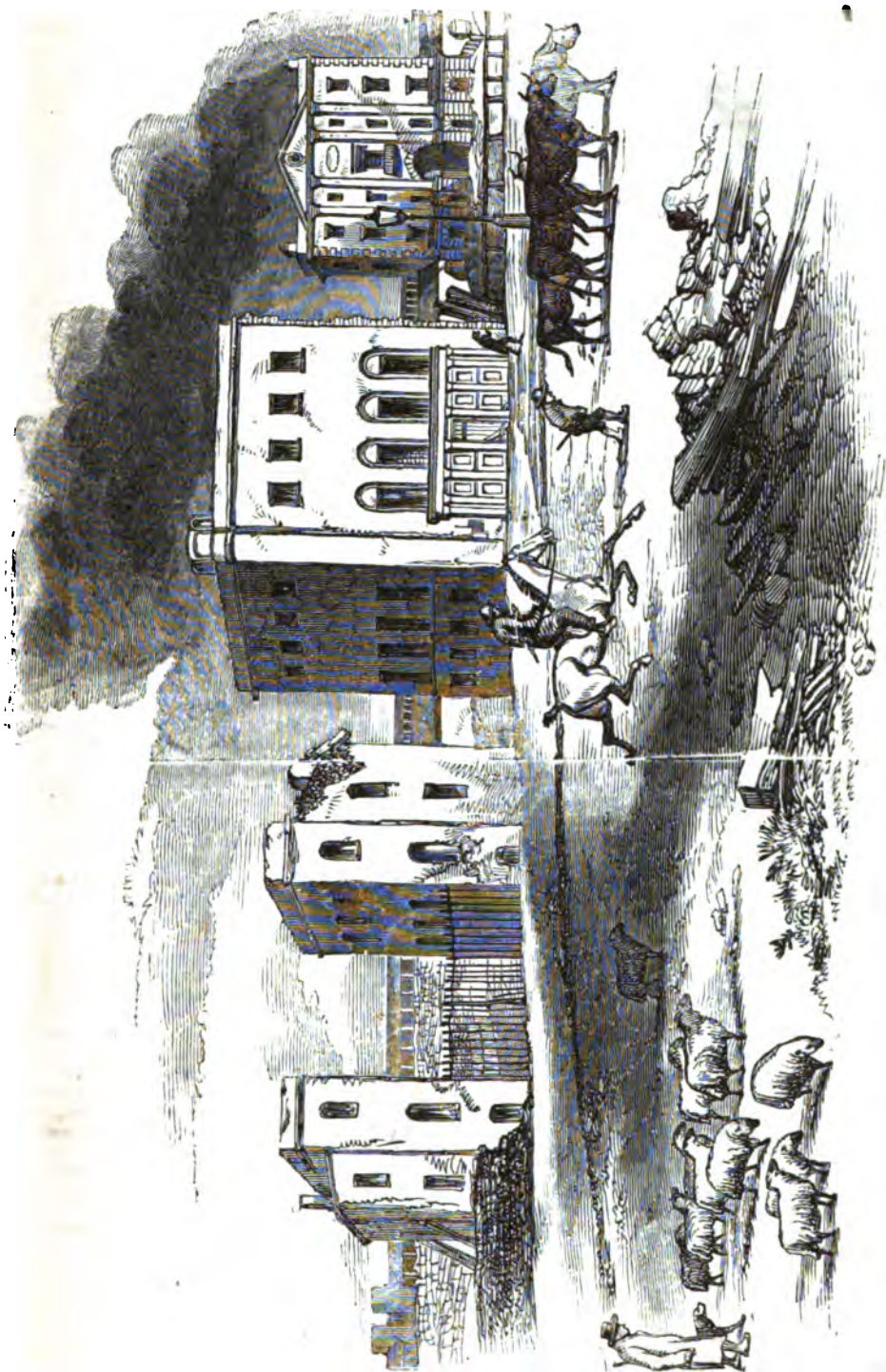
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 PHILIP BAILEY, (Author of *Festus*.)
 GOODWYN BARMBY.
 MISS BREMER, (Stockholm.)
 DR. BOWRING.
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 DR. SMILES, (Leeds.)
 DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.
 CAMILLA TOULMIN.
 ALARIC A. WATTS.
 WHITTIER, (The American Poet.)

THE modesty of DR. BOWRING has not allowed him to state in his interesting "Free Trade Recollections" this week, that the main mover and accomplisher of the reforms in the Isle of Man was himself. It is due from us to remind the reader of it.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, January 30, 1847.



THE ISLINGTON CATTLE MARKET.

VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

VISITS TO PLACES IN LONDON.—THE NEW MARKET AT ISLINGTON.

In the middle of the densest and most thronged city in the world, exists the most horrible market in the world. Through the streets of this great and busy city, already far too much crowded with people and carriages of all sorts—wagons, carts, omnibuses, coaches, flies, cabs, and drays—are every week driven immense droves of bullocks and sheep, to the great disconcertment of the passengers, to the great disconcertment of business, and to the great suffering of the frightened and beaten animals. Arriving at the centre of this great and crammed together population, are these wretched animals—often made furious by the noise, the shouting, the running and cudgelling through which they have to pass, and ready to toss or run over any one that comes in their way—introduced into an airy and spacious market, fit for the purposes of business in this great London, the city of business! No, they are cooped, on an average, 30,000 sheep, and 6 000 cattle, within the space of four acres and a half!

There is nothing like it in the most barbarous and unbusiness-like spot in Europe; nay, in the world besides. The astonishment of the French commissioners who were sent out to inspect the cities of Europe, with reference to contemplated improvements at home, has been recorded by them on the subject of Smithfield, and that record of astonishment has been quoted into our papers. Their amazement at what they saw was unbounded. And well it might be. In a country which prides itself on its business regulations, such a piece of barbarously rude inattention to so plain a matter of business as an airy, commodious, and healthy market for their metropolis, is only to be accounted for by reasons behind the scenes. Those reasons are the selfishness of the butchers and the corporation of London—very odd allies; but interest, as well as poverty, makes both strange bed-fellows and strange market-fellows. For the mere selfishness, then, of the corporation of London, and their worthy colleagues the butchers, as we shall see anon, this disgusting and revolting spectacle of Smithfield, and cattle frightening people in all the streets of London, and people frightening cattle, is kept up. In the most humane country in the world, the most inhuman, the most brutal practice is maintained. What is the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals about? What is the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge about? Why does it not send some of its tracts to the lord mayor and the worshipful aldermen? What is the Peace Society about, that it does not endeavour to put down the weekly and yearly war between the bulls of Bashan and her Majesty's unoffending but very much offended subjects? And what is the Association for the Improvement of the Health of Towns about? For there is no subject which so much demands its attention as Smithfield; this old field of cruelty; this modern Golgotha, with all its horrors, its savage barbarisms, its butcherly exhibitions before the public, its choking of cattle, its tearing off of sheep's ears by dogs, its broken legs of lambs, and its knocking off of bullock's horns; with its trodden-down-to-death victims; with all its dismal dens for brute captives in its vicinity, its bloody slaughter-houses, and horrid holds deep with yards of accumulated filth and gore, ready, like the churchyard earth of Minchinhampton, on being stirred, to send fever and pestilence through the whole city.

I merely now point to those abominations which lie reeking and festering in the close neighbourhood of Saffron-hill, Field-lane, and Clerkenwell; which crowd up to our prisons, our hospitals, our great Christchurch

School, to the very neighbourhood of the General Post-office; which thrust the rank fumes of Warwick-lane, and the carnage of Newgate Market, into the face of Paternoster-row—whence some light and knowledge ought to come—and send their foul steams into the porch and dome of St. Paul's itself. But as I proceed, I shall bring them under closer notice. It is consolatory to perceive that the tide of public indignation is rising against this atrocious state of things. The press has of late nobly made its voice heard upon the subject. The jests and the clever engravings of Punch have thrown ridicule on the fact that no tossing is allowed in the streets except by bullocks, and have increased the just alarm of passengers by the exhibition of the rush of furious oxen out of the old martyr-ground of Smithfield. Her Majesty the Queen has most wisely recommended her loving subjects to add another subject to their number—that of the Health of Towns; and this will give a new impulse to the determination of the public to compel the Corporation of London to think less of rent than of the lives and limbs of their neighbours; and the butchers to be content that their sheep and oxen are eaten in the city, and not killed there. As sure as Smithfield was compelled to give up its martyr stakes, it will be compelled to give up its cattle stalls. It might as well have determined to continue the roasting of men, as to continue to collect its cattle for roasting. The drover's cudgel must follow the executioner's faggot, and Smithfield be left to the more rational purposes of a mart for hay and corn, or for the station of a central railway.

But the most amazing thing connected with this subject is, that while the public has been expressing its disgust and impatience at the scenes of confusion and fright—at the disorders and accidents of the streets, arising from the use of Smithfield as a cattle market—everybody seems to have forgotten that there was not the slightest necessity for the continuance of the market-place there for a single day; that for the last eleven years there has been standing in the suburbs, just where such a market should stand, a most commodious and admirably fitted-up cattle-market. The New Market at Islington, as it is called, or rather at Ball's Pond, has for that period been waiting for the dawn of common sense in London. All this time that the public has been pained and disgusted with the weekly exhibitions of brutal cruelty in the streets of London, they have forgotten that there was no need for the hoof of ox or sheep to touch the stones of London streets at all. All the while that they have complained of people being put into danger, being run over, and trodden down, this great New Market was opening its capacious gates, amid its solitary highways, for the welcome reception of these horned terrors of the metropolis. All the while that the dense population of the neighbourhood of Smithfield has been breathing the effluvia of the slaughter-houses, there has been a space of ten acres appropriated to the erection of Abattoirs in that outskirt; and all the time that, from week to week, 6,000 cattle and 30,000 sheep have been cooped, compressed, driven, cudgelled, and crushed, into the small space of four acres and a half, to the loss of much life, to the infliction of much suffering, to the deterioration of much property, and to the ruin of the healthy condition of the animal food of the metropolis, this New Market has stood as in silent wonder at the folly of London, with its fifteen acres of accommodation, with its cool air, its plentiful supply of water, its sheds for 2,000 cattle, its pens for 4,000 more, its space for 18,000 or 20,000 more, and its pens for 40,000 sheep!

I would advise the people of London to bend their steps towards this singular and, under the circumstances, wonderful place; to take their Sunday walk in that direction; and when they have seen this Palmyra of markets, half desolate from desertion, but still full of every

requisite provision—of protecting sheds, admirably paved and airy stalls and pens, its wells and water-troughs, its banking-houses, and numerous entrances; if they do not go back, and vent their indignation at those sordid interests which still make Smithfield a horror and an abomination, we will give them up as hopelessly degenerated from that brave race which has ever peopled London, and asserted not only their own rights and advantages, but those of the whole kingdom.

It is some years since, passing along the lower Islington Road, near Ball's Pond, I was struck with the vast piles of unfinished and uninhabited buildings which were there. It was obvious at a glance that there was some great design there which had received a great check ere its full completion. You saw that there had been a vast scheme interrupted by as vast a disappointment. There was the mammoth skeleton, as it were, of some huge creation. There were great entrance gateways, and wings, each way, of houses, fully run up, but uninhabited and full of desolation. I looked in through the gates, and found that it was a great cattle market.

To my surprise I next found that this had been planned and created by the enterprise, not of a powerful company, but of a single individual. Mr. Perkins, a country gentleman, impressed with the necessity of the removal of a cattle-market out of the heart of London, had commenced, and carried out so far, this stupendous undertaking. But as was to be expected, he found in the Corporation of the City of London, the proprietors of Smithfield market, and in the butchers, keepers of public-houses in that locality, and salesmen, a determined body of opponents. The corporation feared to lose their enormous rental; the butchers, that they should be compelled to give up their slaughter-houses thus near to their shops, and to send to Abattoirs, near the New Market; the publicans were aware of the consequent end of their trade with the drovers and farmers; and the salesmen, that in a more open and convenient market many farmers would sell their own. Besides these, the owners of sheds and yards for cattle about Smithfield foresaw a like catastrophe to their profits; and a fierce parliamentary opposition was raised. Mr. Perkins bravely faced it, and stood it out. He triumphed, and obtained his act, which received the royal assent 9th September, 1835.

Thus all was gained which seemed necessary for the existence of a new market. The situation was most favourable. It lay on the outskirts of London. Numbers of graziers and farmers had come before the parliamentary committee, and expressed their opinion of the decided advantages which would be afforded by this new location of the London cattle market. It would be extremely convenient to the farmers, graziers, and dealers of cattle in those parts of the kingdom from which the chief supplies come—namely, the Northern, Midland, and Eastern counties, particularly the Midland. From the south-east, Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, they would come with equal advantage. The only inconvenience would be to the supply from the south, which is comparatively small. But to all, once arriving there, the benefit was extreme. It was shown in evidence, that cattle, especially in hot weather, and sheep in their wool, after being driven some distance, were so oppressed by the crowded condition of Smithfield, that they suffered extremely, so much so, that many were obliged to be killed on the spot; all were greatly reduced in weight and quality, and many, if again turned out to pasture, would not regain their condition for more than a month. Here, at Islington, owing to the greater space, a much better air, and the better supply of water and food, this suffering and mischief did not occur. As a matter both of humanity and interest, it was regarded by farmers and dealers in the most favourable light.

The ground admitted of perfect draining, and is now as sound as an acorn. Sheds were completed capable of housing in full comfort of 2,000 cattle. There were two wells sunk, which supplied each a tank. The tanks were kept supplied with water by a kind of wind engine, which raised the water at the rate of 200 gallons per minute, without apparently lowering it in the wells, filled the tanks, and the tanks overflowed into pipes which conveyed the water to the troughs in every stall, and to every part of the area. This great area was fitted up with pens and stalls. The stalls for cattle were paved with granite, and fenced with tall stout oaken framework. The pens for sheep, far more roomy than those at Smithfield, were all paved with bricks, and fenced with cast-iron railing. In the centre of the market were built four banking-houses, where the money transactions of the market could be made. Everything was in appearance favourable and ready for business, but this business did not come. Why? Because the corporation and the butchers, and other interested parties, were too strong for the projector and for humanity. The cry of Diana and the Ephesians was raised. The butchers were averse to give up their beloved slaughter-houses. They, too, did as the butchers of Bristol and Liverpool had done before, refused to move, though at the risk of what befel their fellows of those places, who were eventually compelled to go farther than was first proposed. Petitions were got up and signatures obtained in the usual way from tenants and thumbable persons, to pray that the beloved Smithfield might not be interfered with. There was a great outcry raised against the presumption of a private individual daring to set himself in opposition to the corporation of the City of London. It was industriously propagated that it would be dangerous for the public, *i.e.* the grazier and drover public, putting themselves into the power of an individual. It was represented that Mr. Perkins was a greedy speculator, as if the corporation was not also a greedy speculator, and with a far worse accommodation to offer. And so old monopoly prevailed.

So four acres of Smithfield, with all its horrors, its cruel driving in the streets, its cudgelling, and maiming, and knocking off of horns, and breaking of legs, in order to force the wretched animals into the wretched tightness of Smithfield, and there choking, and smothering, and melting down in the fever of their own heat, have continued to this hour to maintain themselves against quiet, fresh air, and fifteen acres of most excellently arranged market. Thus has selfishness resisted public utility, the public health, and the mercy of the good man "who is merciful to his beast."

But the day and the hour are coming when all this must be changed. The public opinion, which Sir Robert Peel says rules, is rising fast and fierce, and will not fear to have a blow at that City of London corporate monopoly, which could daunt the framers of the Municipal Reform Bill, and Lord Lincoln in the framing of his Health of Towns Bill. Public opinion, which once drove a monarch from his throne in this country, and cut off another's head, will, ere long, drive the king of corporations from its throne, and cut off the head of its opposition, if it be not wise in time. The Queen, the august lady of this realm, has said, "Let my people's health be attended to;" and the people's health is not compatible with the existence of Smithfield and its surrounding abominations. To the New Market we must go.

And at this juncture there are many favourable circumstances existing for this step. Mr. Perkins, the founder of this august work, is dead. After spending upwards of 100,000*l.* upon it, and sinking the interest of that magnificent sum for eleven years, he is gone. His property has passed to his three sisters, one of whom is married to Mr. Trotter, the member for West

Surrey. The co-heiresses are quite disposed to sell the market to any public company; and doubtless to the corporation itself, if it be disposed thus to take time by the forelock, and secure that rental here which it fears to lose in the city.

Now is the time for the public to step in, and make a vigorous effort for securing this most desirable change. There wants nothing but a determined resolve that the crying nuisance of Smithfield, and the driving of cattle in the streets of the metropolis shall cease, and the thing is done. No new market has to be prepared. There stands the very thing ready at all points for immediate business. As our sketch in our first page makes apparent, there is a degree of unfinishedness in some of the outer buildings, but within all would at a few days' notice be perfect. Though Mr. Perkins himself is deceased, Mr. Wigglesworth, the planner and builder of the whole for him, is still there, living in the entrance lodge, and ready to give any information to any party. To him I am much indebted for facts which I have given, and shall yet give; for to both Islington and Smithfield markets I shall again bend my steps, and touch on matters and unfold scenes which I trust will arouse the public to the fitting spirit on a matter of so much moment to the general health and comfort, to the character of our social arrangements, and to our reputation for humanity.

LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

October 31, 1846.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. HOWITT,—Since my last, the war, still prevailing, has proved the truth of what I then wrote regarding the condition of the settlers and the character of the Kafir. At the same time I pity the savage as the victim of our blind policy, which encourages him in his heathenism and his thievish propensities. Something must be done to upset a system which, for the mischievous purposes of *men who trade in arms*,—nominally government agents,—illiterate men in some instances, or who, having infamously connected themselves with the coloured population, work on in an undercurrent, blinding the government at home, and thereby crippling the power of the good Sir P. Maitland.

Happily Sir P. Maitland has been made aware of a great deal of the mischief; but alas! there are some who wish the business patched up in any way, so that they may get away from this scene of warfare. We, too, would gladly get away; but, as yet, we seem doomed to remain, although we have nothing to gain by so doing. We own not a foot of land; we are longing for home; and we must, like all true-hearted people, deprecate the continuance of a system which can only lead to a repetition of the horrors we have experienced, and bring disgrace on the British name.

Sir P. Maitland reminds one of a gallant ship on an open sea, with all clear before him, but beneath, *deep, deep* is the fearful under-current, unfathomed as yet, which threatens the direst calamity. Oh! you, whose hearts bleed for the poor at home, help the cause of emigration, nay, the cause of the gospel, for that cannot prosper as long as this horrible warfare goes on, and the native exercises his dreadful rites in sight of our military posts.

Landilla, the young Gaika chief, says, "The white man shall not drink of the Iyumie waters." The Iyumie mountains and river are the keys of the colony. The General has vowed that the Kafirs shall go far beyond the Buffalo. Much might be done towards gradually enlightening them, by locating a connecting

link of coloured Christian people between them and us. But then these traders would have to move on too.

The night before last cattle were stolen near us; every week some settler is murdered, wounded, missing, or pursued. To-day the General is moving to meet the Gaikas, to talk about peace. Their policy is not to fight, but to cultivate. "But your people are in the colony," says the General. "The hearts of our people," reply the Chiefs, in the words of the Bible, "are not with us; we wish you to slay them;" and while this is going on the people are whistling off our cattle through the Iyumie or Amalola mountains, and across the rivers.

"We are your slaves," say the Kafirs; "our land is dead; you shall henceforth be the shields of the land. The children of the foam bring forth red men from the broad waters; we surrender our arms;" and forthwith, apparently humble and submissive, they lay down fifty useless stand of muskets. "Ere the moon is dead," say they, "we will restore the cattle;" and in three moons they return, having carried the flag of truce with this excuse: "Our hearts are heavy," they then say; "we have sought for the cattle—there is none. The earth is parched, and the bones of your oxen lie scattered on the paths! As for ourselves," they say, "we are not at rest; the words of the teachers are no longer good. There is no longer talk of peace, and yet we are willing to sit still."

This, my dear friends, is all very poetic, and the Kafir is a wonderfully clever fellow. But we white men have distorted that cleverness; we have encouraged, by false measures, the vicious propensities of his nature; and the settler—the honest, well-intentioned, peaceably disposed settler—is the victim. Poor Captain Bambrick! He has often seen me writing to you, and we have talked over the mischievous folly of treating the poor savage as we have done. So full of pity was he, that he has many a time taken compassion on Prince Macomo, Landilla's uncle, when he has lain dead drunk and in danger in the streets of Beaufort; yet he was the first victim of the war. They carried him off; they cut him in pieces; and, oh horrible! it is said they hung his mangled remains in the trees! Some men they have burnt alive; some they have exhumed and impaled! Your friend, Captain —, whom his wife has not seen for seven months, was in the terrible three days' action, without tasting food, from Thursday at dawn till Saturday night. His horse was struck by a spent ball, and the bough of a tree shattered above his head, and the leaves and fragments scattered over him. Oh, the horrors of this frightful war! Will you not help, dear friends, in making the people at home know really what is going on here? For myself I have nothing to gain in taking up this cause, except the satisfaction of knowing that by aiding it, I use the small abilities God has given for the furtherance of his purposes in the propagation of Christianity, and the protection of the settler. Rouse yourselves, intelligent and honest friends, help the poor settlers here; help the benighted Kafir. You will find all that I have said confirmed by all honest men who have been on the frontier—not at the Cape, seven hundred miles off—the military as well as the settlers.

Thank God, our health is good, but the perpetual state of awful anxiety and uncertainty in which we live, leaves us but little pleasure in existence. We endeavour to educate our children, but it is difficult under existing circumstances.

Make what use you please of my letter. From time to time I shall still continue to write to you. I wish very much that you would let Charles Dickens see what I have written to you; he might do something through the press to help the cause of the honest, industrious emigrant here, if his heart could but be interested for them.

Adieu, dear friends, yours faithfully,

THE CANKER AND THE CURE.

BY SILVERPEN.

BARON THRASHEM was one of the very wisest and profoundest lawyers on the judicial bench; to say nothing of his extraordinary research amidst such ethic doctrines as relate to the origin of evil; to say nothing that these doctrines were always stated by him so precisely and logically, that the minutest link in his chain of causation never showed a flaw; to say nothing that he had espied the very topmost bough of the goodly tree of sin, and dug down (in his own opinion) nearer to its far hidden and obscure root than any other man; to say nothing of these things, he so viewed all reformatory law for crime as twaddle from the humane school of philosophy, that had he had his own stern will, every statute and every law against the criminal should have been burnt, and replaced by those two very tangible and summary processes for curing evil—the halter and the gibbet.

Thirteen years ago this very next Lent term, the baron had gone circuit to the north. His old clerk Rednot had gone circuit too, and old Joe Bottle, who prided himself upon having been the judge's servant forty-two years, had taken coach that very morning to visit some country relatives. None were left in the old dull house in the old dull square, but the maid of all-work, and the cook, and the housekeeper, summed up in the person of Becky; for the judge had neither a grand house, a grand equipage (for an old jobbing coach had taken him down to Westminster, and on circuit, for the last twenty years), nor many servants; but simply a very grand library, every book in which—according to the fully united opinions of Rednot, Bottle, and Becky—he knew by heart, from its first letter to its colophon; excepting certain books on a certain right-hand shelf of the large bookcase, at which he had been seen to smile so satirically and so often, that they were supposed to contain opinions not worth a farthing to the great mintage of the judge's mind, but were doubtless simple, irreverent, and untrue. Be this as it may—upon this certain morning, Becky, whose simple heart knew no bounds in its reverence and duty to her stern master, was busy in the library, when her ear was caught by the low voice of a child outside the area-rails. She had at that moment lifted up from the library-table an old-fashioned massive silver inkstand, and turning round saw that it was a wretched, sharp-faced child, who probably attracted by her cap, as seen above the window-blinds, had stopped to beg. Her kindly thoughts in a moment were travelling fast between the twopence in her pocket and the hot roll left in the oven from Joe's breakfast, when the postman's quick rap was heard at the hall-door. It was a letter from her master Becky was sure, and all in an anxious tremor—for Thrashem wrote but seldom when from home, and then only on some urgent point—she hurried breathlessly to answer the door, with the duster and inkstand yet in her hand. Recognising her master's stiff, straight characters on the letter, and as the postage was to pay, she, in the anxious absence of the moment, set down the duster and the inkstand on the step, while she dived down for her purse into the hidden mysteries of her capacious pocket. The postman was leaning carelessly on the area railings looking down the street; and when she had stepped to him, given him the money, and come back again, the inkstand was gone, the silver inkstand that the judge prized so highly! In the first moment of doubt and astonishment, she knew not what to think; but recollecting the keen-faced child, who but the instant before had been in sight, she hurried from the door, and looking down the street, and calling upon the postman to follow her, saw the child running onward

with breathless speed. The postman's quick step was, however, a match; he seized upon the thief just as she had thrust the inkstand beneath the ragged strip of shawl that hung about a girl some year or two older than herself. To half cry with joy was Becky's first impulse when the inkstand was again safe; to tremble at the bare thought of the judge's stern displeasure, had it been lost; to almost sink in heart at the idea of one doubt upon her long-tried honesty: all these for the instant were paramount; but all sunk into mere nothingness, or rather, were merged into one feeling of womanly and simple mercy, when she glanced down upon the child's upturned face of terror, hunger, and pain.

"You ——" commenced the postman.

"Had no wittles," spoke the child, sullenly.

These words robbed the heart of the judge's honest servant of its last touch of anger. She said something about letting the child go; but too late. A crowd had collected, a policeman stepped in, and the thief in a few minutes was locked safe in the station-house.

It was a sorrowful night, that, to the compassionate heart of Becky; though her fire was bright, her tea good, and even the barber from a little street hard by had stepped in to talk the matter over with her. And she was still more sad next day, when in her best gown she curtsied to the magistrate of the police court, and saw the child in the dock, more haggard and pale. The case was fully proved. "My good woman," spoke the magistrate, in his kindest voice, "I know your master would prosecute this case to the fullest extent of the law, but to what end? Here is a child seven years old or thereabouts, without home, without one human friend, and, great God! apparently without a name; the scum and refuse of this city streets whilst yet a baby. If I send her to prison, she will probably come out only more confirmed in precocious wickedness; or if sent back into the streets, but to starvation or something still more horrible—incipient prostitution. But were there some one to save by teaching, and ——"

Becky, the great judge's poor servant, looked here at the magistrate, and then at the criminal child. "Please sir," and the sympathy of our divinest nature justified itself, "I've fifty-seven pounds sixteen and sixpence in the Savings' Bank, that Mr. Rednot has the receipt of, and just two sovereigns more in the spice-box—so if a little schooling might ——"

"Might do more than the prison or the law can do—turn guiltless sin into good, and if with work ——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Becky, pleased with the magistrate's manner, and interpreting the matter in her own way; "if she were to turn out tidy, and I could keep the thing from master's ears, why I could teach her to roast, and bake, and set his room to rights, and ——"

"And if you should succeed in half," chimed in the magistrate, "you'd show yourself to be a profounder lawyer than either I who sit upon this Bench, or your master, a Baron of the Exchequer. *He who cures vice is greater than he who punishes it.*"

Becky did not understand half this, only this much, that nobody could be so great as the judge her master; so, curtsying less respectfully than she otherwise would have done, she waited for the child to be released from the dock, threw a large silk handkerchief from her pocket across its shoulders, that it might look less like a vagrant, and then reverting back to the due disposal of the two pounds in the spice-box, she took the child's hand, and made her way to the cab outside the door, followed by the wondering and ejaculating barber.

To wash the child well by the kitchen fire, to bake a cake for tea, to invite the barber thereunto, to reach the child a little pictured cup from the closet's topmost shelf, were matters of course with Becky; and much did she ejaculate, and more did the barber, as, between the

ravenously eaten cake and the sweetened tea, the precocious, wilful, neglected intellect of crime told of its narrow hell of human life, which it believed was heaven! Long was the talk of the barber and Becky whilst the babyhood of crime, not disowned by nature, nestled to its rest; and as Mr. Bottle was of a nervous temperament, and much given to count his spoons and forks, and make particular inquiries after his master's gold spectacles, it was judged wise to keep the real truth from him, at least for the present; and moreover, as the police report would be sure to appear in the *Times* of the morrow, it would be advisable (though a sad sin in the eyes of Becky) not to post that paper, so that some chance might lie of the matter escaping Thrashem's keen notice. It fortunately did, beyond a mere report by word; but in her strongest trunk Becky hoarded up that paper.

It was necessary to give the child a name before Mr. Bottle came back. The barber suggested many good ones; none, however, pleasant to the ear of Becky. But when in some few days the child's young face began to look gratefully up into her own, the thought struck Becky, that the great oil painting over the library fireplace was the portrait of the judge's mother, and that her Christian name had been Alice. "And might it not be beautiful," said Becky to herself, "if she should turn out a good child, and come up to such grand things as to mend the dear master's shirt, or cook him an omelet as brown as I do? Might it not be beautiful to hear that name he loves so well, called softly up and down the house?" So giving her own question an affirmative answer, Becky called the child Alice.

To say that the seven years' teaching of sin was absolved all at once, would be an injustice to my great teacher—nature. But peculations from closets, and drawers, and jars, grew less and less before the continual ministry of good; the memory of vice faded like a shadow in the broadening sun; and Alice, the unknown spawn of the beggars' lodging-house, became a favourite with old Joe, took and thrived by honest Becky's teachings, and even at last becoming noticed by Mr. Rednot, drew upon his learning many ways.

Years passed on, and Alice was seventeen. Never had the judge seen her: never heard of her. He had lived forty years in that house, yet never trod his own kitchen floor. Becky grew feeble; and the stern old man at last noticing it, rung her up, one night, into the library. He spoke kindly, placed her a chair, and said she must have help. Becky's heart faltered—the secret of years was on her tongue.

"I was afraid you would be angry, but I've long been obliged to have—"

"Whom?"

"One who can cook your omelet beautifully; set a frill on your shirt, and almost place your room as well as I do,—Alice."

The old man looked up at that picture; his heart grew merciful at that name. He rung again the bell; he said a word or two; and Alice—the bud, the spawn of iniquity—the atom of the foulest city streets that society crushes, and that he in his great wisdom disowned all regeneration for, save the gallows—stood before him in her beauty and her usefulness. The magistrate said right—"Nobler is it to teach good to crime, than to tread it under foot." The heart of the poor servant had solved the great enigma of social wrong and social progress, in a more practical way than the wisdom of the scholar and the judge,—*for teach but ignorance and we evil diminish!* That night the old man smiled less upon those books; he took them down; he read them; and Alice from that hour flitted round him in her useful, humble duties, and surpassed poor Becky, because she had been better taught. Becky soon after this fell ill, and on her dying bed told the old man of that theft; how the pity of her

heart had made her save—and Alice was the fruit! "She, sir, who is so very good, and waits so gently on you. Be good to her—be good to her."

"I will—and take a lesson from you, Becky, that shall make not only the law, but my own heart better."

Those great books of the great jurist are no longer smiled upon. The retired judge will bequeath his great wealth to put their spirit into action; and with Alice in her humble duties flitting round him, devises plans for the better bearing out the great progress question of reformatory law; and no longer ending his chain of ethic causatives by the gallows, sets his hand to these great principles—that crime is ignorance, and that to save and lead this ignorance towards good, is a service that approximates the human actor towards his Divine Creator.

INDIRECT ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

BY PHILIP P. CARPENTER, B.A.

It was told us eighteen centuries ago, that a tree is known by its fruits; and that we cannot gather grapes from thistles. This practical test of the value of principles and modes of action, is somewhat distasteful to those who love darkness rather than light; who decry all modes of doing good not sanctioned by the priests, as blasphemous; and who are determined not to give up customary indulgences, however much misery may be prevented thereby. The system of teetotalism (we use the expression because we know of no other single word which gives the meaning, and because it is now in such common use that it would be a piece of affectation to object to it on account of its vulgar origin) has been an especial object of attack to this class of persons. "It is putting something before the Gospel; setting up a new plan of salvation; taking the work of conversion out of God's hands; making men self-righteous, and despisers of the ordinances."—Thus cry the Pharisees and leaders of the sects. "It is opposing the facts of physiology, and the dicta of the colleges, and making men think themselves wiser than us, which is a very dangerous doctrine;" say our friends of the medical profession. "It is putting a bar on all social pleasures; interfering with the duties of hospitality; forsaking the good creatures of God, and denying us our wonted comforts."—thus all classes are ready to exclaim. To all these objectors we reply that teetotalism must be known by its fruits; and if these are good, we not only ought not to oppose it, but should help it on; because, if we know to do good, and do it not, to us it is sin.

There can be no doubt now as to the effect of teetotalism. It has been advocated for fifteen years, and practised extensively on both sides the Atlantic, in the islands of the Pacific, in India, even in China, and in most parts of the civilized world. In the British dominions, you can scarcely go into any village without finding there abstainers from intoxicating drink, many of them reformed from habits of the grossest intemperance. You may see them in all trades and modes of life; in the extremes of heat, cold, and exposure to the weather; of both sexes, and in all ages; persons whose previous habits have been as various as possible; in fact, in every conceivable difference of situation;—and yet all agreeing in the same testimony, that intoxicating liquors are, as a beverage, wholly unnecessary, and generally injurious. There can be no sham here; for most of them (as we may hereafter show) have had to suffer, more or less, for their testimony.

Teetotalers, then, can live; can live as well, as healthily, as happily, as actively, as the drinkers. They are saved much expense, much sickness, and all the moral evils resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors. They are made sober, if they have been intemperate; they are kept from falling into drunkenness, if they were sober to begin with. This is all the promulgators of the system promised; and most completely has the promise been fulfilled. The original temperance societies promised to reform and prevent drunkenness; they made a grand attempt, but suffered a signal failure. They prepared the way for a more thorough and truthful system, and then died a natural death.

The direct benefits of teetotalism, then, are such that its principles must be sound. But we have further confirmation of their truth. Good things are linked together, so that they cannot go alone. Bad things often produce apparently fine fruit; but we are led to discover its rottenness, when we see the evils necessarily consequent on it. The advocacy and practice of teetotalism, however, have led to many indirect and (to a considerable extent) unlooked-for advantages. To some of these we now beg to direct our readers' attention. In a future number we propose to consider the evils which are supposed to have resulted from teetotalism, but which we believe to be only adventitiously connected with it.

1. *Teetotalism has created a spirit of self-reform.* Giving up drink is a personal work, a real thing, which each must do for himself, without which no permanent good can be done him by any other man. Drinkers are ready enough, when together at the pot-house, to advocate political reforms, and all sorts of other changes, except personal reform, for their supposed advantage. Teetotalers have shown them the paramount importance of the latter; and if they succeed in inducing them to mortify this fleshly lust, the spirit, excited or strengthened by the deed, leads to other as noble, or yet greater, sacrifices. Accordingly, we find numbers of teetotalers, when the cloud cast over their spiritual eyes by drinking has been removed, giving up one sensual indulgence after another, devoting themselves with energy to the improvement of their minds, and seeking that full regeneration of their hearts which true religion, the spirit of Christ, alone can give.

2. *Teetotalism has called forth a spirit of self-sacrifice.* This is the motive to which we appeal in our reasonings with moderate drinkers. We urge them to deny themselves for the good of their brethren. Every act performed from right motives, strengthens the force of those motives. And thousands, to whom self-denial before was mere pulpit talk, having done their duty here, have gone on to do it in other ways also. We know not a more self-sacrificing body of men than the teetotalers, except the American Abolitionists. It was easy to sign our names to pledges for peace, free trade, etc., and subscribe money to benevolent societies, and go on living as we did before: but teetotalers have to give up something daily for their brethren's sake. The teetotal society has been what the Christian Church ought to be—an assembly of men, each a worker and a missionary. It is heart-cheering to go into every town and village, and there find a set of working men spending their time, after their hard day's labour, in holding meetings, distributing tracts, visiting their neighbours to do them good, without an atom of personal advantage thence accruing. We ourselves know many who do not scruple thus to walk six, eight, or even twelve miles, in a winter's night, to speak, without any recompense but the testimony of their consciences. And we generally find teetotalers not engrossed by their one question, though they might well be so; but among the foremost in carrying forward other reforms and philanthropic labours, and in secret works of benevolence.

3. *Teetotalism promotes education.* The most frequent cause of absence from school is drinking. The child is sent in the tenderest years to work, that the father may have its wages to drink on the Saturday night. And whole families are debarred from even Sunday-school instruction, because the money that should have clothed them is consumed in liquor. One of the first fruits of a drunkard's reformation is, that his children are clothed and sent to school: and it is surprising what efforts they will make to keep them at the day-school longer than is usual, from their keen sense of the importance of education. It is not uncommon for children thus instructed to teach their ignorant parents to read and write. And teetotalism has mightily increased the number of labourers in this cause. Scarcely a Sabbath-school can be found, in places where temperance has been much agitated, which has not received an addition of teachers out of those who before profaned the Sabbath by selfish laziness or indulgence. In very many places, new schools have been established entirely by teetotalers, and carried on without any assistance or encouragement from the higher classes.

4. *Teetotalism trains and exercises public speakers and writers.* Every one who has made a practice of attending teetotal meetings must have been astonished at the number of illiterate working men who have found a voice for addressing their fellow-creatures, not to please, but to persuade. The true, invincible eloquence that may be heard on these occasions is wonderful. No other body can boast of the same number of effective advocates. They have not been trained in schools and colleges, but they have the best training—a feeling of the importance of what they have to say. We have often given the advice to persons wishing to acquire the art of extempore preaching, to “turn teetotaler, and speak at the meetings.” Here you are not obliged to go on for half an hour, whether you have anything to say or not; but can just speak when the spirit moves you, for one minute or an hour, before those who look neither for grammatical accuracy, nor for neatly turned periods. The art of speaking thus acquired by necessity at the meetings, is most useful in all labours among the working classes. And many who could scarcely spell before they became teetotalers, have learnt to commit their thoughts to paper, and have produced tracts and articles in the various teetotal journals, sometimes of thrilling interest from their simple truthfulness.

5. *Teetotalism has produced a taste for better recreation among the people.* In old days, beer, and often intoxication, were associated with all the working man's ideas of pleasure. And the higher classes contributed to this, by their own example, and by their ways of distributing drink on all festive occasions, even at school treats. We have ourselves known the originals of Dickens's “Brothers Cheeryble,” passing through villages on their journeys, leaving in one place a sovereign, in another more, to be drunk by the neighbours. We grieve to see that even writers of the highest eminence continue to praise such conduct, associate the use of intoxicating liquors with all their descriptions of the pleasures of the poor, and reward their best characters with the keeping of a public-house. But teetotalism puts a stop to all this. We have known drunkards converted by the cheerfulness of the social gatherings, where abundance of wholesome food and drink has been followed by songs, recitations, glees, and choruses, got up entirely by working men and their families, that would dare defiance, as far as real effectiveness is concerned, with the fashionable songs and concerts of the drawing-room. Teetotalism has greatly promoted healthy summer rambles and cheap railway trips; in which the money formerly spent at the gin-shop is now devoted to the purest family enjoyment. Teetotalers have done

a great work, in convincing the world that men can thoroughly enjoy themselves without intoxicating drink.

6. *Teetotalism has taught men to disobey fashion.* It is the first popular movement that has directly set itself against every-day and all-ruling custom. Rich and poor are alike bound by this worldly rule, and no real good can be effected till its power is modified. Every teetotaler is necessarily brought into constant collision with the "idol of Britain," and once having learnt to set up a higher rule, and live by it, the power of mere custom is thenceforth crushed.

7. *Teetotalism has taught reformers to go to the root of evils.* The first efforts in the Temperance cause were merely directed against some of the evil branches. Spirits were cut off; wine and beer remained as sober beverages. The tree, shorn of its evil appearance, passed muster for a time; but presently the old fruit began to show itself, more hideous than ever, on the remaining branches. The tree was proved to be useless; it was cut down from the root; and intemperance was banished for ever. The efforts of the few teetotalers in one year did more than the labours of the whole moderate-drinking community had done in centuries. This has taught men a good lesson, and they have learnt to apply it in other matters. We see now that it is no use trying to stop the slave-trade, so long as slavery exists; to buy off soldiers, while the man-killing principle is recognised; and so in all other matters of social reform.

8. *Teetotalism has given a death-blow to the sectarian spirit.* It has done more to bring men together in the bonds of love, than thousands of sermons that have been preached, with the efforts of Evangelical Alliances in addition. Here men have forgotten their differences of rank, politics, and religion; they have met at the temperance platform and committee-room, not merely forgetting their differences for a time, but actually feeling the "omnipotence of love" to break down the "middle walls of partition." Rich men have often made themselves free with the poor, to gain some end for their own good. Political and religious parties have united for a time against a common enemy, like hostile nations under a truce, and have then fought against each other with redoubled acrimony. But here men have joined in love, and for the love of their perishing brethren; they have met those they were before afraid to own as Christians; they have found them actuated by the same motives, loving the same Saviour, desiring the same ends, labouring in the same way, as themselves; and they who before were enemies, have given each other the right hand and the heart of fellowship.

9. *Teetotalism has led to juster notions of politics.* When we perceive the terrible waste occasioned by the use of intoxicating drinks, we see how comparatively futile are the panaceas of political parties, and are led to seek for a more searching and complete reform. The teetotalers have a much more effective mode of producing cheapness of food, and preventing famine, than any yet proposed by governments. This will easily appear when we consider that the food annually consumed in the manufacture of alcoholic poisons would feed the whole of our starving population; and that we spend more than 64,000,000*l.* a year in the purchase of these articles, besides losing nearly as much in other ways by the use of them.

10. *Teetotalism leads to the understanding of the laws of health.* While doctors have been occupied in curing diseases, teetotalers have learnt how to prevent them. Their senses become aware of the injurious influences which surround them, and they are ready at once to believe in the principles of sanitary reform. They learn the efficacy of pure air, are not afraid of cold water, and relish plain wholesome food. They find that alcohol cannot cure all diseases for which it is

recommended; and that it produces far more maladies than it removes.

11. *Teetotalism prepares the way for everything which is good.* It pioneers; and, like John the Baptist, makes straight the way for religion. Drinking is a clog on all good works; teetotalism is an assistant to them. It does not prevent any kind of useful labour, but gives a helping hand to all. By freeing the body and mind from the deadening effects of intemperance, it leaves them prepared for the reception of all good influences. If you want to corrupt a man, first give him drink: if you wish to raise him, first make him a teetotaler. In these and other ways,

12. *Teetotalism leads to a better understanding of religion.* In the midst of the strife of words, and the preaching of faith without works, the temperance reform has called men back to the simple precept, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another." Itself the offspring of self-sacrificing love, it has reacted on the professed Christianity of the day, and led many to the influence of the only justifying faith—that which "works by love."

These are some of the good results of the Temperance Movement. We do not say that they have been the universal results; but we say they are the natural results, which would have shown themselves in all cases, had there not been counteracting influences. Into the causes which have prevented the complete success of teetotalism we may inquire at another time. In conclusion, we will observe that the good of teetotalism has not been confined to the members of its own body; but,

13. *Teetotalism has led to more sober habits among all classes of the community.* Both among rich and poor, drinking is becoming more and more disresponsible. Those who drank much, now drink little; and many have almost entirely given up the use of intoxicating liquors. The compulsory usages of etiquette and of trades are giving way; and "moderation" is becoming a thing more strictly answering to its name than it used to be. We do not say that teetotalism has done all this; but by the circulation of tracts, and the copious diffusion of information among all classes of the community, as well as by setting a good example, it has mainly contributed to this happy result.

Warrington, Jan. 22, 1847.

SONNET TO THE AMERICANS.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

BROTHERS, is this the bold entablature

On Freedom's columns sons of kingly men

Should wisely lay, her fane to render sure,

Steadfast, and beautiful to human ken!

What, if the land of tameless Montezuma

Ye win, and conqu'ring march through each confine

By rocky Darien bridged, and thus relume

Pizarro's, Cortez' time-gloomed murder-shrine!

The sword bath edges twain, and swift may fall

Upon yourselves, forgetful of the cries

Of sable millions that ye hold in thrall.

Brothers of Washington, for right arise!

Roof his foundation; on the frontal span

Graving gold words—"We own the black our brother man!"



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT—FEBRUARY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE symptoms of the season, as they showed themselves in December, induced us to believe, as we asserted in the article on January, that we were about to have an old-fashioned winter. It has proved so. We have had a winter of severe frost and snow; and as February approaches, the signs of the times still induce us to believe that the weather will, this year, roll back into its ancient course. February used to be a month of wet and thaw; and wet and thaw already present themselves. Let us hope, for the sake of the poor—who are severely suffering from scarcity of food and clothing, not only in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, but in England, and over all parts of Europe—that we may have an early spring, and a fine and plentiful summer. And we do hope it, and more than hope it, we firmly believe it: we believe it because it is according to the ancient analogy. A winter strong, and in its proper season, in nine cases out of ten, is followed by a fine and seasonable spring, and a splendid and prolific summer.

It may seem to many that the coming of scarcity and severity of winter together, is not in full accordance with the doctrines that have been taught, and that we confidently teach again—of the tender mercies of God over all his works. But we believe that his tender mercies are just as clearly discernible in the midst of his severity, as in his most indulgent dispensations. We believe firmly that out of the present distress will arise, and is meant to arise, many future and permanent blessings, that will far outbalance all the calamity of the time.

The potato crop has failed. In Ireland the people starve and perish. Misery is spread abroad there over moorland and mountain: but will not this misery at last rouse our government and us to resolve on a better and a safer state of things? Shall we not take warning, and determine that a whole nation shall not continue in pauperism, with half their best lands lying uncultivated? Shall we not resolve that the poor shall be made to inherit the land? Shall they who will not cultivate the land for the maintenance of the people, not be compelled to give it up to those who will? Shall we have the old race of dogs in the manger, pauperizing a whole people, and throwing them in beggary on their neighbours? Shall not O'Connell have "Ireland for the Irish," but in a different sense to that which he contemplated? Will not this present bitterness teach the Irish nation, that they must no longer depend

solely on a root, but upon corn and pasturage? Shall not there be mutton and beef, as well as potatoes for those who till the ground in the sweat of their faces?

If these things are not taught by a wise Providence, severe but fatherly in his severity, to us all, then we are ourselves to blame, and can no longer accuse Providence without insulting him.

But will not these calamities also teach us, further, material wisdom? Teach us to complete what we have at length begun? Teach us to throw open our ports entirely to the trade and produce of the world, that when the season does happen to be unpropitious, we may not find other countries and other climates unprepared to supply us, because we gave them, by our restrictive folly, no hope of supplying us? If we are not effectually taught this, then never again let us say that the teachings of Providence are severe, for it will be manifest that their severity has not yet been equal to our cure.

But will not these calamities, and the terrors of this winter, have had the further merit of calling forth the better feelings of our nature—feelings of brotherhood and sympathy? Have made us ready to acknowledge that, whatever be our differences of blood, of politics, of religion, we are still brethren; that let misfortune fall on any part of our fellow men, and the voice of the common Father will still awake in us with a divine power, and arouse us to acknowledge by deeds of kindness, that we are all akin, and all bound together by the invisible mystery of love? If we have not been thus affected, thus re-awakened to nobler and more affectionate sentiments, the sorrows of this winter, to us, have been sent in vain.

But however much or little these causes may have operated on our own bosoms, on the bosom of the earth we may rest assured that the power of frost will not have operated abortively. It is the certain agent of coming beauty and plenty. The last summer but one was wet and almost sunless. In consequence, neither the root in the ground, nor the new shoots on the tree, were fully matured. There was an imperfect organization and growth. Therefore, in the following, that is, the last spring, the blossom on the fruit-trees was feeble. It came out poor and frostily. The wood had not vigour to throw it forth in perfection. It fell to the ground and left no product.

Again, the mildness of several successive winters had allowed the continuance and excessive growth of insect life. The whole of the vegetation seemed filled with it in the shape of what is called *blight*. The leaves

of the fruit-trees last year, especially of those on walls, came out in the very spring curly and shrivelled. In almost every apple and pear there was an insect. On many fruit-trees the race of caterpillars was so numerous that the whole of the foliage was devoured, leaving the strange aspect of a mere network of the fibres of the leaves. All this required a keen winter to remedy; and there can be little doubt that, as spring advances, we shall behold in a perfectly healthful vegetation the beneficial effects of frost.

Nor will it be of frost alone. The last summer was a perfect contrast to the last but one. It was like an Indian summer, long, genial, and intensely warm. The process of vegetation would in it be perfect, and we do thence expect to find all nature in the coming year prepared to discharge its functions magnificently. We look for a year beautiful and prolific.

February is, as we have said, a month of thaws, of wet, and of much dreariness; but with such anticipations we are prepared to look rather for its pleasanter features, for it is at the same time the month of anticipation. It is the month, let it be remembered, of the snowdrop! The sap is stirring in the trees; the buds are swelling; green things are beginning to peep from the earth beneath warm hedge-rides and on woodland banks, and we actually begin to be impatient for the violets and the primroses of March!

In our house-windows and on our chimney-pieces blossom hyacinths. In gardens there are hepaticas in bloom, and before it goes out come forth the vernal crocuses, various hellebores, the Japan quince, the fragrant coltsfoot, the bulbocodium, and the cornelian cherry. On the heaths the gorse often puts forth its golden bloom, and the yew-tree flowers. Various insects issue from their winter retreats, where they so completely buried themselves that they seemed to have vanished entirely from the world. How completely do all the gay races of moths and butterflies, of beetles and flies, of wasps and bees, of glittering dragon flies, the chaffer and the grasshopper, disappear in winter, not only from our view, but from our thoughts also. But now they will speedily begin to re-appear in all their successive hosts; and in mild days, before the month is out, we shall witness the happy dance of gnats celebrating in many an artistic sweep the return of life, light, and beauty.

And away are winging northward all the tribes of anas, anser, cygnus, and mergus; of geese, swans, ducks, and smews, that love the hyperborean latitudes, but find them for even themselves too intense in the depth of winter; find all their food buried in the trackless snows of Lapland, Norway, or Russia. These, with divers, godwits, the mountain finch, the red-wing thrush, and the fieldfares, are all preparing to bid us adieu for another year, though the two latter will be the last to depart. Every symptom of the coming month is one of life and hope. This winter has been a winter not only of distress to the nobler race of man, but to all animated creatures. Game and wild fowl of every species has been tamed by its rigour, and destroyed in thousands by man. Never were the markets so crowded with all sorts of wild ducks, hares, plovers, woodcocks, and snipes—and never at such prices. There were in the London market hares for a shilling, wild ducks for two shillings the brace, and snipes for fourpence each. In Devonshire snipes were so numerous as to be sold at a halfpenny each. But now the season of distress is nearly over. By the surviving creatures of the field it will soon be forgotten; and man, the lord of the world, may look forward to the opening year, we will believe wiser and better, made more aware of his utter dependence on the Great Ruler of the Universe, and of his need of love and sympathy for his brother man. The heart of the poet already begins to work in us, and to exclaim—

“To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!”

How full of interest is the summary of field life, with which we will close this article:—Various signs of returning spring occur at different times in February. The woodlark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, often begins his note at the very entrance of the month. The thrush now commences his song, and tomtits are seen hanging on the eaves of the barns and thatched outhouses, particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. Rooks now revisit their breeding trees, and arrange the stations of their future nests. The harsh, loud voice of the missel-thrush is now heard towards the end of the month; and, if the weather be mild, the hedge-sparrow renews its chirping note. Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble; partridges begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-crickets open their holes, and owls hoot; gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone-curlew clamours, and frogs croak. By the end of February, the raven too generally lays its eggs, and begins to sit. About this time the green woodpecker is heard in the woods making a loud noise. The elder-tree discloses its flower buds. The catkins of the hazel become very conspicuous in the hedges. Young leaves are budding on the gooseberries and currants about the end of the month.

The winter, in fact, spite of occasional frosts and frowns, is over and gone, and the voice of the dove and the singing-bird is heard once more in our land. We are reminded of that fine passage in the Psalms—“He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word and melteth them; he causeth his winds to blow, and the waters flow.”

We must add, that our vignette being designed by Kaulbach, represents the carnival time of the continent. There in this month all is merriment and masking. All over the Catholic continent, but especially in Rome itself, there is joy and jollity previous to the austerities of Lent; but these gaieties have been too often described by our travellers for us to be under the necessity of now speaking further of them.

CORCUMROE ABBEY.

AN IRISH RUIN.

BY R. H. HORNE.

On the hard and stony road, running for the most part between walls of loose stones, and leading towards New Quay, on the western coast of Clare, you arrive at a narrower road branching off to the right, also between close lines of the same kind of loose walls, and winding away as if to some dreary quarry, or wholesale manufactory of tomb-stones in their first rough outline and raw condition of vain-glory. After proceeding something less than two Irish miles through these winding walls, varied with nothing whatever, beyond the different sizes and uncouth shapes of the component parts—craggy stones and rifts of rock—you at length arrive at a little elevation of the road, where you first descry the grim, grey, grisly, hard-favoured ruins of Corcumroe Abbey. In no guide-book, or hand-book, or tourist-book, are you likely to find a word about this strange, battered, pale, gigantic, stony Scarecrow of something once majestic.

Over the nearest wall of loose lime-rock, you look across a sort of enclosure or field, the chief produce of which is evidently a great crop of stones. There are as many large stones as patches of grass, and often

covering as much space. The enclosure has a mottled hue of green and grey-white all over it; and, on the whole, the grey-white predominates. The next enclosure beyond, has yet more stones, and less grass. The next again, is much larger, and like the last, except that it has one long, sprawling, ragged patch of green, the grass being mixed with short rushes and swamp, with here and there a little pool. Beyond this is another much narrower field, entirely covered with stones and rough, flat, rocky fragments, terminated by another wall more compactly built, and twice as high as any of the rest—and within that last enclosure stand the ruins of the Abbey of Corcumroe. It is no slight task to make your way there.

A traveller in Ireland, who wishes, or is obliged, to betake himself across several of these sort of walled enclosures, invariably begins by clambering over them: it is quite in the natural order of things to do so; but after a time, he becomes better instructed by the example of the Irish principle of action in this district. When they come to a wall of these loose stones, they just pull down a big hole—and walk through. The process is not without its dangers, in the way of broken knees and pounded toes; you need not, however, concern yourself about piling them up again in their place, as nobody minds such things in these parts. Nor can this plan be adopted in every case, except with the higher range of stones, the lower and middle ones being generally too heavy and straggling. The last wall of the enclosure already spoken of, was also inaccessible by such means, as it was composed almost entirely of large masses, and packed and fitted together much closer than any of the rest. It therefore had to be scaled. There was no other way of reaching the Abbey; and the task was not difficult, owing to the number of protuberances; besides this, in one particular place there were direct and intentional assistances of this kind. Nearly in front of this part of the wall was a rough-hewn slab of a tomb, bearing the following inscription, the *post mortem* ambition of which appears sadly at variance with its fate of utter obscurity:—"Patt McCarthy—for him, and Posterity."

After passing the swampy field—plashing through the slashes and rushes, or leaping from stone to stone—then the grey, rocky enclosure—and lastly, surmounting the high wall—you have at last the rare privilege of approaching the most unpicturesque, unromantic, and uninviting ruin that could possibly be conceived. The beauty of Corcumroe Abbey is its matchless ugliness. There is no sort of invention in our account of it. Isolated, unknown, set aside from the rest of the world in a desert of old stones, the place does exist as here set down; and though nobody goes to see it, the name is nevertheless discoverable in some few maps of Ireland—the map published by Charles Knight, being one of these few instances. The writer of this only heard of it by accident, in consequence of a traveller losing his way to Rathbourny, who came "all unawares" upon the strange ruin, to his pale confusion;—by whose incoherencies about it, the hearer aforesaid confessed to have been inspired to make this sore-footed pilgrimage.

Corcumroe presents the appearance of some old, battered, hollow-eyed fossil remains of a sort of colossal beast or giant-monster, wearing, as in mockery, a poor scanty rag of ivy-mantle upon one ridgy shoulder; and standing up, as it does, so grim and grey amidst all these grey stones—and stony fields—and loose walls—it gives one the impression of an abortive annihilation—a thing that was about to be abolished from the earth's surface, but that the process failed midway—and it remained as a grotesque old spectral petrification.

The interior is not more inviting. You pass over heaps of human bones, and gravestones, and partition walls, all broken up and pounded down together, and lying like masses of wreck, and rubbish, and death-lum-

ber; and quantities of dry sea-weed and sea-shells are mingled with the stones and the bones—remnants of fish, and of men not drowned; therefore, the fish must have been drowned (as they would term it) by being cast upon dry land. But how up here? Some tempest from the Atlantic must have driven them before it, as the distance is not many miles, and then left them here to flap, and gasp, and stare amid these hard and hopeless ruins. Bones of all the limbs of mortal men, whole and in fragments, of all shapes and sizes, were to be seen in profusion;—skulls, half full of water, with many-legged creatures swimming about in them, round and round, at play; other skulls, with weeds growing in them and wild flowers flourishing out of the eye-holes, and a tuft of bright green moss in the lower jaw. At the extremity of one division of the interior, on climbing up through a broken vault, you suddenly descry upon a deep ledge beneath a large arched window aperture, a heap of skulls piled up together, all with their hollow faces turned the same way, and looking directly towards the place where you ascend—hundreds of great, black, hollow eye-holes, all staring darkness at you. It is terrible—the first impression, something dismaying to the imagination, and confounding the will, so that you can neither advance nor retire. You expect some ghastly chorus to burst upon your ear. The next thing of which you become conscious, is the continuous and pregnant silence. A weed, or a tassel of long grass, rustles and whispers from the walls above—or a few crumbs and a little dry dust or mortar, fall down near you, causing you to gaze round, yet see nothing—and then, again, the silence and creeping progress of deathly time!

My car-driver now came to join me. After securing the horse and car (an easy task enough in such a place) he had slowly followed across the enclosure, but remained sitting upon the top of the high wall a few minutes. He then ventured down, and came walking on tiptoe into the ruins. Presently he emerged in his ascent through a broken stair from below, and approached me, holding his breath. Solitary investigations and musings were now at an end. There was no shaking him off. He was evidently afraid to leave me, and every now and then appeared to utter an inward prayer.

The only tomb in any state of preservation, worthy of particular notice, is the family tomb of O'Loughlin, King of Burren. Beneath it, at the right hand side, in a hollow recess, like a trough, under a very acute-angled arch, lies a gaunt stone figure at full length, very rudely carved. It purports to be the effigy of Connor O'Loughlin, Prince of Burren. Nothing further is said upon the stone; a far more dignified proceeding, under the circumstances, than that of poor Mr. Patt McCarthy, outside the high wall. The face of the effigy of the Prince of Burren is nearly all worn away—flat and featureless—but the features appearing to have been large and long rather than prominent. A skull from among the wrecks above had rolled down into the recess. I took it up, and handed it to the young carman. He received it very reverentially—gazed down at it a little while in silence; and then said, in a devout tone, "A thick skull—the Lord be praised!" I suppose there was some connexion of ideas in his mind; at all events, he said it with great reverence.

Two old rooks appear to have a sort of home in the ragged, sapless ivy on the upper part of the ruins, and are even believed to sleep there every night. It is also affirmed that sheep are sometimes to be seen near the walls, cropping such grass and weed as they can find. The Abbey is surrounded by huge fragments of rock, as you bend your gaze below;—and, looking upward, a few small patches of green field and brown arable land are visible, here and there; while huge mountains of grey stones, in a wide and forbidding circle, enclose the spectral ruins of Corcumroe in their bleak and barren embrace.

Poetry.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

I.

Is this as it should be?

Wolf of Stomach! Wealth is fed;
 Riches miss no daily bread.
 Tooth of Winter! Woollen stuff
 Yields to riches warmth enough.
 But the poor say, in their sorrow,
 Eat to-day, but crave to-morrow:
 And the poor say, Garments old
 Give free trespass to the cold.

Is this as it should be?

Fount of learning! At thy brink
 Willing wealth may stay and drink:
 But the poor man may not learn,
 When he has his bread to earn.
 Weary limbs make weary brain;
 He may scanty knowledge gain;
 But must plod, and plod, and plod,
 Till he yields him to the sod.

Is this as it should be?

Scorner of a poor estate,
 Sit in chambers of the great;
 Give God thanks that thou hast dined:
 Famine moaneth on the wind.
 Thou art warmly wrapped and fed;
 Shivering thousands beg their bread.
 For thy fulness maketh scant,
 Hoarding that which others want.

Is this as it should be?

II.

This is as it should be.

Sturdy arm, and stout of heart,
 In the labour bear thy part.
 Whether thou be rich or poor,
 Do thy share, and do no more.
 For his portion, rightly done,
 Gives to each, beneath the sun,
 All that he has right to ask—
 'Shamed to reap another's task.

This is as it should be.

Work, but never be deprived
 Of the honey thou hast lived,
 Save for change, of equal worth,
 Of the wealth of this fair earth.
 Eat no bread thou hast not won;
 Give not, but for labour done:
 Bid, or high, or low, go toil,
 As thou dost, on common soil.

This is as it should be.

Guerdon—for the good deed wrought;
 For the bloodless fight well fought.
 Guerdon—when the strife is o'er,
 And strong arm can toil no more.
 But, till reverend age succeeds
 To its rest from daily deeds,
 Let the general voice demand
 Equal toil of every hand.

This is as it should be.

Yield unto the common weal
 Rightful wage for daily meal;
 Nor make question of thy lot:—
 One may have what thou hast not:
 Have enough;—if he hath more,
 He is rich, nor art thou poor;
 Thou art rich in thy degree,
 And as good a man as he.

*This is as it should be.*COMMON LODGING-HOUSES, AND A MODEL
LODGING-HOUSE FOR THE POOR.

It has long been notorious that the common lodging-houses in London, and in other large cities, for the *itinerant poor*, are of the most wretched and contaminating description. They are generally situated in densely populated neighbourhoods: small, ill-ventilated, filthy, and crowded to suffocation, they engender, disease of the most virulent kinds; the poisonous miasma of which, wafted upon every breeze, is carried into the dwellings of the rich as well as of the poor, spreading death and desolation all around; as witness the following incident which occurred in London only the other day:—

"*Death from Impure Air.*—An inquest was held on Thursday by Mr. Payne, city coroner, at the Red Lion, Shoe-lane, on the body of a man unknown, who died suddenly in a common lodging-house, in Field-lane, Holborn. The deceased, it appeared, had occupied a bed in the lodging-house, 26, Field-lane, for which he paid fourpence per night, for the last three months. On Friday night he returned to his lodging about six o'clock, and complained of a pain across the loins. He went early to bed, and during the night he was heard to laugh hysterically, and in the morning was found a corpse. The only 'property' found upon him was four duplicates, in a tin box, and a halfpenny. Dr. J. Lynch said that, on going into the room he found a very offensive smell of animal exhalations, as if there had been several persons sleeping in it. He stooped down at the first bed, and found the body of the deceased. He bled him, and a very small quantity of blood, like treacle, flowed. On looking round the room he saw quite sufficient to account for the death: the room could not give, under any circumstances, healthful accommodation to one individual, much less to four, who had been sleeping in the same apartment. The fire-place was blocked up, and every means had been taken to prevent a free current of air in the apartment. Many of these lodging-houses were built over cesspools, and the impure air breathed in the confined apartments had just the same effect upon the vital parts as inhaling the noxious vapour of burning charcoal. The man might probably have been affected with lumbago, but he died in a fit, no doubt caused by breathing impure air. He had no hesitation in saying that death in the present case was accelerated by want of proper ventilation. Dr. Lynch, at considerable length, gave a most painful description of the wretched hovels where the poor creatures paid for night's lodgings in the vicinity of Smithfield and Field-lane. In some of them eight or nine persons slept where accommodation was afforded for only two. Referring to the health of the people inhabiting courts, Dr. Lynch said it was a well-known fact, that out of 100,000 children born, 50,000 died solely from inhaling impure air. Fever is constantly breaking out in these houses, and the worst is that it is spread throughout the community by the inmates constantly removing from one part of the metropolis to the other. After some further remarks, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased died from natural causes, accelerated by the want of pure ventilation, the jury at the same time requesting that the attention of the authorities be drawn to the subject so that there may be proper supervision over lodging-houses."

These lodging-houses are also the prolific hot-beds and the nurseries for every species of wickedness and crime; yet the poor, from dire necessity, are compelled to use them, and to pay for their filthy, abominable, and dangerous accommodation, a price very far exceeding what might afford them decent, and in their circumstances, comfortable lodgings.

Efforts have long been in operation, and in operation successfully, to raise the industrious working classes to a proper estimate of themselves, and to improve their moral, intellectual, and physical condition. That great work is going on prosperously and to prosper.

But the *poor*, the *very poor*—the wandering, half-naked, diseased and friendless outcasts, of which there are always many thousands in London, and tens of thousands throughout the kingdom—are still neglected; they are constantly prowling on our streets, picking up a mean, a criminal, and a precarious living; and when evening comes, without sympathy, without hope, without the means of instruction and improvement open to others, they have nowhere to hide their miserable bodies, and their aching hearts, but in those dens of infamy, the common lodging-houses.

For the sake of humanity something ought to be

done for the miserable *itinerant poor*; for the sake of the community at large something must be done: and in the hope that WILLIAM HOWITT, the friend of the poor, will give this article a place in his journal, I call attention to a plan which will cut at the root of the evil, if extensively copied and improved upon, namely—THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE FOR THE POOR, just fitted up by private beneficence, but which is to be *self-supporting*, and which is now in operation in Glasshouse-yard, Lower East Smithfield, near the London Dock gates.

This most interesting establishment is of considerable extent, the buildings forming a quadrangle, inclosing a court or square. In the centre of this square stands a high pillar, supporting a large gas-lamp, which sheds a brilliant light all over the place. Passing from the outside through the buildings in the front, which constitute the offices, the rooms for servants, and store-rooms, you enter the square.

On the *left-hand* side is a long building, divided by a brick partition about one-third from the end. The smaller section of this building is the kitchen, in which is all the needful apparatus for cooking small articles of food, providing tea, coffee, etc. The larger section is the *hall*, for the inmates to occupy till they retire to their beds. This spacious hall is furnished with long tables, benches, a good fire, and gas-lights. It is intended to supply the lodgers also with a few useful books and pamphlets. There is a small window in the partition-wall, between the hall and the kitchen, through which the inmates are served with tea, coffee, bread, or any small cooked articles of food they can afford to buy. The very lowest prices are charged, but they are not solicited to buy anything; they may fetch in their own food, and do just as they please.

On the *right-hand* side of the square is another long building, divided into two wards by a brick partition. One ward, containing nearly one hundred beds, is for men and boys; the other ward, containing about forty-five beds, is for women and girls. These wards are fitted up with *pews*, exactly like a church or chapel, with passages between them. Strong laths, at moderate distances, are placed across each pew, about a foot from the floor, and to within two feet from the outer end; on these laths are placed the mattress and bed-clothes; thus each pew forms a separate and comfortable bed, with a place for a seat at the entrance; and a *thorough draught*, sweeping under the whole, carries all noxious air upwards.

There are large fire-places in the sleeping-wards, and gas-lamps, to be used as occasion may require, with regular and careful servants to secure the order and safety of the whole.

In the centre of the ceiling, running right across both wards into a flue at the end of the building, is a funnel, or spout, in size eighteen inches each way, covered over from underneath with *thin canvass*, to receive and carry away any bad air as it ascends.

There are all sorts of conveniences, under proper regulations; water-tanks, etc., erected on the further side of the square, the whole forming a complete economical and comfortable dwelling for the *itinerant poor*, the charge for lodgings being only *twopenny* per night. One hundred per cent. less than the common lodging; for accommodation—two hundred per cent. better at the very least.

Anticipating that this model establishment (and all others like it, after the first outlay) will support itself, subscriptions are not required; but tickets will be issued at the prices of twopenny and one penny, to those who wish to purchase them for the purpose of giving away to the poor in the streets, instead of money. These tickets will be always available: the twopenny ticket will pay for a bed; the penny ticket a loaf, a little coffee, or some other small article of food, at the lodging-house, as the bearer may require.

It is hoped that occasionally suitable addresses may be delivered to the inmates in their halls, by which means their consciences and hearts may be reached, so as to inspire with hope and encouragement for time and for eternity. Who can tell what may be the result—the amount of good that may thus be accomplished?

To Mr. Robert Bowie, surgeon, the originator of the *baths* and *wash-houses* for the poor in the same locality, the indefatigable friend of the *very poor*, belongs the honour of originating also this *model lodging-house for the poor*. The munificence of a yet nameless benefactor has furnished the means to set the good work a going. May the blessing of the poor rest on these philanthropists, and the approbation of God be their rich reward.

AMICO.

TWO SCENES ON THE DANUBE

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Translated by Mary Howitt.)

TO-DAY IS SUNDAY.

It is Sunday in the calendar; it is Sunday in God's beautiful nature! Let us go out into the hills toward Mehadia, the most delightfully situated of all the watering-places of Hungary. What a mass of flowers are in bloom in the tall green grass! What gushes of sunshine upon the wood-covered sides of the hills! The air is blue and transparent. To-day it is Sunday, and therefore all the people whom we meet are in holiday attire. The smooth, black, plaited hair of the girls is adorned with real flowers; with a spray of laburnum, or a dark red carnation; the white chemise sleeves are embroidered with green and red; the petticoat resembles a deep fringe of red, blue, and yellow; even the old grandmother is dressed in fringe, and wears a flower in her white linen head-band. Young men and boys have roses in their hats, the very least is arrayed in his best, and looks splendid! his short shirt hangs outside his dark-coloured breeches; a spray of laburnum is wreathed round his large hat, which soon half buries his eyes. Yes, it is Sunday to-day!

What a solitude there is in these hills! Life and health gush in water out of these springs; music resounds from the stately, large pump-room; the nightingale sings in the clear sunshine, among the fragrant trees, where the wild vines climb from branch to branch.

Thou wonderful nature! to me the best, the holiest of churches! In the midst of thee my heart tells me that "this day is Sunday!"

We are again in Orsova. The brass ball upon the church-tower shines in the sun: the door is open. How solitary it is within. The priest stands in his robes and lifts up his voice; it is Father Adam; little Antonius kneels before him, and swings to and fro the censur; the elder boy, Hieronymus, has his place in the middle of the church, and represents the whole Armenian congregation.

In front of the church, in the market-place, where the lime-trees are in blossom, there is a great dance of young and old. In the middle of the circle stand the musicians; one blows the bag-pipe, the other scrapes the fiddle. The circle twists itself first to the right, then to the left. Everybody is in their utmost grandeur, with fringe, flowers, and bare feet. To-day it is Sunday!

Several little lads run about in nothing but a shirt; upon their heads, however, they wear a large man's hat, and in the hat a flower. Official people, gentlemen and ladies all dressed in the fashion of Vienna, walk about to look at the people, the dancing people. The red evening sun illumines the white church tower, the

amber-coloured Danube, and the wood-crowned mountains of Servia: may it shine also in my song when I sing of it! How beautiful and animated! How fresh and peculiar! Everything indicates a holiday. Everything shows that to-day is Sunday!

AT DRENCOVA.

ABOUT sunset I walked alone in the wood near the little town, where I fell in with some gipsies who had encamped round a fire for the night. When I returned back through the wood I saw a handsome peasant-lad standing among the bushes, who bade me good evening, in German. I asked him if this were his native tongue; he replied in the negative, and told me that he commonly spoke in the Wallacian language, but that he had learned German in the school. To judge by his dress he appeared very poor; but everything that he wore was so clean; his hair so smoothly combed; his eyes beamed with such an expression of happiness; there was something so thoughtful and so good in his countenance, as I rarely have seen in a child before. I asked him if he were intended for a soldier, and he replied, "Yes, we are all of us soldiers here; but I wish to be an officer, and therefore I learn everything that I can." There was a something in his whole manner so innocent, so noble, that actually, if I had been rich, I would have adopted that boy. I told him that he certainly must be an officer; and that no doubt he would be one if he only zealously strove after it, and put his trust in God.

In reply to my question, whether he knew where Denmark was, he thought with himself for some time, and then said, "I fancy it is a long way from here—near Hamburg."

I could not give an alms to this boy; he seemed too noble to receive charity; I asked him, therefore, to gather me a few flowers; he ran away readily, and soon gathered me a beautiful nosegay. I took and said I shall buy these flowers. In that way he received payment; he blushed deeply, and thanked me sweetly. He told me that his name was Adam Marco. I took one of my cards out of my pocket, and gave it to him, saying, "Some day, when you are an officer, and perhaps may come to Denmark, then inquire for me, and your happiness will give me great pleasure. Be industrious, and put your trust in God! There is no knowing what may happen."

Never did any unknown child ever make such a strong impression on me at the first meeting, as did this. His noble deportment, his thoughtful innocent countenance, were his best patent of nobility. He *must* become an officer; and I will do my little towards it; committing it, it is true, to the hand of chance. And here I make my bow to every noble, rich, Hungarian lady, who, by any chance, may read this book, and who perhaps, for the "Improvisatore" and "The Fiddler," may have a kindly thought; the poet beseeches of her—or if he have, unknown to himself, a wealthy friend in Hungary, or in Wallachia, he beseeches also of him—"To think of Adam Marco in Drencova, and to help your little countryman forward, if he deserve it!"

Literary Notices.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschokke. By PARKER GODWIN. Wiley and Putnam, London.

THIS is an English edition of an American work, and forms one volume of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading—a library which contains American reprints of some of the choicest works of the age. This volume, which appears to be an experiment with the

American public of the popularity of Zschokke's tales, contains only five out of the fifty—or a tithe of the whole—The Fool of the XIXth. Century, Harmonina, Jack Straw, Floretta, and the Adventures of New Year's Eve, one of the pleasantest stories ever told. They may be regarded as a very fair specimen of the manner of an author, who is deservedly the most popular writer of short stories in Germany, many of them having reached their fortieth edition. Zschokke's history is very interesting; and short as our space is, we will extract one little circumstance from the few words which the compiler very pleasantly writes "about the author."

"Zschokke was greatly troubled with religious misgivings. He tried to read and reason these down; he found a temporary support in the philosophy of Kant; but it was all in vain. Only after he had engaged earnestly in patriotic exertion; only after he gave himself to deeds of active benevolence, did these distressing feelings leave him, and the Gospel of Christ reveal itself to his mind as a Divine truth. He passed from the dark and tempestuous abyss in which he had floated, up into the serene heaven of a living faith, not through the narrow gateway of a wretched logic, but along the broad and beautiful road of actual work. When he ceased to wrestle with the grim spectres of the imagination, and addressed himself with true manly earnestness to the great business of life, he found peace."

The Jewish Faith. By GRACE AGUILAR. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1846.

No one could read this volume without advantage to his religious spirit and all its sincere emotions, however he might differ from it in religious doctrine. It is addressed to the youth of the Jewish faith, and to them will be a most valuable gift; but scarcely less so to all of us. It is strongly suggestive of the Divine hope which carries our imaginations onward to the period when there shall be "One fold and one Shepherd." We see in it how the grand, simple faith of the ancient people of God is unfolding itself in the light of advancing intelligence; how all that was understood by them in their first ages as temporal, is becoming spiritual; all that was exclusive, widening out into universality; how they are reading their Law and their Prophets in the spirit of Him who "revealed the Father" to us; and who in emphatic words declared that He came "not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." While enlightened Judaism thus advances, we see in the progress of events the spirit of Christianity purifying the doctrines adopted by its professors, exterminating the dark errors of the times of persecution and hatred, and leading us to acknowledge in the Jew the original possessor of the truth on which our own faith is founded—the Unity of God, in contradistinction to the Polytheism of every other people. The Jew is the labourer "who has borne the burden and heat of the day;" we have *known* this long, but we are now beginning to *feel* it; and it leads us on to a perception of the poetry and pathos which surround that peculiar race, scattered over all the earth, yet preserving their nationality: acknowledging the hand of God and the fulfilment of prophecy in their temporary degradation; mourning it as they did in the days of old by the waters of Babylon, and looking forward with perfect faith to their final restoration to their ancient heritage.

The Student's Manual. By R. HARRISON BLACK, LL.D. London: Longman.

THIS vocabulary of English words derived from the Greek, is an extremely useful and carefully compiled little volume. We recommend it to every intelligent student of the English tongue, who is not a classical scholar; and we would particularly bring it under the notice of such as form libraries for the people, where it cannot fail of a due appreciation.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

People's Colleges.—The question of popular education goes on vigorously developing itself through practical demonstration. Mechanics' Institutes were a noble invention in their day, and to Dr. Birkbeck we are greatly indebted for their establishment. But they originated in the bran new days of the politico-economic seal: in the days of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and of the Penny Magazine. It was a day when people fancied themselves become all at once wise; and their wisdom consisted in exalting the intellect and the exact sciences, at the expense of the sentiments, and of poetry. Man was regarded rather as a curious machine, capable of being educated into the performance of many curious mechanic processes. He was to be developed by science, and accomplished by lectures. The new matter-of-fact illuminati forgot that it was not by precise forms of instruction, and by the bare hard rules of the schools, that the very greatest men of all ages had been made what they were. They forgot how much was owing to native genius, and how much even such men as Milton and Bacon owed to the profound reflections of their retired hours. They undertook, therefore, too much. All was to be achieved by training, and nothing left to the impulses and cogitations of the great inventive faculty within.

Old legends, old nursery stories, old tastes for the works and embellishments of the middle ages, were regarded with scorn. We were all of us to be much wiser than our fathers, and heartily to despise the teachings of our childhood. This state of things had its day. Little Red Riding Hood was sent to the wolf, and Wordsworth voted ridiculous; but this philosophy soon began to fail, for it was found, spite of chemistry and Adam Smith, that we had fancy as well as reason, and sentiment as well as a faculty for knowledge; and every part of our nature would have its food, or the creature grew into something more like a Frankenstein than a man.

Mechanics' Institutes, therefore, failed to draw mechanics; and lectures were voted by many of them a bore. This was attributed to their ignorance, which would require long years to wear out. But years went on, and the mechanics did not mend in this respect. It was found, however, that where libraries were opened, thither they flocked: but they flocked there, not to read books of science, but of poetry and general literature. To correct this wretched bias, as it was called, the books for these libraries were selected by the committees with more than ordinary care. Works of science were made prominent; works of fiction, or poetry, or of a *piquant* character of any kind, were rendered scarce. The mechanics kicked hard at this, but were told they did not know what was for their good. They stared, and felt themselves patronized. To gratify their depraved taste for such works as Scott's Novels, Martineau's Tales of Political Economy, instead of Political Economy itself, Cobbett's History of the Reformation, and Howitt's History of Priestcraft, the working people soon withdrew, and formed book associations after their own fancy. They had, poor souls, enough of mechanical art and dry calculations during the day; at their evening reading they sought, naturally enough, relaxation.

In the mean time the Mechanics' Institutes, so called, were not left empty. Into these swarmed a class that had already laid in a good substratum of general knowledge, the clerks and assistants in shops, who wanted to follow out a more complete study of some particular art or science. For them these institutions were the true schools; less fatigued with daily labour, and having opportunities for occasional reading in the departments of aesthetics, they found the lecture-room and the library of science just the things they needed. By this process Mechanics' Institutes have not changed their nature, but have great need to change their name. They are no longer the resort of mechanics: they are excellent colleges for the middle classes. It is only necessary that they should do as many, perceiving the misnomer, are

already doing—abandoning the delusive name of Mechanics' Institute, and taking that of the Athenæum; as in Manchester, in Warwick, and, last week, in Sheffield. The result of this movement in Sheffield is a brilliant proof of the ripeness of the time for the change. There 1000*l.* was subscribed on the spot for this object.

In the mean time the people have put forth a new phasis. Having indulged their desire for psychological food in their own way—having revelled amongst romances, poets, travellers, and cavillers—they have come, many of them, to shew the very tastes that they at first appeared destitute of: a taste for art, for science, for classics, for physics, and even metaphysics. We open our eyes, and see that the mistake lay in ourselves; that we wanted them to be men while they were but children in the realms of mind. We wanted to invert the order of nature, and nature would not be overruled. Now the intellectual man is grown up, and displays intellectual appetites, and will have food in accordance with it.

To suit the various tastes of the various stages of mental growth, therefore, men wise to discern the signs of the times, have set up a new species of school—the People's College. In this college each man can suit himself. He can hammer at the lower elements, or he can aim at tuition of the highest kind: he can read Homer or solve Euclid. These are the true People's Schools; and many elements of these schools are comprehended in some of the still so-called Mechanics' Institutes, which have moulded themselves insensibly to the needs of the age. Others, as we are informed by a correspondent in the case in that at Stockport, still keep on the old mechanical way. Where the so-called Mechanics' Institute resolves itself into a People's College, it would be well to take the name; where it does not, the people themselves should set on and establish such a college. For it is by no means necessary that such a college should wait to be set by some spirited individual, as by Mr. Bailey, at Sheffield, or by a spirited subscription of the middle classes, as at Nottingham. The people can, and should, by subscriptions amongst themselves, establish People's Colleges. It is by these weekly payments that these colleges must be maintained; and, therefore, these weekly payments will, in their hands as well as in others, hire rooms, and pay masters.

There is another view as regards these colleges, which should be well considered. In a very large town, as in London, Liverpool, Manchester, or Birmingham, what is one Mechanics' Institute, or one People's College? The people—for we are fast ceasing to deal with class distinctions in these matters, and claim the best of educations for all—the people are, in a very large city, diffused all over it, and cannot, in their few weary hours of evening, undertake to reach some one distant location. No! in every neighbourhood there should be a school with its library, where the working man of that district can go and study what branch of literature or art he particularly prefers. It is not necessary that such school should have porphyry steps or marble columns. Let it be as humble as it will, but let the subscriptions of the rich and the subscriptions of the poor mingle to make knowledge accessible. Such large towns as I have mentioned should have their half-dozen people's schools.

The time will come when the people, all educated in their youth, will not so much need classes or reading-rooms and lectures; but while we have a race of men grown, and a race of youths growing, who had not in their boyhood this preliminary tuition, and now most praiseworthy seek it for themselves, let the academical roof rise in each locality, so that all may reach it.

And is it not a shame that in LONDON there is no PEOPLE'S COLLEGE? Is it not a shame that there are not a score scattered over its vast surface? Let the men of London reflect on this; and let them reflect further. Out of the toiling order

have risen men of distinguished genius, who naturally seek to live by their genius. Such men as Thomas Cooper, as William Thom, as John Crichtley Prince. For these, as for any man, literature is a delusive snare, a broken reed. They lean on it, and are pierced through the hand, and too often through the heart. But is there not in the management or the teaching of some department of a People's College a sure and honourable avocation for such men? Is it not in such institutions that they can usefully exercise their talents, and find a happy asylum from the storms of life while they are labouring in the noblest field, that is, of the general instruction? How many men of genuine talent might, by the establishment of People's Colleges, find at once the legitimate exercise of their faculties, their true position in life. We shall pursue this idea; and we trust that many others will pursue it with us.

Proceedings of the Co-operative League.—In accordance with an announcement made through this journal a short time since, a public lecture on the "Sanatory Condition of the Metropolis and other large Towns" was delivered on Monday evening, the 18th ult., by Mr. Thomas Beggs, of the "Metropolitan Working Classes Association," at the Central Hall of the Co-operative League, King's Arms-yard, Snow-hill. The talented lecturer treated his subject most ably, clearly showing that by far the larger amount of existing diseases arise from removable causes; and that from improper ventilation, want of cleanliness, and other prolific sources of pestilence, the natural period of human life is almost incredibly shortened. The facts thus proved were illustrated by diagrams. The lecture concluded at about half-past ten, and Mr. Beggs was expected to resume his subject on the following Monday. A public meeting was also held at the above Hall on Wednesday, the 20th ult., Goodwyn Barnby in the chair, who set forth the advantages of co-operation in an eloquent speech, which was followed by various resolutions, spoken to by Messrs. Richardson, Slaney, Ainger, Henry, and Mr. Lane, from America.

A lecture was given at this place on Monday, the 25th ult., by Mr. Joseph Bentley, of the "Metropolitan Working Classes Association." Subject—"The Laws of Health." The lecturer enumerated the following as the *six* necessities of life:—Pure air, light, pure water, pure and proper food, exercise and recreation, and proper temperature; and showed very clearly that on a due supply of all these depends the healthy and vigorous development of the human body. He then proceeded to illustrate the process of digestion, of the circulation of the blood, &c.; and finally dwelt with much emphasis on the necessity of cleanliness. He stated that all the misery existing in Ireland, and also much of that existing elsewhere, was traceable to ignorance as its source; and concluded an eloquent address, by expressing a hope, that the efforts that are now being made by various societies would result in the universal diffusion of intelligence and happiness.

The formation of a large library has been resolved on by the League, and many books have been already presented; several from the Working Classes Association.

Project of a Roscoe Club and Liverpool Athenaeum.—Our space this week does not permit us the pleasure of giving at large the very interesting letter of *Quintus*, announcing the above project by a number of young men, on the principle of the Whittington Club. The account of *Quintus* also of the Picture Exhibition in Post-office Place, where the terms of admission were twopenny each, and catalogues one penny, deserves the widest record and general imitation. At this, a fine sign of the times, numbers of the working classes were seen with their families earnestly and quietly seeking the gratification of their intellectual taste.

Early Closing Movement.—We learn from an obliging correspondent, with the highest satisfaction, that the merchants and shopkeepers of Stirling have come forward and resolved to close their shops and warehouses at eight in the evening. This is an example which will not be lost on other towns; nor, we are persuaded, on the young men themselves. The *Stirling Observer* expresses its confidence that they "will highly appreciate the boon conferred on them. Whether they will establish a reading-room for themselves, or have one in connexion with the School of Arts, or whether they will think of setting up a Mutual Instruction Society, time will show."

Tithes.—The remarks on this great question sent by J. S. S. meet our fullest approbation, but we must defer them till we

can go fairly into it, and show the most mischievous working of the Tithe Commutation Act, which has doubled the tithe charge throughout the kingdom, and in many localities quadrupled it, besides giving a more permanent tenure to the imposition.

The Editors are happy to announce that they have secured the able assistance of the following eminent writers:—

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, (*Copenhagen.*)
PHILIP BAILEY, (*Author of Festus.*)
GOODWYN BARNBY.
MISS BREMER, (*Stockholm.*)
DR. BOWRING.
ELIHU BURRITT.
W.B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S.
MRS. CHILD, (*New York.*)
HENRY F. CHORLEY.
THOMAS COOPER.
BARRY CORNWALL.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.
W. J. FOX.
FRANKLIN FOX.
FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.
WILLIAM L. GARRISON.
MARY GILLIES.
SPENCER T. HALL.

J. A. HERAUD.
MRS. HODGSON.
R. H. HORNE.
RICHARD HOWITT.
LEIGH HUNT.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.
MRS. LEE, (*Boston, U. S.*)
J. R. LOWELL, (*America.*)
CHARLES MACKAY.
JOSEPH MAZZINI.
MISS MITFORD.
MISS PARDON.
ABEL PAYNTER.
SILVERPEN, (*of Jerrold's Magazine.*)
DR. SMILES, (*Leeds.*)
DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.
CAMILLA TOULMIN.
ALARIC A. WATTS.
WHITTIER, (*The American Poet.*)

In our next Number will be given

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY,

Of Norwich, from an admirable Family Portrait by RICHMOND; drawn on the Wood by ANKLEY, and Engraved by W. J. LINTON,

WITH A

MEMOIR FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Bread Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWRY, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, February 4, 1847.



THE LATE JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, ESQ. OF NORWICH.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY RICHMOND.

ENGRAVED BY LINTON.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE
JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, ESQ., OF NORWICH.

THE admirable notice of Mr. Gurney, from the pen of one of his friends, which has appeared in the *Norfolk News*, as we are thus assured of its authenticity, happily leaves us little to do except to present it in such a condensed form as is compatible with the limits of our Journal.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY was the representative of a family which, for nearly two centuries, had possessed such an influence in Norwich, that none of its members could have passed away entirely unfelt and unnoticed. But no one has exercised that influence more powerfully and beneficially than the lamented individual whose death has already been announced in our columns. Joseph John Gurney, the third son of John and Catherine Gurney, the sister of Priscilla Wakefield, was born in Earham Hall, on the 2nd of August, 1788. A person of the same name, one of his ancestors, and a member of the Society of Friends, appears from the record of "The Sufferings of the People called Quakers," to have been a prisoner, with several others, in Norwich gaol, in the year 1683, for refusing to take an oath; and it is a remarkable fact that the Walter Bacon, of Earham, who committed him, was at that time resident in the very hall which the descendants of the persecuted prisoner now occupy. The father of our lamented friend, an extensive dealer in hand-spun yarn, became subsequently a partner in the banking business, which had been established in Pitt-street in 1775, and was afterwards brought to the present building. He was a man of peculiarly active mind and habits; public-spirited and benevolent; and his house at Earham, to which he removed from Brammerton in 1786, was the scene of almost unexampled hospitality. The superintendence and care of a family of eleven children devolved, however, almost entirely upon his wife, who was a woman of varied and superior excellences; possessing an enlarged and well-cultivated mind, with a refined taste, and high-toned conscientiousness. As she died in 1792, her son Joseph was soon deprived of maternal care, and his yet infant years were committed to the intelligent and affectionate training of his three elder sisters; one of whom, who still survives, supplied, as far as a sister could supply, a mother's place; and another of whom, the late Mrs. Fry, had probably no small degree of influence in inspiring his mind with those principles which she herself afterwards so nobly carried out into beneficent practice. During the earlier years of this interesting family, true religion had not the controlling and sanctifying power over their minds which it had subsequently. They had not yet perceived the "vanity," nor experienced the "vexations" of the world; their path was sunshine, and their atmosphere perfume; and their literary tastes, their elegant accomplishments, and the rich hospitality of "the good man of the house," rendered Earham Hall the attractive centre, in the midst of an extensive circle, to which gentry and nobility repaired, and where the late Duke of Gloucester was a welcome and a delighted visitor.

Mr. Gurney's education was conducted at home, and was then intrusted to the Rev. J. H. Browne, a clergyman in Hingham, about twelve miles from Earham; it was subsequently matured at Oxford, where he had an excellent private tutor, in the Rev. John Rogers, a man of great and varied learning, and where he attended the lectures of the professors, and enjoyed many of the valuable privileges of the University, without becoming a member of it, and without subscribing to the Thirtynine Articles. He had always a strong desire for knowledge, and great promptness and facility both in its acquisition and impartation; and his classical,

mathematical, and general attainments, if they did not entitle him to the rank of first-rate scholarship, were highly respectable. He had an extensive acquaintance with the Hebrew and Syriac languages, as well as with classics, mathematics, and general science. Attached, even in early life, to Biblical studies, he had critically read the Old and New Testaments in the original languages, in the Syriac Peschito, and in the Latin vulgate, before he was twenty-two years of age; and he was well acquainted with Rabbinical and Patristic writings; but, what is best of all, his studies were not only pursued and perfected in early life, but all the intellectual wealth and power which they afforded were consecrated to the advancement of truth and piety in himself and others. Those who have been accustomed to observe his tall, erect, and manly form, and his countenance, which seemed the bright abode of combined intelligence and goodness, may easily conceive what must have been the attractive loveliness of his youth. He was then an object of great admiration and attachment to all his juvenile acquaintance; and when we consider the sweetness of his disposition, his social sympathies, and his bright worldly prospects, we may gratefully acknowledge that his preservation from the power of temptation was an evidence of Divine care and mercy.

It is not surprising that the clerical tutorship by which he was trained, and that the ecclesiastical attractions of Oxford, should have produced in his mind some questioning respecting the system of Quakerism, and some bias towards the Established Church. This state of hesitation, however, did not long continue.

It will be peculiarly gratifying to the great and useful body of Sunday-school teachers to be informed that some of his juvenile years were consecrated to that important work, chiefly for the purpose of instructing a class of young persons in scriptural religion; and that some men of reputation and usefulness, now in Norwich, were once children in his "first day" school. From that time forward, he was an enlightened and zealous advocate and labourer in the cause of popular education. The public school at Ackworth, as well as other schools belonging to the Society of Friends, received his attention and support; and he composed, for the use of its pupils, "a plan of scriptural instruction," which embraces a compendious system of scripture history, doctrines, and duties. He was also a warm admirer and a liberal supporter of the British school system; not only on account of its religious and unsectarian basis, but also on account of its efficient mode of communicating instruction. Many parts of the country, as well as of his own city, can bear witness to the liberality with which he assisted in the erection and maintenance of public schools. One of his latest acts was to attend the annual examination of the British School in Palace-street; and it is now a peculiarly affecting remembrance that, at the close of the engagement, a map of England and Wales, which some of the boys had drawn out, was presented to him in the name of the school, as a testimony of the respect and gratitude of the children. His affectionate heart was evidently delighted with the gift. He thanked them all most heartily; and, alas! for human plans and foresight, he kindly promised that all the boys should visit Earham, some fine day in summer, when they might play in the plantation, and walk through the beautiful garden. "In that garden there is now a sepulchre!"

Having, in early life, been brought under the influence of religion, he became desirous to be the means of imparting its instructions and blessings to others; and, therefore, after the usual preliminary proceedings, he became an acknowledged minister in the Society of Friends in the year 1818. By taking this step, he entered upon a more important course of labour and usefulness.

His ministry, notwithstanding its accordance with the principles and peculiarities of the Friends, was evangelical and influential in a high degree. The gifts of nature, the acquisitions of study, and, above all, the graces of the Divine Spirit, eminently qualified him to preach the word with unction, persuasiveness, and power. As the Friends distinguish between teaching and preaching, he could consistently make previous preparation for the former, and such discourses especially were exceedingly clear, well arranged, and peculiarly adapted to the occasion and the auditory. The simplicity of his style, the appropriateness of his illustrations; the striking words which he occasionally introduced, the ease and gracefulness of his manner, and the deep and honest interest which he always manifested in the subject of his address, rendered him a most attractive and persuasive speaker; and whenever he rose on the platform, at our public meetings, every heart throbbed, and every eye sparkled in anticipation of his speech.

His ministry, which rendered him in some degree a public character, had probably no little influence in prompting his connexion with public and general institutions. It was his habit, however, when travelling for the authorized discharge of that ministry in his own church, to take the opportunity of going into general society, as the advocate and promoter of various religious and philanthropic objects. One of his earliest journeys, in discharge of his ministry,—undertaken in 1818, in company with his sister, Mrs. Fry,—was also devoted to an investigation of the state of the prisons in Scotland and the north of England; the results of which were given to the public, in a volume of well-selected facts, accompanied with wise and benevolent suggestions on the subject of *prison discipline*. A similar journey to Ireland was taken by the same parties in the spring of 1827, and an account of it was published by Mr. Gurney, in "A Report addressed to the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;" in which he recommends a course of prison discipline, the great objects of which are, "first, to prevent the criminal from growing worse; and, secondly, if possible, to effect in his character a real improvement." Upwards of forty prisons were visited by them, besides the principal lunatic asylums, infirmaries, houses of industry, and other establishments, for the relief of the most wretched part of that ever afflicted population. This visit was very interesting to him; and, on his return, he related, in his own playful and humorous manner, several anecdotes respecting the salutations with which he was greeted by the warm-hearted Irish in some of the towns, when he was seen walking arm-in-arm with the priests, in making his visits of mercy; and also respecting the influence produced by the inspiring chaunt of Mrs. Fry's voice, in those religious meetings, at which both priests and people attended—an influence which was felt indeed not in Ireland only, nor in England only; for when she was addressing a large company of orphans on the continent, one of the German princes in attendance was so wrought upon, that he cried aloud, "C'est le don de Dieu!"—"This is the gift of God." The following sentence, which occurs towards the close of his report, though written twenty years ago, is a word in season even now: "Were the poor of Ireland, instead of being reduced by high rents, miserably low wages, uncertain tenure, and want of employment, to a condition of misery and disaffection—and, then, in the end, driven off the land in a state of despair—were they, instead of suffering all this oppression, kindly treated, properly employed and remunerated, and encouraged to cultivate small portions of land, at a moderate rent, on their own account, there can be little question, that they would gradually become valuable members of the community, and would be as much bound to their superiors by the tie

of gratitude, as they are now severed from them by ill-will and revenge."

Mr. Gurney was an early and ardent advocate of the freedom of the slave, and the abolition of the detestable slave trade. In January, 1824, only a short time after his brother-in-law, Fowell Buxton, had brought the subject of colonial slavery before the House of Commons, Mr. Gurney was mainly instrumental in collecting a meeting in the Guildhall, where he delivered a speech, which he afterwards published, replete with sound argument, and warm-hearted philanthropy. The public mind in the city had been prepared for that meeting, by a visit paid from Thomas Clarkson a few days before it was held, whose conversation and addresses most thoroughly established and animated Mr. Gurney's mind on the subject. At a county meeting, held in the Shirehall, in the October of the following year, at which the High Sheriff presided, the eloquence of Lord Suffolk, Buxton, and others, united with his own, not only in silencing the objections advanced by Lord Wodehouse, but in obtaining a petition for "the immediate mitigation, and, with as little delay as possible, the final and entire abolition of British Colonial Slavery." And at another meeting of the inhabitants of Norwich, held in St. Andrew's Hall, a month afterwards, a society for the abolition of slavery was instituted, of which the Revds. Edward Day and John Alexander were associated with himself as secretaries. Before that year closed he was found advocating the same cause at a general meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in Freemasons' Hall, London, at which Wilberforce, Brougham, Buxton, Mackintosh, Denman, and Lushington, were his associates. His speeches on these exciting topics, were a fine manifestation of gentlemanly courtesy and Christian forbearance. They admirably combined the "*suaviter in modo*," with the "*fortiter in re*;" and while his indignation burned against the atrocious system itself, he called no fire from heaven upon either the mistaken or the guilty men by whom it was upheld. "While it is undoubtedly our Christian duty," says he, in his letters on the West Indies, "to avoid the least concession of principle on the subject of Slavery, the use of harsh epithets and violent language towards the slaveholder is not only objectionable in itself, but has often an injurious effect in arming them against our arguments, and of thus injuring the progress of our cause. I have, therefore, thought it best to observe towards them the terms and usages of Christian courtesy; and, I believe, there are many of these persons in the United States, who are increasingly disposed to enter upon a fair consideration of the subject."

Fully agreeing in these sentiments, we are not to shut our eyes to the danger of courtesy being carried too far, and principles being endangered for the sake of peace or of persons. There is danger on the one side as well as on the other: and we cannot but think that a plain boldness in telling slaveholders the real nature of their position, is much more likely to urge on the cause of truth and liberty, than being too delicate in our terms, lest slaveholders "arm themselves against our arguments." Slaveholders and the money-lenders of slaveholders, will never come over to a sense of the necessity of freeing their slaves of themselves. It is public opinion that must compel them, and public opinion must be raised to the right pitch by plain dealing and plain speaking.

In this respect we think that Mr. Gurney would have propelled his own views far more effectually by a more decisive language and system of action. The mildness of his nature, however, dictated a different course.

His volume of "Familiar Letters to Henry Clay of Kentucky," describes from his own observation the benefits which had followed emancipation in the West Indies, and advocates therefrom, the safety and desira-

bleness of terminating slavery in America. These "letters," addressed to an anti-abolitionist, were occasioned by a winter spent in the West Indies, in connexion with his visit to America in 1839; and contain much information, written in an attractive style, respecting the scenery, productions, general society, and religious condition of the various islands; published, says he, "in the hope that the lighter parts of the work may serve to amuse the younger class of my readers, on both sides the Atlantic, and lead them on to the consideration of those graver points, so deeply interesting in the present day, which it is my principal purpose to develop and express."

He was a warm advocate for the plan of Powell Buxton, as developed in the unfortunate *Niger Expedition*, the miseries and uselessness of which were strongly pointed out by thinking men before they took place. The object was admirable, the plan was fatal. The interior of Africa must be civilized by civilized negroes—it is perpetually destructive of Europeans; and the truly rational process seems, to begin on the coasts and rivers by their agency.

In his political sentiments, he was decidedly liberal. In early life he entered with spirit into the election struggles in his native city, and made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to abolish the system of bribing, so long, and so shamefully prevalent in Norwich. On the very first visit of Richard Cobden to that city, he became an adherent of the League. He was firmly opposed to *capital punishments*, and interested himself in the cases of several criminals who were condemned to death in that city. He was, of course, always a staunch supporter, and both by tongue and pen zealous coadjutor of the *Bible Society*. He was equally so of the *Peace* and *Temperance Societies*.

On one occasion of the anniversary of the Bible Society, he entertained Wilberforce with all his family and accompanying friends, besides many other guests under his roof, and from 1811 till 1846, he continued to attend and address its meetings, besides labouring in its committees, and with his pen for it.

The last anniversary meeting he attended, was in September, 1846; when he moved one of the resolutions. After he had, in his usually happy manner, expressed his "cordial and unalterable regard to the Society, which was endeavouring to circulate the Bible all the world over," the scene became sacredly impressive, when his soft complacent eye fixed on his only son, who then stood where he himself, when about the same age, had stood, five and thirty years before, and who in concise and manly terms avowed his determination to support the institution, which his father then alas! had been advocating for the last time!

The advocacy of these benevolent and religious institutions, was however not confined to this country, or to Great Britain. He remembered them, and pleaded for them in the *religious visits*, which, as a ministering Friend, he paid to America, and to various parts of Europe. His visit to America was in 1837, and occupied three years; during which time, he travelled through most of the Northern states of the union, and in Upper and Lower Canada. The various incidents of his journeys; the objects, natural, civil, and moral, which attracted his attention by the way; and the impressions made on his mind by America and the Americans, are all narrated, in good tourist style, in a series of letters, "to Amelia Opie," with whose delightful prose and poetry all our readers are familiar.

From these we may give just one extract, relating simply to the address which he gave to the Congress, in the Senate house, at Washington.

"The principal object which I now had in view, in visiting Washington, was, the holding of a meeting for worship, with the officers of government, and members of Congress. My mind was attracted towards these

public men, under a feeling of religious interest; and, far beyond my expectation, did my way open for accomplishing the purpose. Colonel Polk, the speaker of the representative assembly, granted me the use of the Legislation hall; the chaplain of the house (a respectable Wesleyan minister) kindly surrendered his accustomed service for our accommodation; public invitation was given in the newspapers; and when we entered the hall the following First day morning, we found it crowded with the members of Congress, their ladies, and many other persons. The president, and other officers of the government, were also of the company. Undoubtedly it was a highly respectable, and intellectual audience; and I need scarcely tell thee, that it was to me a serious and critical occasion. One of my friends sat down with me in the speaker's rostrum; a feeling of calmness was graciously bestowed upon us; and a silent solemnity overspread the whole meeting. After a short time, my own mind became deeply impressed with the words of our blessed Redeemer, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' Speaking from this text, I was led to describe the main features of orthodox christianity; to declare that these doctrines had been faithfully held by the Society of Friends, from their first rise to the present day; to dwell on the evidences, both historical and internal, which form the credentials of the gospel, considered as a message to mankind, from the King of heaven and earth; to urge the claims of that message on the world at large, on America in particular—a country so remarkably blessed by divine providence—and, above all, on her statesmen and legislators; to advise the devotional duties of the closet, as a guard against the dangers and temptations of politics; to dwell on the peaceable government of Christ by his Spirit; and finally, to insist on the perfect law of righteousness, as applying to nations as well as individuals—to the whole of the affairs of men, both private and public. A solemn silence again prevailed at the close of the meeting; and after it was concluded, we received the warm greetings of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and many other members, of whom we took our leave in the flowing of mutual kindness. Thus was I set free from the heavy burden which had been pressing upon me. In the evening, we met a large assembly at the Methodist Chapel, at Georgetown, a populous place, almost adjoining Washington; and the next morning pursued our journey to a small settlement of humble Friends, in the state of Maryland."

What a scene was this! and what a state of religion, as well as of religious liberty and charity, must that country enjoy, which could produce it, and which could witness it with such complacency! Here are the free chosen legislators of one of the largest and most important countries in the world, composing a worshipping congregation in their senate house; their chaplain a methodist minister, resigning his seat to a Quaker; the Quaker preaching a sermon full of gospel sentiment and exhortation, and urging upon senatorial hearers the importance of private prayer, as a preservative from the temptation of politics, and as a preparative for good legislation; the solemn silence, to afford them an opportunity of "thinking on these things;"—Henry Clay, and John Quincy Adams, and others shaking hands with the Quaker, and probably thanking him for his sermon; and then the going from legislators and senate halls, to preach in a Methodist Chapel, and the next morning joining a humble settlement of Friends! When will England equal this?—"May the Lord hasten it in his time."

We must deny ourselves the gratification of remaining with him any longer in America, or of doing more than glance at his visits to the *Continent*. The first was in 1841, when he went to Paris with Samuel Gurney, his brother in sympathy, as well as in relationship. The principal object of this visit, was to direct the attention

of influential and official persons to the subject of slavery, for the purpose of obtaining its extinction. During their stay, they had an interview with Louis Philippe, the king of the French; as well as much communication with M. Guizot, his minister, and with other persons of distinction. His next visit was in the same year, when he was accompanied by Mrs. Fry. As both of them were ministers, their visit, in that capacity, was sanctioned by the society; but they endeavoured to combine with it, as was usual, different, yet accordant, objects of pursuit. They visited Holland, Belgium, Hanover, some of the smaller German states, Denmark, and Prussia. They held, in various places, religious meetings, not only for worship with the Friends, but also for the instruction and improvement of all classes; and they paid many visits of mercy, to administer the consolations of the gospel to those who were suffering affliction and persecution. They inspected prisons, hospitals, and other public institutions, and then presented their reports to the several governments; always recommending to them, when necessary, the abolition of slavery, and the granting of religious toleration. Thus, after the example of their Divine Master, they "went about doing good." Their reception everywhere was cordial and joyous. "The common people heard them gladly." They were admitted to long and familiar interviews with several of the continental sovereigns, who listened to their statements and suggestions with respectful attention. What diplomacy had, in some instances, failed to effect, they were the means of accomplishing; and the King of Holland, who had been in the habit of procuring slave soldiers from the Gold Coast, was induced, by Mr. Gurney's representations, to abandon the practice. The third visit, which was for similar purposes, took place in 1843; when he was accompanied to Paris by Mrs. Gurney and Mrs. Fry; and on his sister's return home, he and his wife went into the south of France; where his stay was prolonged by illness; and where he seized every opportunity, when he was able, of instructing and encouraging members of his own religious society. During this tour he also visited Switzerland; spent some time with Vinet in Lausanne, and with D'Aubigné in Geneva; had an interview with the King of Wurtemberg; and held many large meetings for religious purposes.

Hitherto it has been comparatively an easy task to detail and delineate these various services in the cause of humanity and religion; but, for obvious reasons, it will not be expected that we should be able to give any adequate estimate of the pecuniary support which he afforded to public institutions, and to private necessities. It may indeed be said, that recently, for instance, he gave 500*l.* to the Bible Society; 500*l.* to the British and Foreign School Society; 500*l.* to the British School in Palace Street; 500*l.* to the Blind Asylum; 500*l.* to the present distress in Ireland; 100*l.* three or four times over, to the Soup Society; and similar sums to the District Visiting Society, and to the Coal Society. But who can tell the sums which he gave, formerly as well as latterly, to numerous public institutions, and to numerous private individuals, at home and abroad.

He knew well from his own experience, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and probably there was not, in all the world, a man more really happy than he was in the exercise of his personal faculties, and in the use of his various possessions. The last public meeting he ever attended, had been summoned by the District Visiting Society, in accordance with his own suggestion, to make some additional provision for the poor, during the severities of winter. The venerable Bishop, who loved to honour his Christian character, and who cordially sympathized with his liberal spirit, moved the Resolutions, which Mr. Gurney seconded; and a handsome subscription was the result. It was in going home from that meeting that his horse

fell, and he received his mortal injury. But he had finished the work which his Master had given him to do, and then the Master said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It must not be forgotten, that the man who was thus occupied from day to day, and from year to year, in living and labouring for others, was, during a considerable part of his life, engaged in secular business, in one of the most extensive banking establishments in the kingdom. During this long and laborious period, he was also writing various works, and in addition to his letters on America, and to several pamphlets printed for private circulation, sent forth no less than twenty separate publications, some of which are large volumes, and on subjects which required great thought, and research, and learning.

Amongst these were, his "Observations on the Distinguishing Views and Practices of the Society of Friends," first published in 1824, which has passed through seven editions; his "Essays on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Practical Operation of Christianity;" "Biblical Notes and Dissertations;" "Hints on the Portable Evidences of Christianity;" "Thoughts on Habit and Discipline;" "An Essay on the habitual Exercise of Love to God, considered as a Preparation for Heaven;" and, perhaps the most well-timed and bold, if not the most important of all, "Puseyism traced to its Root, or the Papal and Hierarchical System compared with the Religion of the New Testament."

With all his wealth and advantages, Joseph John Gurney did not pass through life without the discipline of tribulation—"for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." In addition to the losses which he sustained in the death of his parents; of brothers and sisters; of his beloved Buxton, to whom he had said, "from our very early years, we have been bound together in the ties of friendship and brotherhood;" and by the death of many others; his own habitation had twice become "the house of mourning." His first wife, Jane Birbeck, died in 1822. His second wife, Mary Fowler, died in 1836. His third wife, Eliza P. Kirkbride, still survives.

Mr. Gurney was a younger brother of Mr. Samuel Gurney; and his estates and other property, which is of very considerable amount, are inherited by his son, J. E. Gurney, Esq., now principal of the bank of Norwich.

The funeral of Mr. Gurney took place on Tuesday, January 12th, at the Friends' Meeting-house, Norwich. Since his demise the principal tradesmen have had their shops partially closed, as an expression of grief for his loss; and, in accordance with a previous arrangement, nearly every building throughout the city was shut during the hours fixed for the funeral. The trains from London and other parts on the line, brought down a large number of the more opulent members of the Society of Friends, who took part in the ceremony. The procession left Earham-hall shortly after eleven o'clock, and by one o'clock the body of this esteemed man was consigned to its resting-place. Nothing could exceed the respect that was manifested in every part of the city during the day.

The crowds of sympathizing mourners, both in the city, on the way accompanying the funeral, and at the place of burial, were nearly unexampled on such an occasion, and their conduct and countenances testified the deep and sincere sentiment of regret which pervaded them.

IRELAND!

THE IMPERATIVE NECESSITY OF A UNIVERSAL AND ENERGETIC
POPULAR AGITATION IN ITS BEHALF.

We had hoped that the time was come when the frightful mass of Irish misery before our eyes would rouse England, not only to acts of present benevolence, but of future and permanent justice. We did hope that now all party feeling would perish in the gulph of national destitution opened at our feet; that all temporizing would cease; that all good men, of all ranks and opinions, would unite to prevent the recurrence of such a spectacle as this winter has unfolded, of a portion of the richest, the wisest, the most benevolent nation in the world, presenting a scene of horrors such as no other nation in the world can parallel. But our hopes were vain; the measures proposed by ministers in Parliament show us too plainly that neither Parliament nor ministers are prepared to go to the bottom of the Irish evils, and to apply to them a real and sufficient remedy. The evils that exist will therefore continue to exist; the calamities, the famine, the perishing of whole families of starvation, and in utter nakedness, on their own hearths, will be but postponed, to revive in future winters with aggravated horrors. The sore that goes down to the very bone of Ireland is only to be plastered over: it is not to be probed, and thoroughly cleansed, and healed. We are to have palliatives, not remedies; we are to have quackery, and not cure. We call upon the people of England to awake, arise, and prevent this mischief. We call upon them, as they value the name of Englishmen—as they wish to be real men and Christians—to stand forth as one man and one mind, and declare that this system of fatal procrastination shall end. It is you, people of England, that must answer to God and man for the future fate of Ireland. It is you that must now say whether the evils that bear down that wretched country, and that rob the poor man of this, to help—and vainly help, under present circumstances—to keep it on the mere surface of existence, shall be put an end to, or shall be left to an indefinite period and an augmented malignity. From both God and nature you have now had warning; and woe to you, and to us all, if you do not take it.

What are the remedies proposed by Lord John Russell? To grant money to the Irish landlords, to improve their estates; and to give some undescribed modification of the present absurd Irish Poor Law. A more wretched farce was never attempted to be played, instead of a great, a wise, and successful political deed done.

What and who are these Irish landlords? Are they men who have ever shown, as a body, any disposition to improve their estates? There are some few brilliant exceptions; and these exceptions don't want help—don't want your money. Their improvements have enriched them, and rendered eleemosynary aid needless. Such are Lords Lansdowne and Fitzwilliam, Wallscourt, Lord George Hill, of Gweedore, etc. But the body of the Irish landlords are, without question, the most reckless, the most proud, the most hardened and thriftless race of men in existence. We rejoice to see that now nearly the whole press of England has come to this necessary discovery, and avowal of it. These landlords have lived amongst their starving neighbours, and on their starved estates, for ages, without an attempt to improve them, and to employ the people. From the very invasion of Strongbow, the Irish landlords have done nothing, or next to nothing, towards enclosing their wastes, draining their bogs, and cultivating their estates. They have neglected the very fisheries, and instead of busy fishing-towns, have

vast extents of solitary coasts. They have done nothing; but lie like big dogs in the manger, idle themselves; and preventing others from doing anything. Hence, nearly half of Ireland is a bog, or a desert. There are four and a half million acres of waste. From time to time they have had large grants from this country to aid them in their difficulties; but when did they ever repay a penny of it? From time to time we have been called on to send government help to the poor Irish; and where has the cash gone to? To Paris, or Vienna, or Rome, or Naples, the very next summer. To swell that beggarly state which Irish landlords maintain in rivalry to each other, while their neighbours are living in cabins worse than dog-kennels, and on offal that they would not give to their own hounds.

If these Irish landlords had ever spent the money they have repeatedly had from us on their estates—if they had not paid a shilling of it back—we had long ago been gainers by it, and Ireland had been now a garden, and not a bog—a paradise, and not a Golgotha. And to these very men Lord John Russell would now send more money, to ease the distresses of the Irish people!

Countrymen! we do not want a landlord's measure; we want a people's measure. We do not want more money flinging into that gulph where it yet never did any good, and out of which it never rose again—the maw of an Irish landlord; we want money bestowing on the people of Ireland; we want land bestowing on the people of Ireland; and that money must come out of the pockets of the Irish landlords; and that land is lying all over Ireland ready for occupation, but still unoccupied; ready for culture, but uncultured; ready for draining, but undrained; ready to make a busy and a happy people, but lying a dreary desert in the midst of a famishing nation. Lord Lansdowne tells you that one acre of potato ground in Ireland costs 10*l.* rental, and yet that four millions and a half of such land lies waste! Countrymen! you must take that land—it is yours and God's—and give it to its true owners—the Irish people. Let the cry of O'Connell be realized—let "*Ireland be for the Irish.*" These Irish landlords tell you that these lands are theirs. It is false: they are God's and Irishmen's. Where are their titles? They are certain musty parchments—if they have even these. But the title of the Irish people is the *right to live!* Life, and not yellow crumbling sheepskins, are the grand title to the land, and that title must be asserted—aye, asserted by the people of England. We must tell the Irish landlords and the world, that, whatever title their fathers had in the land that has never been cultivated, is now become void. They have lost the whole by neglect of occupation. They have neglected to fulfil the conditions on which they received it—that they should occupy and cultivate it, and make it of benefit to the commonweal. We have invaded many nations in many regions of the earth, and seized on them, and driven out the aborigines; and justified ourselves by the declaration that the only true title to land is occupation—not merely wandering over it. We must put that doctrine in force at home; and every acre of land, not merely such as is not worth 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre, as Lord John Russell says, but all that has not yet been occupied, must now be occupied by and for the people. In Prussia, the case was beginning, in the last generation, to be like the case of Ireland. The aristocracy lived on large estates, and the people starved on nothing. The king put the matter into the hands of Count Hardenberg, and Hardenberg at once ordered the aristocracy to give up the greater portion of their estates to the people; and these estates were quietly given up, and divided amongst the peasantry. What was the effect? It was speedy and universal prosperity! To a dronish and useless race of great landlords succeeded a race of small proprietors, who worked with glad alacrity

on the soil which was their own; and the country now is a garden, populous, thriving, and powerful.

That is what must be done in Ireland. That is the first and greatest measure. The second is, You must give to Ireland a wise and efficient Poor Law. You have given it, instead of that, a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare." You have given it a law which makes it optional who shall receive relief; which refuses it to all but the old and decrepid, as if the starving and utterly destitute were worthy of no resource. The law, therefore, is an abortion and an insult. It says to the starving, "You must perish because you are young; or because you are able-bodied; or because you are not a hundred years of age. Don't tell us that there is not a potato in the country, or a rag in the village to cover any one of you—you ought to die, and are to die, because you are young, or have a good constitution, or a large family. All these things are crimes of the deepest dye in the eyes of the English government!"

These are the atrocious declarations which the Irish Poor Law makes on your behalf. Countrymen! you must alter this. You must plant the English Poor Law, so far as it gives a full claim on the land in Ireland; you must make it "a great fact" there, that every man that can work must have work, or must be fed. When that is done, then the great change will come. Then all the drones of Irish landlords will be up at once, each buzzing lustily. They will buzz in anger, but they will buzz also in self-defence. They must, according to the old adage, "work, or be worried." They must set the people to work on their lands, in order to find the means of maintaining them; and these lands, once cultivated, will maintain all. The waste reclaimed, the enclosed cultivated, there will be plenty instead of famine, and dances on the green instead of dead bodies on the hearth.

But will Lord John Russell do this? No; he neither will nor can without your propulsion.

With you, then, Englishmen, it rests, whether Ireland shall now be dealt with effectually or not. If you are not up and determined, you will leave ages of misery to your children, and pauperism to Ireland. You must turn out, and call public meetings in every town, and pour petitions, and those strong ones, into Parliament by thousands, that Ireland may have an effective Poor Law—that Irishmen may have the waste lands, and that England may cease to be at once a great foolish pelican, feeding her Irish children out of her own life's blood. Now is the day and the hour for doing what must be done, if we do not desire again and again to witness the existence of far more misery than we now affect so deeply to deplore.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

BOB RACKET'S SEARCH FOR SHOES.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

In the year—well the year doesn't matter—in the depth of the winter season, a very hard frost set in, which lasted a very long time. Not such a frost as is common to ordinary winters. Nothing like it. But much more severe than England has known for the last quarter of a century. The earth bit men's toes as they trod upon it; and some of those unfortunates who, perforce, went shoeless, never, it was said, found their feet again, but had them withered up, long before the great thaw came.

Oh, it was a hard time for the poor, that: if indeed any time can be said to be easy with those, upon whose shoulders the yoke of poverty is doomed to sit. If it

only galled the flesh! but it galls the soul. Of course,—for amid our selfishness, we have much real feeling for the ills of others—there were all sorts of Charities set afoot, Blanket and Flannel Charities—Soup Charities—Bread Charities—Coal Charities! But no one thought of shoes. If they had, feet would not have withered off, and as Bob Racket would have been shod by the Shoe Charity, I should have had no tale to tell.

Bob had no shoes, and his mother (his father was dead) could not afford to buy him any. After paying her rent she had just three and sixpence a week left to furnish seven mouths with food. Sixpence a mouth, less than a penny a day, and provisions were dear, as they ever are, when it is the interest of the poor to have them cheap. Therefore, as there were no Shoe Charities, Bob was like to go barefooted.

Poor Bob! The soles of his feet, from long practice in walking upon them unshod, had got hard, almost horny indeed, in substance, but the frost found them out and pinched them, as if it paid him off a grudge long owing, and did it with a spite, as dunned exquisites, of intemperate disposition, discharge their debts. The worst of it was that a quotidian threepence was of Bob's earning, and there was consequently no staying at home. Forth he must go and tread the inclement ground, when the morning clock struck eight; and if he would find his feet after half an hour's exposure to the frost he must look for them, for feel them he could not. Well-booted gentlemen glancing at his shoeless extremities, were shocked. Eyesores to gentility are naked feet. Oh, if there had but been Shoe Charities!

The mortification was that urchins more diminutive than himself noted the unshod extremities, and jeered him. There were boys and men begging who had shoes. The very horses, as Bob thought, had them; and in cordwainers' shops there were hundreds and hundreds of pairs unappropriated, asking to be worn, longing to escape from the shelves, and see the world outside, with iron tips that fretted themselves to rust because the roads were slippery with ice, and they were never taken out to slide. Hundreds and hundreds, aye, thousands and thousands of pairs, and Bob's feet smarted, and Bob's feelings winced for lack of one pair. Oh, if there had but been Shoe Charities!

Bob stopped before a shoe shop in Holborn one day, and went the length of handling a pair that dangled with many others at the door. It was a presumption that they were submitted for public touch and general inspection, and Bob thought that he underwent no risk. But a boy seeing his fingers close upon them, rushed out,

"Oh you would, would you?" cried the boy.

"Would what?" asked Bob Racket.

"Steal them shoes?"

"No," said Bob, quietly, and he went on handling them. Stout, servicable shoes they were to look at.

"Now Tom," cried a voice inside, "what are you dawdling at the door for? There's the three pair of Wellingtons to go to Great Ormond Street."

"Eye upon the fives, father," replied the boy. The fives meaning Bob's fingers.

"I'll attend to them," said the parent. "You make a conveyance of the Wellingtons."

"Eye upon the fives," shouted Tom again. "I'm stiff if he ain't got 'em off the nail."

Bob had indeed ventured so far—to inspect them more closely.

"What is this here, that's a interfering with them Wellingtons a going to Great Ormond Street?" cried the cordwainer, approaching the door. "Them shoes," addressing Bob, "are five and sixpence."

"Please, Sir," said Bob Racket, looking imploringly in the man's face, "would you take it by the week, sixpence a week?" and he pointed to his red and raw feet. "Cold weather, Sir."

"Yes, I take weekly payments," said the man. "Pay the first sixpence now, and I'll stow them safely away for you."

"But please, ain't I to have them at once?" stammered Bob.

"We don't do business on that principle. It wouldn't stand, eh, father?" cried Tom interposing. "Times is hard."

"Not exactly, Tom," answered the shoemaker, laughing. "Come, take those Wellingtons—and you (to Bob) pay sixpence on the nail; bring another sixpence every week, and in ten weeks the shoes are yours."

"In ten weeks the Spring will be here," sighed Bob, and walked away.

When days went by, and weeks, and January was nearly out, and no signs of the breaking up of the weather had been hinted to the sagacious in such matters, Bob Racket limped, nay, went very lame. Chilblains had scarred his poor feet until their shape was nearly lost. He suffered excruciating pain, and got no sleep o' nights. And though thousands upon thousands of unappropriated pairs of shoes burdened the cordwainers' shelves, filled their windows, hung temptingly at their doors; though skins stripped reeking from the fat sides of animals were transferred from abattoirs to tanpits, and thence to the curriers', and thence to shoemakers' workshops, where awls pierced and hammers rang on lasts and lapstones from morning to night, yet Bob Racket got no shoes.

Still the frost became more severe than ever.

For his quotidian threepence Bob did errands for a lawyer. Dark, dingy rooms that lawyer had, full of musty law books and cobwebs; windows that were never cleaned looked out upon dead blank walls; severer than in the streets, where the atmosphere came biting from the sky, was the frost in those chambers, where the warm soul of humanity was turned to chilling ice.

Bob's master was of a taciturn disposition, and seldom addressed his clerks except to give instructions. If Bob had been an automaton, a piece of machinery, doing errands by virtue of some ingenious mechanism warranted never to get out of order, and entailing no other expense than three-penn'orth of oil per diem for the lubrication of its springs and wheels, and no more trouble than the application of it, he could not have been more a cypher in the estimation of both clerks and master. Bob cleaned and dusted the desks and shelves (he could not reach the cobwebs, which clouded the angles of the ceiling like sable drapery) he fetched and carried, he was active and servile—like the poor drudge he was, in numerous capacities. Every one in the office found him the handiest fellow living,—yet human, warm breathing, endowed with life from God, and made akin to high angelic beings, he was of less account than a bird or beast brought from a foreign land would have been. A sheet of parchment covered with the hieroglyphs of a dead man's will, bequeathing an hundred acres, would have out-valued ten thousand of such items in the social scale, though every pair of naked feet had been ascending to Heaven, by the ladder which Jacob witnessed in his dream.

The lawyer was not a proud man, but he had a *becoming pride*, that gloss by which the old serpent, when he would disguise himself as an angel of light, retains his slough. The pride of the well-gloved exquisite who scowls at the weather-chapped hands of humanity in rags, is a becoming pride, if he may be catechumen to his own conceit. The lawyer's humility had endured Bob's naked feet through half the frosty season, when suddenly his becoming pride suggested that a naked-footed urchin was not a fitting Mercury.

"Robert Racket," said the lawyer, one morning, coming into the office fresh from his private dwelling, with extremities that the frost had sharply bitten through well-seasoned Wellingtons; "Robert Racket, where are your boots?"

"Boots, Sir!" echoed Bob, trembling. As if he, who had no shoes, could be guilty of boots.

"Boots or shoes?" thundered the lawyer. "Shoes, if you will."

"Or slippers?" suggested a clerk, mildly.

"Shoes, Sir! I ain't a got any," answered Bob, shaking at the confession of so great a turpitude.

"No!" said the lawyer, retreating a step backwards. "Not got any? Sparrow (to a clerk), this boy has a mother, a woman, Sparrow, who is bound by the laws of nature to have a heart, and she lets this boy go about in this Russian weather without shoes."

The clerk addressed as Sparrow looked at the offending feet, and the other clerks looked at them, and the lawyer looked at them, and Bob himself looked at them. Poor feet they were, blotched with chilblains, red with the incessant torture of the cold. Very poor, very offending, absolutely wicked feet.

"You may go, Sir," said the lawyer. "You may go. Pay him his threepence, Sparrow. He hasn't earned it, to be sure; but we will not stop it. He wishes to earn it, no doubt, and we will take the will for the deed. When you have got shoes, Racket, you may come again. Good bye."

And the quotidian threepence was cut off. And still the heavens sent forth a fiercer frost.

Fiercer and fiercer. God be with the poor. Longer days, shorter nights. February month. The Sun, speeding towards the Spring solstice. And still frost, frost, biting at the very core of life in thinly clad humanity. Heaven, in its mercy, send few such Februaries in a century.

Blessings be upon thy head, kind lady. Seraph peace everlastingly dwell in thy breast, for looking out of thy window on that bitter February morning, and giving shoes to that poor child, not half the age of Bob Racket, which drew thy attention to its unshod feet, and heels so deeply kiked.

And the benediction of saints make thy white locks shine sunbright in the Eternities, thou aged minister of the Word, who, meeting the poor barefooted girl in the street, went with her to a shoe-shop, and saw her feet encased in warm, serviceable boots, paying for them out of thy own purse.

But Bob Racket got no shoes.

"Come, mother, tell us that story again, about uncle Taddy," said Bob, one evening to his mother. The frost was not broken up, but was more severe than ever. "That story about uncle Jim, brave uncle Jim."

"Story, Bob, it ain't a story," replied his mother. "It's true."

"Yes, I know it is—all's one—it's as good as a story, I'm sure."

"Bless the boy, you've heard it so often."

"Do tell it, mother," said Bob's sister Kitty.

"Do mother," said little Charley.

"Please, mother," urged lesser Tommy.

"Oh, do, mother," said Mary, least of all, except Harry and the Baby, who were too little to express any wish upon the subject.

"This is it, then," said the good woman, pleased herself to please her children. "It was where the great whales are."

"But are there great whales?" asked Kitty.

"Ain't there just?" cried Bob. "You don't know, how should you?"

"It was where the great whales are; and your uncle was—"

But we must relate the story, a poor sort of story, in our own way.—The uncle was brother to Bob's mother, and went to sea in his sixteenth year. Allured by a narrative of a whaling expedition, he subsequently joined a crew destined for that fishery off the coast of Greenland. Jim Taddy, brave Jim. Whose heart warned not as he

read in the newspapers of the dive Jim had down into the deep, half frozen sea, where iceberg jostled with iceberg, and the polar air burnt so froze that the sailors became mutinous? Fathoms deep—Bob's mother exaggerated a little in her enthusiasm—among the ice he went, plunging and bubbling down, to bring up a gentleman who had joined the expedition from the love of adventure, and had fallen overboard while contemplating the lustrous hues which the setting sun reflected from the sky palaces of those extreme latitudes upon the thousand peaks and pinnacles of ice. Brave Jim Taddy, brave uncle Jim!

A very poor story. But Bob forgot his frozen feet, as he imagined the gurgling waters closing around his ankle, cleaving the sea where the great whales are.

"Uncle Jim's rich, ain't he, mother?" asked Bob.

"If he's alive, dear; the gentleman made him rich."

"I wonder, if he knew that I had no shoes, whether he would give me any!"

Bob's mother said she didn't know, for money didn't soften hearts; and people who had it were loth to part with it. But, she added, the heart of James Taddy must be greatly changed—greatly changed, indeed, if he wasn't the kindest mortal breathing. Brother of her's he was, and she had a right to speak what was in her mind.

"I'm bound," she concluded, "he would give you a pair of shoes, Bob, and many of 'em."

Though why it was, he had never found her out—had never written to her, she couldn't tell. He didn't know her name, she was aware of that, nor where she lived, and had never seen her since she was married. Perhaps supposed her dead; but he could use his pen like a schoolmaster, and he might have written. Kitty suggested that there might be a letter lying at the post-office; but the good mother shook her head, and said the postman would have delivered it, "for he knows where I live," she remarked, "if uncle Jim don't."

Bob couldn't keep away from the office, though he was no longer connected with it. A new boy had taken his place, and dusted, and swept, and went on menial errands. Well shod was the new boy in bran new Bluchers. Very lank he was; Bob wondered whether he was tall enough to reach the cobwebs.

One day—the frost wasn't broken up; the Thames, above bridge, presented one field of ice—as Bob was lingering about the office-door, Sparrow, the clerk, emerged from the lugubrious threshold. Intent upon procuring a chop was Sparrow, and a pint bottle of Guinness's stout. Sparrow rejoiced in Guinness. But, encountering Bob, who was standing with the old shoeless, offending feet, upon the curbstone of the pavement, he became oblivious of chop and porter, and, pouncing upon the discarded Mercury, bore him bodily into the lawyer's presence.

"Here he is, Sir," said Sparrow, out of breath. "Here is young Racket."

Young Racket was within a small trifle of swooning; for he remembered a stray pen, worn to the stump, which, instead of sweeping into the dust hole, he had, upon one occasion, picked up and carried home, with fell intent of teaching himself to write therewith.

"Oh, here he is," said the lawyer. "'Pon my word, Sparrow, I'm greatly obliged to you. How do you do, Racket? I'm glad to see you. Have you procured any shoes yet? I see you have not. Sparrow, do me a further service. Here are three half-crowns. Take him to the nearest shoe-shop, and fit him."

"Certainly, Sir.—With Bluchers, Sir?" said Sparrow.

"Yes; with Bluchers—warm and comforting to the ankles, Sparrow. See that the leather is seasoned and mollient. Will you have the goodness?"

"And bring him back, Sir?" asked the clerk.

"Of course. Are you hungry, Racket? Yes—ah, I thought so. Take him to an eating-house, Sparrow,—

here is a fourth half-crown. Make him as plump as you can. I should suggest roast beef—but let him have what he fancies. He may finish with plum-pudding."

And the bewildered Bob—his mystification momentarily increasing—was hurried away to be shod with Bluchers, and to eat what he fancied—terminating with plum-pudding.

"I daresay now you are precious astonished, ain't you, youngster?" asked Mr. Sparrow, when the Bluchers had been secured to Bob's feet (as if they were never to come off again), and the second plate of roast beef was in rapid course of evanishment.

"Yes, please, Sir. It is——"

"It is, what?"

"Funny, Sir; ain't it?"

"Funny, by Jove! I should think it funny to have an uncle come home from sea, and get a lawyer to find me out, and give me ten thousand pounds," said Mr. Sparrow, winking with great pleasantry. "I should just think it *was* funny. How do the Bluchers feel, Racket?"

"Comfortable, Sir—uncommon—please, Sir, they pinches a little," replied Bob. "I have a uncle, Sir, as is gone to sea."

"Didn't I say so!—and come home again, with instructions to our governor to—bless my soul! here he is—How do you do, Mr. Taddy? Your nephew, Sir;—Racket, my boy, your uncle."

None other. Brave Jim Taddy, who came into the eating-house, as any stranger might.

When they got home (and Mr. Sparrow, after first returning to apprise the lawyer, went home with them, to introduce, as he said, the brother to the sister), and when the first greetings were over, Brave Jim told how, though he had often intended it, he never could get to England before, but was busied in making money, that his sister,—or, if she were married, as was most likely, her children, as well as herself, should inherit little fortunes.—How, on arriving in London, he had sought out a lawyer to set inquiry on foot, and, after weeks had passed, the lawyer, having gained the necessary clue, had told him only on that morning, that he believed, before the dusk, sister, and nieces, and nephews, would all be found. To see the tears and embraces,—Mr. Sparrow was not an effeminate man, but he fairly owned that he couldn't stand it, and bade them, if they would not burst his heart, to desist.

"It is very kind of you—very kind, indeed, Jim," said Bob's mother, "to come home from catching those great whales, and give me and my dear fatherless children so much money——"

"Ten thousand pounds," interrupted Mr. Sparrow.

"But why—why didn't you write me a letter—only one—to tell me all about you, this long while?"

"My dear sister," replied brave Jim, "how could I? I didn't know your name, if you were married, or where you were to be found,—How could I write then?"

"Oh, you might have written," persisted the good woman; "If you didn't know what my name was, and where I lived, the postman did, and he would have brought the letter."

Mr. Sparrow laughed, and brave Jim laughed, and Bob's mother, not knowing the reason of their mirth, laughed also.

Our story ends here.

Shoes—shoes for Bob Racket, and for Bob's brothers and sisters, all their lives.

Still, why are there not Shoe Charities?

Poetry.

A GREY-BEARD'S CAROL.

BY J. B. KINGTON.

Come hither to me, Nanny dear !
 And sit upon my knee ;
 Hark ! autumn's leaves, all faded sere,
 Go rustling, drearily ;
 But, though our locks are grey, now,
 And 'tis no longer May, now,
 Our hearts are fondly wove—
 As in the merry days I went
 A-courting my true love !

The lark sang in his gladness,
 Upstarting from the corn ;
 As the night-bird's pretty sadness
 Was soothed by the morn ;
 The daisy and the king-cup sweet,
 They made a carpet for our feet ;
 The green leaves waved above ;
 In the very merry days I went
 A-courting my true love !

As waning time cannot efface
 One memory of thine,
 The love that waits on time and place
 Was never love of mine !
 So the flowers shall cease to peep in spring,
 The little birds to sport and sing,
 The hawk mate with the dove,
 Ere I forget the days I went
 A-courting my true love.

*The Battle of Nibley Green.*UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE AND PHONO-
GRAPHY.

BY GOODWYN BARNBY.

UNDER the title of Universal Language, we do not intend anything similar to what was accomplished, to his own satisfaction, by M. Claude Duret, who, in his "Treasury of the Histories of the Languages of this Universe," containing the origin, beauties, perfections, declensions, mutations, changes, conversations, and ruins of Languages," presents us not only the annals of human speech, from the Hebrew to the Terra Nuovan, but also instructs us in the languages of beasts and birds. By the term Universal Language, on the contrary, we wish to imply that one common tongue, which has been prophesied by poets, and speculated on by philosophers, for all the people of the earth. In brief, we intend to consider in the first place the rationality of this idea of a common language, and secondly, to give a sketch of the system of Phonography, which is proposed for carrying out this idea into practice.

There is undoubtedly a truth in the German proverb, that Speech is silvern, but that Silence is golden. (*Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden.*) Music may exist without words. Silence may be harmonious. There is a grandeur of a deep conservative cast, in the picture of Keats, that there

"Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

At the same time, there are fine progressive truths in language. The Son of God, the Redeemer of mankind, is gloriously described as the Word, the Everlasting Word, the ubiquitous Speech of the Father ; and splendid also is the definition of Shelley :—

"Language is a perpetual orphic song,
 Which rules with dædal harmony the throng
 Of thoughts and shapes which else senseless and shapeless were."

Speculations as to the relative value of silence and speech were more fitted, however, for the bye-gone colleges of Pythagoras than for the Mechanics' Institutions of the present day. The origin of language, and the question of the mother tongue, are also subjects which, although they are highly interesting and instructive to the learned, are scarcely adapted for the pages of a popular periodical. For the one, the theories of Monbodo, of Harris, and of Horne Tooke, may be consulted by those whom it interests. For the other, whether it be Chaldee, Hebrew, or Sanscrit, Scaliger and the scholiasts, or the revelations of the patients of the magnetists, must be referred to. Pending the decision, however, we may turn to the practical points of the inconvenience of dissimilarity of tongues, and the imperfection of the present state of language.

That the confusion of tongues which fills this Babel of a world is a great inconvenience, to say the least of it, all may admit who have any degree of fairness. The variety of national language, and the diversity even of provincial dialect, is undoubtedly a great hindrance, not only to the mere traveller, but also to the commercial man. It has often prevented the acquirement of a true practical knowledge of climes and countries, and different human customs ; and it has likewise interfered with the progress of commerce over the world. It has also clogged the wheels of learning and science. The dead languages have only had their golden treasures opened to many, through the borrowed key of a translator ; and the living tongues have often required a hired interpreter, at the cost of the student. Philology has but few Elihu Burritts, and Milton in his florid prose has ably laid down the defects of our systems of lingual study, and the length of time which is wasted for a smattering of Greek and Latin. Lastly, but not least, this diversity of tongues has prevented, or has added extreme difficulty to the intercourse of friendship among individuals of different language ; and thus it has not only hindered commercial intercourse, and been a barrier to knowledge and science, but it has also been an obstacle to the fusion of nations, through the bonds of peace, in the one great brotherhood of man.

The inconvenience of the difference of tongues being admitted, the question immediately arises as to whether one of our present national languages is not adapted to become the common speech of mankind. Under this light a huge array of statistics present themselves, to which we can but slightly allude. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the three languages inscribed upon the cross of Jesus, and especially the latter, it may be urged, were once the general language in which the learned of all countries, and the Christian clergy, communed together. The restoration of dead languages, however, is not desirable. Their tradition is now broken. There was a time when, from the services of the Church, the vulgar even were in some measure acquainted with Latin ; but the vernacular Bible of Luther has now hushed the catholic tongue, as it has broken up the papal Church. There are but few scholars, likewise, in this day to revive it. Moreover, a dead language has lost the principle of growth, of development, of progress. Its sounds are but echoes, and its words often but the expressions of things that are no more. It could only imply a balloon, by a mythological comparison from him who flew from his prison too near to the sun. It would

have no word for the spinning-jenny, and no name for the railway. It could not enter either into our domestic life, or our societary progress. It could neither express our individual insights, nor our scientific discoveries. It is thus decidedly evident that a dead language could not be restored as the common speech of humanity. For this a living, cloven, apostolic tongue, tipped with the red flame of vitality, is requisite. It must be the living language of progress, ever spreading, and constantly enlightening the development of society.

Of living languages there are two great classes, the Oriental and the Occidental, which sum up all others. The mission of the East is conservative and retrogressive; the mission of the West is reformative and progressive. To the one we look back, but to the other we look forward: the one is our father, but the other is our child. From east to west, indeed, has ever been the progress of society; and even now, to the far west of Illinois are the competition-driven people of New York and Boston emigrating. The great Arabic language, which spread far and wide with the Koran of Mahomed, and the conquests of the children of Ishmael, is now narrowed in its circle by the decrease in the faith of Islam, and by the inroads of Russ and Greek upon the territory of the caliphs. The East Indies are also a European province; and Egypt throws aside the turban, and Ibrahim Pasha visits Paris and London. China even, whose language were otherwise too complicated, as being more symbolic than verbal, is a prey to British opium pirates, and is penetrated by Christian missionaries. In fact, there is no eastern language whatever that can fulfil the destiny of a general tongue. They want that diploma of authority which is only derivable from progress and extension. They are not dead languages, it is true; but they are sleeping. Progress is westward, and not eastward; and it must be a livingly living, a truly vital rallying tongue, and therefore the speech of the west, and not of the east, from which we must derive the one common language of the future.

It is then not a dead, but a living speech—not a merely vegetating and breathing, but a moving and thinking tongue—not an eastern, but a western language—that we have to decide upon in the matter. We have now, then, arrived at the main point of our argument. We have now come to the difficulty of a conclusion. The decision of it must undoubtedly depend upon the superior internal and external advantages of one of the western languages. These advantages are clearly referable to extension in space and preferability in state. In other words, the western language which is most extended as to circumference, and spoken by the greatest population; and which is also in the most potential circumstances, as being the tongue of the most influential and progressive people of the globe; as well as being in its constitution qualified for such a position, must in all probability become the universal speech of the human race. In pursuing this inquiry, then, be it borne in mind that it is not an Englishman who writes, but a citizen of the world. His argument will be unbiassed by national prejudice, and his conclusion only influenced by the facts of the case, which can be tested by all.

De Quincey, who is a considerable authority in philology, has declared his opinion that the English and the Spanish will share the earth between them. The Spanish was undoubtedly in the possession of a vast extent of territory, owing principally to its South American influence; the population who speak it are, however, scanty, and comparatively powerless. The literature has some great names, but is by no means general. The Portuguese, which, although a sister dialect, is by no means Spanish, shares the Peninsula with it. It is true that it has influence yet in the West Indies, and some parts of Africa; but Mexico, and many of its once South American possessions, are as much Indian as

Spanish. Even in Spain, the language is divided against itself, for the pure Castilian has never been able to subdue the provincial of Arragon. Moreover Spain is now far from being, as it once was, in the van of the nations. The grand advantage which it gained by the discovery of Columbus, has been lost by the indolence and incapacity of its character. The mother country is torn to pieces by intestinal divisions; its colonies have emancipated themselves; but being, like their parent, incapable of self-government, are being detached like Texas, and filled with the active and persevering children of the Anglo-Saxon race and language. We are, therefore, fully inclined to dissent from the assertion of De Quincey that the Spanish will share the earth with the English or any other language. It remains to be considered whether De Quincey is as wrong about the English as about the Spanish. In doing this we must see if there is no other language which can compete with it successfully as the prevailing tongue.

The criterion of judging among the western languages by the extent of territory in which they are spoken, can only in the first place be used in connexion with the amount of population by which they are spoken; and finally in relation to the potential character and progressive influence of that population. It will be next requisite, then, to look at the statistics of the languages which are western, and evidently those of the most civilized nations. These are no more than four—the Italian, the French, the German, and the English; for the Spanish, as we have seen, can certainly not be admitted into this class. Italian then is spoken by a population of twenty-one and a half millions; French is the language of thirty-four millions; German is the tongue of fifty-four millions; but English is spoken by a population of fifty-nine millions. Here then we see that “the tongue that Shakspeare spoke” is decidedly in the majority. It possesses the most numerous suffrage, and so far decides the election. We must proceed further, however, into a brief analysis of the comparative influence and character of its rival candidates.

The Italian language is a bastard Latin, and thus its character is deficient in the strength of originality. It is, however, the language of music, and as such its elements will never die. In potential influence it is decreasing, and not increasing. As the tongue of a nation to nations—as a commercial language, it has lost its ground. As the speech in the streets of Christian Rome, it rose in influence with the extension of the missions of the papacy, and it has decayed in connection with Papal decrepitude. Its day is past and its night come. It is not likely to become the unitary tongue of mankind.

Of the excellent adaptability of the German for metaphysical expression, we can fervently give our testimony; and in this respect that language must, by infiltration at least, maintain a translated existence. Germany, however, although free in metaphysics is not liberated in politics. Living high up in the aerial regions of subtle speculation, it is nevertheless dead to this world—politically a corpse. Freiligrath and Poetry bear witness in England that Germany is not free. Moreover, Russia, with its barbaric idiom, is contending with German, in the seat of its empire, the north of Europe. Protestantism did not diffuse it, for it introduced vernacular Bibles, and thus assisted the division of languages. Lastly, Germany is not one; it is divided. Its position is feeble internally, and its external influence, politically speaking, decidedly unprogressive, and of little weight; it is not probable, therefore, that it will be the common language of the future. The palm, therefore, remains to be awarded between the French and English tongues.

French is the language of conversation, of politeness, of fashion—as such its elements have already natural-

ized themselves in perhaps every country of the globe. Although only adapted in itself for these spheres, it is certainly more than German, or Italian, the rival of the English. France and England have, indeed, ever been rivals; may their rivalries in war now, however, cease; and continue only in the arts of peace, and in the ways of progress. Such will be the rivalry of a noble emulation; and if commenced sooner might have pre-occupied the field of discussion, on which, for the question of superiority, their two languages are now arrayed. The apostles of Young France are strong advocates for the supremacy of the French—they contend that France is the first-born of liberty, the country of progress, the leader of the nations, and even the Holy Land of God, because of her political revolution of '89. Such is the French gospel of Quinet, Michelet, and Segurier. God forbid that I should undervalue that revolution, albeit it was sadly baptized in blood, and paganly christened by the ex-bishop Talleyrand. Nevertheless, I, who

"The faith and morals hold which Milton held,"

should belie myself, not as an Englishman, but as a thinking member of the one great human family, were I not to declare the truth, that the grand course of political revolution and reform commenced in the land of England. It did not arise in France. It began with the Great Rebellion in England; with its Sidney, its Hampden, its Pym, its Harrington, and its Oliver Cromwell. The French revolutions and the American declaration of independence were but echoes of that mighty cry for freedom which burst from the lips of the gigantic men of the English commonwealth. No discussions arose among the French Convention which had not before been dealt with by Milton, in his project of the republic of England. No social equality was proposed by Babeuf which had not been considered by Harrington and his friends in the conferences of the Rota. Deep indeed were the obligations of the chiefs of the French Revolution to the puritan republicans of England; and many of them right openly acknowledged them. When history is fully written this will assuredly be seen. England is in reform a century before France. They are England and the English, and not France and the French, which are then the country and the language of political progress. And thus far is English preferable as a universal tongue.

Not only in political reform, but also in religious progress and mechanical power, is England in advance of France. Great Britain and the United States have accepted the reformation which France has not. Great Britain and the United States, moreover, possess, by authorship, or first appliance, the greatest scientific and mechanical contrivances, and are the factors of machinery for the world. Moreover, these two are the greatest naval and commercial nations of civilization. France, whose strength is only in her army, and can, therefore, but principally operate on the European continent, is in no wise to be compared, in point of commercial influence, with these two Anglo-Saxon countries. Language, besides, is not a thing to be forced by conquest, as Poland bears witness. It is most powerful in the gradual influence of commercial and pacific intercourse. It enters into social relations which no political power can violate, but which the gentle tones of international commerce can expand into the warmth of friendship, through the advantages of interest. That the Anglo-Saxon is the most influential and progressive commercial tongue, is greatly in favour of the probability of its becoming a common mundane language.

In this inquiry we have purposely avoided a comparison of the literature of the different tongues of mankind. We have done so because, prepossession or favouritism might easily occur in such a course. We have done so, also, because of the wide philological

research which must have been conducted and followed, and that in several cases on our side, and probably in that of our few and learned, and certainly in that of our many and unlearned readers, through the medium of a judgment formed upon translations. We have preferred, therefore, to consult the characteristics of nations, and to compare their missions and potential standing, in determining the pre-eminence of their language. We have preferred doing this, likewise, because national facts are the most easily accessible to all. But passing thus over the literature of the competitive tongues, it may be well to glance at the relative intrinsic merits and defects of those languages themselves.

Sheridan writes, "Upon a fair comparison it will appear, that the French have emasculated their language, by rejecting such numbers of their consonants; and made it resemble one of their painted courtezans adorned with fripperies and fallals. That the German, by abounding too much in harsh consonants and gutturals, has great size and strength, like the statue of Hercules Farnese, but no grace. That the Roman, like the bust of Antinous, is beautiful indeed, but not manly. That the Italian has beauty, grace, and symmetry, like the Venus of Medicis, but is feminine. That the English alone resembles the ancient Greek, in uniting the three powers of strength, beauty, and grace, like the Apollo of Belvidere." We feel there is truth in this fine comparison, but other points may be also urged. Italian, although its elements will remain in music, possesses some delicacies so nice, that they are difficult to be caught by the ear. German, also, although rich in continuity of metaphysical expression, is harsh, angular, and jagged in pronunciation, and remains written in an ancient, and almost otherwise obsolete and difficult character. French, likewise, which, like Italian, is but bastard Latin, although it has its conversational facilities, is otherwise barren, and strongly calls for the aid of gesture to express its deficiency. But the English, superior to the ancient Greek, inasmuch, at least, as it possesses the extended vocabulary of centuries in every department of progress, is also intrinsically superior to the other languages. For this it has not only its firm Saxon basis to recommend it, but also its acquired cosmopolitan character. It is the true plum-pudding language: it has mixed up the greatest variety of words into one compound of richness. It is an amalgamation of the best, and, therefore, most surviving expressions of the Celtic, the Phœnician, the Latin, the Saxon, the Norman, the German, the French, and the ancient Greek. It is, therefore, well adapted for the general learning and use of the majority of civilized nations. The character of its letters is that of the symmetrical, popular and progressive Roman and Italian types; and thus its intrinsic advantages are in favour of its becoming the common language of the future.

Let us, however, add to these intrinsic advantages of the English tongue the power of the external position of that language, and we shall not be at a loss to decide in favour of its being the probable universal speech of humanity. Let us recollect that it is spoken by the largest population of any western civilized language. Let us not forget that it is the expression of the two most influential commercial, and, therefore, international and progressive countries of the globe—Great Britain and the United States. Let us remember that these countries are the most advanced in political reform and mechanical discovery, and that they certainly together form the most influential power in the world. Let us recollect the intrinsic advantages of the Anglo-Saxon, and we shall be justified in deciding that the English tongue has the preferability and probability for becoming, above all other varieties of speech, the common language of mankind, the universal tongue of the world, and the unitary speech of the future of progress.

Having, therefore, come to this important decision in favour of the preferability of the English tongue above other existing national languages, as the general medium of human intercourse, we now arrive at other important considerations. We have to consider whether the English is defective in its construction or literal character, and also the systems of universal language and verbal improvement which have been brought forward by philological reformers.

In the first place, we must certainly admit, that although the English tongue takes possession of the sphere of superiority, it cannot claim perfection. Without entering into any abstruse metaphysical criticism, the discordance of its orthography and pronunciation is sufficient for us to admit this. To take a simple illustration: the present and perfect tenses of the verb *to read* are spelt alike, but spoken differently. This want of harmony in the pronunciation and orthography of a language is a great defect: it is, at least, a hindrance to the easy acquirement of that language by a child or foreigner. It is a defect, and it should be reformed.

A reform in language was attempted by Père Besnier, a Jesuit. He had a project, as Menage informs us, for the re-union of all languages, or the art of learning them all by a single one. His book was published at Liege, in 1674, by Nicholas le Baragoin. The American patriot and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, also invented a universal character, some curious specimens of which have been published. Our deceased friend, Dr. Gilchrist, likewise invented a universal character, and gave to the world many publications, "for the seasonable, yet gradual introduction of this Catholic symbol into general use." Among others, as he was a good orientalist, he translated the celebrated Sukountala Natuk, into his new character from the Hindostanee. My living friend, Lewis Masquerrier, of New York, has also a similar project on foot.¹ But, undoubtedly, the plan of lingual reform which has excited the most sensation in the world, and which appears to have had in itself, therefore, the most vitality, is known under the name of the system of Phonography. Other similar projects have died away, or only linger on the book-shelves; but this system is now living and very active in the world. It is this, therefore, which requires our attention.

Phonography and phonotypy are, so to speak, the invention of Isaac Pitman, of Bath. Phonography signifies *sound-writing*, and phonotypy *sound-printing*. The accordance of orthography with pronunciation, which we have before named as the desideratum for the English language, in perfecting it for a common tongue, is here implied. The systems of phonography and phonotypy are put forth by their sanguine and indefatigable projector as a natural method of writing and printing all languages by one alphabet, composed of signs that represent the sounds of the human voice, and as being adapted particularly to the English language, not only for general literature and correspondence, but also as a complete system of short-hand, briefer than any other stenographic system; and by which a speaker can be followed verbatim without the use of any arbitrary marks beyond the letters of the alphabet. Isaac Pitman, in fact, proposes to exhibit *speech on paper*, by signs as simple and intelligible as the sounds they represent, and to do this with abbreviation above the usual method. Each sign is never to be used to exhibit more than one sound or articulation. The usual systems of short-hand are proverbially more difficult to read than to write. Phonography, on the contrary, is alleged by its advocates to be easier to read than to write. In this assertion of their own, however, there is

no slight dilemma involved. It is a most essential point that literal characters should be easily and quickly used in manuscript. We believe that they are improving their verbal signs in this respect.

According to the system of phonography, the English language is made to consist of no less than six essentially different sounds of a simple character, usually called vowels, which are combined into the order of words by no more than thirteen likewise simple articulations, generally named consonants. It may be, moreover, noted, that sounds and articulations, vowels and consonants, are natural divisions of all languages. In phonography they are arranged in their natural order, and not alphabetically. Thus *p* stands first, and then *b, t, d, &c.* The articulations are considered not to be all different formations: only about half are essentially varied, and the remainder merely flat echoes; thus—

Sharp	<i>p.</i>	Sharp	<i>t.</i>
Flat	<i>b.</i>	Flat	<i>d.</i>

are the same articulations merely modified; consequently thinness or thickness of stroke displays the connected difference, according to the phonographic system. This, however, would not well avail for manuscript, with bad pens, however it might do for printing. But Isaac Pitman has prepared phonographic pencils and phonographic paper, we suppose to meet this. To continue, by phonographers, the articulations are found in many words indissolubly united with *l* and *r* into a double letter singly pronounced. Hooks are introduced to represent this connexion, and other modulations are similarly exhibited. In the English tongue the phonographers also reckon about forty simple and compound sounds. Their affinities are said to admit of a most simple arrangement. They are classed as full, or sharp; as in *fect*, and *fit*. The following list is given, as the exhibition of all the pure vowel sounds:—

1	<i>e.</i>	4	<i>au.</i>
2	<i>a.</i>	5	<i>o.</i>
3	<i>ah.</i>	6	<i>co.</i>

Each of these is also allowed a sharp sound; and from the six pure simple vowels a double series of compound ones is produced. They are expressed in long-hand by the prefix of *y* and *w* to the simple vowels; and thus *e* becomes *ye*, &c.; and they are represented phonographically by single curves. The double vowels *i, oi*, and *ou* form part of another series.

Such is a brief sketch, which will, however, give the reader a correct idea of the elementary features of Isaac Pitman's system of phonography. In its characters, we confess, there is an Orientalism which we do not like, and which we do not consider adapted for general use; but its general idea is excellent, and its characters themselves not arbitrary, but constantly being improved. It would be, therefore, not only ungenerous, but also unjust, to give a decided opinion against it, without it was accompanied by a laborious, minute criticism, into which we are not now prepared to enter, nor the public to follow us. We hope, on the contrary, that phonography will improve in the particular we have named; and that it may fulfil its aspiration of producing a universal character, and thus prepare the way for that one common language of the future, of which we have indicated the rationality, and of which we have proved the probability to be in favour of the English tongue. Its production in that language is greatly to its advantage.

We cannot conclude, however, without alluding to the rapid rise and progress of phonography. In the course of a few years its active and worthy author has gained fervent apostles and numerous disciples. "The Manual of Phonography" has run through at least seven editions.

(1) John Wilkins, an Anglican bishop, likewise published an "Essay on a Real Character, and Philosophical Language."

In Ipswich a weekly newspaper is printed in phonotypes, under the name of the "Phono-Press;" and its friends say that Ipswich is what Haarlem was. The "Phonotypic Journal" has also reached several volumes. Phonographic lectures and societies are established in almost every town of Great Britain, and a large phonetic corresponding society is also instituted. A central dépôt, for publications, is likewise lately fixed in London, and in the United States a similar progress is evidenced. Lastly, the Bible, commencing with the Gospel of St. John, is being translated into phonotypy; and many of the best stenographers have given in their adhesion to phonography, while the young men who are the props of our Mechanics' Institutions, hail with fervor what is termed the literary reformation.

In conclusion, we may sum up our programme. We have shown the rationality of a universal language, as a bond of peace, and brotherhood, and commercial intercourse among the nations. We have given reasons why this should not be a dead nor an Oriental tongue. We have compared the Western and living languages which are spoken by the most civilized, potential, and progressive people of the earth: we have decided among them in favour of the preferability and probability of the English tongue becoming the common language of humanity. Lastly, we have given a sketch of the pretensions of phonography, its elements and its progress. If it is true, our slight criticism will not have hurt its cause, but our inquiry will have accelerated its diffusion, as well as have given a little aid to that "good time coming," when nation shall not rise up against nation, but all become of one heart, as well as of one speech.

Literary Notices.

The Last Aldini. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by MATILDA M. HAYS, Author of *Helen Stanley*. London: E. Churton. 1847.

AN English edition of the works of Madame Dudevant, is an event in our literature, and we owe Miss Hays a debt of gratitude for the undertaking. The *Last Aldini* forms the first of the series. The translation is admirable in every respect, and conveys an excellent idea of the singularly eloquent style of the original. The great genius of the author who writes under the name of George Sand, has long been acknowledged in France, but has been appreciated here by a comparatively small number; and, indeed, her audience should always be *fit*, though we hope it will not be few. They who read her must bring to her an earnest and inquiring intellect, and a pure and noble spirit; they must also be prepared to face existing evils, speculations, manners, and moralities, from which we in this country, however we may be aware of them, choose to turn away our eyes; and they must be able to read with toleration descriptions of habits and modes of thought among different classes, and in other countries, brought out with a dramatic truth and graphic power, which may give offence to those who have not made up their mind to prove all things, and hold fast what is good. Without these requisites, Madame Dudevant will be misunderstood; with them, her works will be found to be creations of wonderful variety, interest, and power; written with a purpose always good, frequently profound and elevated, never base or licentious. In this she is eminently distinguished from a certain class of French literature with which she has been confounded.

Madame Dudevant is not satisfied with painting the outside of things, but searches into their depths. She

has penetrated the thousand forms of evil that lie hidden beneath the world's great "whited sepulchre;" the woes disguised under apparent ease; the deep-seated sorrow peculiar to woman; the struggles of the people; the mine of unwrought gold that lies latent under the crushing weight of poverty and toil, making itself apparent from time to time, as some genius too strong to be repressed, rises at intervals to astonish the world. But she does not write "moral" at the end of her story; she leaves her purpose to be discovered by her readers. Neither does she proclaim her characters to be of this or the other description, but leaves them all to develop themselves. She does not tell us, this is a man of wit; that, a man of intellect; another, an unprincipled man of the world: she endows them with the wit, the intellect, the levity, she has conceived, and places them before us; she throws herself into her characters with equal truth of painting, whether she chooses to describe a voluptuous Venetian lady, or the free spirits among the Italian actors, as in "*The Last Aldini*;" or a pure heroic virtue, as in "*The Compagnon du Tour de France*." One will be enthusiastically admired by some who may be offended with the other. A growing sympathy with the people has been apparent in all her later works, and an influence more ennobling could scarcely be found in literature, than a wide circulation among them of the last work we have named. We shall hope to see it shortly in its English form in the present edition. Clever as "*The Last Aldini*" is, there are many to follow it, incomparably superior.

Select Writings of Robert Chambers. Vol. I.—Essays Familiar and Humorous. London: W. S. Orr.

ROBERT CHAMBERS is one of those happily constituted human beings whose wise head and warm heart find ever a coadjutor in a hand ready and able to work with them. Whatever he writes is calculated to instruct and improve. The Essays which compose this volume, are selected from no less than four hundred separate papers written by himself for the Chambers' Journal. In those pages they have been universally read; but they are not, on that account, the less welcome in this collected form.

He says in his preface, that it was his design from the first to be the essayist of the middle class—that class in which he was born, and to which he continues to belong. He has sought less to attain elegance than to avoid dulness; he has endeavoured to be brief, direct, and he knows that he has been earnest. All that he has aimed at he has attained. Every page abounds with the most genuine humour, kindly affection, manly good sense, and the broadest spirit of tolerance and philanthropy.

In an immensely reading age like the present, where happily there is a demand for a plentiful supply of wholesome mental food, Robert Chambers can hardly make a more acceptable present to the public than his Essays in a collected and cheap form.

Heroic Odes and Bacchic Melodies. By GEORGE ST. EDMONDE. E. Churton, London.

THE writer of this volume is evidently a young man gifted with considerable poetical power, and amazing animal spirits. Life is no dull, gloomy affair with him: his *Heroic Odes and Bacchic Melodies* well up from a warm, rejoicing spirit, that as yet has had no experience of sadder or more sober realities of existence. We should, however, have liked the book better, had there been less of the wine-bibber in it.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

"GIVE us our daily bread,"—and was that prayer
Unanswered from high Heav'n's eternal dome?
No, poor man, no!—its music entered there,
And blessings dropp'd upon our earthly home:
Let thy sad eye look round thee everywhere,
When the rich showers or golden sunbeams come,
And plenty greets thee from the teeming sod—
The fruit that blossoms from the hand of God?

But such, poor child of earth, is not for thee—
Thy gaze drinks in its beauty, but thy lips
Are dared to touch the manna, that must be
For those whose birth and towering names eclipse
The light of thine own honest right: the key
Of this world's treasure-house the strong man keeps,
And till a stronger, with the glittering crest
Of Knowledge, comes, the weak must be oppress'd.

Grief answers grief across the briny deep;
The countries of the shamrock and the rose
Have each their million eyes that waking weep,
And ever find a sad and tearful close;
Nor less the sister clime of brack and steep—
She has her meted share of pain and woes.
Well may Oppression answer with a smile,
When Britain's land is called a "happy isle."

Happy, she cannot be, while those who toil,
And ask for daily bread receive a stone;
While all the honey of the yielding soil
Sweetens the tables of the great alone.
While senators hold fast the "corn and oil,"
And slavish millions may not call their own
That which they sweat for—while such things can be
Britain can ne'er be happy, great or free.

Greatness consists not in the trophies won,
By taking gold, or land from brother worms;
By sending grisly death from shell or gun,
And making earth a citadel of storms.
That land alone is GREAT, whose ev'ry son
Finds on her bosom all that keeps, and warms
The chambers of his heart with joy and mirth,
That he may taste of heaven while here on earth.

Freedom is not the thought of being free
From strangers who would yoke us with disgrace;
'Tis not the pride that we have bowed the knee
To no stern tyrant of a foreign race.

Such may exist, and Briton still may be
The slave of Briton—holding the vile place
Where Independence cringes to command,
That makes the heart more servile than the hand.

"Give us our daily bread"—and do ye find,
Ye whose stern sinews know no idle hour,
That rulers to the poor are ever kind,
Save to ensure their gold-supported power?

Do ye find aught of benefit to bind
(As mantling ivy round a stately tower)
Your hearts to those who govern—day by day?
Your starving children rise, and answer "Nay."

"Give us our daily bread;" Heaven whispers, "Yea."

"Give us our daily bread;" Earth mutters, "No,"

And mocks the weepings of her sons' distress:
Bright hours of change are coming, sure though slow,
When pride, and want, and error shall be less,
And more of Heaven be registered below:
Even now the half of Slavery's flag is furled,
And Thought's free sunshine circles the wide world.

BURRINGTON.

Juvenile Delinquency.—In the year 1773, the immortal Howard commenced his benevolent visits to the neglected prisons of England—visits that led to those reforms so long needed, but which nobody till then would set about. Since his day the very eyes of inspectors and commissioners have pried into almost every abuse. Pauperism, public charities, hand-loom weavers, etc., have all been deeply investigated. This is as it should be. It is the duty of a government seriously to inquire into the real wants and circumstances of the various orders of its subjects; to "gauge," as it were—in the language of Burke—"the depths of the human miseries" that rankle in and poison its great social heart—that spread a blight over the lives and comforts of great masses of its people. But as the government can only investigate—that is, measure the evil and lay down certain rules for others to carry out—the cure of our social evils must be generally left in the hands of the wealthy and talented of the locality so afflicted. Our attention has been drawn to the subject of industrial schools by the reports of the "Inspectors of Prisons," the writings of W. Chambers, and our own experience of the nature and extent of the evil sought to be remedied. The present practice of neglecting the sources of crime is as erroneous in principle, and contrary to the true principles of economy, as it is opposed to the injunctions of holy writ. Prevention of evil is better than its cure. It is far less expensive to save a child on the way to ruin, than to prosecute, imprison, and transport, after it has become a criminal. The words of the wise king are very clear: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But the children for whom these schools are needed are trained to evil and crime, and when they are old they do not depart from it, but become the propagators and ensnarers of others. The Saviour, knowing the importance of early training, said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" but they are not suffered to approach him; they are led in a more crooked, sorrowful, and ignorant path—a life of dependence, of imposition, and of crime, with all its sins, its bad associations, and punishments, is before them, and *nothing else*. They are taught to despise the pleasure of honest exertion and persevering industry, and insensibly contract an extreme fondness for a wandering and vagabond life. The following was published a few years since, by a person who had visited, as a hawker, almost every lodging-house in England:—"Vagrancy is certainly a curse to, if not a stain on the English nation; because in it originate, in all their various forms, every kind of immorality and vice, robbery and imposition, and even murder. A great number amongst these daring impostors have been brought up vagrants from their infancy, and such as are bred to it are naturally the most clever in acts of thieving or imposing on the public." W. Chambers, in his recent tract on "Schools of Industry," says, when speaking of a little urchin twelve or thirteen years of age, whom he saw tried for "stealing an old brass candlestick worth sixpence, the apparatus evoked to try the little vagrant seemed like erecting a steam-engine of 500 horse power to kill a mouse." Nine months after this he was again tried and transported. "The country on this occasion incurred probably an obligation of 300*l.* or 400*l.* Hundreds of pounds to punish crime! Five pounds rightly laid out at first would, most likely, have prevented its commission. The possible ruin of a boy, body and soul, is of a different and more impressive character."

To show what has been done in the difficult task of reclaiming the juvenile delinquent, I shall quote from the Reports of the New York Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, the following gratifying fact:—"The whole number received into the Refuge from the 1st day of January, 1825, the date of commencing its operations, to the 1st day of January, 1840, was 3123; viz. 2226 boys, and 897 girls; and the number of both sexes bound out as apprentices during the aforesaid period was 2817." The next sentence is

very important, shewing how essential it is that the work of reform should be begun in early youth. "That they (the managers) have been disappointed in their expectations by a few of those who have been sent out as reformed, ought by no means to lessen the fair fame of the institution, especially when the character and age of some of the subjects are considered. The failures we have to lament are but few, and in most cases are those who have arrived at an age bordering on manhood or womanhood, whose evil propensities are often too firmly fixed to be removed." Industrial Schools are no novelty, that at Aberdeen having been founded in October, 1841, by Sheriff Watson. "It is intended for the educational and industrial training of boys from 8 to 14 years of age. The parties admitted are of the very lowest class; viz. those who usually prowling about our streets begging and stealing. They are educated and fed at the expense of the school funds, their labour for a few hours a day being accepted as payment; the work, however, is not so much looked to as a source of pecuniary income, as a means of cultivating. The boys lodge with their parents during the night; while those who have no homes are received into the House of Refuge." In 1843 a girls' school was opened, which has been attended with marked success.

The usual order of school procedure is as follows:—"The school assembles at seven o'clock A.M., and the children receive religious instruction, have their attention directed to the elements of geography, and the more striking facts of natural history, till nine o'clock. On two mornings of each week an hour is devoted to instruction in vocal music. From nine to ten o'clock they get breakfast at the House of Refuge of porridge and milk. At ten o'clock they return to the school, and are employed in different sorts of work till two o'clock P.M. From two till three they dine usually on broth, beef, and bread; occasionally on potatoes, soup, lodge-podge, etc. From three till four they either work within doors, or, if the weather permits, are employed in the gardens, partly in recreation. From four till seven P.M. they are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic; at seven they return to the House of Refuge, get supper (same as breakfast), and are dismissed to their homes for the night by eight o'clock. A half-holiday is allowed on Saturday. On Sunday the scholars assemble at half-past eight A.M., get breakfast at nine, attend public worship in the house during the forenoon, and after dinner return home, to enable them, if so disposed, to attend church with their relations. At five o'clock P.M. they meet again in school, and are catechised, get supper at seven, and are dismissed, as on other days.

The cost of superintendence is about 50*l.* a year, and the expenses, besides food and rent, about 40*l.*; making altogether about 108*l.* a year, exclusive of the expense of food, which latter is about 3*d.* per day for each child, or about 4*l.* 10*s.* per annum. From this has, however, to be deducted the profits of the children's labour, which have hitherto been about 1*d.* per head per day. The chief kinds of employment are net-making, picking oakum, hair, senna, and gardening."

Success has attended this noble effort; not only has the evil of juvenile mendicancy ceased in Aberdeen, but juvenile delinquency also has received a very great check. HUMANUS.

The Edinburgh Mechanics' Institution.—This is one of the right sort. It is an institution set on foot by the *Working Men themselves*. The President is a Silversmith; the Vice-President, a Coach Painter; the Treasurer, a Machine-Maker; the Secretary, a Type-Founder; the Committee consists of a Bookbinder, a Clerk, a Plumber, etc. In their prospectus they say:—

A few Operatives, desirous of adding another to the many agents of moral, social, and intellectual improvement, resolved themselves into a body under the designation of "THE EDINBURGH MECHANICS' INSTITUTION."

The Committee of this infant Society, in presenting a Prospectus of its objects to their industrious brethren, feel that they have more cause for gratulation than apology.

The schoolmaster is truly abroad; the working classes are resolutely shaking off the ignorance, engendered apathy of ages, and, animated with hope, and sustained by self-reliance, are planting the standard of progress in every town and village in the nation.

It is imperatively demanded of us, that the working men of intellectual Edinburgh shall not lag behind in the march of popular advancement.

Private philanthropy has done much for us educationally; gratitude therefore demands that we should demonstrate to our mental benefactors, but more especially to ourselves, that we can do much for ourselves.

We wish to prove that philanthropists have not laboured in vain to elevate the workman, and that one of the most glorious lessons they have taught him is self-reliance.

It is anticipated that the Mechanics' will ultimately become to the operative classes what the Philosophical Institution is to the wealthier portion of our citizens. As its energies and resources become developed, its sphere will commensurately extend, until every stream of science and literature shall become, through it, tributaries to the great tide of human progress.

There is an impulse in the great heart of humanity at present animating and hurrying on the masses. They are shouting in the wilderness to the prophets of progress, "Prepare ye the way." They cry, "We are coming; all that we require is direction;" and men so animated will not long lack the means of lighting the lamp of intellectual life.

Their terms are, for a quarter of twelve weeks, 1*s.*; for a full year, 4*s.* 4*d.* Members are privileged to admit one friend, and Ladies are especially desired to be present. They propose to do all that such institutions can do for the people, and will thankfully receive donations of books. Bravo! Working Men of Edinburgh! you are proving all that we said last week of the People, and People's Colleges. Let us hear more about you, and the whole public shall hear it, and be sure others will follow your example. We have seldom read so eloquent and truly noble a composition, as the Introductory Address of the President, John Cowie, a working silversmith. The sentiments on women we shall take the very first opportunity of making known to the readers of this Journal. The whole address is a brilliant proof of what education is doing for the people.

Anti-Enclosure Association.—We are glad to learn that this Association commences the New Year free from debts, and proposes now to devote its funds to the purchase of a house and grounds for its business purposes; and also to be open for other public purposes; the profits thence accruing to be partly devoted to its maintenance, and partly to a law fund for asserting the right of road wherever needed. The Association now meets at the great room of the *Princess Royal*, Circus Street, New Road, where a public meeting for discussion is held each Thursday evening, after eight o'clock, admission free. The Association proposes also to engage lecturers to advocate its views, as regards keeping open paths, public places, and other objects connected with the general health and convenience.

The Hutchinsons and the American prejudice against colour.—We learn by an American paper that our valued friends the Hutchinsons have been singing in Philadelphia, and in this city of William Penn have been compelled by the mayor to give up their room, and leave the place, because they outraged public opinion, by singing Anti-Slavery songs, and persisted against all remonstrance in admitting people of colour to their concerts. We honour their steadfast principle.

Madame Lafarge.—We have to record another of those odious instances of inflated romanticism and misdirected sympathy and enthusiasm, which have so often disgraced the wonder-loving Parisians, and in which great portions of the English public have so often taken a conspicuous part. Why are we hoaxed with the disgusting nonsense about the elegant affectations and pampered vanity of this poisoning lady?

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Aveline, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWERY, 171, (Corner of Surry Street,) Strand.—Saturday, February 13, 1847.



"Wherefore so late?" her mother cried,
In wrath her daughter viewing.
"Soft, gentle mother!" I replied,
"Thy daughter I've been wooing."

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE MEASOM.

THE LOVER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH VOSS.

The maiden with brown eyes and hair
 Came o'er the dewy meadows;
 The nightingales were singing clear,
 Among the evening shadows.
 I saw and heard her stepping free;
 She passed like sunshine o'er the lea;
 I saw she was the girl for me!

Her skirts were lifted from the dew;
 Her boddice fitted tightly;
 Her plaited hair, her apron blue,
 The night-breeze wafted lightly;
 Her stockings white, as white could be;
 Said I, that maiden fair to see
 Is just the very girl for me!

The brindled cow her call obeyed,
 Came all the meadows thorough;
 And as she milked, said I, "Sweet maid,
 God shield thee from all sorrow!"
 She looked with eyes so bright and free;
 Said I, she is the girl for me;
 She shall my heart's beloved be!

Her eyes they seemed to answer "Yes;"
 My heart with love was gushing;
 And I contrived my lips to press
 Upon her warm cheek, blushing,
 That blushing cheek, so fresh to see!
 Said I, this maiden, fair and free,
 She is the very girl for me!

I helped her over hedge and stile,
 With frothy milk-pail laden;
 And sang to scare the goblins vile
 That might affright the maiden;
 For now 'twas dark by bush and tree;
 And said I, "maiden dear to me,
 Wilt thou my heart's beloved be?"

—"Wherefore so late?" her mother cried,
 In wrath her daughter viewing.
 "Soft, gentle mother!" I replied,
 "Thy daughter I've been wooing!
 Give thy consent—thep blessed are we!
 Sweet mother, give consent, for she
 Is willing my beloved to be!"

MARY HOWITT.

A WINTER PICTURE.

Fog.

DAMPNESS and gloom prevail; the air is still;
 With myriad crystal drops the hedge-row thorn
 Glitters and drips;—with silvery dew the lawn.
 I tempt not now the cloud-enveloped hill;
 Yet hazy clouds my valley-path surround.
 The wild fowl cries upon the sedgy mere:
 I see it not in motion, yet I hear
 Of splashing wings and trailing feet the sound.
 Gigantic seems each dim-discovered thing—
 The crag—the bare and many-branched tree—
 The rook that slowly sails past on the wing—
 The stalking clown—the cattle on the lea.
 And human voices, sent I know not whence,
 Ring through this veil of shadow deep and dense.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THE present age is pre-eminently distinguished, not only for the advance which is being made in every department of Science, but for the extension of the applications of scientific knowledge to the benefit of mankind, through the useful Arts. Of this fact, every day's experience furnishes abundant evidence. Among the earliest of the gifts of modern science was the *Steam-engine*. There are many yet living who can remember the time when the ever-changing winds, the precarious flow of the falling stream, and the accumulated power of toiling beasts, constituted the only means of giving motion to the stones which ground their corn, to the hammer which forged their iron, or to the mill which spun their thread. In those days, the power-loom and the printing-machine were not in existence; and even if they had been invented and brought to perfection, they could not have been worked so as to afford clothing to the bodies, and food to the minds, of the millions which now profit by them, for want of *power* always to be had precisely *when* it was wanted, and *where* it was wanted,—liable neither to drop like the wind, nor to be dried-up like the water-course, and not requiring to be maintained at the enormous expense which the labour of animals involves. Alike restricted were the means of transit over earth and sea. The land traveller, however urgent his needs, could not attain any greater rapidity than the speed of horses could afford; and the mariner was obliged to trust his bark to the uncontrolled and unaided force of the winds and waves, and was liable to be delayed by the calm, or to be driven from his course by adverse gales.

The generation not yet in its decline beheld the application of steam to the purposes of navigation; and we have seen in our own day the extension of this wonderful power from the river-boat and coasting-vessel, to the gigantic ship destined to traverse the widest seas, and to carry European civilization to the remotest shores.¹ From about the same period may be dated the introduction of the *Gas-lamp* into our cities; and we who are not sufficiently advanced in years to remember that event, can only realize to ourselves the condition of our streets when as yet gas was not, by transferring ourselves to some remote country-town, whose "darkness visible" still remains unilluminated by the torch of science, reminding us that even the greatest and most obvious improvements need time and well-directed labour for their universal diffusion. The schoolboy, not yet emerged from his pupilage, remembers how, in his earlier years, when as yet a solitary *Railway* gave evidence to the world of what *might be*, he expended a long and weary day (or it might be more) in his half-yearly journeys, now accomplished in one-fourth of the time. And we are ourselves even now witnessing the extension of that wondrous method of communication, realizing alike the fictions of Eastern tale, and the most enthusiastic dreams of the Philosopher "who hopes all things not impossible;" which constitutes, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the gifts which science has yet

(1) The visit of Her Majesty's steam ship, *Phlegethon*, to the coast of Borneo, in 1842, to co-operate with Mr. Brooke in his enlightened attempts to improve the condition of that remarkable island, by the suppression of piracy, and the substitution of agricultural and commercial pursuits, may be regarded as no unimportant era in the history of mankind; being, as we believe, the first occasion on which a steam-ship has been employed for any other purpose than commerce or warfare.

made to the human race, and one whose influence upon their welfare it is impossible yet even faintly to shadow forth. The *Electric Telegraph*—which may link together the remotest corners, not merely of a kingdom, but of a continent—which may bring India and China into “speaking distance” of London and Paris—and which may even be made to bridge over the ocean that separates the Old World from the New—is but *one* application of a powerful agent, whose existence is co-extensive with that of matter itself, and whose applications to the arts of life, rapidly as they are even now being developed, are probably as yet completely in their infancy.

Now it is to be observed, that the powers thus developed by the aid of science have created *new* methods in every department of the arts into which they have been introduced; and so well aware are the intelligent artisan and the manufacturer of their dependence upon men of science for the continued improvement of their operations, that Physics and Chemistry (the branches of knowledge which embrace the properties of all material objects not alive) are now pursued with avidity by many, who intend to devote themselves exclusively to their practical applications, leaving it to others to grapple with those higher questions of which the philosophy of these sciences is made up.

No one, we suppose, would now be foolhardy enough to dispute the immense advantages which we derive from the steam-engine, the gas-lamp, the railway, and the electric telegraph; for these advantages are self-evident, and commanding enough to bear down all opposition, except in cases where personal interest is supposed to be directly involved. But each of these inventions has been resisted in its early stage by a powerful phalanx of objectors; who have urged, first, that the invention is impracticable; and, secondly, (when driven from that ground) that it is useless, because incapable of being profitably carried out on a large scale. A short experience, however, was sufficient to demonstrate the futility of all such opposition; and we can now only wonder that it was ever offered. The great secret of the universal appreciation of these gifts, lies in the obvious and palpable benefits we derive from them; and in the utter impossibility of obtaining the same results by any other means whatever.

But there are other departments of science whose progress has been more gradual, though not less certain; and whose applicability to the benefit of mankind is fully as important, though, at first sight, less sure and apparent. This is particularly the case with the science of Physiology; which, in its most extended sense (and it is in this sense that we shall use the term) embraces all the phenomena attending the development and growth of living beings of every description, the maintenance of their health and activity, their liability to disease and decay, and their final death and decomposition. Numberless as are the applications to the welfare of mankind, of which the ascertained principles of this science are capable, they are very slow in making their way to public estimation; the prejudices which deny, and the indolence which slight their value, being not easily overcome by an appeal to the recognized benefits derived from their introduction, even when these benefits are the most obvious. Take, for example, the case of vaccination. By the persevering researches of Jenner it was established as a scientific truth, that the propagation of the Cow-pox to the human race was sufficient to render comparatively mild, if not totally to extinguish, the terrible pestilence which brought death, blindness, or disfigurement, to a large proportion of the children annually born in almost every civilized country.¹ Yet

this discovery was received with every kind of opposition, and even of abuse, from the educated classes; and naurally found but little favour with those whose low degree of general enlightenment still less prepared them for a departure from their previous usages. When attempts were made to raise the popular cry against cow-pox as a *beastly* disease; and when the teachers of religion denounced the vengeance of the Almighty upon those who impiously endeavoured to interfere with His dealings, by destroying the scourge which He saw fit to employ as His instrument of punishment; it is not wonderful that the public mind should be slow to be convinced of the preservative efficacy of vaccination, and even when convinced, should hesitate in freely taking advantage of it. And the public incredulity seemed further warranted by this circumstance; that cases occurred every here and there, in which vaccination seemed to fail, either partially or completely, in imparting its promised protection. Such cases have continued to present themselves from time to time; in some of them, the cause of failure has been clearly attributable to the imperfection of the vaccination; whilst, in others, no such explanation has seemed admissible, and the attack of small-pox in its severer form must be laid to the account of some peculiar state of constitution in the individual, which is about the same as saying, that we know nothing of the cause of it. Notwithstanding, however, these occasional failures, the fact of the *general* protecting power of vaccination against small-pox is now too well established upon the broad basis of universal experience, to admit of being gainsaid by any one not fenced round with an impenetrable wall of prejudice or ignorance; and the traces of the feelings with which it was formerly regarded are only now occasionally to be encountered amongst a few old women, whose minds have remained in precisely the condition in which they were some fifty years ago,—neither steam, gas, railways, nor the electric telegraph, having disturbed their conviction of the impossibility of a change for the better.

We have adverted to this subject—now generally classed among the *bygones* (so simple and matter-of-course an idea is it that our children should be vaccinated)—because we may learn a most important lesson from it in regard to the reception of other improvements, which the scientific physiologist points out as conducive to the welfare of mankind. And this more especially, because in the majority of cases these improvements do not involve the substitution of new methods for old ones; but require merely a small amount of alteration, and in some cases a change so slight, that it is resisted merely because it is so trifling;—just as the Syrian prince objected to bathe seven times in the Jordan at the command of Elisha, not because he distrusted the power of the prophet to cure him of his leprosy, but because he deemed the method too simple and unostentatious. Now, those who possess much experience of human nature well know, that Naaman's feelings on this point would find an echo in the hearts of ninety-nine out of every hundred people of the present day; and that the more slight the alteration required for the most important practical benefit, the less chance has it of being generally adopted, until its effects are so obvious that conviction can no longer be resisted. And even when the reason admits all that is urged, the tyranny of habit and of indolence is such, that the old course is still pursued; and the enlightened philanthropist, who has spent his time and labour in endeavouring to benefit his humbler brethren, finds that his time and labour have been bestowed almost in vain.

If we look around, with the advantage of but a very small amount of knowledge as to the conditions on which the preservation of health and the prolongation of life are dependent, we are at once struck with the

(1) By the recent inquiries of Mr. Coley, it has been ascertained that the harmless cow-pox is in reality the virulent small-pox rendered innocent by passing through the system of the cow.

utter neglect of those conditions which is prevalent among the masses of the people, and the continual disregard to them which is manifested by many whose example ought to be the means of directing general attention to their importance. In fact, it would almost seem as if the bodies of men in general were supposed to be as invulnerable as that of Achilles;—to be necessarily subject, from their inherent constitution, to a certain measure of disease which no foresighted prudence could avoid, and to be liable to death at a certain period, which no art could defer; the only adverse circumstances to which they are liable being some unlooked-for accident, or some epidemic disorder, which may carry them off before their allotted time, like the poisoned arrow which caused the death of the hero by penetrating his unprotected heel. We do not mean that *any* persons possessing common sense would confess their belief in such a doctrine; and we may be told that the very existence of the medical profession, and the eagerness with which their assistance is sought when illness attacks the frame, give a practical denial to the idea of its prevalence. But we assert that mankind in general, in their every-day life, act *as if* this was their belief; the simplest precautions being neglected, the best-ascertained laws being defied, the most constant warnings being unnoticed. We have heard it stated by those who have had much experience in the great works of various kinds incidental to the development of the railway system, that nine-tenths of the accidents which have occurred during their construction have been fairly attributable to the carelessness and foolhardiness of the labourers. One most striking example of this occurred on the Bristol and Gloucester line. An explosion of gunpowder took place near the Wickwar tunnel, by which several persons were killed; and it came out, in the subsequent inquest, that for several weeks this stock of gunpowder had been kept in a leathern bag, in the blacksmith's workshop, which was at last blown to pieces by its ignition by a spark from his anvil! Now there can be few who would not condemn as not only most absurd, but also most culpable, the conduct of those who first placed it there, and subsequently allowed it to remain, in the confidence (as it would seem) that, because no accident *had* happened, it might be considered safe; in fact, we should with difficulty find words to express our sense of such a proceeding, which can scarcely be surpassed by the absurdities of Mahomedan fatalism. And yet, through the ignorance of some, and the callous negligence of others who are better informed, the masses of our population are living under circumstances in which serious injury to health, and a considerable reduction in the length of life, are as much to be anticipated as the fatal explosion at Wickwar: and those who countenance the present system, with a knowledge of its evils, or who simply withhold their assistance from the endeavour to eradicate them, appear to us to be incurring nearly the same culpability with those who there knowingly and voluntarily exposed a number of their fellow-creatures to the imminent risk of loss of life or limb.

If we seek to know *why* such ignorance and carelessness prevail, we shall have to search pretty deeply for the causes. One of the most obvious is the almost entire exclusion of instruction with regard to the bodily constitution of man, and the means of preserving health, from our systems of education, both for rich and poor. One would have thought that such knowledge would be that most eagerly sought, and most readily communicated. Until of late years, however, it has been confined to a few; and those few were by no means aware of its practical importance. The scientific physiologist could discourse learnedly of the nature of respiration; he could tell how many cubic feet of air per day are required for this process; and he could show that

speedy death is the result of its suspension. But he could *not* have ventured to assert that, which sad experience proves to be the truth—that a taint in the air we habitually breathe, so slight as to pass unnoticed when habit has inured us to it, is the sure foundation of disease, and certainly leads to the loss of many years, not merely of health, but of life. Such statements would not have been justified by the results of single experiments conducted in the laboratory; and if put forth as scientific facts, they would have been treated with that incredulity which commonly attends the proclamation of disagreeable truths; the direct negative being supposed to be proved by the numerous cases always producible of individuals living in health, and attaining longevity, in the very circumstances which are represented as so pernicious. But they are now capable of being established by the melancholy results of those experiments, which have been long going on upon a grand scale in our large towns; seeming as if they had been devised for the express purpose of ascertaining, how much impurity may be introduced into the air breathed by human beings without immediately destroying life, what is the smallest amount of food upon which their existence may be prolonged, what degree of cold and nakedness may be borne, and, in short, how far the vitality of the human body can resist the destructive influence of the continued deprivation of all that is needed for its physical wants.

It is to recent Statistical inquiries that we are indebted for the *proof* of what the Physiologist could before have only surmised as a probable result of the continued operation of such evil influences. And the scientific man, therefore, has now a right to come before his less-instructed fellows, with the boldness inspired by thorough conviction, and the earnestness resulting from the deep feeling of the vast importance of the truths which he has to enunciate. He has to show them that the Creator has given to the body a certain constitution; that he has made it to consist of numerous parts, each having its appropriate office; that the mutual working-together of these parts is essential to the well-being of the whole, and that any disturbance in the actions of any one must necessarily influence the rest. The physiologist has further to show that the first development and the continued maintenance of the body are entirely dependent upon the influence which it derives from certain external agents, such as heat, light, and electricity; upon the materials which it draws from the various articles used as food; and upon the constant removal of the products of its waste or decay, which should be carried off by the atmosphere, or discharged by the water, of which a free and copious supply are alike requisite for the maintenance of health. He may go further, and show how a beneficent Creator has placed the being whose existence depends upon all these conditions, in a world adapted in every particular to afford them; but how the ignorance and perverseness of Man has caused him to run counter to the arrangements of Providence, and to violate in every particular the conditions which have been assigned, for good and wise purposes, as the law of his physical being. Nor will it be beyond his province to point out the intimate connexion between mind and body; to show how physical depression is intimately allied with mental and moral degradation; and to call upon those who aim at the development of all the higher and nobler powers of their race, to give their first attention to the spread of that knowledge of the Constitution of Man which must be at the foundation of every effort for the improvement of the masses of civilized society.

THE PHILANTHROPIC ASSASSIN ;

Being a Narrative of the extraordinary hallucination of GOTTLIEB EINHALTER, alias RAOUËL CROO, a native of Tours ; carefully abstracted from the Rechtsfälle of the Law Courts of Wittenberg, and compared with the Report made by the Committee of Savans to the French Academy of Sciences.

BY R. H. HORNE.

It is our semi-barbarous Code of Laws that makes Heroes of vulgar felons, by exciting the imagination, and calling forth sympathy and pity for a poor wretch about to become the principal performer in a public Strangling Show. The Law, is the Newgate dramatist ; the scaffold, is the stage ; the whole mixed public, is the audience ; and "the moral" is, in its most extensive influence, that there is something great in a man who is hanged.—R. H. H.

In the neighbourhood of Puy St. Ostien, a small obscure town of Languedoc, a murder was committed about nine years since upon a labouring man, named Jacques Moulin, as he was returning homeward from his work. He was killed by a shot from the road-side, the bullet passing quite through his body. He had a little money about him, and an old silver medal or decoration, both of which were found upon his person, and there was no appearance of any attempt having been made to rob him ; so that the private malice of some unknown enemy seemed to be the only cause to which his murder could be attributed. Jacques Moulin, however, was well known to be a most peaceful and inoffensive man, who was generally indeed considered to be of rather an imbecile character, and not at all likely to provoke the hostility of any one. It was more probable, therefore, that he was shot, by mistake, for somebody else. But whatever the motive of the assassin, he had successfully effected his escape. An old man, with a wooden leg, who had formerly been a soldier, and served in Italy under Napoleon, was witness of the sanguinary occurrence. He said he was seated on a bank, near the entrance of the town, resting himself ; there was a hedge close behind him, and a ball had been fired right through this hedge. Deceased cried out, "*Oh, mon Dieu, pourquoi !*" and instantly fell. This was all witness knew of the matter. He got up as fast as he could, when he saw the man fall in the road, and looked over the hedge, and in all directions, thinking he should see the assassin making off, but he could not obtain the least glimpse of him. Being unable to lift the body out of the road, he sat himself down again, to watch it till somebody passed that way. Two labourers shortly appeared, to whom he related what had happened. The police exerted themselves, but could obtain no clue to the discovery of the murderer. The unfortunate man was buried, and the affair soon lost its interest.

Three weeks afterwards, as Auguste Vivier, a manufacturer of artificial flowers, was on the road from St. Gervaise, to Clermont, he stopped at a little auberge on the way-side, to obtain some refreshment. He had scarcely sat there ten minutes, when he was shot. The report sounded quite close to the auberge. Several people instantly ran out, and found Auguste Vivier lying with his face upon the ground, having fallen forwards from the bench upon which he was sitting. They lifted him up, and found he was quite dead. By a strange coincidence, the only witness was the same old soldier with the wooden leg, who, being on his way to St. Gervaise, had stopped there for some refreshment. He stated that deceased and himself were sitting on

opposite benches ; that there was a garden paling close behind deceased's back, and two elder trees, the boughs of which extended nearly over both their heads ; that somebody had fired a gun from behind the garden paling ; and that deceased immediately fell forwards, with his face upon the ground. Witness saw the smoke coming out of the middle of his back ; could not say for certain, if it was a gun or a pistol ; thought, from the report, that it must be a large gun—a gun of the kind used to kill wild-fowl. He was too infirm to pursue the perpetrator of the deed ; and all he could do on seeing the man fall, was to call out for help.

But who was the assassin ? and by what means had he effected his escape ? Auguste Vivier had had a violent altercation, some time previously, with a gardener of Clermont, on the merit of their respective vocations, in which deceased had come off victor, and bestowed various epithets of contempt upon his opponent, as a mere digger of earth and sower of seeds. The gardener was immediately arrested, and a most rigid investigation was instituted. Nothing, however, could be proved against him, and he was acquitted.

This occurrence became the subject of much discussion for many leagues round, and was only just beginning to pass away, when a third murder, under equally mysterious circumstances, was committed in the neighbouring province of Guienne. A silversmith of Lausanne was shot while amusing himself with angling in a little boat on the Garonne. He was alone in the boat at the time ; and the only witness of the murder was the same old soldier with the wooden leg, who was sitting upon the bank, reading, when the shot was fired. The deceased himself made this statement before he died. He did not lose his senses on receiving the shot ; but, pressing one hand to his side, looked all round for the assassin ; but he could see no one except an old man upon the river's bank, who was reading a book.

Upon such very suspicious circumstances, rendered trebly so by the previous murders, the old soldier was, of course, arrested. His person was immediately subjected to the most rigid search. Nothing was found upon him but a book, a tobacco pouch, two francs, and five centimes. He gave his name Amande Giraud ; described himself as having served in the campaigns of Italy and Austria, in 1805 ; that he was in Soult's division, whose life he had saved at the battle of Austerlitz, upon which occasion he had lost his right leg, and had received a pension from Marshal Soult ever since ; that he had married late in life ; that his wife was dead ; and that he was now on his way to Bourdeaux, to see his little son, who was at school there. He stated himself to be in the sixtieth year of his age. He was a meagre, weather-beaten man, with a sallow complexion, and a thoughtful expression of countenance. He had received some education, and appeared to have naturally a philosophic turn of mind ; as, indeed, the book found upon him would seem to indicate, which was the translation of an English work by an author of the highest rank in statistical calculations. Application was made to Marshal Soult, who corroborated the statement of Amande Giraud ; adding that he had been a brave and honest soldier, and the gallant Marshal believed him to be quite incapable of any acts of baseness or mystery. Inquiries were also made by the gens-d'armes of Bourdeaux concerning the little son of Amande Giraud, though for some time without effect, as no boy of that name was to be found at any of the schools. A boy, however, of that name had been for a short time at one of the pauper schools, and was eventually traced to a little disreputable shop in the suburbs, where he filled the post of shoe-black and errand-boy. The old soldier was informed of this circumstance, at which he was very much shocked. Nothing criminal, however, could be proved against him ; he was accordingly set at liberty, and a few

frances were awarded him by the Court, to enable him to pursue his way comfortably to Bourdeaux.

On the 15th of August, 1836, an English family, named Stewart, arrived at the principal hotel of Godesberg, on the Rhine, bringing with them a Prussian valet and an English lady's maid. Between this valet and the lady's maid there had been a love affair, and a marriage had been contemplated. Recently, however, the young woman, having made some discoveries in the character of the valet which were not at all to her mind, had broken off the match. On the evening of their arrival at Godesberg, they were seen walking together on the long, straight road, with apple trees growing on each side, which leads to Rolandseck. About half-past nine o'clock, or a quarter to ten, the valet returned alone, looking very pale. He said he knew nothing of Jane Simpson. The family of Mr. Stewart were all very much surprised and distressed at her absence. Next morning, about daybreak, her body was discovered near the foot of one of the apple trees. There was the mark of a bullet wound in her right side. She appeared to have been dead some hours. Several articles of jewellery, and a little money, were found upon her. She had not been robbed. The valet was arrested, and tried for the murder. He endeavoured to trump up a story about Jane Simpson asking him to throw a large stone up into one of the trees on the road-side; that he had in vain assured her the apples were of a wild kind, quite unfit to eat; that she had made him look for stones to throw up; and that, while he was thus occupied at a little distance, a shot had been fired from one of the fields beyond the trees; that he saw Jane Simpson fall, and fearing he should be accused of her murder, he had made the best of his way back. The effect of this preposterous story, as may be supposed, had the worst influence upon the minds of his judges. Appearances were too strong against him; he was found guilty, and executed at Cologne, August 27th, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, among whom were a great many of the English residents and visitors.

Mr. Stewart and his family were, of course, extremely pained by these occurrences, and would have departed instantly on their intended journey to Berlin, but that the health of Mrs. Stewart had been seriously affected, and a brief delay was ordered by her physicians. On the 3d of September, being the first day of her convalescence, she was persuaded by Mr. Stewart to make a little excursion in the vicinity: they, accordingly, took a drive for a mile or two, and then, alighting, they proceeded to ascend the wooded mount leading up to Rolandsbogen. Mrs. Stewart was too weak to ascend above half way; she therefore remained with a German lady's maid, whom she had just engaged, reclining on the grass at the foot of some dwarf trees which thickly line the narrow ascent, while Mr. Stewart and the rest of the party continued their way up the mount. Mr. Stewart was accompanied by a favourite dog. They gained the summit; and passing under the ruined arch, with its overgrowth of wild shrubs and hanging weeds, two of the children remained jumping up to catch at these wild festoons, while the others advanced to the edge of the small bushy level at top, and looked down upon the lovely scenery of the Rhine below. While they were thus employed, they heard the report of a gun from the woods beneath, and presently after, a cry. The recollection of the recent tragical events flashed upon Mr. Stewart's mind, and, full of alarm, he instantly hurried down. He was preceded by the dog, barking with all his might. They found Mrs. Stewart in the spot where they had left her. She had fainted, and her maid was endeavouring to restore her. This was at last accomplished. A shot had been fired at her, by which she had narrowly escaped being killed, the ball having cut away one side of her bonnet. It had also

wounded her maid in the arm. Mr. Stewart, his son, and a gentleman who was of the party, immediately proceeded to search the bushes and woods in all directions. It was without effect; and they were about to return to the carriage, when the dog made a sudden dart round a corner of the thicket below, and continued to bark at something he had discovered. Mr. Stewart and the others hurried to the spot; but the sole object of the dog's excitement was merely an old man with a wooden leg, who was sitting under a tree, reading a book. He looked up calmly as they appeared, and smiled at the dog's continued barking. The old man said he had seen nobody. Finding no sign or trace of the miscreant, Mr. Stewart was about to return; on second thoughts, however, they desired the man to accompany them, as perhaps he might know more than he chose to communicate. He rose and followed them without hesitation. An officer of the police was passing just as they reached the high road; and the diabolical attempt having been communicated to him, he appeared to consider the nature of the circumstance required that he should take the old man into custody for examination.

The name of the man was Gottlieb Einhalter. He had served in the German campaign of 1812 and 1813; and had lost his leg at the battle of Leipzig. He showed a paper, written by a non-commissioned officer, to this effect. This officer was long since dead. Gottlieb Einhalter maintained himself by attending fairs and markets, where he made himself useful as an accountant and calculator. He was found to write pretty well, and possessed some knowledge of figures. He had a clever, self-taught method of making calculations. The book found in his possession appeared to indicate a certain pleasure in numerical estimates, with which it abounded. It was a work of grave absurdity, and had evidently been much studied, as it was in a dog-eared and dirty condition. No fire-arms, ammunition, or any weapon of offence, were discovered upon him; and after some further examination and detention, he was liberated.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart forthwith departed on their route for Dresden and Berlin, but too anxious to escape from a place where they appeared to be the marked objects of some secret assassin, though from what cause they were totally at a loss to conjecture. Moreover, such a thing as a murder, or any attempt of the kind, was previously unknown in the neighbourhood. It was, in fact, a most untoward event for Godesberg, as it occasioned many other English visitors to leave abruptly, some proceeding on their tour up the Rhine, others returning straight to England.

Early in the month of March, 1838, two years after the date of the occurrences just recorded, a short, square-built man, in a peasant's blouse, with a pipe in his mouth, and his cap set far back upon his head, so that the peak stuck almost upright from his forehead, was observed about the dusk of evening to continue walking up and down the one principal street of Wittenberg, staring about him anxiously on all sides. He was obviously waiting for somebody. Nothing was thought of this at the time; but it was subsequently remembered in the evidence before the court. After a time, the University clock struck nine, and the man went away. There is a large dyke at Wittenberg, the use of which is to defend the town from the inundations of the Elbe; and on the borders of this dyke the same man appeared at ten o'clock on the same night. He stood looking into the dyke, as if in deep thought. Presently he was joined by another short and rather heavy figure, also in the blouse of a peasant of Upper Saxony; and they both stood, side by side, looking into the dyke. They appeared to be conversing together in an under tone. In the course of a few minutes they were joined by a tall, commanding figure, in a long

cloak, wearing a broad-brimmed hat with a high-pointed crown, and a small plume, or wing, of black feathers at one side. His deportment was stately, and his air and gesticulations were those of lofty rank and dignified authority. He placed himself between the two short, thick-set peasants, and all three continued to stand, staring down into the dyke. Not that the dyke was likely to form the subject of their contemplations, but this was the appearance the group presented in the murky shades of night. Presently the gesticulations of one of the peasants showed that something important was in discussion. They were answered by the tall, commanding figure in the long cloak; but, almost immediately after, the man on his left adroitly lifted up one foot, and, without being perceived by the man on the other side, gave the tall, commanding figure a sharp kick behind, somewhere about the middle of his long cloak. The lofty individual received the sudden hint or warning, whichever it might be, without any external demonstration; and in a few minutes the conference was broken up, and all three departed in different directions.

The night passed with that quietude which is usual (except when it is disturbed by the street-chorusses of the students of the University) in this town; and from the mysterious meeting of the three individuals at the dyke, nothing, as it seemed, transpired. The meeting was not, however, without its results.

Next morning being the first day of the principal fair of Wittenberg, all the houses of public entertainment in the town were in preparation for the reception of visitors. At an early hour, and before the opening of the fair, many persons from the suburbs and the country round about began to throng into the town. Coffee-shops and beer-houses were soon in great request. In a back room of one of these coffee-houses sat three men in earnest conversation, while a tall and imposing figure, in a long, dark cloak, and wearing a high-crowned hat, with a feather in it, was standing alone, by an open window just out of sight, but in a listening attitude. One of the men now rose, and left the room; the tall figure outside immediately retreated from his position. Almost at the same moment the report of a gun or pistol was heard. Several persons hurried into the room, and found one of the men had been shot. His companion was in such dismay that he had not even been able to take the pipe out of his mouth, and could only point to the open window. Everybody ran in the direction he pointed, and saw a tall figure in a cloak hurrying away. He was pursued and seized; and being taken in charge by the police, he was searched, and a pistol was found concealed underneath his waistcoat, with one of his braces across the barrel.

The companion of the man who had been shot, and the only witness of the deed, was an old man well known at fairs and markets as a calculator and go-between in bargains. He also assisted at times as an interpreter, being able to speak French quite as well as German. He had a wooden leg. His name was Gottlieb Einhalter. He stated that a shot had been fired in at the window; did not know by whom; had heard the sound of feet running away.

The tall man, in the dark cloak and high-crowned hat, was a Tyrolese huckster, who had come to the fair to sell handkerchiefs and scarfs, green and yellow table cloths, and other bright-coloured cotton and woollen goods. He protested his entire innocence of any murderous attempt upon Gustav Grimm; and called the blessed saints to witness that he had never even thought of such a thing. As for the pistol found upon him, he had bought it by the advice of Gottlieb Einhalter, the *Wunderarzt* and calculator. Being asked for what purpose, he confessed that it was to frighten Gustav Grimm. Gustav Grimm and Nicolas Holst were manufacturers of linen; he had agreed with them to

exchange goods, and to undersell everybody else in the fair by various devices. He had then, by the secret advice of Einhalter, entered into an under-bargain with Nicolas Holst to defraud Gustav Grimm of the proceeds of their joint roguery. The pistol was only got to help this. It was true the pistol had no charge in it when found upon him; but this was not because he had fired it, but because it had not been loaded. The lock and barrel would show this; as, in fact, had been already noticed by the police.

In consequence of this statement, which, though not very clear, showed at least that roguery and mischief had been abundantly contemplated, Gottlieb Einhalter underwent a close examination. He was first searched. No fire-arms, ammunition, or weapon of offence, were found upon him. There was a book in French in his breast pocket, purporting to be the translation of an English work on population; a few *fünf-groschen* pieces were in his waistcoat pocket; and in the pocket of his coat skirt were two letters; one in French, which seemed to relate to a remittance of money from Bourdeaux; and the other in German, which was a love-letter, written in very inflated language, and addressed to a *putzmacherin* (or dressmaker), who lived in the suburbs. Suspicious as were all the circumstances, nothing was elicited of a kind to show that he was an accomplice in the murderous act. The accusations of the Tyrolese huckster were in a great measure discredited; nor were the statements of Nicolas Holst received as truth. Gottlieb Einhalter was, nevertheless, detained in custody.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE EARLIEST FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

BY WILLIAM HINCKES, F.L.S.

No. I.—THE WINTER ACONITE.

VERY precious to the lovers of Nature are those few flowers which brave the severity of our winter months, and put forth their beauties at every interval between the frosts and snows of our rough and dreary season. We can very well imagine the exquisite pleasure, after a Canadian winter has for months cut off all communion with plants and flowers, of the sudden burst of vegetation, and the rapid progress and quick succession of reviving nature; but we must confess a preference for our own more varying climate, in which we are not obliged for any long period to give up our interest in our gardens, and even in very harsh and chilling weather some stray blossom will peep forth—often pushing from beneath the half-melted snow—to connect through all our months the blooming wreath of the circling year.

It is a cheering sight, in January or February, as the particular season or situation may permit, to see the damp, rough ground opening to admit the passage of the pretty modest flower we mean now to speak of, which soon expands itself fully, looking to the un instructed eye something like a dwarf buttercup—and in truth, it has a near relationship with that familiar favourite of our childhood. But let us examine it a little more closely—and that we may do this to good purpose, a few preliminary remarks will be found useful by those who are new to such subjects, or have not been led to a right method of considering them.

The flower is the reproductive system of vegetables. Its parts are reducible to four occupying successive circles round a common centre, and all consisting of modifications of the leaf. The four circles are, however,

by no means all present in every flower, and each is occasionally multiplied, so that the variety we see in flowers may be referred almost entirely to the suppression or development, the equal or unequal nourishment, (causing regularity or irregularity) and the comparative nearness or remoteness (leading to union or separation) of these parts. If we combine these circumstances with the peculiarities of surface, substance, and mode of folding in the bud, of each particular kind, and with the characteristic numbers in the circles, which, when not concealed by partial suppression, mark the two great divisions of the higher portion of the vegetable kingdom, we have the key to all the vast variety in the structure of flowers which calls forth so much admiration. From the simplest known form in which but a single organ of one kind remains, to the instances which exhibit the greatest multiplication or composition of parts, we learn to view all in their relations to the others, and amidst apparent differences to trace the real resemblances.

The four principal circles consist of an outer leaf-like covering; an inner, generally more delicate and coloured, covering, also leaf-like in form; a set of organs which are the source of fertilization to the seed; and a set of organs producing on their margins the seeds themselves, which are the eggs of plants, and providing for their nourishment until they are ready for an independent existence.

After this general description, in which technical terms have been entirely avoided,—since, though easily learned and useful to the student, they are repulsive to those who merely seek a little general information, and they do not constitute the science, but are only a shorthand, convenient to those who pursue it,—every one will find it easy to understand the peculiarities of the flower of which we are speaking.

A ruff of green surrounds it, but is hardly a part of it. We might almost think that the flower-bud rises from the midst of an ordinary leaf which is but slightly changed. It does not at all wrap round the flower to protect it, but spreads itself out just like the partitions of the leaf where no flower occurs. The outer circle, which in so many flowers is green, and of the substance of a leaf, here, though greenish at first, soon becomes bright yellow. There are six parts (in another known species eight) arising in fact from two imperfect circles of five each. The second circle, which in most flowers is the most conspicuous coloured and ornamental one, here consists of a set of low green cups, containing nectar, a peculiarity of structure which marks the Hellebores, and may be seen in the Christmas rose, and the common green Hellebore, as well as in the plant before us.

These are exquisitely beautiful, and deserve careful examination. Who can see without admiration the provision thus stored up to supply the wants of the early wandering insect? Who can look upon the regularly formed two-lipped vessels, each filled with its sparkling self-produced drop, without feeling that there is here a gift for some creature, which chance has not bestowed, but which speaks to the heart of the intelligent observer, of a wise and beneficent Author of Nature?

The third floral circle is in the case before us very much multiplied, generally reaching the number of from twenty to thirty parts—little thread-like organs terminating in a pair of membranous cases, containing minute granules. In this tribe the cases turn their openings, which are vertical slits, outwards—an observation which, minute as it seems, is not unworthy of attention.

The remaining parts are the seed-bearing leaves, which, in this flower, number six or eight, representing two circles.

The common form of the organ is to have its

extremity lengthened out and glandular at the tip, whilst the germs are borne on the margin of the transformed leaf which folds on itself, uniting at the edge—often the pressure allows but a single germ to come to perfection. It is very common for the several organs of this kind belonging to one flower to be combined by pressure from without into one mass, forming a compound seed-vessel: occasionally all but one are suppressed, in which case we have a single simple seed-vessel, such as in the pea-pod.

In the case before us, all the parts of all the circles remain separate, which is characteristic of the great natural family to which it belongs; but instead of the numerous, single-seeded, closely-fitting seed-vessels, giving the idea of so many naked seeds, of many of its allies, our plant has six or eight pods, each with several seeds, thus showing itself to belong to the section of the *Hellebores*. Within each seed the infant germ, which is very minute, is enfolded in a fleshy substance, called, from a supposed resemblance in nature to the white of an egg, *albumen*, which is altogether wanting in many seeds, and of which the absence or presence is noted as of great importance.

There is an underground stem, from beneath which the root fibres proceed, swelled at the buds, and which increases so as to make the plant easy to introduce. The leaves rise out of the ground on their own peculiar stalks, and each consists of several pieces spread equally around a centre. It is a native of various parts of Europe, chiefly towards the South—as in France, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy. Few gardens are without it, and none ought to be; since it is at the same time pretty in itself, easily procured, and, in the earliness of its flowering season, possesses a rare and much-prized charm.

The Botanical name is *Eranthis hyemalis*. These Botanical names frighten away many persons from the study of flowers; yet they are really a great assistance, and without them no one could acquire or retain a knowledge of any considerable number of plants. Common vernacular names are often uncertain in their application, often merely local, of no use in communicating with foreigners, and of no assistance in connecting the particular species in our memories, with its allies, or enabling us to refer it to its place in a general system; without which our best observations would be a mass of confusion, and we could hardly be said to have advanced a step in the knowledge of Nature. English names, if made precise enough to be of any use, become stiff and formal, and quite as difficult as those which equally belong to all the world. The two names which we apply to an object, tell us the family to which it immediately belongs, and its own distinctive appellation.

When the instructed Botanist hears the names we have announced, he remembers that *Eranthis* is a small family, or to use the scientific term, a *genus*, closely allied to *Helleborus*, with which it agrees in its regular flower, and in its interior floral envelope or circle of *petals* assuming the form of honey-cups; whilst the green leafy circle under the flower, the fading and falling outer floral circle or *calyx*, and a little difference in the shape and arrangement of the seeds, are thought to justify its having a name of its own.

The Hellebores with the Columbines, Larkspurs, and Monkshoods, form the tribe of the Helleboraceae, which is one of the leading divisions of the great Natural order of *Ranunculaceae*, including, with other families, those well-known ones, *Clematis*, *Anemone*, *Ranunculus*, and *Paeonia*.

All this, which occurs at once to the memory of the well-informed Botanist, is easily learned from books even by a beginner; and by taking the trouble to look over a few descriptions, and compare a few plates with living specimens, he sees what is common to all the allies, and forms the conception of a distinct natural group with which the little subject of these remarks is thenceforth connected.

Poetry.

CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE S. PHILLIPS.

Ah, happy childhood ! I look back to thee
With joy unspeakable. Through all the pain
And sufferance of thought's infinity
Have thy bright visions hovered o'er my brain,
Like pictures in the firmament of Heaven.
And in the horrid sloughs of wild despair,
And in the darkness that to doubt is given,
Thy golden glory rushing, has burst through the air,

And kindled with fresh flames the altar fire,
Long dead as ashes in my weary heart.
Ah, happy childhood ! Thou canst not expire ;
Thy glorious dreams and images are part
Of God's invisible, eternal life.
Strange, mystic, wonderful, and wise art thou,
If man could find thee out amid his strife,
And read thy burning eyes, and thine immortal brow.

Ah, happy childhood ! Thou art ever free
From the sad plight of unproductive years ;
Thy temple is the cloistered canopy ;
Thy anthems are the music of the spheres ;
And thy young soul goes forth in storm and shine,
Nor doubts the deep religion ;—but reposes,
With sweet and holy trustfulness divine,
In every marvellous truth which nature's book discloses.

* * * * *

No more !—I sing no more of childhood's dreams,
Far reaching in the infinite profound ;
Its wild, deep insight of eternal themes,
And purity which makes earth holy ground.
And now, poor child, another lore is taught,
And worldly reasonings stupify thy brain.
From wrapt unconsciousness thou wak'st to thought,
Whose fiery presence burns thy being like a pain.

And thou must pass through many trying states ;
Through fires baptismal ere thou come to bliss ;
Through gloomy realms, inhabited by fates,
And lurid darkness, where the tempter is.
And doubt and agony thy soul shalt tear,
In the great shadow of the vale of death ;
And thou shalt dwell in dungeons of despair,
Till hope unlock the bars, and give thy spirit breath.

Then Faith shall come, and lead thee by the hand
Into the temple of the holy sorrow ;
And thou again, a little child, shalt stand
And worship evermore, without a morrow.
The Godlike Martyr on his cross shall be
The great Exemplar of thy life and aim,
The type of conquering humanity,
And thou shalt dwell in him, and he in thee, the same.

And 'mid the twilight glooms of those lone aisles,
In meditation wrapped, thine eyes shall see
All heavenly secrets ; and the dusky piles
Of pillared arches, with their imagery
Symbolical, shall flame like vivid speech.
And man's great destiny shall be revealed ;
In visions, which no intellect can reach,
And which, save Sorrow's worshippers, to all are sealed.

PENNY WISDOM.

BY A MAN OF NO PARTY.

No. II. — POISONED PEAS.

THERE has been a cry in our London streets during the last fortnight, and a commentary thereupon in our London papers, which have haunted me ; since they seem, like many other cries and commentaries, not inapplicable to other matters, besides those precisely specified. The old saying of "*Green Peas at Christmas*," has got a new meaning and a new moral !

It did seem odd the other day, to hear at table of the phenomenon, as a cheap luxury hawked about in a costermonger's cart, "*Green Peas from Portugal, sixpence a quart* !"—when, on the left hand, two earnest, enlightened speakers were discussing the subject of "food for the starving Irish,"—going through the list of *succedanea*, such as Indian Meal, leguminous vegetables, and the like ; and touching humanely on a point never to be overlooked in all such wholesale recommendations—to wit, the power of the human animal to be sustained on any one description of food without risk of deteriorated health, if not positive disease. "So meet extremes," thought I,—"Luxury and Distress—the Railway King, and the Hospital Pauper—Green peas at Christmas, and Skibbereen famine." But—as will happen to the wisest Man of no Party, from time to time—I was out in my moralizing ; I had emphasized the wrong word in the text. The next day brought the public tidings, that these Christmas Peas from Portugal, were nothing better than an imposture, and an abomination—withered old stuff, freshened up for the unwary, with poison. The dainty dwindled into a device of crime and misery, to participation in which innocent Irish starvation seems almost preferable !

The mind recoils with wonder and loathing from those who deliberately set themselves thus to cheat, and to vitiate, and to torture their fellow-creatures, under pretext of ministering to their comfort ;—and, mark, without the poor excuse of passion, which, in other conditions of criminal sale and bargain, the strict judge and moralist must, nevertheless, allow for. But, while it is most needful that such miscreants should be brought to open and condign punishment, and the height, and the width, and the depth of their mal-practices exposed—it becomes also fit and fair to ask, Who is the tempter ? Their own need solely !—or, in part, also, Public Appetite ?—I confess, I cannot clear my mind of the notion, that we have not so far improved on the pound folly of our ancestors, as we ought,—in ceasing to covet, and to struggle after unlawful rarities.

Let the distinction be drawn explicitly and clearly. Every satisfaction and comfort which Science and Civilization can bring into our homes, on moderate terms, is a new blessing to be added to our list of causes for thankfulness. It is only Epicureanism, whom a touch of the wand will metamorphose into Cruelty, that will object to any pleasure of sense, or treasure of spirit, being multiplied and diffused and rendered accessible. But—when in search of luxurious sensations, we seek to contravene the known laws of Nature, we are always walking on perilous ground ; perilously tempting the unprincipled and the empirical to thrive at our cost. My mistrust of "*Green Peas at Christmas*," and the desire thereof encouraging poison-vending, is not wholly chimerical. Have any of you seriously *thought out* the meaning and the bearing of the popular curiosity about, and passion for, monsters ? Take it in one of its commonest and least and repulsive forms—the interest shown in Dwarfs. I have heard this defended by people who could afford no apology for the taste,—on the score that, since these minikin personages are among the most profitable bread-winners of our time, it becomes next to certain

that they will be kindly cared for, instead of being coerced. A hideous defence, it seems to me, like every other one which substitutes self-interest for self-sacrifice! Carry the parent's satisfaction in the child's physical *peculiarity*, as furnishing the latter with a means of fortune, one step further, and we reach an immorality painful to contemplate,—a dwarf manufactory. And are you so confident, who "see no harm in such exhibitions," who count up the gains without remorse or question,—that the money-happiness they produce gladdens the right party, namely, the victim compelled to make market of his unnatural deficiencies? Have we no tales of the dance forced out of the weary child, by threats of the whip, of starvation, when the dance should be over: and the audience dismissed. Is ever the public to be disappointed of its Wellington postures, or its Napoleon mummings, or its Fairy Visions, because Thumbkin hath an aching body, or Mite longs to lay his head in the lap of some kind creature; and to forget for one hour the red baize, and the gas lights, and the speeches, and the smiles, got by heart? It is of no use to meet me with the answer, that Thumbkin's mother is the most conscientious of female creatures, and loves her atom dearly; that Mr. Mite the elder, gives his show-child "a capital education, and takes the utmost care of him." Let us hope, that the parents of prodigies and monsters may sometimes be affectionate and liberal—but these exceptions have nothing to do with the good or evil of the class as a class—of the calling as a calling—of the curiosity as a curiosity! Here is truly a case (and to avoid needless disgust, I have merely touched upon its most favourable illustration) in which the taste for "Green peas at Christmas," *alias*, an appetite for the unnatural—encourages poison-vending.

Again, can all be right with Society, when, from time to time, we see Old Age lend itself to such marvellous attempts at imposture!—when laying aside its beauty, and disdaining the privileges of its serenity,—it will freshen itself up, (as with verdigris) in miserable counterfeit of the graces and the bloom of Spring. In all these matters the wisdom of the world ought to have advanced: and with the delight we feel at the contemplation of Beauty, or at the participation in Youth's rapturous enthusiasms, we ought to be able to combine the grateful willingness to accompany Time and Nature in their courses, befitting an immortal pilgrim, who is ever moving forward toward "the house appointed for all living,"—to the last moment of his pilgrimage, an accountable and influential being! But I am not sure that we have made sufficient increase in understanding either for ourselves or our elders, the decorum of Age. I am not sure that, in these high pressure days, we may not have acquired something too much the habit of shuffling it out of sight, too general an unwillingness to admit of its existence, too dismal an eagerness to be stronger than "the old Sorcerer with scythe and glass." Impatient of the old, because their feet can no longer move with our vivacity; because their minds refuse to keep pace with our theories; because their eyes, wearied—tear-be-dimmed and unaccustomed to the blaze of light modern Science has discovered, cannot see the objects we discern clear and near on the horizon,—are we wholly guiltless of driving them upon pretences and simulations? Are we to wonder if their craving for sympathy and companionship leads them to follies and grimaces, and disproportionate associations? Here it may not be the "love of unnatural rarities" *on our parts* which calls out the pretence, and encourages, so to say, the sale of poison,—but is it not a kindred feeling, little less unhealthy,—an avoidance of the common lot,—a loathing of our daily bread? a disposition to put away every thought which is not pleasurable and exciting for the moment, to forget that "as these have been so we shall be"—an eagerness to snatch the authority of Age when we are children, and to enjoy the frolicsomeness of children,

when we are aged? If it be so—and without dogmatizing on the point, the fear often oppresses me, that it is—we have made sadly small progress in the arts of living:—in real, vital, wholesome Education. We have but after all, changed one set of delusions for another.

There is another form taken by this "*Green Pea craving*," which, while I have the pen in my hand, I must touch upon—the appetite for unnatural rarities in literature. In this matter, I believe—I am sure—we have made progress: but it is a thing never to be lost sight of, whether by the Public, or the Public's providers—now that millions are reading who never read before: now that passions and ambitions are awakening, and intellects turning themselves hither and thither, and children, (figuratively) stretching out their hands for nutriment; where, not long ago, there was gross indifference, or dead silence, or desire that found neither reply, nor ministry. Whether it be in the novel of home or foreign manufacture, (however speciously coloured with the pretexts of moral lesson) or in the drama acted at the play-house, in which, under the false excuse of awakening "pity and terror," physical horrors are exhibited, and wicked thoughts suggested by foul combinations of crime: let every writer remember that he who leans one hair's-breadth from his sincerity towards the outrageous and the evil, and the vile, under the notion of "peppering high" to please the taste of the many, is selling "poisoned peas." We have had too much of distress, and sorrow, and grievances, it may be, exhibited from an honourable sense of duty, by writers who would shrink were we to propose the throwing open of Jails and Lazar houses and Lunatic Asylums, to holiday-keepers,—but when the exhibition becomes a trade,—when the sores of Life's sickness are *rouged*, that they may show all the redder, to arrest the passer-by—when the strugglings of Passion are minutely and progressively detailed, with an idea of enkindling sympathetic emotions, to be paid for by those who witness them!—there must be no mincing of speech—no turning away from the sanatory service. Poisoned food is had: but poisoned thought and fancy are yet worse. Let all whom it concerneth, beware thereof!

A DAPPER LITTLE LONDONER.

BY JOHN STRIDES, THE LITERARY POLICEMAN.

PEOPLE think that Punch's account of the rising generation is exaggerated; but if they saw such rising generations as I see every day in my rounds, they would not believe so. "Take a specimen, fresh and alive from observation.

Striding at my leisure, as is my custom—for as a policeman can only be in one place at once, he is always in some one place, and therefore always on duty;—striding, I say, leisurely, which is best for observation, along Gray's Inn Lane towards Holborn, a voice, childish or girlish, I did not know which at the moment, demanded of me, what might be the time of morning. And here, finding myself in a crowd of parentheses, I must seize just one more of them by the collar, and bid it walk on. It is this—a policeman now-a-days is not only a night-watchman, but a day-watchman. Everybody expects him to carry a watch for the public use. "What's the time o' day, police?" is a question that is always occurring; and I would humbly suggest to government, that as the night-police are furnished with bulls'-eyes, so the day-police should be furnished with watches to fix in their belts, that people may see without asking, as we pass. It has cost me much already in new pocket-linings, and is very interruptive to my meditations. However, to return upon my beat.

"What's the time of morning, police?" said a thinish voice. I turned, and beheld at my side a dapper little gentleman. I informed him, that it wanted about twenty-five minutes to twelve. "Oh," said he, with a little skip, "that will do—I shall be able to get to my office very well, in Chancery Lane, by twelve. That will do."

His office! Why the lad was but about twelve himself; but if he was a young 'un in years, he was a knowing one too, I could see at a glance. He was of a light and active make, clad in dark blue, from the crown of his little conceited head, to the bottom of his well-cut and well-strapped trowsers. He had a dark blue cloth cap, of the collegiate cut, with a tassel dangling against his face; a dark blue wrapper, with a cape; and down his back, exactly in the middle, hung a dark-blue moreen bag, well weighted as if with important papers, but very probably with a roll of old newspapers to make a swell. He was warmly gloved, and defended with cork-soled boots. In his hand he carried a roll of papers, and at once, with a most amiable communicativeness, informed me, that it was the drawing for a patent which he had been doing for a certain gentleman. "But," said he, "if this gentleman be not at my office when I get there, I shall at once proceed to Southampton."

"To Southampton! why that is a great way for you. See, there is an omnibus which goes down Chancery Lane to the Strand—had you not better take that, and save time?"

"Oh no, indeed! that won't do, I must not get into the habit of paying as I go to my office. Though it really is a long way every morning from Pentonville to Chancery Lane; but then I am a prodigious walker; I go four miles an hour;" and here the young gentleman strutted on at an amazing rate for a few yards, and I thought he was gone—but no! it was only to show me a specimen of his prodigious walking.

"There! you see how I can do it, that is, for a person of my years, you know. I do not pretend to put myself yet on a par with Captain Barclay, and that sort of people, but I have walked amazing distances. And now I think of it, I'll walk all the way to Southampton."

"You will! Why what's the use of that, when there's a railway! Why it would take you two or three days."

"Very likely, but then I could not trust myself on a railway. There is a man who is always on the look-out for me; he is engaged by the opposite party—and if he saw me get into a railway carriage, he would be sure to get into the same, and go along with me. And only think of my situation then! Shut up, perhaps alone, in a first-class carriage, with windows closed, with this designing fellow! He would be sure to worm something out of me, if possible."

"He would! and you don't like worming?"

"Why I should rather think not," said the younger, with a confident toss of his head, and a confident jerk of the roll in his hand; "I should rather think not. But he would not worm much out of me."

"Then why should you be afraid of him?"

"Afraid of him! Lord bless you, Police, how you talk. Afraid of him! I am not the least in the world afraid of him, or anybody—but I'm afraid of what he could do. Anybody can invent a heap of lies; and if he could get nothing out of me, he could go about and say, he had travelled all the way to Southampton with me, and that I had been swaggering and parading all the secrets of the office."

"But why go to Southampton at all?"

The young gentleman here gave a very significant glance at me, and said, "So! you think of worming me a little, eh! I'll tell you then, it's to buy a donkey!"

Here the dapper little Londoner strutted on at his prodigious walking rate again, with a look of triumph, as if he was quite aware that he had said a prodigious good thing.

But John Strides takes things coolly, and I merely replied, "A donkey! What would you do with a donkey?"

"Oh, ride him to my office, to be sure. I find it rather fatiguing after I have been up all night planning some ingenious scheme for a client."

"What, are you a lawyer then?"

"No, Sir, I am, or rather am intending to be, an engineer and architect."

"An architect! Why, I fancy, by the look of you, you could build a better thing than the National Gallery, now?"

"The National Gallery! The national disgrace!"

It would have been worth something to have seen the ineffable scorn that mantled over the face of the embryo architect at this suggestion, and he again strutted on at his prodigious rate. This time, I really thought he had done with me, but once more turning back, he said, "As to that donkey, Police, you don't think I am going all the way to the Southampton you mean, for him? No, my Southampton is quite a different place; it lies only about two—miles—or—rather—about two leagues off."

"I never heard of it," said I.

"Very likely! you mayn't—but there it is. I know of it, and that's enough. It's quite a new place."

"But are you not afraid, that when you are mounted on your donkey, people may say, 'There go two donkeys?'"

"Police!" said the young gentleman, "you are uncivil; I did not expect that after my condescension; and, besides, you are a very slow coach—I shall never reach my office by twelve—Good morning!" And away went the dapper little Londoner at his prodigious rate; his roll swinging conceitedly in his right hand, his tassel swinging at his cheek, and his bag on his back, all to the same tune. "It is the capitelest specimen," said I, "of the rising generation that I have seen for a week. Let Punch match that if he can." And I could not help standing to watch him, till somebody said, "What's up, Police, is there a cove in the wind?" "No," said I, resuming my walk,—"I was only admiring a very pretty young donkey."

AUTHOR, VERSUS CRITIC.

WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE ATHENÆUM.

THE great Dor-beetle of the Athenæum has boomed! A terrible trepidation did our ridicule of the *stercorarius* of Wellington-street North create in the office of that paper. Every one of the unfortunate critics there cried out simultaneously, in fear of the *stercorarius* title sticking to him, "It is not I!" and "It is not I!" One letter after another came to me from literary men known to write for that journal, saying, "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Howitt, let the public know that I am innocent." But the great *stercorarius* of the establishment himself sat down, swelling with wrath, astonishment, and lacerated vanity, to the "Homes and Haunts," and did not rise again for a week, except to his dinner, and a short sleep now and then at night; and after poring through every page, and counting every syllable, forth he comes with two or three fresh columns of mares'-nests and literal errata! There was no need for him to peep and pore, and prove himself a literary dor: he had done that before to perfection; what was wanted was to prove himself a critic, capable of perceiving merits and appreciating beauties. That still remains undemonstrated.

And what has he again produced?—A list of misprints, of which I did not doubt that there were a good

many; nay, I was sure there must be, because the work was put through the press, in the publisher's anxiety to have it out at Christmas, at a rate which made errors inevitable. Five sheets a day, sent to me, without a chance of a revise, rendered it impossible to prevent some slight inaccuracies of this kind; but, as the *dor* has pointed them out, I am much obliged to him for it; it has saved me much labour, and I shall carefully mark them for correction in a new edition.

But surely, as to the main facts, never was there such a miserable failure of a case on the part of the critic. It is very well for him to talk of the ill-temper of authors, but was there ever such an exposure of a critic's ill-temper as in this article! Never was there so poor, so fummy, spummy, and impotent a display of malice and misrepresentation. And then out comes the murder! I have dared to speak what I think of critics in my book. I have dared to quote the trenchant lines of noble Robert Burns; and I here quote them again. Mr. Dilke has not dared to say that *Burns* calls the critics what they are here called. He says, "as Mr. Howitt does in the book before us,"—

Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh! thou bitter step-mother, and hard
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child, the Bard—
A thing unteachable in this world's skill,
And half an idiot too—more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the opening dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun.

In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from every side.
Vampire booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics! Appalled I venture on the name;
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monros;—
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-worn bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on through life,
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired;
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

Here it is then that the shoe pinches. It is because I have dared, in reviewing the miseries of poets, and the dastardly treatment of critics, to express my honest opinion on these matters, and to quote the fiery words of one of the many glorious men who have suffered by those critics, that this furious onslaught is made. The times are mended. We have now many men at the periodical press too just and generous to pursue that course which Burns and every true author after him, Wordsworth, who was "a fool and an idiot," according to the critics, for years, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, even Southey, with all his learning—suffered under; but Mr. Dilke felt that if there was a man living, guilty of the old practices, it was himself, and—
Ecce signum!

Mr. Dilke is quite astonished and confounded, "Why Mr. Howitt challenges criticism! He dares to defy us! Audacious, unheard-of man! He even 'crows,' and glories, and does not care a straw for us! Unfeeling monster! He is all jollity, and ignorance, and arrogance! We must crush him!"—He is not going to be so easily crushed.

"Nothing is more remarkable," says Mr. Dilke, "in Mr. Howitt's defence, than the absence of all delicacy of feeling. What right had Mr. Howitt to mix up names and persons assumed to be connected with the *Athenæum* with mere matters of historical detail?"

All delicacy of feeling! A critic of the *Athenæum* school talking of delicacy of feeling! When have they ever shown it? Is there a crew more reckless of every feeling of an author than they are? Is there a more cruel, unjust, taunting, distorting, and overbearing periodical than the *Athenæum* in existence! If there wanted a proof of this, it is shown in the number of letters and personal congratulations that I have received from authors all round, on my castigation of this cold-blooded review. Mr. Dilke may assure himself, if he do not already know it, that if there be a man and a review hated in this country by authors, they are himself and his *Athenæum*. In this case there has been one universal jubilation, that a man has been found who dared to speak out. "Well done!" says one popular poet, "you have executed capital justice on that ungenerous *Athenæum*. I have enjoyed it vastly, and so has everybody." "We have had an exquisite treat," says another author, "in reading your richly deserved flagellation of the *Athenæum*. The *stercorarius* was worth anything; it will stick by him." "You have balanced accounts with the *Athenæum*," says a third, "both for yourself and many other ill-used authors; they will thank you; and depend upon it,—

*The poor beetle that you tread upon,
In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies!"*

In my article, let it, however, be clearly understood that I named no name but that of Mr. Dilke. And does Mr. Dilke think that he has any patent or prescription which authorizes him to make as free as he pleases with the name of any author that comes before him, and to have his own inviolably concealed? Does he think that a man who keeps a band of nameless literary assassins, is to be always permitted to preserve the anonymous? Does he think, that he has been the proprietor of the *Athenæum* so many years, and that nobody knows of it? Does he imagine that he has inflicted so many unmerited injuries on honest men, under the name of criticism—or has directed the infliction of them—and that he is not known and held responsible for them?

It is time to do away with this delusion; to tear away this thin disguise. He who maintains a journal, and employs nameless and irresponsible agents of critical injustice, is, and must be, responsible for all that is done in that organ. It is not merely the anonymous attack on men who give their names with their works, that constitutes the greater part of the cowardice of criticism; that is bad enough; but that is not the meanest and the worst. It is because critics know that authors have no means of retaliating in general. Their book does not come out weekly or monthly. The critic has the lash in his hand; the author is laid prostrate on his back; and the un-English cowardice of the thing is that the critic, presuming on his security, strikes the man when he is down. The meanest porter who fights in the street disdains such a deed; but the unworthy critic does it every day. If his victim should, however, happen to rise, should happen to have a good switch with him, then the pitiful critic bawls lustily about delicacy of feeling, forsooth. Then he shows that the critic, who himself daily applies the lash to the naked back of those that he lives by, is of all animals the most thin-skinned. Then, as Satan said of Job, "Put forth but thy finger, and touch his skin, and he will curse thee to thy face." Here is a striking instance of it.

For these reasons I come at once to the real offender, and deal with Mr. Dilke, as the proprietor of the *Athenæum*, by name, as he deals with me.

And now, what is the fact still? Mr. Dilke has only repeated his false statements, and added to them literal errata, as proofs of ignorance. Take as a specimen the assertion about Dryden's house in Gerrard-street. There is no fact more notorious than that Dryden lived the greater part of his town life in Gerrard-street. All his biographers, from Derrick to Scott, concur in it. It is a common-place. Dilke says, "*Gerrard-street was not built then!*" Built when? If he means, in Dryden's time, why we tell him that he lived there about six-and-thirty years. If he means, it was not built at the time of his assault in Rose-street, that is just as great a blunder. What says Sir Walter Scott? "Dryden's house, which he appears to have resided in from the period of his marriage till his death, was in Gerrard-street, the fifth on the left hand, coming from Little Newport-street."—Vol. i. p. 461. Dryden was married in 1665.—Vol. i. p. 88. The beating that he got, Scott says, was on the 18th of December, 1679.—Vol. i. p. 204. Now, if he lived in Gerrard-street from the time of his marriage, 1665, till the time of his assault in 1679, he had lived there fourteen years before the assault; and therefore Mr. Dilke need not ask King Solomon to tell him whether Gerrard-street was built then; nor whether he was going to his house in Gerrard-street at the time; for Sir Walter can again tell him that "He was waylaid by ruffians, and severely beaten, as he passed through Rose-street, Covent-garden, returning from *Will's Coffee-house to his own house in Gerrard-street.*"—Vol. i. p. 204.

Exactly similar is Mr. Dilke's very next assertion, regarding Dryden's wife. "Dele; 'perhaps the more so, as Lady Dryden always remained in town;' as this is a mere assertion." What says Sir Walter Scott again? "His excursions to the country seem to have been frequent; *perhaps the more so, as Lady Elizabeth always remained in town.*"—Vol. i. p. 461.

So, then, it is not William Howitt, but Sir Walter Scott, that is so blundering, ignorant, and arrogant! As Mr. Dilke said that my blunders were much at the service of Mr. Bentley, this fact is very much at Mr. Dilke's. I wish him joy of the discovery; and I think a certain celebrated historian may write to me again, "We are obliged to you for taking down the ignorant arrogance of that man a button-hole or two."

After all, he is compelled to leave the Globe Theatre on Bankside. It matters not where Southwark Bridge stands, which did not stand there in the days of the Globe Theatre. Mr. Dilke twaddles a deal about a Globe Alley, and infers that the Globe, therefore, was near it. He might just as well at once have said the Globe Theatre stood on Bethnal Green because there is a Globe Town there. What is an *alley* to a *whole town*? There still remains the fact, that the biographers and commentators of Shakspeare say that no mention of his name was on the books of the Globe Theatre in 1613, and the fact, that the theatre was not burnt till June of that year. If there was a Mermaid Tavern in Bread-street, I have quoted my authorities for the famous tavern of the Mermaid being in Friday-street; and they are good authorities. Charles Knight, in his "London," confirms these authorities.—Vol. i. p. 372.

As to Milton's house, in St. Bride's Churchyard, it is the tradition of that neighbourhood that that side of the churchyard was *not* wholly burnt down, and that Milton's house stood on the spot where the back part of the Punch Office now stands. As to Thomson, it is as certain a fact, that Pope very rarely mentions him at all. I refer any candid reader to the lives and letters of Pope; and it could not have been otherwise, or Pope in his latter years could not have written that "Thomson and some other young men have published lately some creditable things." As to the wood-cut of Pope's villa, I leave that, or any other cut, to the artist

and publisher, whose concern they are. With the embellishments I have nothing to do. I do not believe the cut in question to be the real, old, unaltered house of Pope, of which I have a print, and of which there is an ancient print published by Bowles, bound in a volume, in the British Museum. But even as regards the cuts in general, I believe them to be most correct, as they are elegant and excellent. And the assertion of Mr. Dilke, that there is not a specimen of Pope's architecture known, is as erroneous as any other of his assertions—as his own drawings of his house and premises are in the British Museum, drawn in his usual paper-sparing way on backs of letters.

"Pope never bought Twickenham; he only bought the lease of a villa at Twickenham,"—says Mr. Dilke. So say I:—p. 156, vol. i.—"Pope did not purchase the freehold of the house and grounds at Twickenham, but only a long lease." The story of Pope's skull is *not* "a cock-and-bull story," though Charles Dilke, in his vast knowledge, is not aware of the fact. If any one wishes to know whether Swift and Godolphin were once friends, let him refer to the history of those times:—but every one, except Mr. Dilke, knows this. Or, if any one would satisfy himself whether I know anything of those times, which are not very ancient or obscure, let him refer to my book himself.

As to Holland House, the great dung-beetle still carps at the phrase "next door," which is still a fact, though Holland House and Cromwell's house did not actually abut. Put the next house, or next neighbour, and the fact is the same. And, lastly, I need not endeavour to oblige Miss Aikin by information of the long intimacy of Addison at Holland House before his marriage, because it is Miss Aikin who has obliged me. In her Life of Addison are given the facts which I condense, at pp. 128 and 129 of vol. i. Let the reader refer to her work and to mine. The following passages of mine on those pages are a mere condensation of Miss Aikin's account:—

"Addison was always anxious to get a quiet retreat amidst trees and greenness, where he could write. Such afterwards was his abode at Sandy-End, a little hamlet of Fulham. Here he appears to have occupied apartments in a lodging-house, established at this place; whence several of the published letters of Steele are dated, written at times when he seems to have been the guest of Addison. From Sandy-End, too, are dated some letters to Lord Warwick, his future son-in-law, then a boy, and very anxious to get news about birds and birds'-nests, which Addison most cordially gives him. He then went to Ireland, as chief secretary to the Earl of Wharton, on his appointment to the lord-lieu-tenancy, and resided for some time in that capacity in Dublin. After this he removed to a lodging at Kensington, owing to his increasing intimacy at Holland House, and was about this time a frequent guest at Northwick Park," &c.

"In 1716 he married the Dowager Countess of Warwick; but five years before this, that is, in 1711, he had made the purchase of Bilton."

All this time, and as may be seen on the authority of Miss Aikin, so confidently appealed to by Dilke, Addison was growing more and more intimate at Holland House, and was so much resident there, that Miss Aikin has to defend him from the charge of having been the regular tutor of young Lord Warwick. Equally reckless is the reiteration as my assertion, that Sir Walter Scott supplied the catalogue of his furniture to the Anniversary, when my assertion is (see the work, vol. ii. p. 19), that that could not be the case, on account of its inaccuracy. As regards Chatterton's monument, I find my own statement confirmed by the Life of Chatterton, in two volumes, published at Cambridge in 1842, vol. ii. p. 626.

But enough; we might go through the whole of these shameless falsifications in the same manner; but the

limits and objects of our Journal do not admit of it. It remains only to note the malicious animus with which the critic has picked out verbal and even literal errata, and with a pitiful craft of misrepresentation endeavoured to pass them off as instances of ignorance. Very strange ignorance, indeed, it must have been if true. I have called Miss Elmy, he says, the subsequent wife of Crabbe, Miss Elny. This is noted as ignorance. With the admirable Life of Crabbe before me, by his son, such an ignorance was impossible. It is, as the dishonest reviewer very well knew, simply a misprint; for he could see, and no doubt did see, a few pages further, p. 20, vol. ii., the names of both Miss Elmy, and her mother, Mrs. Elmy, correctly printed. The name of this lady occurs thrice—twice it is correctly printed, and he carefully selects the third, a misprint. I leave such tasks to that contempt which the public will assuredly visit them with. Then Mount Benger is misprinted Bengin; but could this deceive the merest child who ever heard of the Ettrick Shepherd? Could any but a dung-beetle imagine that he could persuade the world that a man who had made a pilgrimage to Mount Benger did not know its name? Any one would instantly know, and Charles Dilke knew, that it was a casual erratum, at the moment that he vaunted it as an instance of ignorance. Six times Mount Benger occurs; five times it is correctly printed, and he picks out the sixth, which has had an *n* overlooked for an *r*,—and this being the only case in which it was misprinted. So also of White House Vale. Did anybody ever hear of a White House Vale? Can anybody suppose for a moment that Mr. Dilke did not, even with his little dor-beetle intellect, know that it was a misprint for White Horse Vale?

I leave these self-evident matters. I have done a public duty in writing my work on "The Homes and Haunts of the Poets." Tracing their miserable history, I have expressed my hearty contempt of the critics who in their day misrepresented them, and often brought them to despair and death. It has not pleased Mr. Dilke, but, nevertheless, it will not be lost on the public. I have, moreover, committed another offence. I have shown that all the critics, with all their fine theories, since the appearance of Wordsworth, have never hit upon the true theory of his poetry. This is a capital offence against the bloated vanity of such small critics as Mr. Dilke. But the Editor of the Examiner, with more candour, worthy of his great abilities, has admitted that I am quite right—that I have completely made out my case; and one of our most eminent poets writes to me, "I am glad the Editor of the Examiner thinks, as I do, that you have completely made out the case regarding Wordsworth's poetry. It explains to me many things I never before could understand."

It only remains to say, that spite of the errata which a hasty printing has occasioned, I am quite easy to risk my reputation on the soundness of the facts given in my work. They remain untouched even by the cavils of Mr. Dilke. I know that the whole bulk of the work is true, and has been carefully digested and carefully written, and I refer any candid reader to it for the proof. For two years I have laboriously waded through whole heaps of the best authorities on the subject, so far as books were concerned, and have gone over many hundreds of miles to visit the scenes described. But I knew very well that on a subject where the imagined claims of numerous living writers of verse were concerned, I must necessarily give offence by omissions, as well as stir the bile of critics by unpalatable truths. I have executed my task with a bold and conscientious diligence, and I am perfectly easy to bear the worst brunt of petty misrepresentations, and to wait the award of the candid. In the meantime I beg any one who would convince himself of the real character of "The Homes and Haunts" to get the book—it may be had from any circulating

library—and judge for himself; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the perusal of it will furnish, in every candid mind, the most thorough condemnation of the treatment of it by Charles Dilke. It becomes every honest journalist and every honest man to set his face determinedly against this atrocious system of literary Burking, under which I daily see worthy men, without any means of defence, suffering the most unmerited injuries and often total ruin. I only regret that mine is not a peculiar case; but the like treatment of any other author equally excites my indignant resentment.

Since this went to press, I have received the following note from a gentleman of well-known research.

Tavistock Square, Feb. 8, 1847.

DEAR MR. HOWITT,

The Athenæum Critic makes a great gun of the Globe Theatre matter, taking full a column to show your error. I can prove the contrary. Look at the half-map enclosed—a faithful copy of the genuine old map of 1563! seven years before the Exchange was built. You are right. The Globe stood a little to the west of Southwark Bridge foot—certainly not near St. Saviour's. Bankside lies chiefly between Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges—a small portion, however, runs East of Southwark Bridge, terminating at a wharf, thence called "Bank-end Wharf"—where also Maid Lane had its Eastern termination, at double the distance from Southwark Bridge, as from St. Saviour's. Maid Lane appears on a map, "Laurie's new Plan of London, 1825;" it is now called New Park Street; and a reference to a map of this year will show Bankside, New Park Street, and Park Street, uniting at a small open place close to Bank-end Wharf. The modern Bridge Street crosses Bankside and Maid Street, (*i. e.* New Park Street,) where they are one hundred yards asunder; and here the Globe Theatre stood, a little to the west of Bridge Street. Of course, in old time, it would be designated "Globe Theatre, Maid Lane," or "Bankside," indiscriminately. Almost opposite is Queenhithe, two hundred yards west of the northern foot of Southwark Bridge.

Radulphus Aggus, author of "Oxonie Antiqua, (sic in orig.) 1578," is the alleged author of the old map.

* * The "Maid Lane" mentioned, is so designated in the map of 1825; and I should say is the Maiden Lane of the Athenæum.

In this matter, I feel sure that the critic, (Smell-fungus,) is egregiously wrong; and is very likely so in other cases,—for instance, *Bucleugh* is the word twice over in Allan Cunningham's Anniversary, which I have got.

Dear Sir, I am,

Yours truly,

N. N. N.

Now let any one refer to the old map mentioned, and then refer to the modern maps of London, and they will see how exactly Bankside is laid down in its true ancient position, extending from Holland Street, near Blackfriars Bridge, to a little beyond Southwark Bridge, and New Park Street, at its junction with the cross street running to the river, occupying the position of the old Globe Theatre. Let them then turn to the language of the Athenæum of last week on this subject, viz: "The fourth error affords a still more marvellous exhibition of Mr. Howitt's ignorance. The Globe Theatre, he tells us, stood on Bankside, and Bankside lay 'between the bridges of Blackfriars and Southwark.' The latter clause of this description, as we observed in our review, would exclude the Globe altogether from Bankside." The Athenæum then tells us that it really stood *close to the Church of St. Saviour's*, *i. e.* in its modern name, St. Mary Overie's. Turn, good reader, to the position of St. Mary Overie's, on any map, and then look where Bankside is, and be astonished at the idiotic blunder of this man, at the very moment that he is heaping the most insulting language on an author, who is backed by every established authority, and maps both old and new. If this is not enough for the great Dor Beetle, we will give an engraving of that portion of the old map.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

School of Industry, or Juvenile Refuge.—The Committee of the Ragged School Union have for some time past been anxious to add to the efficiency and usefulness of one or more of their Schools, by giving some food to the most destitute of the Scholars, and teaching them some useful trade or occupation, so as, if possible, to beget habits of industry in those whose degradation leads to idleness, and whose poverty leads to crime—those who are now juvenile vagrants, and may soon become juvenile thieves and pickpockets.

The Committee have felt that the good that is done by three or four hours' instruction or moral training, per week, is small compared with what might be accomplished, if they could keep the objects of their benevolence employed during the whole of every day.

They have watched the laudable efforts lately made in Scotland to improve the condition of juvenile vagrants, especially in the Industrial Schools at Aberdeen, where so much good has been effected, at so trifling a cost as to surprise all who have witnessed it. But many things have hitherto prevented them from extending their operations—want of funds being the chief obstacle to their attempting more than mere instruction in the various Schools. Having now, however, every reason to believe that the public sympathise in their labours, and will help them to carry forward their objects more completely, they have determined to try one School as a beginning, and have just taken a house for the purpose in Old Pye Street, Westminster, in the back premises of which a small Ragged School is now carried on every day. The building was formerly called the "Thieves' Public House," being frequented mostly by thieves, who were accustomed, on Sunday evenings, to hold mock Trials in a large upper room there—and the locality is one of the lowest and most wretched in London.

The plan is to open a school for fifty boys of that locality, and to train them to some useful trade several hours of the day, and afterwards to place them out with proper persons. For this good purpose we are glad to see that very liberal subscriptions have begun to come in; our friend Mr. Twentyman, of Wood Street, having, in the Report of January, backed an excellent letter with a cheque for £50.

The Co-operative League.—This association is progressing steadily. On Wednesday, 27th ult., a very interesting meeting was held at the Central Hall of the League, at which Mr. Lane, a gentleman lately returned from America, gave many interesting details concerning the settlements of the Shakers, all confirming the practicability of the principle of co-operation. The next evening a deputation from the League attended a meeting at Poplar, where they explained the principles of the association with such effect, that a resolution was passed by acclamation for the formation of a similar association. On this a working man rose in the meeting, and stated that he was deputed to attend by about 200 working men, who, in ignorance of the existence of the League, were, previous to the announcement of this meeting, contemplating the formation of a similar society, but that he had no doubt that his report would induce them all to join the League. The meeting was then adjourned till the following Thursday.

On Wednesday, 3d inst., the usual weekly meeting of this Association was held; and notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, was well attended. Amongst a number of speakers who addressed the meeting, was a gentleman from one of the rural districts, who described the poverty and destitution of the labouring population as most alarming; and expressed his satisfaction at seeing so large an assembly of co-operators, as he was convinced that the people would remain miserable until they had learned to help themselves.

An adjourned meeting was also held at the Mechanics' Institute, Poplar, on Thursday, 4th inst. The room was much crowded, and the greatest interest was manifested by all present;

and as there were many residing in the locality anxious to join the League, a District Committee was formed, who will at once proceed to register names and organize the district.

A Lecture was also delivered on Monday evening, 8th inst., by Mrs. John Dareus, on the *Rights, Duties, and Social Position of Woman, Female Education, &c. &c.*

The Temporary Residence for Governesses, 27, Swinton Street, Gray's Inn Road.—We regret to learn that this most excellent and desirable institution is languishing for want of sufficient funds. We strongly recommend it to the truly benevolent, particularly of the sex which it aims to benefit. No class of the community demands our sympathy more than governesses. A home for them when they are without a regular engagement, should be the kindly wish of every happy woman who knows what a happy home is, and whose imagination can realize to itself something of the dangerous forlornness of a young homeless female. The lowness of the terms of residence,—only 8s. 6d. per week, except where a single room is required, when it is 10s. 6d.,—renders it necessary to seek the co-operation of the benevolent. There is a debt of £116. It was founded by Miss Winter in 1842, and has given a temporary residence to above two hundred governesses since its foundation; forty-nine in the year ending October, 1844; and fresh applicants continue to appear. We gladly give admission to the following appeal from Miss Welch, the successor of Miss Winter.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT,

Fellow-workers in the Regenerating Path of Life!

I have just read these lines from your Journal: "Let the humblest open his heart to us, if he think he has but a mite to cast into the great treasury of human blessing." I have a mite, which may be increased a thousand-fold by a word from you. In the love-thy-neighbour principle I have come forth as a missionary to governesses, and have placed myself at the head of the temporary residence for these, my much-tried sisters, founded four years ago by the devoted Helen Winter, who, two months since, joined the ranks of the perfected in the kingdom of our Father.

This home for governesses has often been the acknowledged instrument of their bodily and spiritual good; and, instead of spending their hard-earned savings in a sad and comfortless lodging, with solitude for their sister, and disappointment for their daily portion, they are here received as into a family, on the lowest possible terms, and treated with all the kindness and affection that proceeds from Christian hearts. Here they are aided, counselled, and led on in their several departments in life; and in the situations gained, when troubles arise, here they return to taste again the comforts and the sympathy of a home; and no class of beings more require one. The very cultivation of their minds, the tender remembrances of their childhood, the unforeseen circumstances that in a moment hurl them from the lap of ease into the cold and unfeeling hands of a money-getting world: these all make the residence equal in importance to the brightest institutions in our country, and call on all who aid the cause of humanity to give us a helping hand. We are working for nothing but the love of Christ and the good of our fellow-creatures. We give our lives away, amply repaid if by our exertions one tear is wiped away, one sob is heaved the less; if the weak become strengthened, the desolate comforted, and the despairing cheered, and helped on the way. Give us, then, a helping hand. Give us a place in your Journal. We have a debt to remove, expenses to meet, and various trials that impede our progress. William and Mary Howitt, help us!

Your fellow-worker in every good cause,

C. J. WELCH.

[It would give us great pleasure to receive the names of any persons desirous of aiding this valuable institution.—EDS.]

Tyne Polytechnic Society.—This Society now numbers two hundred members, and is every week, we hear, increasing. In connexion with it is a good news-room, supplied with most of the liberal papers and journals, French as well as English.

Abolition of Capital Punishment.—Henry Vincent and Charles Gilpin have lately made a tour in the MIDLAND COUNTIES, for the promotion of this object, and have met with a very cordial and satisfactory reception in several towns. The Meeting in the New Hall, LEICESTER, at which the mayor presided, is described in the *Leicestershire Mercury* as the most numerous and influential held there, on any occasion, for some time past. The thrilling narratives and appeals of the speakers were followed up by the organization of a Society, to co-operate with that formed in LONDON, for the abolition of the punishment of death. We understand that several meetings, to forward the same object, have been held in and around LONDON.

Capital Punishments—English Judges, Recorders, &c., and sanguinary Moses.—Sir,—As the Judges, Recorders, Magistrates, and others, (who ought, from their positions in society, to be the leaders of the popular mind, instead of drag-chains and hindrances,) seem desirous of frequently quoting Moses, for the purpose of giving pungency to their remarks on the "eye for an eye" principle of action, instead of the milder and more philanthropic system of Him who "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them:" it has occurred to me that a little tablet of texts, to keep in their note books, would enable the above-named functionaries to appear with greater SACREDNESS in their summing up, as they might rattle through a string of texts, especially as so many of such persons seem to wish the gibbet, the halter, and other pretty Christian toys of the kind, to have a wider range and a more active exercise.

Capital offences according to Moses:—

Murder	-	-	-	Exod. xxi. 12.
Kidnapping	-	-	-	" " 16.
Eating leavened bread during the Passover	-	-	-	" xii. 15.
Suffering an unruly ox to be at liberty, if he kill; the ox also to be stoned	-	-	-	" xxi. 29.
Witchcraft	-	-	-	" xxii. 18.
Idolatry	-	-	-	" " 20.
Oppression of widow and fatherless	-	-	-	" " 22.
Compounding holy ointment, or putting it on any stranger	-	-	-	" xxx. 33.
Violation of the Sabbath	-	-	-	" xxxi. 14.
Smiting of father or mother	-	-	-	" xxi. 15.
Eating the flesh of the sacrifice of peace-offerings with uncleanness	-	-	-	Levit. vii. 20.
Eating the fat of offered beasts	-	-	-	" " 25.
Eating any manner of blood	-	-	-	" " 27.
Offering children to Moloch	-	-	-	" xx. 2.
Eating a sacrifice of peace-offering	-	-	-	" xix. 8.
Screening the idolater	-	-	-	" xx. 4.
Going after familiar spirits and wizards	-	-	-	" xx. 6.
Adultery	-	-	-	" xx. 10.
Blasphemy	-	-	-	" xxiv. 16.
Stranger coming nigh the tabernacle	-	-	-	Numb. i. 51.
Coming nigh the priest's office	-	-	-	" iii. 10.
Usurping the sacerdotal functions	-	-	-	" iv. 20.
Forbearing to keep passover, if not journeying	-	-	-	" ix. 13.
Presumption, or despising the word of the Lord	-	-	-	" xv. 30.
Defiling the sanctuary of the Lord	-	-	-	" xix. 13.
False pretensions to the character of a Divine messenger	-	-	-	Deut. xii. 5.
Opposition to the decrees of the highest judicial authority	-	-	-	" xviii. 12.
Unchastity	-	-	-	" xxii. 13.

Such are some of the offences (I have not given all) pronounced capital in the Mosaic code. With what completeness does the dark catalogue lay bare the absurdity of taking that code as a guide to modern legislation!

Let all who attempt to justify the punishment of death for murder, by appeals to the Old Testament, advocate, for consistency's sake, the same punishment on him "who gathers sticks on the Sabbath-day." But surely, it would be more seemly in Christians to take as their guide, in law and morals, the words of Him who abrogated the old law of retaliation, and taught us to "love our enemies," and whose inspired follower instructed us how to carry out that principle, by overcoming evil with good.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A CHRISTIAN.

New Meeting Street Instruction Society, Birmingham.—On the 1st of February the first anniversary of this Institution was held, R. Martineau, Esq., the Mayor, in the chair.

The report of the Secretary, which appeared to give great satisfaction, stated, that there were about 130 members in the Society; that in the preceding year ten lectures had been delivered; that classes had been formed for instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, grammar, geometry, mensuration, Euclid, algebra, natural philosophy, composition, &c., and a class, open once a-week, for discussion; that the library, which at first consisted of little more than 100, had increased to more than 800 volumes; and that the principal periodicals and newspapers were taken. The charge for admittance to the lectures, reading-room and library is *one penny per week*, and an *extra penny for the classics*. The institution is open to all, being perfectly unsectarian. H. KIRBY.

Publications of the Isle of Man, and of the Channel Islands.—We were not till recently aware of the extent to which the privilege of these islands, of circulating printed publications, unstamped and postage free, throughout the kingdom, was used for public benefit. Besides *The People's Press* and the *Herald of Redemption* mentioned last week, in Jersey, is published a most valuable *Teetotal Essayist, or Monthly Temperance Standard*, which is sold also by Mr. Brittain, Paternoster Row, full of interesting matter. In the Isle of Man, at Douglas, is likewise published a *Church of England Journal*, which appears chiefly devoted to the advocacy of the Working Clergy, a class of men who need advocacy, and deserve it as much as any body of men in the community. It is a lamentable circumstance that, after the country has so richly, so enormously richly endowed the State Church, the drones should luxuriate in this wealth, and the actual workers starve on wretched stipends. We wish every success to the labour of rectifying this great and crying evil. *The Herald of Redemption*, in its second number, has an admirable article on the Morals of Trade, and a good report of the Soirée of the Redemption Society at Leeds.

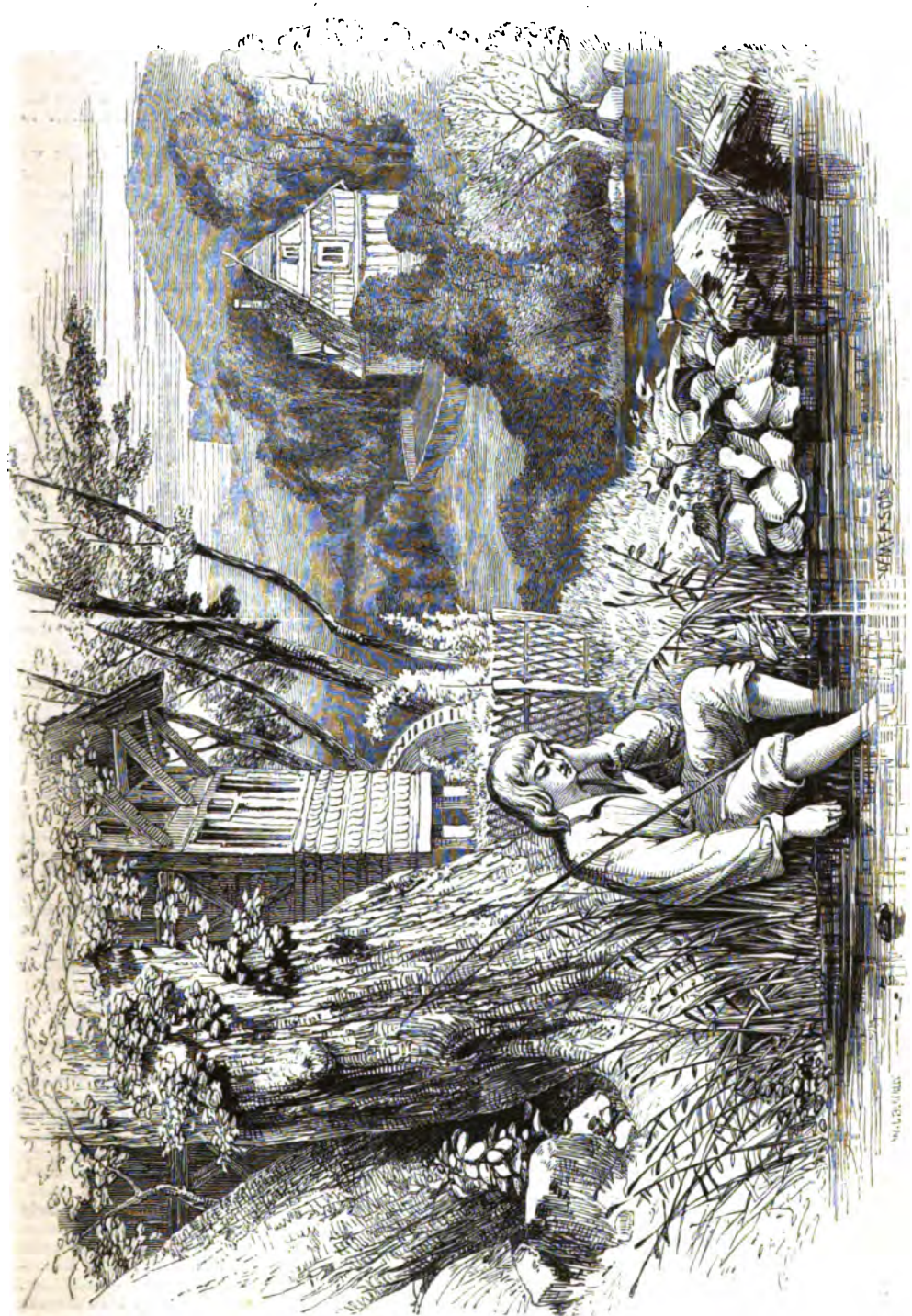
TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We must request the kind patience of our kind friends, known and unknown, as regards their contributions. The only difficult part of our management is how to deal with the abundant and over-abundant supply of material sent in. Much of this is of a high order, but its very amount creates an impossibility of including one-tenth of it. All that we can do is to select, as impartially as possible, what seems most suited to our pages. Our friends may judge of our perplexity when, besides articles from regularly engaged contributors, we have already about 200 poems, and a proportionate mass of prose articles. To embrace all that we possibly can, we print at the back of our illustrations, and shall, in future, waste as little space as possible by announcements, etc. For all such evidences of goodwill, as here noticed, our best thanks!

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWEY, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, February 24, 1857.



A PEEP INTO THE ODENWALD.—Engraved by WILLIAM MASON.

A FEW DAYS' TOUR IN THE ODENWALD.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Concluded from p. 65.)

Our driver from Neckarelz took the sulks because we would delay him by visiting the castle of Gûts von Berlichingen. When we stopped at the foot of the hill, and said we would walk up, and he could wait there, he showed much evident reluctance to his waiting. "What could we see there?" he inquired; "it was only an ugly old ruin." But this ugly old ruin we determined to see, and, as I have related, did see. On our return, the man looked very glum; and as soon as we had seated ourselves, began to move on at a most regular snail's pace. As he had a splendid pair of horses, we desired him to go on briskly; but he still refused. On being again told to quicken his movements, he replied sulkily that he could not—the roads were so bad. Never was a finer or more level road seen! We now perceived the true state of the case. He was vexed that we had delayed him, and he was still more vexed that we did not tell him to get a choppin of wine at the neighbouring village, to amuse his leisure. There was also another cause, not till afterwards revealed. He had an acquaintance in Weinsberg, with whom he meant to contrive to have a go-sip; and he feared that the pause in this part of the journey might make us hurry in that part of it: thence the man displayed a most dogged obstinacy. All endeavours to persuade him to accelerate his speed, or even to resume his communicativeness, were vain. We crept along at a most wearisome rate, and in time reached the little town of Neckarsulm. Here we resolved to stop, and recover our patience over an early dinner. But the dinner was bad; and the wine—red wine of the Neckar valley, famous rather for its acerbity than its goodness—was bad too. It occurred to us that the wine, however, might be very agreeable to the driver's palate, who was accustomed, probably, to much worse. We therefore called him in, and presented him with the bottle. The sunshine that at once passed over his countenance was almost ludicrous, and suggested another idea. We had a flask of Cogniac in our knapsack in the carriage, which we had brought to mix with the water we might, on our contemplated ramble on foot, drink when we were hot; and we asked him, as the wine was sour, whether he would like a glass of *schnaps*—the name they give a glass of brandy—in it. The effect was beyond all description. The man skipped away with amazing alacrity, brought the knapsack from the carriage, and bore off his bottle of wine duly primed with it, with exuberant thanks, and smiles, and bows.

Anon he appeared again at the door to say that he was altogether at our service: he could go that moment, or he could stay till midnight—just whichever we pleased. When we did set out, the roads were found to be most admirable; and he drove almost at full speed up the long and very steep hill ascending out of the town. The weather, he assured us, was beautiful, the country was beautiful, the ugly old ruins were beautiful, we were beautiful, and the knapsack was pre-eminently beautiful. He had it placed on the box beside him, and repeatedly stroked it, saying, "*Schöne Ranzen! wunder schöne Ranzen!*"—"Handsome knapsack! extremely handsome knapsack!" The beauty being obviously enough in the brandy-flask inside. This brandy-flask operated like a charm upon him. He became not only the most agreeable and communicative of drivers, pointing out every spot of interest in the country we passed through, and relating their histories and legends; but when we finally reached Heilbronn, refused positively to be dismissed; and insisted

on going on with us to Heidelberg, thirty miles further, in the day, though he had driven us already that distance. For the sake of his horses, however, we were firm; but it was not without great difficulty that we got rid of him. Had we thought of it, as we might, and made him a present of the wicker-guarded flask of Cogniac, the charm would have been broken, and he would have retraced his way as gladly as he then did it reluctantly. To return, however, from the driver to the journey.

From the heavy and dirty town of Neckarsulm we posted on to Weinsberg, a place not only notorious for the horrors committed there in the Bauernkrieg, or Peasants' War, but which in our youth was made of great interest to us, by reading in Addison's Spectator the account of the Wives of Weinsberg—or, rather, the Women of Weinsberg; for the word *Weiber*, translated as wives, should have been more correctly and comprehensively rendered women.

The situation of Weinsberg is very charming. It is in the middle of a wide, open, and well-cultivated country, with a clear, rapid stream running by it. All around, at the distance of a mile or two, rise up the woody and winding hills so peculiar to this part of Germany, the sides of which are all covered with vineyards. Here and there open out between the hills vales running far away, in which you discern the white walls of villages.

Weinsberg is a compact little town, and one of the neatest in that neighbourhood. Just by it stands a high, conical hill, clad on all sides with vines; and on its summit the ruins of the old castle of Weinsberg, still popularly called, "*Die Weiber Treue*," or Woman's Fidelity, from this circumstance:—When the Emperor Conrad, in 1140, besieged the castle into which the people had fled, and summoned them to surrender, he would give no promise of quarter to the men; but he allowed the women to go out, carrying with them what they liked best. These terms were accepted; and to the astonishment of the Emperor, he beheld the women coming forth in a train, carrying each her husband, her brother, or near relative. So popular has this act of feminine fidelity always been, that the fame of it has flown into all countries; it has furnished the subject of one of Bürger's most spirited ballads; and a society of ladies still, headed by the Queen of Weinsberg, keep the ruins from falling into decay, and have had the whole space within the old walls laid out in a pleasure-garden, for the recreation of visitors.

But the castle and town of Weinsberg acquired a more fearful notoriety in the celebrated Peasants' War, in 1525. The preaching of the Reformation by Luther was unquestionably the immediately-exciting cause of this war. The peasantry had for ages been cruelly oppressed by the nobility, and were now reduced to a condition of the saddest misery. The doctrines of Christianity as preached by Luther, representing all men as free and equal, and the rulers lording it over the people, had the most rapid effect in kindling the popular mind into a ferment, which, as in all such cases, foamed over into cruel extravagance, and led them not merely to vindicate themselves, but to take vengeance on their oppressors, forgetting that the very Scriptures which they took as their warrant said, "Vengeance is the Lord's, and he will repay it."

The insurrection of the peasants was particularly fierce in this part of the country. Seventy noblemen were sent by the Austrian government from Stuttgart to keep peace in the valley of Weinsberg. The Weinsbergers had sworn to stand by them in case of attack, but they perjured themselves. They sent Wolf Nagel's wife to Neckarsulm, who went about amongst the "Black Host," a noted part of the peasant army, and said, "George Ry, Brezel Pikel, Melchior Becker, and

Leonard Kellermann, sent me to you to say, that if you will come to Weinsberg, they will open the gates to you." Twenty thousand peasants marched from Neckarsulm on Easter-day to Weinsberg.

The nobles were all down in the city together in the church, praying for a morning blessing in those sharp times. They hastened, at the alarm of the peasant host, to get out of the city and up again into the castle; but the treacherous Weinsbergers had fastened the gates and doors, which, however, they speedily opened to the peasants. The battle began. The Weinsbergers discharged their pieces into the air, and stood looking on. The nobles were overpowered and destroyed. One of them, Dietrich von Weiler, a handsome and stately man, sought to conceal himself in a church steeple, but was discovered, stabbed, and thrown from its top into the street.

The unhappy nobles were marched out, with drums beating and fifes playing, to an open place near the road leading from Weinsberg to Heilbronn, and there hunted through the pikes. Twelve thousand bayers, or peasants, marshalled themselves in two rows, holding their huge pikes before them. Between these rows the wretched nobles were compelled to run till they fell, pierced through by a hundred pikes. A bauer-wife from Böklingen greased her shoes with the fat of the Graf von Helfenstein, whom they had murdered, with much mockery. They placed the Gräfin von Helfenstein, when she came to beg for the life of her husband, on a dung-cart; and numbers of them, running before and behind, conducted her to Heilbronn, with all sorts of jests and jibes. "So thou came in a golden chariot, and now thou goest away in a dung-cart." The Gräfin, who was a pious woman, thought on her Saviour, and comforted herself in the thought. She said meekly, "Why should I, a poor sinner, complain? The Son of God, my most holy Lord, was once led into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, with the state of a king, and with loud jubilee; and presently after was abused and crucified as a malefactor. Therefore I will keep silence."

The peasants plundered and burnt the castle; but a bloody vengeance soon arrived. The notorious George Truchsess, the general of the Swabian nobles, who so severely scourged and mercilessly slaughtered the revolted peasants in May of the same year, appeared before the town. The peasants were absent on their plundering expeditions; there were scarcely any but women and children, and the sick at home. These hastened out, and flung themselves at his feet with the most vehement prayers and tears for mercy; but he stood ice-cold, and answered only by ordering his soldiers to fire the town at every end and corner. All their goods and chattels he commanded to be brought out; 500 florins to be paid down to the widow of Graf Helfenstein, the lady whom they had so villanously treated; and to her son 6,000. On the spot where they had murdered that nobleman, he compelled them to plant a cross and build a chapel, and every Easter Monday to go in, and from sunrise to sunset on their knees to pray to God for pardon. On the piper, Nunenmacher, of Ilsfeld, he took a dreadful revenge. This man had been the piper to the Graf von Helfenstein, and when that nobleman was led out to be murdered, he was the foremost to deride him. He snatched the hat from his head, and putting it on his own, "Herr Graf," said he, "many times have I played before you at dinner; it is only reasonable that I play to you at another sort of dance." This man Truchsess chained to a tree, so that he had liberty to run round it; and piling wood over him, set it on fire, and burnt him to death in the most horrible manner, his soldiers amusing themselves with his agonies.

How peaceful and smiling are all these scenes now! Of this peasant war, in which 100,000 people perished, in which castles and convents were plundered, their in-

mates abused or murdered, and the country reduced to a frightful desert, few traces remain except the traditions and written records. Weinsberg, which had thus its full share of horrors, is as neat and quiet as if it had never known an outrage. Nature has covered the old towers with her healing boughs and blossoms; man has clothed the whole hill with vines; and all the country between it, and the picturesque old city of Heilbronn, is one great garden and vineyard.

At the foot of the Weibertreue lives one of the most beautiful lyric poets and most remarkable men of Germany; Justinus Kerner. Kerner was a fellow student of the poet Uhland at Tübingen; was originally destined to trade, but quitted it for the study of physic and the love of poetry. The cause of his abode here, is his being appointed the official physician at Weinsberg. He built his house, on this appointment, at the foot of this celebrated hill, and in a very lovely situation. Through his means, and his influence at the court of Württemberg, it is that the castle has been freed from the rubbish of ancient ruin, and made the pleasant resort that it is. The poetry of Kerner is at once most spiritual and tender, and yet very often merry and jocose. In his *Reiseschatten* he gives us some sketches of the wanderings of his youth, alternately fanciful, sentimental, and waggish. His account of the musician who professed to have discovered the art of playing the most exquisite music on a goose's windpipe, by which he threw whole audiences into extacies, but which a stern old professor exposed in the very midst of one of his triumphs, by lifting his wig from his head with his stick, and showing that he had a musical box concealed in it, which made the music, is worthy of a Yankee origin. Kerner himself is a most extraordinary player on the Jew's-harp. Closing all the windows, or at night putting out all the lights, he will produce the most strange and unearthly music, making the very room seem to vibrate, and to be filled with a band of aerial performers. His "*Deutscher Dichterwald*," his "*Romantische Dichtungen*," and other poetical works, all bear evidences of a genuine inspiration; but his most extraordinary book is "*Die Seherin von Prevorst*." This book has been translated, somewhat curtailed and adapted to the English taste, by Mrs. Crowe, of Edinburgh. It is the account of a lady who was many years the patient of Kerner at Weinsberg. She was a regular mesmeric subject, and in the mesmeric state made the most extraordinary revelations of the spiritual world, and not the less so of the facts in the world around her. Like Kerner himself, she professed to have a full perception of the spiritual world, as it lies in and around our own. Held conversations with various spirits, and was often requested by those who were not arrived at happiness, to pray for them, which she did with effect. The book is well worthy of a perusal; and to the original are added a number of what Kerner calls "*Facts*," that is, actual ghost stories, which he authenticates by the grave testimonies of noblemen, magistrates, clergymen and the like, still living, and referable to. Kerner has been laughed at, of course, by all the wits of Germany, but he only laughs good-humouredly again, and holds fast his faith. He is now suffering from cataract, and is nearly blind.

After visiting the fine old cathedral at Heilbronn, with its rich carvings and old paintings, noting the curious old town-house with its grandly painted and curiously illustrated clock, and taking a view of its picturesque streets and pleasant vicinage, with its poplar walks, and ample pleasure-gardens, we posted through a well cultivated country, back to Heidelberg; the peasants with their families out by the road-sides, busy collecting their apples, and others of them as busy in their yards, crushing them for cider in their simple but effective mills for that purpose, making the whole very lively and pleasant.

It will be seen that in this tour we passed a good way beyond the strict bounds of the Odenwald; and left in it, on the other hand, many a charming old district to explore. It is, altogether, one of the most primitive pieces of country that we ever entered, and seems likely to continue so. In the corn-fields, we noticed that the people mowed even in a manner peculiar to themselves. They did not mow in straight lines, but in circles. They would sometimes begin, and mow round the whole field, and then go round and round till they came to the centre. But much oftener, they took in a much smaller circle, still moving from the outside to the centre, so that a field mowed presented the appearance of a number of great golden snakes coiled up, with their heads in the middle of the coil.

Altogether, the deep wooded valleys, the still waters here and there embosomed in the forest, the clear streams in other places hurrying along the shrouded glens, the antique lowly dwellings, and the simple people, made a deep and pleasurable impression on our minds, and will often recur to them with the feeling of a poetic dream. Our illustration gives a very living peep into the Odenwald scenery, with its rustic wooden tenements with shingled walls, its luxuriant herbage, its splendid old trees, its dreamy waters, and airy hills peeping everywhere down upon you. May health and continued peace, and improvement without the loss of quiet, the simple nature of the heart, and the picturesque poetry of the field and forest, be long the portion of the inhabitants of the Odenwald.

FREE TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

No. III.—SYRIA.

THAT nations led on by conquerors to conquest should in their turn be conquered is only an exhibition of retributive justice. Upon the fate and fortune and vicissitudes of war, they stake their glory and their greatness, and they must wait the chances of the struggle upon which they have entered. The history of war is so little associated with the history of civilization—though romancers tell a different tale—that the overthrow of the great marauding monarchies of old claims little of our sympathy, and none of our regret. It is seldom that the invading army leaves aught behind it but desolation and destruction. If it sometimes herald a happier and better state of things, it is only when peace has restored the tranquillity which war has disturbed; it is only when the plough again furrows the battle-field; and the resound of the anvil, the activity of the shuttle, and the beat of the engine, replace the clash of swords, the trumpet's clarion, and the thunder of artillery.

But of melancholy sights, one of the most melancholy is, a spot where the seats of ancient commercial activity—the abodes of busy multitudes, once engaged in the peaceful pursuits of industry—have become depopulated;—where a deteriorated atmosphere, and a neglected cultivation, have introduced disease and death into the fields of health and diligence.

In the most northern province of Syria, at the end of a magnificent bay, which would seem to invite into its waters the trade of the world, and which once was the recipient of ships innumerable, stands Scanderoun; or rather, there stand a few mean houses which occupy the place where Scanderoun once stood. It is a most un-

wholesome place—pestiferous as the Pontine marshes, and not inhabitable in certain seasons of the year. As no draining carries away the noxious waters which are deposited on what was once a region of extreme fertility, there is a perpetual exhalation of offensive vapours, which are kept by the range of the Taurus mountains, overhanging the town like a funeral pall. Yet, as Scanderoun is still one of the great outlets from, and inlets to, the northern provinces of Syria—and through them, by way of Antioch and Aleppo; to the markets along the banks of the Euphrates, and into Mesopotamia, and some parts of Armenia and Persia—Scanderoun is still occupied by a few European agents, who transport the goods for the houses established in the interior. But withal it is a wretched spot—one house alone, that of the British Vice-consul, presenting the appearance of external decency and interior comfort. I remember being struck with the pleasing manners, and pale, fair visage of the consul's lady, and hearing with some surprise that she had been born in Australia. It seemed a strange destiny for a gentlewoman to have been transported from the antipodes to such a spot. But if among the living there was not much to interest, I felt greatly moved when I trod among the monuments of the dead. The burial place still exists, and many a tombstone bears an English name. There sleep multitudes of those "merchant adventurers" who for several centuries carried on trade in the East. The Levant trade was, in our early commercial history, the most important and the most profitable in which we were engaged. Three voyages to the Syrian coast in Saxon times are said to have entitled the merchant to the rank of nobility, and to the title of Thane. There are enough—too many, indeed, by far—to sing the deeds of our fighting men, and record the triumphs, by sea and by land, of those whom the world calls heroes. In my reflections it appears a nobler fight, and a higher heroism, to have led the conquests of commerce, and to have planted the standards of peace. Among the nettles and the briars, the reeds and the rushes, of the plain of Scanderoun, I traced, under the moss and lichens of the broken tombstones names which in those days represented the highest influences which our country has ever exercised—the influences of civilization. There sleep the men who brought the manufactures of the West to exchange for the silks and the spices of the East—the men who in their day and generation helped to establish and extend the honour and the reputation of the English merchants' character. It always stood high; may it ever so stand in the opinion of the world!

It was on board an Egyptian vessel-of-war that I first took my passage to Scanderoun; and I had many opportunities of observing the peculiarities of Oriental and Mahommedan character. When the wind was contrary, there was always confusion, and bustle, and uncertainty, and conferences among the officers as to what had best be done. When a calm prevented our progress, there were all sorts of surmises as to the cause; both adverse and serene weather were attributed to supernatural agency; and on one occasion, when we had made no progress for two or three days, the lieutenant of the vessel came to a European physician who was on board, and told him there was a report among the sailors that he had dead men's fat in his medicine-chest; and if so, he was requested to throw it overboard, for unless he did so, they were certain we should never reach our destined port in safety. The doctor assured the lieutenant that the abhorred article formed no part of his *materia medica*, nor was, in fact, at all in use in Europe; but the Mahommedan shook his head very incredulously, and hinted that it had better be quietly flung into the sea, if we wished to continue the voyage prosperously; and he afterwards applied to me, requesting I would persuade the physician to get rid of so perilous a companion as dead men's fat was known

to be. Many were the stories told of dangers to which ships and sailors had been unwittingly exposed by the carelessness and the rashness of medical men, who employed this unguent; which they said might be very safe and salutary on shore, but was most pernicious and perilous at sea. When, however, a fair and fresh breeze sprung up, no more was said about dead men's fat; but I am persuaded the sailors and their spokesman attributed the favouring gale either to our having listened to their request, and got rid of the dangerous appurtenance, or to the fact that their suspicions had been groundless, and that there was truth in the doctor's disavowal of having brought any of the dreaded ointment on board. We were favoured with a good many specimens of Mussulman credulity; and an Imaum (or Mohammedan priest, who was on board) kept up the superstitious temper of a portion of the crew to a pretty considerable elevation. The religious rites were practised by many of them with great regularity and fervour; but I was struck with the amount of scepticism that prevailed. When the Imaum was absent, the subordinate officers rather enjoyed turning him and his observances into ridicule, and became somewhat bold free-thinkers. The most devout of the sailors were undoubtedly the most ignorant. Those who never failed in their ablutions, their prayers, and their attention to the Imaum, were the negroes—who listened with infinite reverence, and obeyed with cheerful alacrity. The oriental habit of public prayer appears somewhat ostentatious, at least to a person of European usages or prejudices. At the call to prayer—in whatever company he may be, and however engaged, a Mahommedan falls down on his knees, and silently repeats the wonted supplication, bending his head to the ground the accustomed number of times. I have seen a man of rank in the midst of a sentence, on hearing the voice of the Muezzim, fling down a rug, throw himself on his knees, assume the attitude of prayer, close his eyes, silently repeat the Bismillah; and having thrice bent his forehead to the earth, rise up, and resume the conversation, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it; making not the slightest reference to the obligation imposed upon him by his faith of discharging a religious duty, but deeming its public discharge so much a matter of course as to be intelligible to everybody.

Along the Syrian coast, many spots are pointed out as distinguished by events sacred both in Jewish and Mahommedan history. I recollect a broad, white, irregular line, which runs down the side of the mountains on the Lebanon range, westwards towards the Mediterranean Sea. My attention was called to it by one of the ship's company, who informed me the white track was made by Allah, who had scattered ashes to enable Noah and his descendants to find their way when they left the ark. Whether the Mahommedan tradition believes the ark to have been landed upon Lebanon, or that the white road is continued to Mount Ararat, I know not; but the history of the deluge, and the names of Noah and his children are familiar to Mahommedan ears. In fact, Mahommedanism has much in common with Judaism and Christianity; drawing its historical facts from the same sources, and recognizing to a great extent the same authorities. One would suppose that the points of agreement might induce the professors of these religions to look upon one another with something like charity. There is too little of this charity everywhere—perhaps less in the Levant than anywhere else. It often occurred to me there, that Christianity meant hatred of Jews and Mussulmans—Mahommedanism hatred of Christians and Jews. The Jews, being oppressed by both, very naturally respond to both by distrust and antipathy. I shall never forget an answer which a Syriac Jew made in my presence to a Christian who treated him with contumely. "You say your

prophet was a Jew; if he taught you to hate my nation and me, he taught you to hate his own people—and what would you have me think of him?"

I ought to be excusing myself for these digressions, or rather, to have said from the first that in making *Free Trade Recollections* the principal design of these papers, I should not hesitate sometimes to wander away to other topics, enticed by those associations which so irresistibly present themselves when retracing one's steps through distant lands. Almost every traveller has some special purpose in view, as I have in these papers; but if other objects present themselves now and then, let me be forgiven for not passing them by wholly unobserved.

But we have entered the bay, we have landed in the town of Scanderoun. The flags of the different European powers are floating over their vice-consular establishments. That of Austria is pre-eminent in size and ostentation; that of France second in display; the flag of England, though it represents by far the greatest commercial interest in these regions, is a small and mean affair, eclipsed indeed by the prouder exhibitions of its competitors. The world is full of such examples. The noisy and the hollow—pride and poverty—vanity and weakness—big words and small doings—pretence and pusillanimity—are but too often associated.

The gloomy impressions left by Scanderoun are not diminished as you track your way—the way traced by the caravans of commerce—through Antioch to Aleppo. We stopped at Bilan, a place once celebrated for its manufactures, especially of gold and saddlery. The multitudes of goldsmiths that once crowded this place are now reduced to three; and only one saddler is left, the melancholy fragment of an ancient renown. But the city is beautifully situated: it looks as if suspended on the side of the mountain. It has, however, been invaded by the mountain torrents, which rush down the walls of many of its former palaces. Ruin has fallen upon ruin; and amidst the wreck of past splendours a few miserable wanderers are here and there discovered. We scrambled over the tomb of Abderachman Pacha, once the governor of the province, to the habitation he formerly occupied. Its position is splendid: behind, the fine range of hills—the Taurus range—stretching from Anatolia on the northern side; before, another ridge of hills, variegated and beautiful, over which were dashing multitudinous streams, mingling in and urging onwards the deep river below. The abode of Abderachman is rapidly falling into decay; and in mounting the stairs, I fell through the rotten planks, and was grievously hurt in consequence. Most of the apartments admitted the wind and rain. We made our way to the interior—the once inaccessible harem—and there we found shelter and repose. Still, there was peril in walking over the decayed floors; and when we looked up to the ceilings, or surveyed the walls, we felt that if not to-day, at no very distant to-morrow, the palace of Abderachman would be mingled with the utterly-ruined palaces around.

We joined the cavalcade of travellers, principally merchants on their way to Antioch. They amused themselves with hawking; and many of them carried a hawk in their hand, which they let loose as game attracted their attention. We passed by magnificent forests, some of which were being felled by wood-cutters, sent by Ibrahim Pacha, to furnish timber for the Egyptian dock-yards. Wherever the scanty population had cultivated the fields, there was striking evidence of their fertility and productive powers. What might not such a country become in the hands of industrious peasants and opulent landlords! While population presses (as it is called) upon subsistence—while in so many parts of the world there is such an excess of labourers, and such a deficiency of food—is it possible

that regions like these should be abandoned to sterility and desolation?

Onwards we passed to Antioch; it stands at the extremity of a long and fertile plain. The road to it is often traversed by streams, and I was attracted by the variety and beauty of the wild flowers, which, indeed, are a charm in every part of Syria, from the Orontes to the Dead Sea. There are many ruined bridges; many extensive burying-places, with the remains of sepulchral monuments, seemingly of great antiquity; we passed through spots which had been covered with human dwellings—some still appear on the map as inhabited villages,—but not a tenable town or a village did we find. Approaching Antioch, on the side of the hill, are entrances to caves hewn out of the rocks; these we were told were the churches of the ancient Christians—and the followers of Jesus we know were first called Christians at Antioch. They had been used for Christian worship nearly down to the present time. They have the appearance of sepulchra. A church has been lately built in the city. I attended the religious services there. They were according to the Greek ritual. Multitudes of women were in the outer edifice,—within, were men and children. A priest was reading the service in Arabic. It is said that Antioch contains a thousand Mahomedan, a hundred Christian, and fifty Jewish houses. The streets are strangely constructed,—there are elevated pavements on each side, close to the houses, along which foot passengers travel; between them a deep ditch where horses and camels pass and repass. Both to the east and the west of Antioch is a large extent of available land, which might produce food for tens of thousands of people. Yet Antioch is frequently visited by scarcity. When I was there, not only was the price of bread enormously high, but the supply was wholly insufficient. Antioch was dependent upon corn to be imported from afar. The question has been lately launched, whether the most rapid communication to the East would not be by the Orontes and Antioch, through Aleppo Bir and the Euphrates, to the Persian Gulph; the difficulties, if not insuperable, are so many and so serious, that there is no chance of such a line competing with Egypt,—the Nile and the Red Sea. The Orontes is not a navigable river. In many places it is shallow, in others rapid,—in some interrupted by bridges. Then the transit to the Euphrates is wearisome and laborious,—and even when the Euphrates is reached, its navigation is perilous, while the marshy districts of Lemnouch are nearly impassable, and can only be made otherwise at an enormous cost.

Aleppo is well deserving any attention which may be given to it. Commerce is there carried on in its ancient forms—and the traffickers we find such as visited Tyre and Sidon in the days of Phœnician glory. There are the caravans with the produce of Elam,—and as in patriarchal times when Abraham and Jacob boasted of the multitudes of their camels and asses, so now the traders who visit the bazaars of Aleppo make the same display. Still the sight may be witnessed of the "Ismaelites coming from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." Still may be seen the long trains of "camels without number," such as are again and again described in the sacred books—nay, the very proportions which are spoken of, and which four-footed animals bear to the human race, could be found not far from there existing to the present hour. In the statistics founded on 1 Chron. v. 18—29, it is said that to 100,000 men there were 50,000 camels, 250,000 sheep, 2,000 asses. And about the same relative numbers would be met with now. When the Jews returned from their captivity, then indeed the proportion of camels to asses was but small, 435 to 8,720,—a striking proof of the poverty to which the nation had been reduced by long servitude. In the time of Job we have an interesting description of what

was deemed very great opulence: for he possessed 3,000 camels, and 7,000 sheep, and 500 yoke of oxen, and 500 she asses, an amount of property somewhat equivalent to the possessions of the richest Sheikh of Arabia at the present time. The possession of large numbers of camels is still, as it was in the times of the patriarchs and the prophets, the mark of the highest opulence. The promises of Isaiah to the Jews were, that "multitudes of camels should cover their land" (Judea). "The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come, they shall bring gold and incense." In the perfect similitude between the present and the past is the great charm of the Oriental lands, and Oriental manners. Aleppo and Damascus are now, what Aleppo and Damascus were two or three thousand years ago. The great outlines remain the same, and even in the details the resemblance is interesting in the highest degree. The caravans which travel westward from Mesopotamia, Persia, and all the regions along the Euphrates, bear the same sorts of commodities, pass through the same towns and territories, are subjected to the same dangers and difficulties, are accompanied by the same varieties of tribes—traffickers and travellers—in a word, are characterized by the same associations as twenty or thirty centuries ago. The bazaars present the same objects—the manner of barter is the same—they journey as they journeyed—they rest as they rested. There are no hostelries for man or beast—no provision but that which is made by the ambulatory community; long and weary is the transit—a few miles a day—the whole journey of many months' duration—delay everywhere—dispatch nowhere—time is the commodity to which no price or value attaches in the East.

When will this state of things be altered? How long will the *vis inertiae* which has preserved the usages of the remotest times resist the influences which are revolutionizing the world? Will the lands which in spite of Persian and Roman invasion preserved their distinguishing characteristics—will the regions which have seen in turn the principles of Paganism, of Judaism, of Christianity, and of Mahomedanism—and yet present through all the same seemingly indelible marks—will they present an invincible barrier against the wider and stronger tides which are put in action by a higher civilisation, a more adventurous commercial spirit, and wider triumphs of art and science? I cannot believe it: whatever may have been impotent in the past, the power of communication is omnipotent now.

The heralds that preach improvement are already visible. The spirit of changeful progress is moving in silent but successful march towards the Orient.

I was a few years ago on a visit to the Emir Beshir, the Prince of Lebanon, whose beautiful palace—one of the most graceful productions of Oriental architecture—hangs on the side of the hill; its *Beit-ed-Din* (the House of Faith) behind the Capital Deir el Kammr. Its domes touch the clouds, and brave the thunderstorms. A lightning conductor in such a spot attracted my notice; and I asked the prince who had taught him to protect his royal residence from the terrors of the thunderbolt? He said that in a voyage to Egypt he had seen an iron rod above the top-mast of an English man-of-war. Inquiring into its use, he found that when it touched the thunder cloud, it carried away the lightning, as a water-spout conveys the water; and he said if it will protect a ship at sea, will it not save a house on shore? And he ordered the experiment to be made. And now, said he, the thunders and the lightnings burst and blaze over my palace as they will; it is safe, and I am safe. The storms are conquered, and I am at rest. This is but a foot-print marking the onward steps of intelligent man. This is a record which instruction has left in the discharge of her universal mission.

When our steamers first appeared on the Syrian

coast, they were believed by the inhabitants to be vessels of which the Spirit of Evil—Djins of Eblis—fiends of hell had got possession, and their presence was said to prognosticate every species of calamity. The Holy Land was about to be invaded by fiery monsters, arriving from regions unknown, and threatening the whole region with devastation and destruction. The Mahomedans fancied that the Christians had entered into new alliances with the infernal powers, and Islam was menaced by novel and appalling dangers. In a few years, the head of Islamism—the Lord of the Caliphate—the descendant of the prophets—became, first a buyer, and then a builder of steam-boats. Constantinople communicates by them with Trebisonde and Beyrout,—and Scanderoun and Alexandria,—with Rhodes, and Crete, and Cyprus,—to say nothing of India and the whole European world. And the greatest of Mahomedan Sovereigns passes much of his time in his steamers on the Nile—with them he has reached the Cataracts. Hundreds and hundreds of travellers pass, and are constantly mounting and descending from Alfe to Boulac. Nay, the Arabian Gulf itself is perpetually traversed by these fire-conducted conquerors of wind and wave. They often bear the Mussulman devotees (pilgrims) to the port of the holy City of Mecca—to Djedda itself. I once asked Mehemet Ali how it happened that Mahometan saints (Hadjis) could employ the steamers of Christian infidels (Giacours) to convey them to the sainted spots of Moslem piety? “The Koran has not a word in it against steamboats,” was the prompt and sagacious reply of the Egyptian prince; and on another occasion he said, “You have much to be proud of,—but of nothing have you such a right to be proud, as having subdued steam, and by subduing steam, subduing the sea and the storm.”

It would not be a Free Trade Recollection, but a Free Trade Anticipation, to look forward to the fate of the fair and ferocious regions of Syria, when they shall have received all the impulse, and be awakened into all the development, of which they are susceptible; when labour and capital and enterprise shall bring their united powers to bear upon their great capacities. It requires no very bold prophetic temper to say that peace and commerce will not allow barrenness and sterility to rule over regions capable of the highest and most profitable cultivation. Many a desert will yet blossom as a rose, many a solitude will be musical with the voices of prosperous and busy multitudes. The future is pregnant with great destinies. It will recover what the past has lost, and what the present but dimly recognizes.

“The eternal step of progress beats
To the Great Anthem.”

A SCHEME OF FREE LIBRARIES.

BY DR. SMILES.

Public opinion is now setting in so strongly in the direction of National Education, and so many signs are manifesting themselves, in even the most unlooked-for quarters, of a disposition to extend to the whole people the benefits of elementary instruction, that we look upon it as a matter of certainty that, in the course of a few years more, we shall have our juvenile population as well cared for in this respect, as in any other country in Europe.

Already, voluntary effort is doing much; but it cannot do all that is required. In this respect, Education must be regarded as very different from Religion: for whereas the latter may be efficiently maintained by voluntary effort, by reason of many powerful motives;

the latter, in order to be well sustained, and to embrace the whole nation, must be based upon a system, not liable to be affected by the fitful ebbings and flowings of opinion, the indolence or activity of parties, or the angry rivalry of sects.

Our object at present, however, is not to state our views as to what such a system ought to be, but to urge upon educationists the necessity for efficiently carrying on the work of education among the youthful and adult population, after school instruction has done its own work. For, the most important part of education has to come, when school days are over. The means of gathering knowledge have been acquired; but knowledge itself is yet to be gained. The mind has to be furnished with instruction, opinion has to be matured, morals have to be formed, the character has to be strengthened, and education perfected in a noble and manly character.

And for this purpose, what is so valuable as Books—which distil to us the wisdom of the present, and the experience of the past—which set before us the highest models of character, and the loftiest aims of life—which are an unfailing source of entertainment and instruction for youth, as well as for the maturest age. Hence do we regard Books—an abundant and perfectly free supply of books to all classes—as an indispensable feature of any great and true scheme of national education.

We are disposed to attribute much of the prevalent ignorance of the present time to the difficulty of obtaining free access to libraries on the part of the industrious classes. They are too poor to buy, and the sources from which they can borrow are miserably scanty and unattractive. Hence what little school education they may have obtained in youth is ultimately rendered useless, and they are too often driven for a pastime to the entertainments of dissipation and vice.

How, then, is this great educational want to be met? is the question to which we would now address ourselves. And perhaps this question is best to be answered by briefly stating the results of an experiment which has already been made in this direction, and crowned with the completest success.

It is now some thirty years since it occurred to the mind of a worthy and sincere Christian man, who died a few years ago, that much yet remained to be done in order to carry out the education of the working classes, besides merely teaching them to read and write. And in this latter respect, the people amongst whom he lived were highly favoured as compared with the working population of the towns and districts of England. With but few exceptions, they could all read and write; for in Scotland, a national system of education has been at work for centuries; and, with other influences, has converted a rude, barbarous, and turbulent people, into one of the best educated and most soberly conducted nations on earth.

SAMUEL BROWN, the author of the system of Free Libraries, (or, as he styled them, “*Literating Libraries*,”) was a merchant of the small town of Haddington, where he was born,—the same town, by the way, that gave birth to John Knox, the founder, among other things, of the Scotch system of National Instruction. He was a man of the most modest and unassuming deportment; but altogether indefatigable in carrying out, even amidst debility and sickness, which often held him prostrate, his schemes for the improvement of the population amidst which he lived. It occurred to him, about the year 1817, that the working population of the towns, and the peasantry of the rural districts, might be put in possession of the same advantages as regarded books, which the better classes derived from the institution of subscription and burgh libraries. With a “balance of unclaimed militia insurances,” for which he could not find owners, he pur-

chased two hundred interesting volumes, and dividing them into four divisions of fifty volumes each, he stationed them in four several villages in the neighbourhood, for gratuitous perusal by the population: placing them under the superintendence of gratuitous librarians. At the end of two years, these divisions were exchanged; division B taking the place of division A in the first exchange, C taking the place of B in the next, and D taking the place of C in the next. And so on with all the stations. Thus, for eight years, a succession of books, new to the readers of each place, was regularly kept up; and the novelty of the fresh arrivals sustained the interest of the reading population. By these simple means, four villages were mutually supplied with the advantages of four libraries of two hundred volumes each, at exactly one-fourth of the expense of four such libraries, supposing them to have been fixed and not "itinerating."

The success of his first small experiment being proved, Mr. Brown proceeded to enlarge the scope of his design. And first, he set himself to discover how the system might be worked out in its details, the first expenditure for new books be defrayed, its wastes be compensated, and the whole machinery kept in action. He hit upon the following plan: he induced a number of subscribers of five shillings a year each to join him; and to these he held forth the equivalent of a perusal of the best new books of the season, in return for their subscriptions, at the same time that they were furnishing a supply of excellent books for the free reading of the humbler classes, who could not purchase for themselves.

The average number of subscribers to the scheme did not exceed a hundred, but this was sufficient to prove its immense value, and its universal practicability. With the subscriptions new books were bought, and kept for two years in a division by themselves, for the use of the subscribers; after which, they merged in the general circulation, when their place was supplied by a fresh lot of new books, selected from the lists supplied by the subscribers. Thus the subscribers got value for their money, and the number of village divisions of books was regularly increased.

For twenty years this single-minded man laboured at his work, cheered by the hope that his plan would ultimately be taken up by the friends of human enlightenment everywhere, and become one of the most potent means for the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind. After the lapse of that period, he saw forty-seven libraries in circulatory motion throughout the county of East-Lothian—a county whose population does not much exceed that of Rutland, the smallest of English counties;—these libraries containing a total of nearly 3000 volumes. Indeed, there was scarcely a village or hamlet without its little library. Whenever an application was made, a division was sent; and there was not an inhabitant of the county but had the free perusal of instructive books within his reach. They were brought, as it were, to their doors, and the benefits of literature placed within reach of the meanest. More recently, divisions of books fitted for the perusal of children have been placed in all the schools, which, like the other divisions, undergo a constant change, in order that the novelty and attraction may be kept up.

What is there to prevent this scheme from being set on foot in every town and county in England? The practicability of the plan is *proved*. It is in actual operation, and has been so for nearly thirty years; having, during that period, been instrumental in the instruction of the rising generation of a whole county. Its machinery is most simple and efficient. It only needs a few earnest, practical men, to give it a start everywhere. A hundred subscribers of five shillings a year may be found in any district to form a commencement; and, were they to number by thousands instead of hundreds, free itinerating libraries might soon be in full prac-

tical operation throughout all England. It was an idea of Mr. Brown's, that a powerful and well organized Society would yet be formed, to carry out his plan on a national scale; and he was even sanguine enough to think that a government which cared for the morals and well-being of the people, might yet take up the scheme and carry it into practical effect.

The immense value of the Itinerating Library system has not been overlooked by the acute Americans,—ready, as they generally are, to anticipate us in the application of our greatest discoveries. The enterprising "American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" have resolved to incorporate the plan of Itinerating Libraries with their other operations. The Reverend Mr. Abbott, Secretary to that great national association, closes a letter on the subject by saying—"I have much hope of one day seeing that system, in all its substantial advantages, generally adopted over the millions of miles of our national territory." What a disgrace it will be to this country, if America outstrip us in the practical application of this great educational discovery!

The plan has already been highly praised by the leading educationalists of this country; but little or nothing further has been done. It has extended itself into some of the counties neighbouring to East-Lothian—into Berwickshire and Roxburghshire; and the General Assembly have to a considerable extent adopted it in their Highland Schools. The germs of the system have also been carried to Jamaica, Canada, South Africa, Van Diemen's Land, and even to Russia. But it has yet to be taken up by the people; and, until they do take it up with spirit, the valuable means which it presents for the diffusion of enlightenment among the mass of our population, will come to nought.

It is with the view of urging this matter on the minds of thinking and earnest men, and placing before them a practical plan of free libraries for the people, that this article is penned; and the author sincerely hopes that good will come of it.

Literary Notices.

Cicero, a Drama. By the Author of *Moile's State Trials*. London: Simpkin & Marshall; and Kimpton, High Holborn.

THE Author of the *State Trials* is a true poet, though he loves to veil his name under the cognomen of Nicholas Thirning Moile, and his poems under such titles as *State Trials*, and *Cicero, a Tragedy*. On a former occasion, and in another periodical, we did our best to make the public acquainted with the music of his rhythm, and the vigorous beauty of his poetry; and we are glad to have seen lately a new and cheap edition of his *State Trials* issue from the press. Everything which Mr. Moile writes, testifies that he is a sound classical scholar, a good lawyer, and as good a poet. But the mischief of it is, that he will choose his subjects with entire reference to his own tastes, and little regard to those of the public. Hence, his readers will always be few. Those few, however, will be the men of the purest taste. The ordinary reader will be much puzzled on opening the present volume to know why it is called a *Drama*. It is divided into three acts, each containing sundry scenes, as the author terms them, but as others would call them, cantos. They are mixtures of narrative and dialogue, not purely in a dramatic form, and are well garnished with Greek mottoes. But few except classical scholars will care much for a long poem on *Cicero*, especially when the Author indulges his vein for discussion in two tremendous speeches: that of

Mark Anthony against Cicero, and Cicero's reply, with which the book closes, without any catastrophe or winding up; after spending no less than 125 pages over these two harangues, out of the 287 of the whole volume.

In this, we must repeat, Mr. Moile does not consult his fame; and yet every page abounds with most vivid and graphic description, with the finest sentiments, and with strong and masterly painting of passion and character. The limnings of Rome, of Cicero's study, of Atticus, of the death of Caesar, of Brutus, of Portia, of Fulvia, of the Brother and Sister, two Slaves, the Capitol and the Senate, are all extremely fine. They are full of the music and the stately verse-march of this peculiar author, and bring before you the distinguishing features of both places and men, as in an old picture from a master hand.

In the riches of this beautifully printed volume, which, however, we have never seen a single critical notice of, we are at a loss where to choose. Shall it be in the garden of Cicero, where the slave Timna is encountered by her dark and fiery brother Philo, and a scene of passionate accusation and womanly anguish takes place; for Timna has forgotten her country and birth in the love of Marcus her master's son?

In cloisters square, on turf as velvet shorn,
Midst tall arcades, whence Tullia's bier was borne,
Where a green ilex reared its bowery dome,
Whose murmuring top gave chaffinches a home,
Couched at the trunk, which woodbine wreaths enrolled,
A bond-maid bent, and braided cloth of gold.
With delicate hand, and arm in motion graced,
Her needle blazoned flowers her pencil traced;
Pausing at times, oblivious of its art,
Till deep sighs freed the blood-encumbered heart.
Then heavenward turned her face. Of heaven it seems,
O'erspread with spirit, as with moonlight gleams
Pale flowers through shadows from the ilex shown,
When sad its vesper hymns to heaven intone.
With glistening dew her raven eyelids filled;
She rose, the court and cloisters round were stilled,
Save top leaves rustling to the zephyr's breath—
Stilled, as in chambers lately left by death!
Smooth from her brow dark tresses flowed behind;
Her brow so sweetly grave, so sadly kind.
Based on the sward stood Tullia's marble form,
Instinct with grace, with youth's affections warm.
Thither, half fond, half shuddering, stole the maid,
Cast o'er the statue's head her bright brocade,
Turned adverse, sought the tree's extremest shade,
Faced to the east, heaven's azure light surveyed,
And sunk upon her knees, and spread her hands, and prayed;
Silent, with sighs, as though her heart were sawn.

Or shall it be the proud Fulvia? No, rather the loving Portia, as her Brutus takes his farewell for the fatal field.

On ebon couch her task the matron plied;
In whom each muse, each grace, with nature vied;
Vied to reveal some model of her kind,
And charm all hearts by manners, mien, and mind.
Her downcast eyes their long black lashes showed,
And brow, how dark, how delicately bowed!
Yet stern her gaze, as hymns to Dian made,
And deeply calm, as summer's sea embayed;
No dimple marked, nor colour tinged her cheek,
Till ruby lips unveiled her teeth to speak,
When dark eyes flashed with thought dilate and warm,
And light seemed radiant from her face and form,—
From flame within as pictured vases shine,
Or glowed Pygmalion's stone with life divine:
Sunbursts of soul seemed emanating there;
Subdued, yet dowered to suffer and to dare.
White was her stole, with purple border graced,
With band of purple girt around her waist,
And clasped with rubies o'er her shoulders fair,
Which caught from pearly wreaths her raven hair.
On mats two maidens couched, in dusky stole—
One swept the strings, one chanted from a scroll;

While young Calphurnius gazed behind her arm,
To learn her art, and marvel at its charm.

The parting of Brutus and Portia, full of soul and beauty, and the description of the Capitol and the Senate, tempt us, but our space will not permit further extract. The whole poem will be a rich treat to a genuine lover of poetry of a classical taste. As a work of art, it is very fine.

The Art-Union, Parts I. and II. London: Chapman and Hall, Strand.

THIS beautiful work, in its improved character, proceeds most satisfactorily. Each Monthly Part is rich both in engravings and in letter-press. In each are two fine engravings. In the first part, the portrait of the Queen from Thorburn's miniature, and Paul Potter's Studio; in the second part, are the Children in the Wood from Benwell and Westalls, and the Dancing Girl Reposing of Canova. These are principally on steel: the Children in the Wood, an Electrotpe, from the engraving of Greatbach. Any one of these is worth far more than the price of the whole part; and the electrotpe is a curious specimen of the perfection now reached in that art. It has the complete finish and clearness of an engraving. Besides these, the second part abounds with wood engravings of the most tasteful character, both in pictorial and decorative art. Add to this, the mass of fresh and invaluable information on art, both at home and abroad, and you have one of the very cheapest as well as most elegant productions which ever issued from the periodical press. Mrs. Hall's very charming Fairy Tale of Killarney, equally attractive, by its recalling to us some of the finest scenes in Europe, and by its beautiful spirit, is lavishly illustrated; and the "Visits to Private Galleries," is a series of papers which bid fair to supply a great and crying deficiency in this country; a good guide to the treasures of art in it. We recollect hearing Professor Bannermann express his great astonishment at finding, on his visit to England in quest of material for his *Life of Raffaele*, the immense multitude of the productions of the old masters, scattered all over our country, without a single reliable clue to their discovery by a stranger. This series, well carried out, will remove this national disgrace. In every respect the Art-Union richly merits that popularity which we are rejoiced to find that it enjoys.

The Autobiography of Goethe; Truth and Poetry from my Life. Edited by PARKER GODWIN. Parts I. and II. London: Wiley and Putnam, 1847.

THIS is an American translation of Goethe's famous *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, forming a part of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. It is a singular circumstance, that there has hitherto been no good translation of this most fascinating work, certainly one of the most delightful, if not the most delightful pieces of autobiography in any language. We have in it the life and literary, as well as personal and cotemporary, history of one of the greatest and most accomplished of poets. No one can read Goethe's poetry with full effect and comprehension, who has not read *Wahrheit und Dichtung*; and no one can read it, without immediately perceiving how Goethe was in the habit of working his finest pictures out of the material of his own life. Goethe is not only the great poet and artist, but the great painter of German life; and whoever reads this work, lays up for himself a great pleasure, in case he should subsequently visit Germany; and whoever has visited Germany, will, on reading it, experience a similar enjoyment in meeting at every page with scenes and characters that there have arrested his attention. We have here, however, but half of the work. There remain two more parts to be published. When complete, it will form a valuable addition to the literature of our language.

Poetry.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

I.

Birds find their lodgings in the eaves;
 Rats have their homes in sewer and drain;
 Torpid, beneath the last year's leaves,
 The unmolested snakes remain;
 The little dormouse in her cell,
 Dug deep in root of forest oak,
 If it slept since first the snow-flakes fell,—
 Secure,—and has not once awoke.
 But Women and Men, in the frozen street,
 Are houseless—houseless every night;
 And children, till the cold, grey light,
 Trample the town with weary feet.

II.

Denser than frost, beneath the mould,
 Pierces its way the garden worm;
 The snail withdraws its horns from the cold;
 The ant in her nest keeps winter-term;
 Green-backed beetle, and slimy slug,
 And speckled eft, have quarters warm;
 The woodlouse under the bark is snug;
 The earwig takes no wintry harm.
 But Women and Men, in the frozen street,
 Are houseless—houseless every night;
 And children, till the cold, grey light,
 Trample the town with weary feet.

III.

Many-legged creatures, and those with wings,—
 Hum-drum hornet, and toiling bee,—
 All the rare and beautiful things
 Of insect-life, that on earth we see,—
 All the repulsive shapes that creep,—
 All the rejoicing things that fly,—
 Are laid in warm rest, fast asleep:
 None are exposed to the cutting sky.
 But Women and Men, in the frozen street,
 Are houseless—houseless every night;
 And children, till the cold, grey light,
 Trample the town with weary feet.

A WINTER PICTURE.

HOAR FROST.

WHAT dream of beauty ever equalled this!
 What bands of fairyland have sailed forth,
 With all the foliage of the abundant north,
 With imagery from the realms of bliss!
 What visions of my boyhood do I miss
 That here are not restored? All splendours pure,
 All loveliness, all graces that allure—
 Shapes that amaze—a paradise that is,
 Yet was not, will not in few moments be.
 Glory from nakedness, that playfully
 Mimics, with passing life, each summer boon:
 Clothing the ground, replenishing the tree;
 Weaving arch, bower, and radiant festoon,
 Still as a dream, and like a dream to flee.

THE PHILANTHROPIC ASSASSIN;

(Concluded from p. 105.)

*Being a Narrative of the extraordinary Hallucination of GOTTLIEB EINHALTER, alias RAOUL CROC, a native of Tours; carefully abstracted from the *Rechtsafälle of the Law Courts of Wittenberg*, and compared with the Report made by the Committee of *Savans* to the French Academy of Sciences.*

BY R. H. HORNE.

It is our semi-barbarous Code of Laws that *makes Heroes of vulgar felons*, by exciting the imagination, and calling forth sympathy and pity for a poor wretch about to become the principal performer in a public Strangling Show. The law is the Newgate dramatist; the scaffold, is the stage; the whole mixed public, is the audience; and "the moral" is, in its most extensive influence, that there is something *great* in a man who is hanged.—R. H. H.

WHILE the police were puzzling themselves with all sorts of investigations as to the meeting of the three men at the dyke for secret conference—the plot for the fair—the counter-device of cheating—and the murderous shot—the family of Mr. Stewart arrived in Wittenberg. Mr. Stewart having applied for permission to see the prisoner Einhalter, at once identified him. This, of course, rendered his position still more suspicious, and he was subjected to a further and still more rigorous examination. Nothing, however, tending to criminate him in this murderous attempt was elicited.

But a new witness now appeared. Gustav Grimm, the man who had been shot, was not killed outright, but had lingered in a state of delirium, or insensibility, ever since. Though little hopes were entertained of his recovery, he now rallied sufficiently to make the following deposition:—He was left alone with Gottlieb Einhalter. He began to talk to Einhalter. Einhalter was sitting upon a chair, with another chair near him in front. While he, Grimm, was talking, Einhalter slowly raised his wooden leg, and laid it in a level across the seat of the other chair. He, witness, noticed that the stump pointed directly at his body; and chancing to look up from it to the face of Gottlieb Einhalter, he saw a strange smile, and one eye shut. The next moment he was shot. Einhalter instantly put his wooden leg down upon the floor, and witness saw some smoke come out from beneath the stump. Witness then lost his senses.

Gottlieb Einhalter was once more searched, and all the mystery was clearly explained; in fact, he himself confessed his guilt the moment they laid hands upon his wooden leg, for examination. This leg contained a long pistol-tube; in fact, the lower part of the leg *was* a pistol, and the trigger was pulled by means of a string which led up into his right hand side-pocket. He could thus, as he naively observed, with one hand in his side pocket—while, to all appearance, quietly resting his wooden leg upon a bank or other support, or sitting with one leg crossed over the other—take a deliberate aim at his man; pull the trigger, and then down went his pistol-leg upon the ground—and what was the matter? From the moment of his last arrest he betrayed no wish to conceal anything; on the contrary, he showed an anxiety to be extremely communicative. So far from displaying the least signs of a remorse of conscience, he only regretted any pain he might have caused to individuals, whether victims or their relatives; but otherwise he gloried in the murders he had committed. This old man, previously so quiet, guarded, and sedate in his speech and behaviour, now displayed an energy and enthusiasm that were quite surprising.

He held up the book which he always carried in his bosom, saying that he was the apostle of a great principle—the executor of a great law—the martyr of a practical philanthropy. Vulgar minds, who judge of everything by their own narrow and every-day standard, might consider that he was mad; but the finer intellects of France, of Germany, and of England, would do him justice.

During the time that Gottlieb Einhalter was under sentence of death, communications were made with France, and a number of other murders, previously enveloped in mystery, could now be clearly traced to this misguided man. The account he gave of his fanatical career was to the following purport:—

Gottlieb Einhalter was a native of Tours. His real name was Raoul Croc. He was born on the 4th of April, 1775. His father was a Frenchman, but his mother was a German. She had been a tight-rope dancer, before his father married her. His father was a perruquier and barber, and had a little shop on the outskirts of the town. His son was brought up in idleness; he, young Raoul, had led a roving life; married early; deserted his wife, and, joining the French army, went to Italy. He lost his leg in consequence of the bite of a dog, who seized him one night while on a secret expedition of plunder. He had no pension from Government. But five years afterwards, when he had returned to France, and had taken to a studious life, he chanced among other books to meet with the wonderful work which had been his bosom companion ever since. From this book, to which England claimed the honour of giving birth, he had suddenly received a new light. It came upon him like the flash of a flint in the night. His first victim happened to be Amande Giraud, who had lost his leg at the battle of Austerlitz, and had a pension from Marshal Soult. He shot him one day as they sat smoking together in a little garden. Gottlieb Einhalter made this confession in the most distinct terms. He, however, declared most vehemently that he had no thought of the pension at the time he shot him. It was only when he turned the matter over in his mind, and considered the great principle of action which was in future to be the whole aim of his life, that he came to see there was the finger of Providence pointing to it for his good. He therefore obeyed the inspiration, and passing himself off as Amande Giraud, the agents of Marshal Soult had always paid him the pension. From this hour he had devoted all his energies to rectify the evils of over-population, so clearly displayed in the Divine book he carried at his breast—the beneficent production of the great English Malthus! Once, indeed, he—Croc, not Malthus—had suffered a qualm of doubt for several days, and had sleepless nights, in consequence of a friend sending him the roe of a herring wrapped in a multiplication table; but he soon came to perceive that the Divine Author of Over-population must eventually, in the course of billions of ages, be right, and all the produce of the sea, as well as the land, be eaten up by the over-populated world. Henceforth he went on his way rejoicing, ever mindful of his high mission, ever coming in with his *check* upon all good opportunities. He confessed, in the course of his efforts in this philanthropic cause, to have killed seven-and-twenty individuals; to have occasioned the execution of five others, who were accused and found guilty of the murders; and to have wounded fourteen others, most of whom, alas! had recovered. His first effort had been made on a fine morning in June, the 1st of the month, 1810. He distinctly stated that these murders had all been committed by him privately, after he had left the army, and were by no means included among the men he might have killed while in the regular profession. He set no account by those; it was a mere firing through smoke according to order. He had followed a higher duty. He had chosen the name of

“Gottlieb Einhalter” (Lovegod, the Checker) to express a due sense of his calling.

Many questions were put to him concerning the original designer of the pistol-leg; but on this one point he always observed a profound and mysterious silence.

He was asked why he had deserted his wife? He said he did so for her happiness. His was not a selfish, but a noble-minded affection. She had objected to some of his ways, and he had resolved to make the sacrifice. Was not much given to intoxication at that time—or nothing to signify. On being questioned about the love-letter to the *put-macherin*, who resided in the suburbs, which had been found in his pocket, he admitted that he had offered her marriage two years ago, and had been accepted; but had never fulfilled the engagement, because that would have put an end to the fine sentiment he entertained; and besides, it was a high and praiseworthy conquest in a man to subdue his passions. Mortify your passions—that was his maxim. His age being asked, he stated that he should be sixty-three on his next birthday. He was asked if he was aware of the course of life his son, Pierre Giraud (so called) was leading in Bourdeaux? He said he was not. On being informed that his son was a known thief, he said he was sorry to hear it; but Pierre had always been an extraordinary boy, and he had no doubt but the money he collected was saved for a high purpose. He should not be surprised if Pierre built a hospital for the poor, some day.

The political opinions of Gottlieb Einhalter, *alias* Raoul Croc, appear to have been unsettled; some of his thoughts on men, and on society, however, are worth recording. He spoke of Fieschi, and the other regicides of France, with much contempt.—They were ignorant egotists. He considered that Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington (next to the vice-and-misery checks of Malthus) had been the greatest benefactors of the human race; but not the greatest men, because they had thinned the populations on no philosophical principle. Mr. Pitt was a great man—a prime cause. Besides the divine work of Malthus, he often spoke of a curious book in German, entitled, “Documentary Exposition of Remarkable Crimes,” by Anselm von Feurbach, Knight, State Councillor, and President of the Court of Appeals; Commander of the Order of the Bavarian Crown; Knight of the Russian Order of St. Anne; Commander of the Grand Ducal Order of the White Eagle of the House of Saxony, &c. Great criminals, he said, could only be properly handed down to posterity by authors of the highest titles to distinction. He spoke of the habitual murder-plots of Simon Stigler in terms of respect and discrimination; and entered with much acumen into the case of Anne Margaretha Zwanziger, the woman who was so expert in making oxalic-acid negus, and sugar-of-lead cake. He was quite conversant with the story of Solomon Scales, the Cornish wife-killer; Jacob Solly, who had a passion for shooting soldiers on sentry; and Thomas Pig, of Hertfordshire, who killed nine infants with a pipe of tobacco. He also was fond of discoursing of the pyramids and columns made of human skulls by the celebrated hero and architect, Nadir Shah; and he dwelt with peculiar interest on the principle involved in the eighty thousand executions of Henry VIII. of England. These men, he said, were all great benefactors of the human race. They were the magnificent carriers-out of the Malthusian theories; they furnished the only efficient checks and remedies that could be found. Emigration and colonization were mere temporizing; there was nothing for it but killing people.

It had now become evident that Gottlieb Einhalter was by no means a criminal of the vulgar order, or one who was to be regarded and treated in the common way. He, in fact, considered himself a Great Criminal; and most people seemed disposed to view him in that light.

"He was one of those highly organized natures" (we quote from the Report of the Committee of Savans to the French Academy of Sciences) "which, possessing an excess of imaginative sensibility and the highest elements of philanthropy, aided by a potential will of that extraordinary kind which is at once the master and the slave of the individual, have been propelled by a mistaken principle, to the perpetration of detestable and wonderful crimes." He was visited by all the principal people in Wittenberg, and for leagues round; and particularly by the English residents and tourists, several of whom came from Berlin on purpose to see this extraordinary man. He was extremely affable and communicative. The head jailor assured the visitors that he wanted for nothing. He was asked by an English gentleman if there was anything more that could contribute to his comfort? He said he thought he should like a little *vin de Bourdeaux*; and, by permission of the master of the prison, a dozen of claret was immediately sent to him.

By this time the interest occasioned by his highly original character, almost to an equal degree with the unprecedented nature of his crimes, had risen to the utmost pitch. Nothing could exceed the excitement. Everybody shared in it. Meanwhile, Gottlieb Einhalter maintained the same dignified and philosophic bearing which had distinguished him ever since his arrest. An artist of eminence, deputed as it was whispered by a personage of the highest rank, requested permission to paint his portrait. He at once consented, and even took pains to sit well, and in the attitude of sitting with his right leg crossed over the other. Seven or eight amateurs, after this, requested to be allowed to make sketches of him, which was also accorded. A plaister cast was taken of his face, by a Professor of Physiognomy, and a model in wax of his right leg apparatus and of his right hand. Several literary gentlemen connected with the public journals of some of the principal towns of Upper Saxony, together with two special correspondents from Bourdeaux and Paris, were sedulously employed from day to day in taking notes from conversations with Gottlieb, with a view to the immediate publication of his Memoirs in the German and French newspapers, to be collected afterwards for a larger work, to be entitled, "Life and Opinions of Gottlieb Einhalter," &c. &c., and translated into English simultaneously, to prevent piracy. Many were the applications for his autographs, and for locks of his hair, and from the highest quarters; so that Gottlieb was at last obliged, though in the most courteous terms, to refuse the latter request, as it began already to effect a change in the appearance of his head, and to render it less picturesque. Amidst all this excitement, which was enough to have destroyed the balance of any ordinary mind, Gottlieb Einhalter never betrayed the least superciliousness or loss of serenity; and although one of the turnkeys declared that when the prisoner thought he was not observed he showed all sorts of signs of being horribly frightened and half mad with his prospect, everybody knew the declaration was a base calumny.

Some benevolent English ladies called to see him, and talked very earnestly with him about a future state, and exhorted him to make the most of the short time allotted to him on earth, and sent him soup from their table, and some clean linen, of which he was much in need. He refused to see the *putzmacherin*, who called daily to no purpose. He said, "Poor thing; it was all vanity and vexation of spirit." He declared that he died in the Roman Catholic faith, declining, however, for the present, the attendance of a confessor. Mrs. Stewart came to see him, and gave him her forgiveness for the attempt he had made upon her life in the woods of Rolandsbogen, and exhorted him to penitence. As it appeared by his replies that he was of the Protestant persuasion, Mrs. Stewart made him a present of a beautiful Prayer-book,

bound in black morocco and gold. He said it would be a great comfort to him. In an interesting conversation with the Head Professor of the University, he begged the Professor's intercession with the chief judges, to obtain permission for him to bequeath his cranium to the French Academy of Sciences; his pistol-leg to the Museum of Berlin; his copy of Malthus to the University of Wittenberg; and earnestly desired that his heart should be embalmed, and placed in a marble urn, with an appropriate inscription, to be set upon a pedestal in front of the cathedral; he furthermore wished, as a last request, that his mortal remains might then be carried within the walls of the University Chapel, and that he might be buried between Luther and Melancthon. The worthy Professor shed tears; but said he could give him no hopes as to the last part of his request.

All the English and French residents and visitors indulged in many interesting speculations as to the mode of execution by which the last offices of the law would be performed upon Gottlieb Einhalter, as he was far from being a criminal of a common order. He could only with propriety be executed after the mode practised with all Great Criminals. An English naval officer who was present at one of these discussions, made a thoughtless speech enough. "I would have the infernal dog whipped at the cart's tail," said he, "and then flung into the dyke with a stone tied round his neck!" Everybody was excessively shocked at this unfeeling, this indiscriminating and brutal suggestion. It would certainly have been a strange death for a great criminal like him.

The morning before the execution of this extraordinary man, his fortitude appeared for the first time to desert him. He consented to see the poor *putzmacherin*. He even requested to be left a few minutes alone with her. After she was gone, he appeared very restless; so much so, indeed, that everybody felt real pity for him. His intellect seemed to be shaken, and he was losing himself. The *putzmacherin* came again in the afternoon, and this time he was most anxious to see her. They were left alone, as before, for a few minutes.

It was subsequently discovered, that the infatuated woman had been persuaded to bring secretly to him three or four bullets, and an ounce of gunpowder. She pleaded, in extenuation, that she could not refuse a last request to the dear old man—he always had such a winning tongue.

After the second visit of this deluded woman, he became much more composed. Everybody saw that he was reconciled to his dark fate. They little knew what else was revolving in his mind.

The night before his execution, Gottlieb expressed a wish that the Chief Magistrate of Wittenberg and the Head Professor of the University should breakfast with him, next morning. It appeared, however, from some cause or other, that this request could not be granted; coffee and chocolate, however, with fried pork and onions, and a rich sauce of brown sugar, anchovy, and goose-fat, accompanied with several large slices of *pump-nikel* bread, were furnished him, with which he appeared very well satisfied. He did not seem, however, to eat with a good appetite, but rather a forced one. He also made several anxious inquiries concerning the *putzmacherin*, who, together with her two nieces, he had strictly enjoined to be present at his last moments, that they might see how he died. He was assured they would all be there; and that some ladies had already sent them a variety of scarfs, silks, and trinkets, to enable them to make a good appearance. He showed signs of a melancholy pleasure on hearing this.

The terrible morning arrived. The University clock proclaimed the hour that was to close the mortal career of this unhappy man. He declared, however, that he was *not* unhappy, and that he died contented and

hopeful. He walked with a firm step to the place of execution, which was outside the town, and passing through a lane of spectators. His bearing was self-possessed and imposing. Several ladies fainted as he passed the windows. A bouquet of white roses was thrown towards him by an unseen hand. He bowed gratefully, and laid his hand upon his heart; the confessor, however, would not allow him to receive it. The scene was altogether painful.

Rain had fallen in the night, and part of the way was over rough stones and gravel. Only one circumstance tended to create a little annoyance to him, and to discompose his demeanour, which was that some of the stones and mud appeared to have got jammed into the aperture at the lower end of his pistol-leg, the ferrule of which had fallen off. However, he quickly recovered himself, and walked on as steadily as before.

Arriving at the deadly platform, he ascended the steps without hesitation; bowed gracefully to the spectators all round; gazed at the various preparations with a calm interest; took off his cravat; and seated himself as directed. But when he had done this, his face underwent some dreadful changes. While the executioner's assistant was binding him to the back of the fatal chair for decapitation, he gazed round upon the concourse with a hurried glance, and discovered the *putzmacherin* with her two nieces, all of whom he had enjoined to be present.

They were all attired in full evening dresses, with large gold earrings, jewelled bracelets, and splendid combs in the dark and elaborate plaits of their skilfully dressed hair. Words are scarcely adequate to describe the elegance of the *putzmacherin*, whose finely-rounded arms were continually seen to advantage as she applied to her eyes a large lace-bordered handkerchief of snowy hue, while her magnificent bust heaved up and down with the difficult suppression of her inward emotion. These, indeed, are moments when the pen of the historian most feels its inadequacy. But Gottlieb—how could he bear the thought of leaving her for whom he had entertained so refined and disinterested a sentiment?—how could he leave her to the rude winds of adversity, and the cold scoffs of the common world? He had forecast everything. Placing his right leg across his left knee, so as to point directly at the heart of the unsuspecting *putzmacherin*, he thrust his right hand into his side pocket, and compressed his lips. Just as the executioner advanced behind him with his two-handed sword, a ghastly smile gleamed across the features of Gottlieb—he shut his left eye—and his right elbow was observed to give a smart jerk. An explosion took place! The *putzmacherin* and her nieces were untouched; for the pistol, owing to an overcharge, while its muzzle was blocked up with stones and muddy gravel, had burst, and blown the unhappy man all to pieces! Scarcely a vestige remained of the misguided enthusiast;—and of that finely developed cranium, which he had intended to be presented as a fertile field for discussion and suggestiveness to the French Academy of Sciences;—of that wonderful Idea—his wooden leg, and all its subjective objectivity, which the Museum of Berlin was anxiously expecting by the next post;—of that heart, the seat of all strong emotions of philanthropy (rightly understood), and also of magnanimous self-denial and valour in its Malthusian crusade, against rich and poor, (especially the hungry poor);—and of that equally beautiful apparatus, which in the full pride of gastric vitality had been but a day before the recipient of sympathetic English soup (to say nothing of clean linen and claret, and a gilt-edged prayer-book);—no satisfactory specimen could be collected. Nothing but the mere refuse of this wonderfully contrived being lay scattered about, which was soon blown away into the common sewer. Such was the melancholy end of an original thinker and practical philanthropist.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE opening of the British Institution is always a pleasant event; it is an earnest of much pleasure in store for picture lovers as the Spring advances. We grieve, however, to say that this exhibition is decidedly below the average exhibitions of this Institution. We will not, however, dwell upon the numbers of really atrocious daubs, upon several ambitious failures, nor even upon the mediocre, but hasten to our favourite pictures.

The gems of the North Room, and, in fact, of the whole exhibition, are a small picture by Danby, the *Lover's Walk*, No. 3, and the *Approaching Footstep*, No. 58, by Frank Stone. Recollecting the two splendid pictures Danby exhibited here last Spring, we were no little disappointed at finding that the artist's name occurred only once in the catalogue; but this one small picture is a world of beauty in itself; it is a poetical creation to haunt our imagination for months to come. It is simply a terrace, a straight, formal terrace, on which stand two lovers conversing in the moonlight. Beyond the terrace stand black cypresses, over which rises a large, pure moon, shedding down through their dark pyramids the most silvery light. All is hushed, and cool, and pleasant; you almost see the long shadows tremble on the terrace, and the vine and orange leaves stir in the night breeze. In the distance red lights stream from the windows of a neighbouring villa; whilst, through a tangle of roses and vines which overhang the terrace, there is a glimmer of nearer lights, telling of revelry close at hand, in strange contrast to the repose on the terrace. Unfortunately, the lovers are the most unsatisfactory part of the picture.

Stone's picture is also a gem. Without any very high aim, it is truly beautiful. A lovely young girl, dressed in the elegant, old-fashioned dress which Stone so loves to paint, is resting on a pleasant flowery bank under well-grown forest trees. She slightly bends forward with a sweet, conscious look as she hears a well-known footstep, at the same time endeavouring to restrain a lively little lap-dog which is ready to spring from her lap, and seems inclined to receive the stranger in a less gentle manner than his mistress. It is altogether a most happy little picture, and, like all Stone's pictures, most exquisitely painted.

Sant has three large pictures in this room—*Morning*, and *Evening*, and No. 185, a girl reclining on a balcony, with a warm artificial light and cold moonlight very cleverly harmonised, on her head, shoulders, and arms. It is a striking picture; but clever as is Sant's management of abrupt contrasts, we fear we should soon weary of it. There is a very joyous spirit about the *Morning*, No. 66. The young Pilgrim of Life setting forth on his pilgrimage has startled a lark from a mountain peak, and gazes with beaming eyes after the bird as it soars up into the clear morning sky; *Evening*, No. 170, is a complete failure. It is the Pilgrim, now old and care-worn, tottering towards his grave, but there is a great want of sentiment and dignity in the treatment. To our taste, both pictures would have been much more agreeable had they been smaller. This room contains also two very charming pictures, by Mr. F. Goodall—the *Irish Courtship*, No. 23, and the *Holy Well*, No. 6; a beautiful city view by Mr. Roberts, the *Market Place at Coutance*, Normandy, No. 30; and a small historical picture, by Mr. J. Gilbert, the *Fronde Riots*, No. 89. Mr. Gilbert's picture evinces much power and knowledge, but as a whole is less agreeable than his *Death of Cardinal Beaufort*, exhibited here last spring. The group of rioters want truth and individuality.

Before leaving the North Room we must not forget

Etty. Two out of his three pictures in the exhibition are here—"an Israelite indeed," and a Magdalen reading. These pictures, interesting and beautiful to artists from their power of colouring, will, from their character, we imagine, be remarkably uninteresting to the greater number of visitors to the Institution. His *Reposing after Bathing*, No. 303, in the Middle Room, has much of his splendid colouring and much of his strange carelessness; still it is to us anything but a pleasing picture.

It is, however, in landscape that the British Institution is most rich this spring.—There are two lovely Creswicks—*Shallow Streams*, No. 54, and a *Break in the River*—two quiet, green, shadowy pictures which only Creswick could paint; several beautiful things by Lee—his delicious *Old Avenue*, No. 162, and the *Cottage under the Hill*, No. 180; one or two pleasant sunny Italian scenes by Herring, and about four Copley Fieldings scattered through the different rooms. We regret that our space will not allow us to say all we would about two of Lacey's wonderful fruit pieces, which are if possible more beautiful than nature. Neither can we do more than mention a most carefully painted picture by Mrs. Robertson—the *Meeting of Amy Rolbart and the Earl of Leicester*, No. 379; two sweet little rustic pictures by Mr. Earl—the *Gull's Nest*, and the *Spring*, which strike us as being very promising; and Mr. M'lan's two earnestly painted, truthful pictures of *Highland Life*, No. 456, and No. 492.

LAST WORDS OF CONTROVERSY.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

DEAR HOWITT,

Westminster, Feb. 10.

THIS morning I set out to seek for the site of the Globe Theatre. Three years ago, I often passed through this neighbourhood with some literary friends. We went along Bankside, Chink Street (or the tangling alleys), and by St. Saviour's. We crossed the top of an alley which always brought out an exclamation, "There's Shakspeare's Alley," or "the old Globe Alley," or "here's whereabouts the old Globe Theatre stood;" I am sure it was *before* passing under the Southwark Bridge and the old dead-wall of Winchester palace, (by Phoenix Wharf,) a little beyond. I find the alley by the Bridge-foot is "Rose Alley," so an old woman said it had been for thirty years. The Rose and Bell is at the corner, and the landlord knew nothing about it. There is no Globe Alley there now, and the Maid Lane of 1825 is now New Park Street. A coal porter said that a dozen years ago New Park Street was called Maiden Lane. Not finding any relics of the Globe, I thought I would look out for the Bear Garden, as that would be a clue to the true whereabouts. I soon found "Bear Garden Wharf," and a sort of alley called "Bear Garden." The distances measured in steps are as follows:—From Southwark Bridge arch to Rose Alley, 23 yards; from Rose Alley to "Bear Garden," 24 yards.

I then went on to St. Saviour's, and had a search there for a Globe Alley or Maiden Lane. As inquiries elicited nothing, I made use of my eyes, and soon came upon a "Globe Inn" by the Borough Market, just where Church Street curves into York Street. This public-house is at the corner of a court which leads direct up the London Bridge steps, and is in fact at the back of the block of houses in Borough High Street (I am particular, to prevent mistakes), just past St. Saviour's. Who would believe that Shakspeare's Theatre hibernated with London Bridge! Yet here it is that the critic planted his hexagon building. When I saw this court, which is not "a long and narrow alley," I said, Can this be Globe Alley? It has no name written up. I went into the Globe public-house, as probably the critic did before me, and a conversation ensued between myself and the landlord.

Myself. "What is the name of this court?"

Landlord. "Green Dragon Court, that's the name! *It's where Shakspeare wrote all his plays.*"

Myself. "I see your house is called the Globe; Is there a Globe Alley hereabouts?"

Landlord. "Why some folks call this court Globe Alley; but its proper name is Green Dragon Court. It's no ally at all."

Myself. "And so Shakspeare lived there."

Landlord. "Yes, and the Globe Theatre was burnt down there."

Landlady. "That was a long time ago,—in Henry the Eighth's days."

Myself. "Well, I didn't think that Globe Alley was so near London Bridge; it must have stood in the road from old London Bridge, if this be really the true old Globe Alley."

Landlord. "Globe Alley! Oh, bless you! Globe Alley's on the Bankside, by Southwark Bridge, or it used to be as I know; but this is where they say the Theatre was burnt down, and Shakspeare wrote his plays. But they call this Globe Alley 'cause it's by this house—it's Green Dragon Court, though, properly."

Further inquiry led me to suspect that this Globe public-house was originally the Green Dragon, and that calling it the Globe was the clever thought of some landlord who knew there was one Will Shakspeare, and a Globe Theatre; and as no one could be sure of the site of the latter, it might as well be in Green Dragon Court as anywhere else. As for "Maiden Lane close to London Bridge," no one ever heard of it.

Now for a third site, between yours and the critic's in Barclay's Brewery. The critic has had a confused idea of Globe Alley, said to be embraced within the walls of the brewery, of a Maiden Lane contiguous, of a Globe Inn by St. Saviour's, and of a passage close by, and has jumbled them all together. Barclay's Brewery extends from the land arches of Southwark, to a great distance eastward, and chiefly to the south of New Park Street (once Maiden Lane). The tradition is, that a part of the Brewery stands on the site of the Globe Theatre; but I am pretty sure that could not be, as that would remove it altogether from Bankside. In *Strype's Skow*, we find that so late as 1720 Maiden Lane, of which Globe Alley was an off-shoot, was a long straggling place, with ditches on each side. I intend that this off-shoot must have gone northward towards Bankside, and not southward, and that it was a little to the west of Southwark Bridge foot (close to Rose Alley, if indeed that be not the very alley itself), and east of Bridge Street. I think it probable that Rose Alley is a modern name. One thing is certain, the Athenaeum is wrong. Barclay's Brewery and St. Saviour's Church are not yet arm in arm.

I am, dear Howitt,

Yours faithfully,

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 15, 1847.

I HAVE twice taken up pen and paper to write to you, but each time abstained, as I really was unwilling to intrude my opinion in a matter with which I have nothing to do. *Third* thoughts, however, have determined me to write.

Certain parties, with no uncertain views, have made your new work the subject of the grossest attacks. I have been connected with the press for twenty years and more, and never knew anything of the sort carried on until now, in such a treacherous, personal, and (I must say) discreditable manner. I have been induced, in consequence of those attacks, to read the two volumes through. I don't think there ever was a pleasanter work to read—or a work, the kindly feeling of which was so marked. It has increased my knowledge of literary men very greatly; given me, in many cases, a key to certain obscure passages in their lives and writings. And I think it a very honest book—not concealing the truth, when the truth should be spoken, nor exaggerating it, in any manner.

You will act most unfairly towards the public, and the reading public in particular, if you are frightened from giving us a second series of this work. A few clerical errors, and a few actual errors—the result, I conjecture, of your trusting a good deal to memory—cannot destroy the character of a very delightful, and much required work.

Yours faithfully, etc.

Here we altogether leave the subject. We have exposed the malicious system of literary burking of the Athenaeum, and that for the present suffices us. We are obliged by the earnest zeal of our friendly correspondents, whose numerous letters, if we could print them, with name and address, would be a most triumphant reproof to the critic, and we now restore the pages of our Journal to their legitimate and more agreeable purposes.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

First Grand Soirée of the Whittington Club.—This meeting, which was held in the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, which was most liberally put at the service of the Club by the proprietor, gratuitously, was of the most successful kind. Long before the time arrived, every ticket was bought up, and as much as a guinea each was offered at last in vain. The large room in which the meeting was held, was found incapable of containing perhaps more than half the number admitted to the rooms, of which five or six were appropriated to the company. The enthusiasm manifested was intense. As the newspapers will have given the details of this great and important occasion, before this Journal is out, we shall only add, that Mr. Douglas Jerrold, as the founder of the Club, was received with the warmest applause, and made an able speech from the chair. He was followed by Dr. Mullingar, Charles Knight, George Dawson, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Miall, William Howitt, and Mr. Nash. Between the addresses, music and singing were introduced; the singers were Miss Ransforth, Signor and Signora F. Lablache, Miss Bassano, Messrs. Manvers, Carte, Shonbridge, Buckland, Wetherbee, etc., etc. Amongst those who honoured the soirée with their presence, we observed Dr. Southwood Smith, Mr. Ashurst, and Mr. Ashurst, jun., Dr. Price, Thomas Cooper, Goodwyn Barnby, Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, Silverpen, Miss Margaret Gillies, Charles Gilpin, the Author of *Azoth the Egyptian*, etc. In the rooms we met a greater number of the staunch friends of progress than we have seen together on any recent occasion. The rooms were embellished by many valuable works of art, portfolios of drawings and prints, kindly lent for the occasion. After the refreshments, the young people danced till a late hour. The club may now be considered to be fairly established, numbering already upwards of 1,800 members.

Second Soirée of the Working Upholsterers' Institute.—The second annual festival of this very excellent institution was held on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 9th, at the Portland Rooms, Foley-street, Portland-place.

The members of this institution, impressed with the evils which attend the meetings of trade associations held at public-houses, and with the need of better instruction for themselves, resolved in 1844 to form themselves into an association, for the purposes of weaning the workmen of their trade from habits and places of intemperance; of establishing a sort of club and Athenæum for rational social enjoyments; and for prosecuting those studies which would better fit them for their professional duties, and for members of society. For this purpose they issued an address, which is distinguished for its good sense and elevated views. In this were proposed a drawing-class, a library, and suitable lectures. It states that the objects of the institute are entirely of another character from those professed or carried out by any other society in the trade. It adds—"In our associative capacity, as members of a trade's society, we have seen evils of appalling magnitude creep insensibly amongst us, which, if not arrested by a higher power than has hitherto been wielded, threaten to carry us to inevitable destruction. In almost every quarter complaints have arisen of the moral incapacity of our fellow-workmen; and the character which they have justly earned for themselves, as individuals, has been extended to the more duty-observing and upright of the trade."

These brave and sensible men resolved to stem this torrent of intemperance, if possible; to restore the character of their trade fellows; and, still further, to raise it higher than it had yet ever been. "Another advantage," say they, besides that of moral reform, "is to be derived from this institute. There are comparatively few among us who are thoroughly acquainted with the higher branches of the trade. The harmony of colours, the elegance of form and design, are subjects which, generally speaking, we have paid little attention to. That

these branches of art are necessarily interwoven with the future prosperity and improvement of the trade all will readily admit."

With these most praiseworthy views this institute was commenced; and it is still more to the honour of those who originated it, that it has not been carried through without opposition. No weapons of ridicule were neglected by the more jovial members of the trade to deter others from abandoning the usual evening carouse, and becoming members of a community, temperate, if not totally abstinent. Rooms were hired for their meetings, and coffee was substituted for beer and spirits. Such has been the triumph of good sense, however, in this body, that whereas last year only about fifty persons attended their soirée, upwards of one hundred and fifty were present this. In a handsome and well-lighted room, tables were set out for tea and coffee; and soon after the hour of six o'clock these tables were filled with a happy and well-dressed company of the journeymen upholsterers, with their wives, sisters, and sweethearts. At their request, William Howitt had been invited to take the chair. Besides Mr. Howitt, we observed present Mr. Smith, the secretary of the Anti-Slavery League, and some other gentlemen visitors. After tea was removed, in the course of the evening a handsome dessert was set on the tables, and all seemed greatly to enjoy themselves. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, who highly commended the noble example they were setting, not only to their own trade, but to all others; and pointed out to them that by this species of co-operation the whole of the different trades in the kingdom might be reformed and improved, and thus, in fact, the whole working population of the empire be brought into one mighty body of progress and moral reform.

The meeting was also addressed by Messrs. Bainbridge, Wilks, Dell, Carswell, Parker, Gordon, Hayward, and Burr. Mr. Tribe, the secretary, read the Report; and Mr. Benber, from the Carpenter's Company, also addressed the meeting, expressing his resolve to communicate what he had seen, and exhort his own trade to follow the admirable example.

Mrs. Adams was engaged to sing, and accompany on the piano: and Messrs. Burr, Eno, Gosnald, Hutton, Haycock, Elstow, and others, sung both grave and comic songs. Mr. Wall gave some airs on the concertina. Almost the whole of the speakers, singers, and performers, were working men of this association; and the whole entertainment showed a degree of accomplishment, of good breeding, and of powers of rational enjoyment, which would have graced any society, and which speak highly not only for this invaluable institution, but for the progress of the working class in general. All present appeared highly delighted, and did not separate till a late hour.

We may add that the institute allows its members, when out of employment, 10s. per week. They keep a book, in which the names of those out of employ are registered, so that applications for men are immediately met. During the last year they have had less men out of employ than the other three Upholsterers' Trade Societies, each of which are held at public-houses.

In the event of a disagreement between the men and their employers, the institute recommend, and have carried out successfully, the plan of arbitration; they (the members) are opposed to strikes and intimidations. The institute subscribes annually to the Art Union, and receives their engravings as additions to its library. The members are anxious to unite with other trades in taking more extensive and suitable premises, to be a kind of Trades' Hall or Institute, where each society shall have its own committee-room, but one general lecture-room, open to all; also separate rooms for the various classes, open to all; and a reading or coffee-room, free to all the members of the various trades who unite in this object.

We recommend the plan and objects of this association to the serious attention of the working men of all trades.

Operatives' Mutual Life Assurance, Deferred Annuity, and General Benefit Investment Society.—We have had the prospectus of a society under the above head submitted to us. In the present stage of the business, we can only say, that such an association, well and honourably conducted for the people, would be a most invaluable institution.

It appears to originate in a highly respectable quarter, and, as it invites the most public attention, it will be the fault of the public if the plan be not carried out on the safest and most efficient basis. We quite agree with the projectors, that the great evils connected with the ordinary benefit societies and clubs render it highly desirable that the working classes should have some far more secure and profitable mode of investing their contributions, as a guarantee against the accidents and contingencies of life, and the certain consequences of death, to their families. The plan here proposed is, on the face, very excellent; and it will be for the people to inquire after it, and for their friends to do the same, and give them the best information regarding it, as it proceeds. We shall watch to do this to the best of our power.

The plan, as detailed in the prospectus, is to have a *central office*, where, besides the usual business of a Life Office, all the business now transacted by Friendly Societies, Loan Societies, and Building Societies, without any of the irregularities and uncertainties incidental to their present mode of management, may be conducted. The business of the association is to be carried on by *district or local boards*, acting under, and corresponding with, the central office. It proposes that this society shall not interfere in any way with the usages of district boards, whether formed by a body of Odd Fellows, Foresters, or other orders; all of which are invited to avail themselves of the capital and profits of the society, as soon as it is properly organized.

Its plans include—*Insurances*. To insure, by the issue of policies from £10 and upwards, the payment of a sum to the family of a member on his death. *Deferred annuities*; thus, besides the conditions to enable the members, in case of illness or accident, to receive back two-thirds of their advances.

In case of *accidents or sickness*. Policies are to be prepared which will enable proprietors of mines, iron-works, collieries, railways, etc., to contract, and make insurances for the benefit of their workmen, in sickness, or accident, and for that of their families, in case of death. *Loans, or advance of the sum assured*. It is proposed to advance, to such persons as insure their lives, to the extent of their policies, on the joint and several bond of these persons, including the foreman, etc.

It is obvious that no promises can be fairer; but the scheme is, at the same time, a most stupendous one; and the first and great thing is to convince the public of its practicability, and that it is in safe hands. To show what the projectors propose for this object, we give the following statement, which winds up their prospectus:

"Under a judicious and economical management, the profits to be realised are worthy of the attention of the capitalist, and it is fully expected that a liberal dividend will be awarded on the capital, while the surplus profit will be returned to the Assurers in the form of *cash payments*, diminutions of premiums, or additions to policies.

"The respective claims of Assurers and Proprietors are to be so adjusted that the Society shall be considered *strictly mutual* in its operation, the Assurers in a Society being considered quite as important as the Proprietors in yielding a source of profit.

"In order to carry out the foregoing suggestions for establishing the Operatives' Mutual Life Assurance Society, it is proposed,

"1. To circulate this prospectus amongst gentlemen who take an interest in the welfare of the industrious classes, so that due deliberation may be given to the plans and suggestions received for improvement.

"2. To hold a preliminary meeting, due notice of which will be given to all parties who are favourable to the project, at which further details will be announced, and measures taken for future proceeding.

"3. To solicit the co-operation of noblemen, capitalists, manufacturers, and proprietors of large works, in aid of the object—either by becoming holders of shares, or acting as directors or patrons of the undertaking.

"4. To avoid all irregularities and useless expenditure in the formation of the Society, and all forms of jobbing which have in so many recent instances characterized the formation of public companies, and ultimately caused their ruin.

"MANAGERS (pro tem.)—William Hardwicke, Esq., 24, Lower Calthorpe Street, Member of the Royal College of Sur-

geons, and Surgeon to the St. Pancras Royal General Dispensary, Royal Maternity Charity, &c. &c.; W. T. Richards, Esq., 10, Old Jewry Chambers, Old Jewry, City; to whom all communications are requested to be addressed."

The Ashton Athenæum.—This Institution was opened on the 26th of last month, with a Lecture from George Dawson, Esq., of Birmingham, which was received with the most marked manifestations of satisfaction by a very numerous and respectable audience. The list of the newspapers and periodicals, to be found on the table of the reading-room, comprises all the best in the country. There is no restriction as to politics or theology; both are admitted without reference to class or party. The study of Politics is not considered too profane, nor Theology too sacred for working-men; by the members of this institution. The Ashton Athenæum is an experiment to ascertain whether in these days of boasted religion there is sufficient kindness of feeling to admit of the establishment of an institution in which every member shall be at liberty to place before his fellow members an exposition of what he believes to be the truth. The Christian Witness and the Christian Penny Magazine have been laid on the table by persons holding the doctrines therein advocated, and every member is at liberty to follow the example. It is hoped the result will be a better acquaintance with the principles and doctrines of all parties, without contempt for any, and a diffusion amongst all of that spirit of charity and goodwill without which religion is a mere pretence.

Ashton, Feb. 8, 1847.

H.

To the Editor of Howitt's Journal.—*People's College at Melbourne, Derbyshire.* SIR—If in your "Visits to Remarkable Places" you should alight on the ancient village of Melbourne, and be walking up Penn Lane, before six o'clock in the morning, you would behold a development of *Popular Progress* worth a niche in your Weekly Record; but, as we cannot anticipate the pleasure of meeting you in this locality, where you might use your own paint-brush in picturing the scene, I may just inform you, that, near the top of the said lane, there is a very humble, antique-looking building, which, in days of yore, was used as a "Quakers' meeting," but which has not for many years been so consecrated, though it still bears the appellation. It has not, however, been left to the spiders, or the spirit of desolation, but has been used as a Sunday-school—as a teetotal temple—as a place of meeting for the disciples of John Hullah—as a mechanics' institute, and lecture-room—and as a committee-room for early-closing movements. Its present phase is one in which you will rejoice. At the early hour aforesaid, you might see some fifty young men and women pressing into this humble hall of science, and preparing themselves, by writing, arithmetic, reading, and grammar, not only for better fulfilling their daily duties, but for further studies and greater proficiency in the regions of learning and the world of literature. We have not by name, but we have virtually, commenced a *People's College*; and, though it be on a small scale, it is a beginning, and shows what "the people" may do for themselves; preserving their independence, increasing their self-respect, and shooting clear of the thumbrery of any "comprehensive scheme" of national education, promulgated by legislative thinkers.

Yours truly, W. T. P.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at the Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Aveline, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street.) Strand.—Saturday, February 27, 1847.



GEORGE SAND.

GEORGE SAND.

It is not difficult to account for the neglect which the works of the great female genius, known by the assumed name of George Sand, have received in England up to the present time. They were first introduced to the notice of English readers some years ago, by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who stigmatized them as everything that was immoral. The outrageous critique referred to, was doubtless, in a great measure, instigated by political feeling. For party spirit was fierce and unscrupulous in those days—much more so than it is now; and, George Sand having early identified herself with the French Ultra-Democratic party, whereas her English Reviewer wrote for the Ultra-Tory section of our community, it was easy to decry her writings and denounce her life, under the convenient garb of morality and virtue. As the works of George Sand were written in a foreign language, and were hence inaccessible to the great majority of readers in this country; and as it is too much a habit among us to take our opinions ready-formed from the reviewers, the article in the *Quarterly* succeeded for a time in tabooing her works, and closing the eyes, ears, and hearts of the English reading public against her.

It is evident, however, that the judgment so dogmatically pronounced against this writer is now to be reversed, for she is about to have a fair hearing among us, in an English translation of her works, which will be judged according to their real merits—the people, not the *Quarterly* critics, being the judges. A more generous expression of opinion, however, has of late characterized the press in speaking of the works in question; and many who before censured without cause, or merely because others did, are now found the warmest in their praise.

We must, for ourselves, state, *in limine*, that having read the works of George Sand, we are not prepared to defend every work or every sentiment published by her. She herself has expressed a wish that some of even her most brilliant writings were unwritten. What great progressive writer has not often wished the same thing? But shall we set the seal of banishment on every writer who, at the outset of his career, has made false steps, and published works, which, in the maturity of his character and genius, he would fain recall? Then, we must at once banish from our libraries the works of some of the very highest names in English literature.

But there is deep wisdom and instruction in even those early works of George Sand which have been considered the most objectionable. We do not say that they are fit for indiscriminate reading by youth. To understand them, one must have endured much sharp and bitter experience of the world. To sympathize with them thoroughly, one must have suffered in the tenderest part of our nature—in the affections. There is, in her early works, a piteous and prolonged wail of agony—a breathed anguish of the tortured heart—a desperate struggling of a wronged and outraged nature—a succession of pictures of fearful social misery and torment, which we look upon as a kind of mental aliment not to be placed before the young and pure in heart, who have never known such sorrows as the writer herself has endured. But when we recognize in these writings, as the thinking and observant mind cannot fail to do, the indignant protest of a noble woman against a false and vicious system,—a woman who has suffered, in her own person, the worst of what she depicts; is it not right, we ask, that such things should be known, were it only as the first step towards a remedy, and as a means of awakening society from the indifference with which it has heretofore been accustomed to regard such monstrous wrong and injustice?

To understand the works of George Sand, and to fully appreciate the deep lessons which they teach, it is necessary that their readers should first know something of her history, and the events, the trials, and sufferings, of her past life; of which her earlier works may be considered as forming, through representations of fictitious characters, one long and vehement confession.

The married name of George Sand is Madame Dudevant—her maiden name is Aurore Dupin. Royal blood flows in her veins; for her grandfather, by the mother's side, was the celebrated Marechal Saxe, the son of Augustus II., of Poland. Her father, M. Dupin, was a soldier, one of the aides-de-camp of Marshal Murat, and died on the field of battle, leaving his child Aurore an orphan, at an early age. She inherited a considerable fortune, and being left under the care of her grandmother, who exercised little restraint over her, she began early to develop that independence of character, and decided intellectual bias, which were destined to exercise so important an influence over her future history. She was brought up in a fine old country house, in the province of Berri, the wild and beautiful scenery of which she afterwards depicted with such marvellous effect, in her numerous works.

At the age of seventeen, Aurore Dupin was by her friends provided with a husband, and handed over to a M. Dudevant, with whom a *mariage de convenance*, as it is commonly called in France, was concluded. These *mariages de convenance* are the custom among the higher classes throughout France, half of their marriages being mere business transactions between families. They proceed upon the supposition that woman is simply an article of barter; and while the fortune and estate of the contracting parties are carefully enough estimated, such things as heart and soul have little or no consideration in the matter. The young woman is handed over to the husband selected for her, with her goods and chattels, of which she is regarded as but a part—she expecting protection, and he requiring absolute obedience. Aurore Dupin was young and beautiful; M. Dudevant was old and ill-favoured. During some part of his life he had been a soldier, and like most old soldiers, he enforced stern discipline in his household. Servants, dogs, and horses, trembled at the sound of his voice. He was dull and prosy, emotionless, but impatient of contradiction, fond of money and personal comfort, ignorant and without sympathy for his kind, and though just according to the letter of the law, he was arbitrary and tyrannic as a despot.

To such a man was thus united for life, by an arrangement in which she had no part, a young being, warm, affectionate, high-spirited, and full of sympathy; endowed with a great heart and soul, and with the very highest capacities for happiness. There could be no sympathy or love between such natures; and there was none. The living body bound side by side to a corpse, could scarcely present a more revolting picture. The soul of the woman must have been weighed down by a perpetual load of misery. Where the wife sought affection, she found indifference; where she craved sympathy, she met with contempt. She could be neither soul-mate nor help-mate to such a man.

Eight years did this pair live together, during which time Madame Dudevant became the mother of two lovely children, Solange and Maurice, the society of whom formed her chief solace in her misery. She sought occupation also in the relief of the sufferings of the poor of her neighbourhood, by whom she was regarded as a general benefactor. She supplied those who needed them with food, clothing, and medicines. But this could not relieve the tortures of her own heart; and the crisis of her fate had now arrived. There are limits beyond which nature refuses to be violated. In indi-

viduals as in nations, there is always a point of rebellion and revolt. At the very same time that the people of Paris were rising in rebellion against the despotism of their rulers, did this long suffering woman in like manner, after long strugglings, rise up against the despotism of her husband. She revolted, and quitted her married home, in the year 1830, leaving every thing behind but her children, whom M. Dudevant would not allow her to take with her, unless on condition of surrendering to him almost her whole fortune, some 500,000 francs. To preserve her independence and her children, she gave up this money to him. She went straight to Paris, there to commence writing for her own and her children's bread, under the assumed name of George Sand.

Here, then, we have the origin and the secret of George Sand's writings. After a life of experiences so bitter as hers have been, "rose-water" romances were scarcely to be expected from her. The barbed arrow was still rankling in her heart, and she spoke what she felt, in words of bitterness and agony. The deep wrong inflicted on her ardent nature cried aloud for redress. The monstrous wickedness of the system by which she had been victimized, she found reproduced on every side, in cases similar to her own. Hence the vehement social scepticism, the fierce irony, the defiant scorn, with which she assailed existing systems, in her earliest works—affording indications of a great mind, unsettled, desolate, and wretched, and of a great heart torn and bleeding from the bitter experiences of life. Such are the leading characteristics of *Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Lelia*. These compositions we must regard, in no small degree, as the eloquent though painful confessions of her own life and experiences.

It has been too hastily inferred, that because George Sand has poured out the whole hatred of her soul against mercenary marriages and marriages of convenience, she is therefore the enemy of all marriage! The authoress herself protests against such a misconstruction. In her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—to us the most interesting of her works, as pregnant with the most exquisite descriptions of scenery and character, the finest criticisms on poetry and art, and as affording the closest insight into the inner life of the writer,—she thus exclaims—

"Oh God, how sweet had been indissoluble ties, if a heart like my own had accepted them! Oh no! I was not made to be a poet; I was made to love! It is the unhappiness of my destiny, it is the hatred of others, that has made me a traveller and an artist. I—I wished to live the human life. I had a heart; it has been torn with violence from my breast. They have left me only a head—a head full of noise and grief, of horrible recollections, of images of mourning, of scenes of outrage. . . . And because, in writing tales to gain the bread they refused me, the recollection of my misfortunes has crossed me—because I have dared to say that there are beings miserable in the marriage state, by reason of the weakness ordained for the wife, by reason of the brutality permitted to the husband, by reason of the infamies that society covers with a veil, and protects with a mantle of abuse,—they have declared me immoral, they have treated me as if I were the enemy of the human race."

It must be confessed that the subjects of George Sand's earlier works are almost forbidden ones in this country. By a kind of general consent, we turn from the consideration of that feeling or passion which forms the key to the social happiness of the great majority of human beings. Love—the primal necessity of the highest natures, and the great business of woman's life—is excluded from all rational consideration, by parents and educators; and the *besoin d'aimer* is left to be gratified according to whim or accident in most cases, or, as in that of Aurore Dupin, to be sacrificed to the mercenary arrangements of guardians and fortune-

hunters. It is rare, however, that we find protests so eloquent as her's against the barbarities of such a system, and pictures so agonizing of the phases of a passion, over which she herself had so long brooded in secret—a passion in her unsatisfied, thwarted, and violated. Such representations as these are generally regarded by us as "immoral;" for we are a marvellously moral people, great worshippers of propriety; and though thousands of miserable wrecks of womanhood may be daily seen cast about our streets, the victims of man's inhumanity to the sex, we cannot yet persuade ourselves that it is necessary to do anything further than to shut our eyes perversely to the facts, and to go on comforting ourselves with the assurance that everything is provided for as it should be, and that we are, in all respects, a strictly moral and proper people. It was only right that a poet, a philanthropist, and a woman—one of the most deeply wronged of her sex—should startle us from our apathy in this respect; not, by delineating pictures of illicit love and matrimonial infidelity, to make us feel toleration for such sins, but by furnishing us with representations of actual existences, to make us start from such conditions with aversion and disgust. And it is a gross mistake to confound George Sand with the depraved writers of the Balzac, Janin, and Sue school; for she never makes vice beautiful—never rewards crime—never strews roses over corruption; virtue is by her always surrounded with the glory of art, and the blessedness of well-doing is represented as the highest aim and reward of life.

To award to George Sand her proper meed of praise, and to palliate those defects in her writings to which (in common with those of every voluminous writer) they must in some respects be subject, we ought also to take into consideration the period at which she commenced to write. It was a time of great social transition, when society was in the throes of a political revolution. A fearful spawn of literary abortions, wild and unnatural, were being cast before the public. The literature of France struggled in a fermenting chaos of mingled beauty and corruption. The fictitious works then published exhibited a disregard of nature and truth, and were altogether defective in a generous faith in the good and the beautiful. At the same period an habitual violation of the moral laws of our nature prevailed to a fearful extent in the social relationships of life. There were multitudes of sufferers from this latter cause; among whom was George Sand, who, breaking her cruel bonds, seized the pen and began to write for her subsistence. It was scarcely to be expected that, with a soul struggling under grief and trials of the heaviest kind, she should have remained calm and pure as an angel. She was excited, indignant, and passionate. Her faith in human goodness had been rudely shaken, and the most daring scepticism in existing social institutions was provoked in her mind. Still, after the good and the true in man and in nature, her great heart had longings infinite. In the works we have already named she poured out her soul and vented her indignation. Then came the period of reaction, of repose. Out of a faith in ruins, the seeds of good and of truth struggled again into being. The unquiet tossings of her troubled mind subsided, and hope, faith, and charity regained the ascendancy in her character. A new phasis in her history opened to view; and she now showed that, besides the poet's "hate of hate, and scorn of scorn," she had also "the love of love." Nothing can be more different in tone and tendency than the earlier and the later writings of George Sand. They exhibit a rapidity of development and progress in the mind of the writer almost unexampled in literature. Her later works exhibit a catholicity of sentiment—a purity of feeling—a sympathy with the great and the good—a faith in the true—and an earnest devotion to the cause of human progress—unequalled, certainly not exceeded, by any writer of modern times. In

the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, *André*, *Mauprat*, *Spiridion*, *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, and *Le Meunier d'Angibault*, we have George Sand's true genius fully displayed—and the representation exhibited of a mind in a state of gradual development and progress towards good—a progress which is going on even while we are writing these lines.

George Sand, we have said, has a warm sympathy for the well-being and advancement of the mass of the people; and though belonging to the aristocracy by birth, she is sincerely attached to the democratic faith. She is closely allied by esteem and friendship with Pierre Leroux, L'Abbe Lammenais, and other men of the same views; and devotes a large portion of her time to the advocacy of the interests of the people, in the columns of the *Revue Indépendante*, of which she is a joint proprietor with M. Leroux. She was also a regular contributor to *La Monde*, when that journal was under the direction of M. Lammenais. And George Sand has not only an earnest sympathy with the mass of the common people, but also a thorough knowledge of them. She depicts the life and character of the daily labourer with as much force and truth as she does that of the *petit-maitre* of the aristocratic class; and the common flower-girl as faithfully as the grand dame of the Revolution. She is as much at home in hitting off the character of Marcease the ratcheter in *Mauprat*, as in sketching the frivolous, mandlin Marquise de Raimbault in *Valentine*. Her works constitute a series of consummate studies of character, life-like, breathing, natural. Her deliciously drawn Bianca Aldini in *La Dernière Aldini*; the rough old veterans of the Imperial Army in *Jacques*; the picturesque beggar Cadoche, and the generous and healthy man of the people, Grand Simon, in *Le Meunier d'Angibault*; the vain and heartless Horace, (a kind of moral mountebank,) in the novel of that name; the simple and devoted *Jeanne*; the strong-hearted and aspiring Pierre in *La Compagnon*; the strong-headed and practical Cardonnet in *La Pêche de M. Antoine*; all these are pictures perfect of their kind, and exhibit a wonderful knowledge of character and acuteness of observation.

A prominent feature in the more recent productions of George Sand, is her love and reverence for Art, which she regards as one of the great humanizers of man. It is not as a mere sickly exotic in the halls of the great and the luxurious that she recognizes the true mission of Art, but as a daily dweller in the homes of the industrious and hard-working. Not less truthfully than beautifully does she say, in her exquisitely simple story of *André*, that, though "they tell us Poetry is dying, Poetry cannot die. Had she but for place of sojourn the brain of one human being, there would still be ages of existence before her; for she would issue from thence, like the lava from a volcano, and strike out a path for herself amidst the dreariest realities. Though her temples be overthrown, and false gods worshipped among their ruins, she is still as immortal as the perfume of flowers, as the glory of the heavens. Banished from the high places of society, and rejected by the rich—shut out from the theatre, the church, the academy—she will take refuge with the citizen and mechanic, and she will intermingle herself with the simplest details of their daily life. Weary of uttering a language which the great no longer comprehend, she will murmur in the ear of the humble words of affection and sympathy. And, in Germany, has she not already descended into the cellars of the tavern? has she not sat at the spinning-wheel? and cradled in her arms the infants of the poor? Are we to count for nothing all those living souls who possess her, who suffer and keep silence before men, but weep before the Almighty?—solitary voices, which surround the earth with an universal harmony, and are united in heaven—wandering gleams, which return, I know not

to what mysterious star, perhaps to ancient Apollo's self, to descend again and again upon earth, and nourish the divine and never-dying flame? If she produce no more great men, cannot she still produce good ones? Who can say that she shall not, in another generation, be a gentle and beneficent deity, and occupy the throne of the doubt and despair by which ours is held fast? * * * Before we can doom Poetry to death—before we can carry her on her bier—we must tear up from earth the last lingering flower of which a Genevieve makes her nosegays. For she, too, was a poet. Believe me, there are, in the depths of the most sombre ruins, among the ranks of the least fortunate, many existences which are wound up without having produced so little as a sonnet, and which are still glorious poems."

Her latest published works exhibit George Sand's progressive mind at work upon a new subject; that of co-operative efforts among the working classes for the improvement of their general condition. She would lift labour from a position of degradation, and make it the commander instead of the slave of the world. She earnestly and eloquently preaches the great gospel of Work. This forms the leading idea of one of her last and best works, *Le Meunier d'Angibault*. George Sand has no respect for any industry but that of a beneficent kind: the destructive industry of the warrior has no charms for her; and unlike her countrymen and countrywomen, she is not dazzled by the false glory, nor does she idolize the carnage of Napoleon. She rejects the word "great," as applied to that "destructive machine."

"Call them what you please" (she says, in one of her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*); "good men are the only men whom I esteem, for whom I have any affection, and whom I would wish to register in the calendar of human greatness. I should enrol there the humblest, the most ignorant, from the Abbé of Saint Pierre, with his system of universal peace, to Father Enfantin, with his ridiculous dress and fantastic Utopia; all those who, to some abilities, have joined conscientious studies, patient reflections, sacrifices or labours destined to render man better, or less wretched. I should be indulgent to those errors, to the meannesses of our condition, more or less prominent in them; I should forgive their many faults, as was done to Magdalen, if they had loved much. But those whose intent is cold and haughty,—those lofty men, who build for their glory, and not for our happiness,—those legislators, who empurple the world and oppress the people to gain an extended territory, and there erect immense edifices,—who are moved neither by the tears of women, nor the starvation of the aged, nor the fatal ignorance in which the children are reared—those men who seek nothing but their personal grandeur, and who fancy they have made a nation great, because they have made it active, ambitious, and vain as themselves,—I disown them; I erase them from my tablet; I inscribe our cure in the place of Napoleon."

Such is the truly Christian philosophy of George Sand's later writings; such, in her own words, are the principles she is now zealously engaged in inculcating.

It would be beside our purpose to enter into any critical notice of her several works, or to point out, what is now generally admitted, the beauty and brilliancy of her style. A juster appreciation of the writings of this great woman, is now rapidly extending among us; the last evidence of which was the admirably written critique in the *Spectator* of a few weeks back, by one evidently thoroughly acquainted with the subject. At some future time we may take an opportunity of adding to the above rapid sketch, in which nothing has been attempted beyond an indication of the variety and power of the genius which is now, through Miss Hay's able translation, on the eve of enriching our stores of literature.

THE INDIAN SOMNAMBULE.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

"'Books—dreams, are each a world.'—So says Wordsworth: and they are so, my dear Horatio!" said I, repeating the words of the bard of Rydal Mount, with peculiar emphasis.

"I am not quite sure," said Horatio, "that I understand the proposition; there is some mysticism, I apprehend, in asserting that either is 'a world': but, however this may be, books and dreams are, I confess, sometimes alike. Some books are filled with dreams;—a few, of the better sort, contain facts."

"Facts!" ejaculated I, involuntarily; "facts! How frequently have I dreamed over such volumes. Not a fact but suggests a principle—and that once suggested, what a family of facts rush to its banner, and claim it as their common standard! My mind always gets in this manner so crowded, that I can never turn over a page of your book of facts. A single statement sets me dreaming for an hour."

"Your day dreams," said Horatio, "may perhaps serve to explain your night dreams. The chain of your reverie, however long, is composed of links supplied by memory. Experience is the basis of dreaming, as well as of philosophy."

"Yet," said I, smiling, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

"My philosophy!" exclaimed Horatio; "why that *undue* emphasis! Is there a philosophy of which experience is not the basis?"

"O, yes," I rejoined; "read Madame de Stael's book on Germany, or any other popular manual of German systems, and you will find that there yet now exist, as of old, both a Platonic and Aristotelian side to philosophy. But you, I remember, study science, and, therefore, your views are necessarily one-sided.—Nay, don't speak; for I have a story to tell you—a fact, far stranger than fiction, yet true, I can assure you. It goes to show that dreaming is, sometimes, at least, independent of previous knowledge."

"The wonderful event of which I am about to speak happened in the East Indies, and was the subject of a judicial inquiry. I have the account in the handwriting of a gentleman officially engaged in it. I have no doubt that he would readily consent to my giving publicity to it; though I know not where now to find him—nor, indeed, whether he be living."

"The Hindus, I must tell you, have a custom of placing such of their children as they design for religious duties under the tuition of a Gûrû, whose ascetic habits generally beget in the popular mind a reputation for sanctity. To such a professor of piety, named Gwindah, inhabiting a certain cell, near the great temple of Mahades, a coppermith, who resided in a small village in the Deccan, brought his only child—a boy, of twelve years of age. The recluse, without reluctance, undertook to instruct the youth in the mysteries of the Hindu religion. Thenceforth, accordingly, it was the daily custom of Buckshoo—such was the name of the lad—to visit the Gûrû's cell. Mid-day and evening he returned home for his meals and rest. Great was the joy of his parents, but greatest was that of his mother."

"But the joy of the mother, alas! was not unmingled with pride and vanity. These she ostentatiously displayed, not only in the cleanliness with which she sent the lad Buckshoo to his daily task, but in the ornaments with which she decorated his person. The boy repaid her affectionate anxiety by his assiduous attention to the teaching of the ascetic. To reward him again in return, she besought his father for a pair of golden bangles (solid rings for the wrists), and to her request,

in a fatal moment, the opulent coppermith consented. Earlier to his preceptor's cell than wont the youth went, rejoicing in his new acquisitions. He never returned."

"What had become of the much cherished—much adorned—and now much lamented boy! The Gûrû declared that, at the usual hour, his pupil had quitted his cell—and the Patail, (chief officer of the village,) having reported the affair to the Collector, in consequence of which full inquiry was made, received for answer, that no traces of his fate after many weeks had been discovered."

"O, I see it all," said Horatio; "it is a case similar to Corder and Maria Martin. The mother's thoughts were haunted night and day with the thought of her lost boy, and consequently she dreamed of him, and in her dream some mental suggestion, due to the association of ideas, led to the discovery of his murder."

"Ah!" I replied, "your interruption, Horatio, is amusing—but does not exactly anticipate the ultimate issues of this extraordinary occurrence."

"The village had almost forgotten the circumstance—the parents had consoled themselves as well as they might, and sought a remedy for their loss and sorrow in pious resignation. In the course of time two strangers came to, and sojourned for a while in, the village—a man and his wife. Neither of the parties seemed very amiable—the former proved himself a brute, for on one occasion of a dispute between them, he beat his wife unmercifully. Alarmed for her life, and escaping from his severe chastisement, she threw herself upon her bed, and soon, it appears, found refuge from her grief and pain in sleep. O blessed Sleep! what a friend art thou to the distressed;—only Death, whom thou picturest so well, a better!—But to proceed."

"The dastardly husband had fled, and the indignant neighbours were assembled around the couch of the wronged, the oppressed,—the sleeping. Anon, they were both terrified and astonished, for the poor sleeping woman sat upright in her bed, and raved;—and, still more marvellous, her ravings concerned Buckshoo, the lost son of the coppermith."

"Instantly they sent for the Patail of the village. He soon came; and to his questions it was found that the woman, though still in deep sleep, readily answered, 'Buckshoo, the coppermith's son,' said she 'was murdered by the Gûrû, Gwindah. For the bangles of gold he had cut off the boy's arms at the wrists. The bangles he had sold for seventy rupees, and taken the money to an oilman's wife, who had hidden it under a mat in an inner room.' Having said this, to the still greater surprise and consternation of the witnesses, the sleeping woman undertook to show them the way to the oilman's house, and point out the spot where the money was concealed. All present consented. She then arose, and walked, with her finger pointed in the direction in which she was to go, followed by more than twenty persons, through the village."

"At length she entered the house of an oilman, and pointed to the door of the inner chamber, which, by order of the Patail, was opened. There, under the mat, were hidden the seventy rupees, which, as the oilman's wife confessed, were brought by Gwindah Gûrû, and there by him deposited."

"It was now that the Patail perceived that the sleeping woman was in a sort of trance, from which he began to fear that she might soon awaken. Anxious to ascertain what had become of the poor boy, he lost no time in inquiring of the somnambule, what the Gûrû had done with the body of the youth? 'He threw it,' she replied, 'into the large well on the road side, three miles distant.' Having said this, she again led the way, on her return home; when arrived there, she went again to bed, and slept till morning."

Again, Horatio interrupts the narrative. "On her awaking next day, of course, a full explanation ensued."

She knew all the parties and the circumstances, and had babbled in her sleep what in her waking state she was well acquainted with, but, for obvious motives, was instructed to be silent upon."

"No, my dear Horatio!" was my rejoinder. "The informant on whose testimony I rely was engaged on the trial that consequently took place. It seems that when repeatedly questioned on the morrow, the poor woman only replied, 'Mullah Taowk n'hue'—(*I have no knowledge.*) She was informed that she had pointed out the oilman's house—the place of concealment—the mat—the money. To all this, however, she responded, 'Did I?'—with a look of ignorant wonder. The well, of course, was searched. The body of the poor lad, Buckschoo, was found—mutilated in the manner described—the hands cut off, and the golden ornaments removed. The Gùrù pleaded not guilty, but refused all further explanation.

"The Patail had omitted to inquire of the poor woman during her trance, to whom the Gùrù had sold the bangles. He now endeavoured to supply this material omission in the evidence by putting questions to her on the subject in her waking state. In vain. The oracle was dumb. The illumination by which she had been informed had now 'faded into the light of common day.' Other evidence was sought, but all endeavours were fruitless. There was little moral doubt of the Gùrù's guilt; but full legal proof was wanting. The Gùrù was tried; but acquitted. The chief commissioner of the Deccan, to whom the case was ultimately referred, decided that the life of a Gùrù was 'not to be taken on the unsupported testimony of a Dream.'"

"In my opinion," said Horatio, "a very just decision. For my part I do not believe in such stories."

"The proof of this one is contained in the official documents in the hands of the chief commissioner. The examination of the witnesses on the trial was taken in the Maharatta language, and translated for his use."

JUST INSTINCT AND BRUTE REASON.¹

BY A MANCHESTER OPERATIVE.

KNEE Hawk, on that old elm-bough gravely sitting,
Tearing that singing-bird with desperate skill,
Great Nature says that what thou dost is fitting—
Through instinct, and for hunger, thou dost kill.

Bend thou the yet warm flesh, 'tis thy vocation;
Mind thou hast none—nor dost thou torture *mind*:
Nay, thou, no doubt, art gentle in thy station,
And, when thou killest, art most promptly kind.

On other tribes the lightning of thy pinion
Flashing descends—nor always on the weak:
In other Hawks, the mates of thy dominion,
Thou dost not flesh thy talons and thy beak.

O, natural Hawk, our lords of wheels and spindles
Gorge as it grows the liver of their kind:
Once in their clutch, both mind and body dwindles—
For Gain to Mercy is both deaf and blind.

O, instinct there is none—nor show of reason,
But outrage gross on God and Nature's plan,
With rarest gifts in blasphemy and treason.
That Man, the souled, should piecemeal murder Man.

(1) Our Operative is severe, but perhaps his sufferings are, and for misery we must make ample allowance. At all events, he is a poet, and poets "learn in suffering."—Eds.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

II.—DEPENDENCE OF LIFE ON HEAT.

THE absolute necessity of Heat, as a condition on which the activity of every living being is dependent, appears to have been recognized in the earliest ages of Man's history; for we find the notion of an Elementary Fire—the soul of the world, the formative and conservative Power of all nature—constituting a fundamental tenet in the most ancient religious and philosophical creeds of Egypt and India; whence it was transmitted to the learned of Greece and Rome, who embodied it in their systems of divinity, and taught it in their academies of wisdom. The Sun, the centre of the genial warmth that enlivens our earth (and naturally supposed by the ancients to be the *only* such centre), was worshipped by almost every nation of antiquity as the immediate source of the life and energy of the whole universe; and the fable of Prometheus, who is said by the poets to have vivified his clay statues by fire stolen from the Sun's chariot, is evidently a mythical representation of the popular ideas respecting the life-giving powers of our great luminary. By the celebrated ancient physician, Hippocrates, it was maintained that Elementary Fire is the cause of the perpetual motion throughout the universe; that it resides in all matter, producing an endless variety of effects, according to fixed and definite laws; and that, when united with organized bodies, it constitutes their animating principle. The Parsees of the present day, among whom the ancient doctrines of Zoroaster (born 589 B.C.) are still held, adore the Sun as the agent by which the Good Spirit of the Universe sheds his Divine influence over the whole, and perpetuates the works of his creation; and when they perform their devotions in their temples, they turn towards the sacred fire which burns upon the altar. In much of our ordinary language, the idea of the dependence of Life upon Heat is embodied; thus "vital spark," "lamp of life," "fire of genius," are expressions in which literal truth and poetic imagery are remarkably combined. As this is one of the few cases of the conformity of popular and traditional belief with the results of accurate scientific investigation, it might seem unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the subject. But there is a vagueness about the notions current respecting it, which needs to be removed; and it will be found of great importance to our subsequent inquiries, that the ideas entertained with regard to the dependence of Life upon Heat should be of the most definite character.

In order to acquire these most readily, we cannot do better than turn our attention for a moment to the condition of a factory, whose moving power is supplied by a Steam-Engine. The varied and complicated operations which were going on in full activity in its various apartments, are all brought to a stand so soon as the expiring heat of the furnace beneath the boiler can no longer generate the steam, whose expansive force is the prime mover of all. The myriads of whirling spindles, the noisy power-looms, the flying lathes, the thundering hammers, the steadily-traversing planing-tables,—all the wonderful instruments whose combined action makes up what we may call the Life of the whole concern,—become as motionless and inert as when they were first erected within its walls. But let us suppose that after an interval of repose we find everything so prepared, that, by the simple application of a lighted match, the fire should burn and the water should be made to boil; the rising steam slowly lifts the huge piston through the length of the cylinder; the vast

beam turns upon its massive supports, and the gigantic fly-wheel makes an effort to turn. After a laborious heave, the valves are reversed, the piston slowly descends, the wheel completes its revolution, and the whole machine then comes into regular action. The valves commence their unassisted play; the piston performs its measured ascent and descent with a sort of majestic dignity; the ponderous beam oscillating overhead communicates its motion to the enormous wheel of solid iron, which when at rest seemed immovable; and power is transferred and distributed by the revolving shaft to the various machines connected with it. The myriad spindles fly round with their noisy whirr, spinning miles of thread in each minute of their revolution; the loud clacking of the power-loom announces that they too are again at work in converting the yarn into woven fabrics, whose amount might be reckoned by the acre, after a single day's production; whilst the clang of the hammers, the shriller sounds of the whirling lathes, and the harsh grating of the steel plane which is smoothing a piece of iron as if it were a wooden board, make it known that the repairing processes, by which the machinery itself is kept in working order, are in renewed operation, to make good the effects of the continual wear to which it is subjected.

Now, if we should happen to meet, during a winter walk, with a snake, a lizard, or a toad, reduced to a state of torpidity by the frost, we have an almost exact parallel with the state of the factory brought to rest for want of fuel. Every one of the numerous changes, which together make up its life, is at a complete stand. The heart has ceased to beat; the blood no longer moves through the countless channels which convey it into every texture of the body; the play of the lungs is suspended; all consciousness is lost; no movement of any kind indicates the feeblest animation. But the creature is not dead. All the complex mechanism of its fabric is in perfect working-order, and needs but the stimulus of Heat to set it in action. Bring the body into an atmosphere of moderate warmth, and in no long time it will show signs of life and activity. The heart begins to pulsate; the blood to circulate; the lungs to take in and breathe out air; the brain to receive sensations; the muscles to execute motions; and the whole interior of the fabric, if we could scrutinize every part of its substance, would be found to be in a condition of incessant activity. This activity can be no more estimated by what we see with our eyes alone, than the operations of a factory can be understood by standing on its outside,—looking at the occasional opening of the doors to admit coal, iron, or cotton, or to allow the egress of bales of calico or hanks of yarn,—and watching the smoke as it issues from the chimney. These are only the *indications* of what is going on within; and the varied changes which the materials undergo before we see them again under other forms, can only be understood by tracing them step by step as they are transferred from one machine to another, and by studying each part of the process to which they are subjected. This it will be our object to do hereafter, in regard to the operations of the living body; at present we shall pursue the inquiry into the dependence of all these operations upon Heat; with the view of showing that it is one of the most comprehensive of all those Laws of Life which it is the business of the Physiologist to ascertain; and that although Man and the higher animals might seem to be in some degree excepted from its influence (being able to maintain themselves in the widest extremes of climate), the activity of their mental and bodily functions is even more closely connected with its agency than it is among those lower tribes, whose dependence upon Heat *seems* to be more immediate.

It is necessary to make a distinction at the outset between those living beings which are able to *produce*

heat within themselves, thus making up for the deficiency of external warmth,—and those which have no such power, the internal heat of their bodies varying with that of the air or water in which they live. The former group includes a comparatively small number of Animals,—namely Man and other Mammalia (or animals which suckle their young), together with Birds; these are called *warm-blooded*. To the latter belong the entire remainder of the Animal kingdom, which are termed *cold-blooded*; and the whole of the Vegetable. To all the general law is applicable, *that the actions of Life are just as much dependent upon a certain amount of Heat, as are the operations of a Factory which is worked by a Steam-engine*. And just as different liquids boil at different temperatures (oil and mercury requiring a greater heat than water, whilst spirit of wine and ether rise in vapour with much less), so do we find that different Plants and Animals flourish best in different degrees of warmth. But the vital activity of Plants and cold-blooded Animals is entirely dependent upon the temperature of the air or water which they inhabit; whilst that of warm-blooded Animals is in great degree independent of it, the requisite warmth being generated by certain changes in the interior of their own bodies.

The influence of Heat upon Vital Activity is attested on a large scale by the striking contrast between the dreary barrenness of Polar regions, and the luxuriant richness of Tropical countries, where almost every spot teems with animal and vegetable life. We need not become travellers, however, to see the evidence of this fact; for the alternation of winter and summer in Temperate climates brings under our own view (though in a somewhat modified degree) the opposite conditions of these two extreme cases. The effect of the withdrawal of Heat is most obvious in the Vegetable kingdom; since we have constantly before us during winter the resemblance of actual death, in the leafless branches which a few weeks before were covered with luxuriant verdure. And if we could inspect the condition of the interior of the structure, we should find the whole of its wonderful apparatus in a state of complete inactivity, whenever the temperature of the air falls to near the freezing point. But with every slight return of warmth, such as usually intervenes between successive frosts, there is a slight renewal of activity. This is not at once manifested by any outward sign; but it is found, by examination of the leaf-buds from time to time, that they thus undergo a gradual preparation during the winter season, so as to be ready to start into full development with the returning steady warmth of spring. And if we observe what is going on in the interior of the stem and branches, we find that with every bright warm day of winter there is an upward motion of the sap, which affords the requisite materials for the growth that is taking place at their extremities.

It is not only by the course of the natural order of the Seasons, that the influence of Heat upon Vegetable life is made apparent; for experimental illustrations of it are daily in progress. The Gardener, by artificial warmth, is not only enabled to rear with success the plants of tropical climates, whose constitution would not bear exposure to the chilling influence of our winter; but he can also in some degree invert the order of the seasons, and produce both blossom and fruit from the plants of our own country, when all around seems dead. Perhaps the most remarkable example of the effect of this agent is shown, when a branch of a vine or some other tree standing in the open air is trained into a hot-house during the winter. The buds expand and begin to open, and gradually the leaves are put forth and perform all their operations with due activity; whilst the stem and branches without, encrusted with snow and ice, are in a state of death-like torpidity.

As Plants are thus wholly dependent upon the temperature of the air for the supply of Heat necessary for

their growth, many regions must have been devoid of Vegetable life altogether, if there were not a remarkable adaptation in the wants of the different species to the various degrees of temperature of the habitations prepared for them. Thus we see the plants of the Cactus (Prickly-pear) and Euphorbia (Spurge) tribes attaching themselves to the surface of the most arid rocks in tropical regions, luxuriating as it would seem in the full glare of the vertical sun, and laying up in their succulent tissues a store of moisture from the periodical rains, of which even a long-continued drought is not sufficient to deprive them. The Orchideous tribe, whose greatest development occurs in the same zone, find the most congenial habitation in the depths of the tangled forests; where, with scarcely an inferior amount of heat, they have the advantage of a moister atmosphere, caused by the exhalations of the trees on which they cling. The majestic Tree-Fern, again, reaches its full development in the smaller islands of the tropical ocean; where, with a moist atmosphere, it can secure a greater equality of temperature than is to be met with in the interior of the vast continents of the torrid zone. None of these plants will grow elsewhere, unless the conditions they require as regards heat and moisture are afforded to them with the greatest exactness. On the other hand, there are some forms of Vegetation which seem to luxuriate in degrees of cold that are fatal to most others. Thus the humble Lichen, which serves as the winter food of the Reindeer, and thus indirectly becomes the means of supporting myriads of Human families during that long and dreary season, spreads itself over the ground when thickly covered with snow; and extensive tracts of polar ice are occasionally seen to be coloured with a thin film of a bright red hue, known as "red snow," which is shown by microscopic examination to consist of one of the humblest species of Plants, endowed with the power not merely of growth but of rapid multiplication under circumstances that would most effectually check almost every other action of Vegetable Life. This difference in the temperature, which is congenial to different species of Plants, is seen not merely when we pass in imagination from the Equator to the Pole, but may be observed also among the commonest native plants of our own country; thus the Chickweed and Groundsel are well known to grow at a temperature a little above the freezing point, whilst the Nettles, Mallows, and other weeds around them remain torpid.

The influence of external heat and cold upon that large portion of the Animal kingdom in which there is no internal heat-producing power, is quite as decided; but, from various causes, it does not force itself so much upon our attention. We have not constantly before us in winter their apparently inanimate forms, reminding us of their past activity, and calling us to witness their death-like torpor. But if we could follow the Tortoises and Lizards, the Snakes and Toads, the Frogs and Newts, the Insects and Spiders, the Snails and Slugs, the Worms and Leeches, to their winter retreats, we should find them all in a state of inactivity corresponding to that of the leafless trunk. It is not merely that they are insensible and have lost their power of motion, as in profound sleep; for all the actions of growth are completely checked; and there seems to be no limit to the period during which they may be thus suspended. Thus a celebrated Italian physiologist, Spallanzani, kept frogs, salamanders, and snakes, for three years and a half in an ice-house; during which time they remained in a state of perfect torpidity; and yet they were immediately reanimated by exposure to a warm atmosphere. The aquatic tribes are seldom reduced to the same inactivity, since the whole mass of the water in which they dwell is rarely frozen, and they are for the most part adapted to sustain life in a temperature but little above the freezing-point, so long as the liquid is uncongealed around them. But

Fishes have been sometimes found completely enclosed in ice, and as hard as the solid mass around them; yet on being gradually thawed, they have resumed their activity, and shown themselves to be not at all the worse for their imprisonment. There are many other less-known inhabitants of the waters of our pools, lakes, rivers, and seas, of which the same may be said.

The influence of Cold and Heat upon the development of Insects has been fully substantiated by numerous experiments. Many insects do not lay their eggs until the autumn, when the activity of vegetation has nearly ceased; and these eggs remain undeveloped during the entire winter, until the warmth of the returning spring arouses into life the vegetation on which the caterpillars are to be supported; yet, at any period of the winter, the eggs may be hatched, and the larvæ (caterpillars or maggots) made to come forth fully formed, by the agency of artificial heat. The time required for the change of the larvæ into the perfect insect, too, varies according to the temperature of the air; thus the celebrated French Entomologist, Reaumur, found that the metamorphosis of a Butterfly, which would not have naturally come forth until May, might be caused to take place in the depth of winter, by the agency of artificial heat continued for a fortnight; whilst on the other hand, the change might be delayed for a whole year beyond the usual time, by the prolonged influence of a cold atmosphere.—The dependence of the development of the Chick within the Bird's egg, upon a supply of warmth afforded to it, either by the body of its parent or by some artificial means, is well known. If this supply be suspended for a short time, and the egg be merely cooled down to the ordinary temperature of the air, all the processes which are concerned in the manufacture (if we may so speak) of the various parts of the fabric are as completely checked as they are in the eggs of insects, etc., when exposed to a much severer cold; and a very short continuance of this chilling influence is sufficient to destroy the vitality of the contained embryo; so that its activity does not return with a renewal of the warmth. This is an illustration of the general fact, that the life of the higher animals is more closely dependent upon an uninterrupted supply of a considerable degree of heat, than is that of the lower; although they are more independent of external temperature, being able to generate heat within their own bodies. There are some curious features in the instinct of Birds, which show how they are directed to afford to their eggs the warmth of their own bodies, only when that of the sun and air are not enough. The Ostrich has been observed not to sit upon its eggs by day, unless the sun is obscured and the air is cool; and even in the warm nights beneath the Equator, the parent is enabled to leave them to be developed by the heat of the sand in which they are buried: but in the cooler parts of the regions which this bird inhabits, it builds a more regular nest, and sits upon its eggs more constantly. A Fly-catcher, which built its nest in a hot-house in this country during several successive years, was observed to quit its eggs when the temperature of the air was high, and to resume its place when the warmth of the air was no longer sufficient to develop them. And the Tallegalla, a curious bird of New Holland, is directed by its remarkable instinct, not to sit upon its eggs, but to construct a sort of hot-bed of decaying vegetable matter, which shall afford warmth enough to bring them to maturity.

These facts will show the universal operation of Heat on the living fabric; and are sufficient to justify the comparison with which we started. In the succeeding paper, the peculiar condition of Man and the warm-blooded animals will be explained; and some important practical truths will be deduced from the satisfactory acquaintance with it, which has been recently attained.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT—MARCH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Spring is come! She may, perhaps, be at first mistaken for Winter. She may not at once have taken off her travelling garb and rough wrappings, but here she is. As she begins to throw off one dark and shaggy habiliment after another, we see not our old-fashioned friend Winter, with his hardy, wrinkled face, and his keen eye, full of cutting jokes, and those horny hands that, in his mere playfulness, nipped us mercilessly by the ear, and often by the nose; but we descry the graceful form of the gentle and gracious Spring. We feel the thrill of her presence, knowing all the beauty and the love that she brings with her.

Spring is come! It is March; rough, yet pleasant, vigorous and piping March. It is the month of life, of strength, and hope. We shall soon hear his voice, and "the sound of his going in the tops of the trees." His gales will come rushing and sounding over forest and lea, and shake the old trees about our houses with a merry strength; oh! how different to the solemn fitfulness of Autumn, or the wild wrath of Winter; and we shall lie in our beds at midnight—and shall we not?—pray for safety to the thousands of our fellow men at sea.

People are all eager to be at work in their gardens. The earth turns up fresh and mellow, and there is a beauty in its very blackness that charms the eye. Flowers are fast springing in the borders, generally of a delicate and poetic beauty, as the Alpine violet, the dogtooth violet, daffodils, hyacinths, squills and saxifrages: the snowdrop still lifts its graceful head, and the taller snowflake comes forth. Almond trees blossom, a brilliant spectacle while the trees are yet leafless. The *tacamahac* shows its long catkins; the mezerion exhibits its clustered blossoms, and the first red China rose unfolds itself to the fresh air.

In the woods and on warm banks how delightful it is to see green things vigorously bursting through the mould, and sweet flowers nodding to us as old friends. Coltsfoot and cardamine embellish old fallows and green moist meadows; the Star of Bethlehem gleams in woods and shady places; the celandine and kingcup glow in all their golden lustre, the daisy once more greets us, and the crocus spreads like a purple flood over those meadows which it has beautified for ages. Such are those near Nottingham. But above all the favourites of the field the violet, white or purple, now diffuses its

sweetness under our hedges and along the banks which we have known from our boyhood. And how many scenes of that happy childhood does the first sight of them recall! How the mind flies back to spots which we may, perhaps, never again visit, and where they who made so much of the delight of those years have long ceased to exist!

Still to the very last, spite of sorrow and care, and desolating memories, spring and the first violets bring their poetry with them all the world over. With what eagerness, as of children, do the Germans set forth, in groups or alone, to hunt for the first March violets; through woods and vineyards, overhanging far-stretching scenes, do they go, knowing of old where the purple stranger first appears; but the boys have been as surely before them, and meet them with their little odorous bouquets at all turns and corners.

Well! a thousand welcomes to Spring, though she cannot bring back with all her flowers the flower of our youth; though she cannot, with all her poetry, bring back the poetry of early love; though she cannot repaint the rose on cheeks that are pillowed beneath the yew; or enable us to offer the first-gathered violets to the dear souls who are in Heaven. Yet she brings joy to the earth still. The bees are once more out; the hare runs, forgetting her fears, across the verdant fields; the harmless snake comes forth, and basks on the primrose bank. All nature is full of motion. The fowls of the farm-yard lay; the pheasants crow in the copee; the ringdove coos; the linnet and the goldfinch sing; and man is busy at fence and drain; is ploughing and sowing, and pruning and planting, while he talks of the good years gone, and hopes for more. Spring stirs everything with her influence;—the depths of the soil, and the depths of the heart; and makes us, more than all other seasons, in love with life, and full of longings after those that are dear to us in time and eternity. It is then that we are most sad, yet happy; most tearful and prayerful; most haunted by memory, and discursive in hope. We live more lovingly, in the past, the present, and the future. There is a spring in the spirit as in nature: and the soul puts forth all its buds of anticipation, its most delicate blossoms of affection; and every leaf of a higher or tenderer consciousness in our nature unfolds itself, and we find that—God and Heaven are not far off!

Literary Notices.

The Battle of Nibley Green. From the MSS. of a Templar; with a Preface, Notes, and other Poems.
By J. B. KINERON. London: Henry Colburn.

ACCORDING to the often repeated fiction of poets and romancists, the author tells us that in his chambers in the Temple

Searching ancient records lately,
In a dusty nook he found
An old volume tall and stately,
Iron-clasped and parchment-bound;

and that this said volume, written in Law French, contained in part the legend of the Battle of Nibley Green, which he, not having a great deal to do in his profession, put into a modern dress, and has here presented to the reader. Be it so; wonderful things are sometimes discovered in those same old chambers about the Temple, not the least wonderful being that of the genuine poet. By a subtle alchymy the rarest spirit of poetry is extracted from the driest study of the law; and beneath the gown and wig is shrouded the poet with his divine insight into inward and outward things; his large capacity of love and sympathy; his sense of the beautiful and the true; his brotherhood with man, and his communion with the spirit of God in all its revelations.

To say nothing of Scott, we need only mention Barry Cornwall, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and that good lawyer in Chancery-lane, who bears the assumed name of Nicholas Thirning Moile, whose State Trials contain some of the most magnificent poetry of the age, and of whose so-called drama of Cicero we spoke in our last number. To this already-established list of lawyer-poets, we must now add a new name, that of J. B. Kington, who, independently of this legend of the battle, gives us other poems of so exquisite a character, as at once to establish his reputation as a poet.

To make the principal poem intelligible to our readers, we must give an idea of its subject. A long and desperate feud, about the possession of certain manors, existed between the kindred families of Berkley and De Lisle, which feud met with a temporary and bloody satisfaction in the Battle of Nibley Green, on the 20th of March, 1470. Local historians, says the author, have called this encounter the English Chevy Chase; and not without reason—the two earls concerned in it were Thomas Lord Viscount Lisle, the son of Shakspeare's "young John Talbot," and William Lord Berkley. After many provocations on both sides, the young Viscount de Lisle, whom the poet calls Walter instead of Thomas (indeed he changes all the Christian names, for a reason which seems to us inadequate), at length writes an insulting letter, containing a challenge to his adversary to meet him, that they two might fight out their quarrel. The challenge is accepted; the place of meeting being Nibley Green. The young Lord de Lisle, who seems to have been less wily than his adversary, goes forth with fifteen score men, whilst the other had a thousand, among whom were the mayor of Bristol, whose daughter, according to the poem, he had married, armed citizens of the town, and turbulent commoners out of the Forest of Dean. Lord de Lisle is cruelly slain, not by the hand of his noble adversary, but by that of one Black Will, a rude forester, by whom also his body is mangled. After this, Lord Berkley, not yet sufficiently appeased, rode forward with his armed and ruthless party to the Manor House of the De Lisles at Wootton, which they despoiled, driving thence the widowed viscountess with fire and sword. This flight occasioned the premature birth of a male child, and thus the title itself became extinct in the

direct line. The widowed lady, after this, appealed to King Edward IV.; a warrant was issued against Lord Berkley and his lawless followers; and it is with this part of the story that the poem deals.

There is something extremely Chaucer-like in the strong, graphic descriptions of life and character, with which the poem abounds. Take, for instance, the following—the Introduction of Hugh de Glanville, the old lawyer, who comes armed with the king's warrant:—

There stood before the earl, in his vexed mood,
An old, grave man, erect and unsubdued;
His frame large and well-knit; but pale his look
With studious thought; and stooping o'er his book,
Had rounded him a little in the back;
His habit plain, and made of seemly black,
But cut of richest velvet; for the rest,
A sealed parchment peeped from his breast.

Him did Sir Maurice scan with curious eye,
And read in him the quiet mastery
Of conscious power; and knew not how to brook
The calm, broad brow, and the fixed, placid look,
Though nought of disrespect lay lurking there.
At length he cried, "What mummer have we here?
What mummer, ere the time of wassail come?
Speak out, man! art thou deaf, or drunk, or dumb?
Thy message, or I strike thee to the earth!"

The stranger drew the sealed parchment forth,
And held it to the earl, but held in vain;
For looking on it with a huge disdain,
Sir Maurice said, "I write my knightly word,
And sign and seal it with my own good sword;
Such tricks for girls, and clerks, and shavelings be;
Read it thyself, if it pertain to me!"

The warrant is read, and the remainder of the poem consists in the lawyer's examination of witnesses; and in this the most admirable skill is employed. The witnesses are various: the friar of the household, the armourer, a young page, the host of the village inn, the smith, the jester, Black Will, the forester, Lord de Lisle's body squire, and the holy Father Francis, whose remarkable dream the night after the battle reminds the reader of the grand philosophical spirit of Dante. The friar's portrait bears out what we have said of the Chaucer-like vein of the writer.

A portly ruddy man was friar John;
In colour and in shape much like to brawn;
Huge rolls of fat, piled up in many a crease,
Proclaimed of Satanas,—a Hart of grease!
That snored away the hours of witch and ghost,
With all their wasting cures and fears attending,
And with a ready unction blessed the roast;
Dafely, upon his trencher, blending
The luscious underdone with the rich brown,
And with great gulps of wine washing the morsels down.
He was a preaching friar, that heathenish sport,
To the rude people of the common sort,
With tricks like juggler at a village wake,
In ribald tales, and long quaint words did make;
A man who chaffered, by the tale, in creeds,
With endless repetitions on his beads;
And would, if time pressed on his matter, then
Crowd fourscore aves into one amen!
And on the women cast a sweltering leer,
Until they shuddered with disgustful fear;
For women have an innate sense of evil,
Since they bought wisdom of the serpent-devil.

The jester is an admirable picture. He is met by the lawyer, who is riding in the Forest of Dean.

He drew his bridle near a clear stream, welling
From a cleft rock, and listened to the belling
Of a belated roe, across the lea,
Who had departed from her company;
And, scanning with keen eye the forest track,
Swung himself slowly drawn from the tired back
Of his brave steed, leaving the wearied horse
To graze at will, and mused upon his course.

High over head a goshawk soared and swooped;
 A fox barked in the brake; a shrill voice whooped
 In the far distance; and, along the sky,
 An eagle, seeking prey, sailed heavily.
 The eagle sailed into the distant grey;
 Down plumb the hawk, and cushioned on his prey;
 And with a furtive look, the silent fox
 Slunk down the covert, for a noise of cocks
 Burst startling on the ear, clucking and crowing,
 Dogs bayed, cats mewed, pigs squeaked, and then a lowing
 Of kine was heard; and up the forest glade
 A figure came, in jester's guise arrayed.
 A party-coloured staff his right hand bore;
 And party-coloured was the dress he wore;
 The mitre-gules emblazoned on his breast;
 A sprig of holly fastened to the crest
 Of his cloth-cap, indented at the top;
 And so he gambolled, with a stepskip, hop.
 Along the sward; whilst the whole forest rang
 With his strange clamour. Then the jester sang
 In a sweet voice, but with a wayward mood,
 About a hunter, hunting in a wood,
 Upon a yellow-tinted autumn day.

How beautiful and fresh is this! Nothing indeed can surpass the exquisite bits of woodland life and scenery with which the whole book abounds. With one or two extracts from Father Francis's dream, we must conclude, having already exceeded our limits. The dream is of the Hall of Blood, in which awful mouths bear testimony to the suffering inflicted, and the wrong done by crime. Thus:—

I testify against
 Glory and Conquest: Judge them, oh my God:—
 Glory that builds a monument to fame
 Of human skulls and bones; and of their flesh
 Makes reeking sacrifice to his false gods!
 Conquest that reaps the yellow corn with fire,
 Makes the red wine-press run with th' redder wine,
 And for one wolf gives a whole fold to prey!
 These two did burst upon the innocent sleep
 Of my dear household; dooming life to death,—
 Dishonouring honour,—casting stock and store
 To scrambling rapine, and improvident greed,
 That grasps beyond the measure of his hand,
 And fills his selfish cup, until it runs
 To idle, wilful, wanton, wicked waste.

Again:—

I testify against
 State-craft, which turns the balance of the scales
 With human hearts and hopes; which falsifies
 The word that bids us love, and substitutes
 The devilish heathen subtlety which says
 Divide and govern; hence rivalries unwise,
 Unnatural hates, and groundless jealousies,
 And envious regards in neighbour states;
 Until this huckstering policy,—this pare
 And clip of right for wrong,—this parchment good,—
 This geometric rounding of a point
 Of narrow land,—this barren rock within
 A river's jaws, converts the general good
 To general evil; breaks the sweet accord
 Of peaceful treaties with the brunt of war;
 Turns golden commerce into steeled strife;
 The hymns of harvest to death-seeking songs;
 The pleasant fields to wastes of fierce contention;
 The running streams to blood! And therefore, I,
 A quiet citizen, enforced to be
 A soldier of the state, do testify
 That I was stricken down by one, with whom,
 In better days, albeit an alien born,
 I did exchange the labour of my hands
 For the ripe produce of his industry.

These extracts will suffice to show the power and sterling quality of the writer; we only regret that we have not space for even one quotation from the poem called *Maid Marian*, a fragment of the Spirit of Gentleness; one of the sweetest things we know.

The "Christian Witness" examined, on a Defamatory Charge of Infidelity against William Lloyd Garrison, Esq., President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, etc. London: Aylott and Jones. Pp. 40. 1847.

ONE of the ablest and most complete refutations of a baseless and wicked slander on one of the best of men that ever was written. We rejoice to see Dr. Campbell so thoroughly condemned out of his own mouth. William Garrison, who in principle is a non-resistant, is styled a firebrand because he will not let the American slave-drivers brand their slaves with impunity. A most conscientious Christian, he is called an infidel, on the same principle that Christ himself was declared not fit to live—i. e. because he denounced in the most unsparing terms—"Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!"—the orthodox time-servers of his day. William Lloyd Garrison will need no defender at the day when defence will be of the most consequence; but the cause of truth and freedom needs defence every day, and the author of this little work has done good service by it. We trust that it will be extensively read, and do not envy Dr. Campbell's feelings on the perusal of it.

Simon. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by MATILDA M. HAYS, Author of *Helen Stanley*. London: E. Churton. 1847.

IN this graceful story, the second of Miss Hays' translations, the English reader will perceive something of that nobility of sentiment which he has been led to expect in George Sand's writings. Simon, a peasant by birth, is possessed of a fine intellect, and a truly poetical and sensitive nature. He is a being formed either to be a curse to himself and mankind, or a glorious leader and helper on of his fellow men.—But if he have ambition and violent passions, he has also a tender heart, and faith in the beautiful and the true;—and by these he is saved!—The old mother, Jeanne Feline, with her true piety, her poetical fervour of character, and her devotion to her son, is one of the most beautiful delineations of human nature with which we are acquainted.

As in the *Last of the Aldini*, and in several others of Madame Dudevant's novels, the chief interest of the tale consists in a man of the people presuming to love a high-born beauty—and what is more inspiring, a return of his affection.—The character of Simon, however, is as much higher and purer than the character of Lelio, as is the love which he inspires.—Fiamma, the descendant of the Faleri, and the adopted daughter of the Count of Fougères, recognises in the poor lawyer and peasant-born Simon a truly noble human being; and after many trials, both of his heart and her own, sacrifices her fortune and unites her fate with his. She is one of those strong women, morally, intellectually, and physically, whom George Sand delights so much to paint. Fiamma, Jeanne Feline—to whom she would be a worthy daughter-in-law—and the gentle Bonne, the daughter of Simon's kind friend and patron the Advocate Parquet—form a lovely trio, worthy to stand forth in a dream of fair women.

In this work also there is a deal of delightful landscape painting. The reader hears the hum of bees, and the gurgling of mountain brooks; smells wild thyme, and a thousand mountain and forest flowers, and reposes in the shades of deep woods.—But we refer him to the book itself for all these refreshments, and for a thousand more, as well as for some deep glimpses into that strange mystery, the human heart.—If there are certain faults in the book, we leave them for him to discover. The translation is peculiarly agreeable, and testifies to Miss Hays' fitness for her undertaking.

Village Tales from the Black Forest. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by MARY TAYLOR. London: David Bogue.

THESE are the most characteristic and truthful pictures of German village life with which we are acquainted. They enjoy a high reputation in their own country; and the first half of the original volume translated by Mrs. Taylor, and published by Mr. Cundall, met with the reception in this country which it deserved. The translator has now completed her work, and the whole published in an elegant form, accompanied by four illustrations from John Absolon, one of the most simple and truthful of our designers, cannot fail of being warmly welcomed by the English public.

As a translator, Mrs. Taylor has performed her task admirably. Nothing can be more faithfully rendered than these tales, which with their slight touch of dialect required the hand of a master to do them full justice.

The Child's Corner.

SEASONABLE TALES FOR CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

SPRING.

Of the Pantry-door Key being lost, and then found.

It was very mild and pleasant weather, in the beginning of January; the Poet's two children ran about the garden with nothing on their heads but their beautiful long hair. Up in the pigeon-cote there was a deal of discussion going on: Jessy and Crow, one pair of pigeons, were talking about having eggs, and a young brood; while Snowdrop and her little husband Cravates said it was quite too soon to think of such a thing. These pigeons belonged to the poet's children, who fed them twice every day, and loved them very dearly. They were very handsome pigeons: Jessy was quite a rainbow of colours, and he strutted prodigiously; Crow his wife was very dark, all purple and green; nobody would have taken her for a hen-pigeon, she was so large and grand. The other pair, Snowdrop and Cravates, were very different: she was as white as snow and looked as sleek and round as if she had been cut out of marble; her husband, Cravates, was of rich red brown with a white ring round his neck which the children called his cravat. On the floor of the dovecote lived a pair of guinea-pigs, Toby and Jenny. Toby was a quiet old fellow that lived very much to himself and never troubled his mind about anything; he squeaked a little to himself; he always found plenty to eat, and that was all he cared for. Jenny, his wife, was a little plump, busy, merry guinea-pig that not only looked after her own large family but kept up a deal of intercourse with the pigeons; they were on the best terms in the world, and now, when there was all this discussion about whether the pigeons should begin to lay or not, she sided with Jessy and his wife, and told them by all means to make a nest, and have a brood, for that it was an uncommonly fine season, there would be no more cold weather, not a bit! and even if there were, what would it matter;—fat, well-feathered birds like them never felt the cold; for her part she never felt it; she had forgotten what cold was. The poet's children, she said, never let them want; it was all nonsense talking about want; for her part she did not believe in the existence of such a thing! it was only a bugbear to frighten ignorant pigeons and guinea-pigs with. Jessy and Crow said the same; they said they always felt so

warm about their hearts, and their feathers were so thick; that even after they had eaten their fill there was plenty of food, so they would have a brood.

Cravates and Snowdrop were convinced by what they heard, and when Crow's young ones began to peep from the egg, Snowdrop had been sitting three days. Jenny, the guinea-pig, had seven little ones. It was the merriest little region of life that ever was seen. Guinea-pigs and pigeons were all as warm and fat as possible. The poet's children were as happy as these little creatures; they clapped their hands and screamed with delight when they saw the young pigeons come out of the shell. Snowdrop and Cravates were now full of family business, first one sat on the eggs, and then the other, and in two weeks they also would have two young pigeons.

There were many changes of weather in January; now it was fine and mild, and then it was bitterly cold, and froze, and snowed, and thawed, and froze again; the pond was covered with ice, and little boys slid. At the commencement of February it grew colder and colder every day; the earth was like a hard board, nothing could come out of it, and the little snowdrops and hepatics and winter aconites that had ventured in the mild weather to put up their heads, now were quite sorry for it, and were so pinched with cold, they did not know what to do. They said one to another how cold the bed was, and they wished so much that snow would fall, and thus give them blankets and coverlets to keep them warm; but no snow came, and every day it froze harder and harder.

The poet's children, like their pigeons, felt very little of the cold, for they were well fed, and full of life and strength, and had warm woollen clothes on; twice every day they went and fed their pigeons and their guinea-pigs. Snowdrop's young ones were ready to be hatched, and Crow's were growing famously; but they had as yet only greyish down on their little bodies. One day they said to their mother that something "bit them." "It is only the cold," she replied; "silly little things!" and she told them to lie closer under her feather petticoat, which was lined with down, and so they did; and they felt no more cold, for their mother and her feather petticoat were as warm as a little fire. Just then, old Jessy, the father, came in; he had been taking his morning airing, and it was amazing what a deal of cold air seemed to come in with him; the very tips of his feathers seemed frozen; but he said he was as warm as a toast; that he felt nothing of the cold. He said he had been up at the rookery; that they were all in a pretty state there; they had begun to build some days before, while the weather was mild; but that now everything was at a stand still; and they were all talking of a famine; they looked very discontented and down-hearted, and they said they did not know what would be the end of all this; they could get nothing out of the ground, and they could get nothing out of the air,—what then was to become of them? Jessy said it was very unpleasant to hear all this; and he told them that, for his part, he believed there was plenty of food to be had, if they would only look for it; he had often heard their outcries of famine, but he thought it was all discontent, and of people's own bringing about. The rooks were very angry to hear him talk thus, and if he had not flown off he did not know what the consequences might have been; he then went into the poet's garden, and there were all the foolish flowers that had come out too soon, shivering like naked beggars in the street, till it was quite unpleasant to see them; he told them, that they should have stopped at home by their warm fires, and in bed among the blankets, and that if they would run themselves into trouble, they must take the consequences. The flowers made no reply, for their poor mouths were so stiff with cold that they could not open them. The next thing he saw were the little birds

of the garden; there were robins, and tom-tits, and redstarts, and hundreds of sparrows; they had all puffed out their feathers like so many muffs to keep them warm, and they looked plump enough, but all they talked about was this famine. There was nothing to be had, and they thought they must all die; they looked very dismal and dispirited; they could not even twitter; they did nothing but hop about on the hard, stony ground, and pick at little bits of dirt, out of which nothing came; or if anything eatable were in it, ten to one but three or four of them fell to quarrelling about it. They told dismal tales about many that had died, and said they expected that they too should die of want; they said everything was against them this winter; that last summer so little hedge-fruit came to maturity, and thus the great store of nature was empty; there were no berries on the pyracantha that grew up one side of the poet's house this year, and that was a great loss; and they did not know why, but the poet's children seemed to have forgotten them, they found no crumbs now, as they used to do. Oh! it was very melancholy, and they knew that they should all die of want. The blackbirds and the thrushes that sat on the boughs about, sighed out the same melancholy ditty; they said that this great frost had locked up the pantry door, and there was no chance but of their dying of hunger.

It troubled Jessy the pigeon to hear all this. He felt very uncomfortable, and he wished not to believe what he had heard. He told his wife, and Snowdrop, and her husband, and old Jenny the guinea-pig; and just as he had finished, up came, like two beautiful angels, the poet's children, and scattered tares and peas for the pigeons, and brought bread and milk and green sprouts for the guinea-pigs. There was such plenty in this dovecote; there could be no want out of doors—there could be no famine;—it must be discontent, and improvidence, and bad management which brought the others into their evil plight. Whilst the pigeons were thus settling the question, old Toby, the father guinea-pig, who had not yet spoken, asked abruptly, "why did they lock the pantry door—we always let ours stand open, and therefore we have plenty." They all said that Toby had hit the right nail on the head, and Jessy said, before long he would go out and ask the same question of all the discontented out of doors.

The frost grew harder and harder, and one morning a heavy yellowish cloud filled the sky, and the white feathery snow began to fall; all day and all night it fell. The garden was beautiful; it lay two foot deep on the ground, and on the upper surface of every leafless branch and bough, and bent the evergreens like heavy plumes. Every thing was as silent as death; not a bird twittered. The little snowdrops, and hepaticas, and winter aconites, said one to another when the snow began to fall; "the blessing is come at last; now we shall go to sleep and lie warm and snug till the better days come." They closed their eyes, and fell into the sweetest sleep, and the soft, delicate snow, like loving hands, heaped up the warm covering around them.

The little birds—robins, and redstarts, and tom-tits, and the little good-for-nothing sparrows—peeped from under the broad leaves of the ivy that thickly covered the whole of the poet's house, and did nothing but sigh all day long. "It will be a deep, deep snow," said they; "it may perhaps lie four or five weeks; the pantry-door key will be lost in the snow, and how shall we ever get the door open again!" The snow fell thicker and faster, and in the afternoon the poet's gardener cut a path through the snow from the kitchen door to the dovecote. The old garden blackbird, the bird that had cheered the hearts of the poet and his children all last summer, sat half-starved in a hole in the sycamore tree, and saw the two children, wrapped up in great coats and cloaks till only their eyes and the tips of their noses could be

seen, go from the kitchen-door along the path that had been cut in the snow to the dove-house. They carried tares and peas in a basket, and soaked bread in a basin; they were going to feed their favourites, and never once thought of all the little hungry stomachs and longing eyes that were all around them.

"The pantry-door is fast locked, and the key is now lost!" was sighed out all that night from under the roof and from the crannies of the old walls, and from under the ivy leaves, and from the hollows of the sycamore trunk. "The pantry-door key is lost, and we shall die of hunger!" The poor rooks left off building; the snow lay a foot deep in every unfinished nest; the last year's rooks asked the old ones if they had ever known the pantry-door key lost before. Very few of them ever had; they had heard their grandfathers talk of such a thing in their time, but they did not think it could have been as bad as this! The key of the pantry-door had never certainly been quite lost before; but they hoped it might be found. The young rooks were quite disheartened, they did not believe that the key ever would be found. They were ready to grow desperate; it was all that the most experienced could do to persuade them to patience and hope.

The poet stood at his window and looked out; the snow had lost its first purity; it had fallen from the tree branches and had been shaken out from the evergreens, lest it should break them; it lay like a casing of marble over all the earth: it was hard frozen, and glittered in the sun like crystal points. It was now a week since it had fallen, and there seemed no chance of the frost going. The poet saw his children rush from the dove-house with their rosy faces and bright eyes: Crow's two young pigeons were full feathered; how they had grown! and Snowdrop's were like two little balls of down. The children were on their way to tell this to their father.

But before they came he had something to tell them. As he stood at his window he had seen the rooks on their way through the cold wintry sky to the distant meadows. What could the poor rooks find there for food? The thought fell on his heart with a sadness. He thought of all the suffering creatures in this bitter season, and he wished that he could help and save them all. Whilst he was thus thinking, he heard the twittering of the little birds in the laurestinas round the window, and he saw the old blackbird sitting just above in the arbutus. Hunger had made them very tame. He heard their mournful twitter, and he understood it—for a poet understands all languages, especially those which come from sorrowful hearts. At that moment his two children came in: "Hush," said he, and they trod as softly as falling snow; "listen to what the little birds are all saying. They say, 'The pantry-door is locked, and the key is lost! There is no one to feed us, and we shall all die of hunger!' This is what the little birds are saying."

The tears started to the children's eyes, and their father continued, "Thus say the little birds; and they speak truly; their pantry door is locked, and the key is lost; many of them will die; they are now like so many little skeletons; they have puffed out their feathers to keep them warm, but they are starved for all that; for the famished have so little warmth within them. 'We shall all die of hunger,' say they. 'Alas! that the pantry-door should be locked and the key lost! No one pities us—we shall all die!' 'Do not despair!' replies that old blackbird in the arbutus," said the poet, directing with his finger the tearful eyes of the children to the bird,—"'do not despair; help comes often when we least expect it. Bear on patiently a little longer,—a little longer bear up, and help will come!'" These were the words of the blackbird, which the poet told to his children; but scarcely were they ended when the blackbird turned its head quickly and then fell, as if dead, from the bough into the snow.

Without a word to the children, the poet rushed out, and the next moment they saw him in the garden before the window; all the little birds flew away frightened; and, treading ankle deep in snow, he brought in the dead blackbird.

"Poor, dear blackbird!" said the children, with almost breaking hearts, when they saw it in their father's hands in the warm room where he brought it. "Poor, dear little thing! and it has died of want, and we have never fed the birds all this hard time!"

"Yes," said their father, "it is a serious thing when creatures with appetites find the pantry locked, and the key lost. You must think about these things!"

"But I think," said he, again speaking, and this time more cheerfully, "that this bird is not dead; I believe it is only benumbed, and I think we can revive it." The children rushed about like wild creatures, for they had such loving hearts. They could find neither a cage nor a basket at the moment, but they brought an old last year's garden-bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon; they put some warm flannel in it, laid the bird within it, and then tied the bonnet in a handkerchief; their father said he would take charge of it for them, in his study, and they must go and see if they could not get the pantry open for the other poor little birds.

They could not understand what the birds said as well as their father, because they were only poet's children; so in the evening when all the birds had had a good dinner, he told them what had been said. They had said that the old blackbird was right; help had come when they least expected it; somebody had picked the lock or burst the pantry door open, and behold every shelf was full of bread! They wondered how it was;—they were only birds, and so they could not tell; this, however, was certain, there was plenty now, where but a minute before, there had been famine. It was just as the good blackbird had said. He was a prophet and a poet, and yet he who knew all this, and had cheered them with hope, was dead! That was a sad thing! They must confess that he was a great poet; they had not thought much of him when he was alive; but they must raise a monument to him now he is dead. "But he is not dead," said the children, "he is all alive in the magpie's cage, and very happy!"

"But they do not know it," said the father; "they think him dead, and mourn for him. They thought very little of him when he was amongst them, but they will honour him now they think him dead."

The frost still lasted; and the pantry remained as full as ever. Jessy went and told them in the dove-house that he knew he was right. It was all a needless outcry about the famine; the birds only wanted to excite compassion, that they might induce the pigeons and guinea-pigs to give up their food; they made themselves look miserable and half famished to get fed without working; that they were as brisk now as larks; that he heard a deal said still among the rooks about this pantry door key being lost, but after what he had seen he put no faith in it. It was a mere pretence.

At the end of February the frost broke up; the snow melted all at once; the hard stony ground was like a wet sponge. The grass looked green, and the tree stems brim-full of life; the little snowdrops, and hepaticas, and winter aconites looked round them in astonishment. "Something must have happened," said they one to another; for they were not wide awake yet—"we must have been asleep a long time; come let us get up, we feel such life and strength within us! Hark, that must be a thrush. It is spring, as sure as we are alive!"

The little dear robins and redstarts came hopping among the flowers, and they welcomed each the other; and then the flowers understood all about the dreadful time that had been since they went to sleep. Many birds were dead; that was a certainty; many a dear little bird that had sung to the flowers last summer

would never sing to them again! Among those that had died, they said, was the grand old poet, the blackbird; he was a wonderful creature; he suffered dreadfully in the famine; but he tried to cheer all their hearts, and foretold the better time, and the opening of the pantry door, just before it took place; but he never saw it himself. That was the one sorrow they had to deplore; and they did deplore it sincerely.

The flowers were very sorry, tears hung in the snow-drop's beautiful eyes, for she loved the blackbird. At that moment all the little birds flew away, for they heard footsteps coming down the garden walk. It was the poet's children, with the great magpie's cage, in which was the blackbird. They set it just opposite the snowdrops and the other flowers, for they said, "he shall see how beautiful the garden is the moment he gets out of the cage."

The blackbird sprang from the open door of the cage, and flew into a hawthorn tree that grew just by. All the little flowers saw him, and could hardly believe their eyes. The moment he alighted on the tree he carolled forth such a hymn of thankfulness and joy as filled the whole garden. The little birds could scarcely believe their ears. He was alive and well! His song told everything, and every one interpreted it his own way. The poet heard it as he sat in his study; it told him that the spring time—a time of plenty and of gladness—was at hand. A gushing tide of love and gratitude warmed his heart; he took up his pen, and wrote words which were immortal.

It reached the fat pigeons on the house-top, as they were strutting about with their young broods, now out in the great world for the first time; and old Jessy said to his wife, that if it really were true about the famine, he was glad that such a fine singer as the blackbird had got well through it! It reached the poor rooks, that had suffered so dreadfully in the famine, as they sat on their elm-tree tops, and taking the song for a good omen, they began their building again that very moment. As to the little flowers down in the garden-beds, they were so full of joy, that they reared up their heads, and opened their beautiful eyes to the sun, and shot down their little roots under ground, and woke the sleepy worms and little shining insects, and told them it was time to be stirring, for the beautiful spring season had just begun.

All that day nothing was heard but a shouting on the tree-tops—the burden of the song was the same everywhere—"The key that was lost so long has been found; the pantry door stands wide open; and there is plenty for all!" The poet's children walked hand in hand in the garden, and were happier than ever.

SONNET.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCK.

TO THE MEMORY OF HOWARD.

THERE is a manly music in the name
Of HOWARD, that demands the skill
Of MILTON's measure, every heart to thrill,
In voicing his imperishable fame
As with a trumpet, which the angels hear,
And back to mortals echo it again,
In praise of him who broke the captive's chain;
Before whose beaming face the atmosphere
Of dungeons deadly dank was purified;
As if the sun had left his radiant sphere,
And sought the cells where helpless thousands died.
O'er-gorged death before him fled in fear;
Yet, like an eagle cheated of his prey,
Spread broad his sable wings, and scowling soared away.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

The Health of the People.—John Bull—man of business though he be—nevertheless has an evident dislike to *figures*; he turns away from any dense, though well-arranged tabulated array, with aversion; they have to be forced down his throat, and even then his digestion is of an imperfect kind. His apathy, it is true, relaxes when his attention is called to a subject relating to *£ s. d.* and he peruses with some interest any new scheme that bears upon its surface the probability of pecuniary advantage, while he devours with relish the last published list of the prices of Railway and other stocks; his sympathies are then exhausted, he hears in his slumbers some mutterings about Disease and Death being in the land, and official Tables are before him, to prove the fact, but they startle him not: it is the journalist's task then to arouse him to a proper sense of his danger, to bid him *think*

on a subject of such momentous import, and adopt measures for his own safety.

The Quarterly Return of the Health and Mortality of 115 of the districts of England and Wales (chiefly towns), published by the authority of the Registrar-General, has just appeared; and at this moment, when the sanitary condition of the people is causing some stir, is a document of great value, and worthy of very general attention.

It appears that *Fifty-two thousand nine hundred and five deaths* were registered in the quarter ending December 31st, 1846, a number by 18,727 greater than the same quarter of 1845, and 7,311 above the corrected average of previous years.

The Registrar-General exhibits in the following interesting table the excess of Mortality in a striking form.

	1838	1839	1840	1841	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846
Deaths actually registered in the December Quarters of 9 years.	40,030	41,598	44,044	39,165	39,544	42,448	43,918	39,178	52,905
Deaths which would have been registered if the mortality had been uniform, and the Numbers had increased from 1838 at the rate of 1·75 per cent. annually	36,685	40,380	41,086	41,805	42,537	43,381	44,039	44,810	45,594
UNHEALTHY SEASONS. Difference above the calculated number . .	345	1,218	2,958	—	—	—	—	—	7,311
HEALTHY SEASONS. Difference below the calculated number . .	—	—	—	2,640	2,993	833	121	5,632	—

This is a fearfully high mortality. If information were to be received that 13,000 of our troops had been slain in an engagement with an enemy, what a commotion would there be raised; the whole nation would weep, the sympathy would be general, and not a moment would be lost in devising means for the annihilation of the foe. But 13,000 persons dying in three months, in part only of England, from causes that admit of removal, is calmly looked upon by the public; the city article, the daily papers, make no mention of its being the *theme* of comment upon 'Change, or elsewhere. But let us hope that a new era is about to dawn; that measures will soon be taken to improve the health and domestic comfort of the poorer residents in our densely populated towns. The Registrar-General observes that—

"The high mortality in the towns of the country is in many places ascribed to typhus. The diarrhoea of the summer quarter was succeeded by fever; generally of the form accompanied by considerable disorder of the digestive organs. It was apparently the typhus characterized by ulcerations of the intestinal glands (dysentery) rather than typhus with petechiae. The epidemic of diarrhoea continued in several towns; and scarlatina—the disease most fatal to children between five and ten years of age, and which tracks their path up to twenty—raged with great violence in several districts, but chiefly in the northern counties. It was fatal to between 200 and 300 persons in Newcastle-upon-Tyne alone. Bronchitis, and other inflammations or congestions of the chest, were the immediate consequences of the cold weather, and the causes of many deaths, particularly amongst persons afflicted with asthma and heart disease.

"It is well known that the decaying matters of marshes give

rise to agues, dysenteries, and fevers; and it is proved satisfactorily, by the facts collected under the Registration Act, that the excessive mortality from diseases of the zymotic and other classes, observed in towns, is occasioned by animal or vegetable poisons, with which the atmosphere is charged, in different degrees of concentration, depending on accumulated filth, crowding in dwellings and workshops, the closeness of courts, imperfect supplies of water, and the want of efficient sewers. The high temperature of the summer of 1846, in which the mean thermometer ranged from 0°2 to 7°7 above the average during ten weeks out of thirteen, accelerated the decomposition, and increased the virulence of these effluvial poisons, as well as of the diseases which they promote. Once grown epidemic, the diseases continued to rage during the rest of the year. Thus the mortality of 1846 may be accounted for. If it took place in obedience to any cyclical law, or to a general cause acting simultaneously in Asia and Europe, the great fact remains, that the deaths were nearly *twice as numerous in ill-constructed towns, where the poison is concentrated, as in the country, where it is diluted and destroyed by the fresh air.*

"The mortality of 1846 was raised much above the average in both Anglesea and Manchester.

The population of Manchester, Salford, and Chorlton, in 1841, was	356,379
The deaths in the December quarter of 1845 were	2,555
The deaths in the December quarter of 1846 were	4,029

The population of the Anglesea district in 1841 was	83,105
The deaths in the December quarter of 1845 were	163
The deaths in the December quarter of 1846 were	206

Allowing for increase of population, the inhabitants of Manchester, &c., were probably 10 times as numerous as the inhabitants of Anglesea; the mortality was 15 times as great in 1845, and 20 times as great in 1846.

"Again—

"The population of Hull was 41,130; the deaths in 1845 were 261; in 1846 they were 404.

"The population of the Isle of Wight was 42,547; the deaths in 1845 were 167; in 1846 they were 201.

"Innumerable examples of the same kind may be given."

The Registrar of *St. George, Manchester*, after stating that the great number of deaths in his district—406—may be partly accounted for by the prevalence of measles and typhus, goes on to say:—

"The population of the district is to a great extent composed of the lower order of Irish, who live and lodge together in great numbers in the same house. In one part of the district called 'Angel Meadow,' it is not uncommon to find 20 or 30 persons living in one house when there is not accommodation for one-third of that number, especially if health is to be in the least considered. During the last 2 or 3 months large numbers of the poor from Ireland have crowded themselves in the district, droves of them rambling about the streets seeking lodgings, and no doubt being exposed to the severe and inclement weather. Many of the poor creatures have died from cold producing fever and other diseases. Owing to the great increase of mortality during the last few weeks, I instituted inquiries as to the length of time the deceased had been in England, and found in very many cases they had been only a few weeks. The poverty and destitution of the district at the present time is very great. The houses are badly ventilated, and the unhealthy odour arising from so many persons huddled together in a confined apartment, must have a very injurious effect. It cannot be surprising that while such a state of things exists, the mortality should be so great."

The admirable address to the working classes, by Dr. Southwood Smith, on the sanitary question, which appeared in the first number of your Journal, has been read with much interest; let the foregoing facts add additional weight to his statement; let the authorities cast off their apathy and leave no stone unturned to remedy the evil that carries death to our homes, and enervates the bodies of our people; let every man remember the remark with which the Registrar-General concludes his observations on the public health—that *he who raises the industrious population of this many-cited kingdom to the natural standard of health, will indeed be parens ac Deus salutis nostre*; for according to Pliny, *Deus est mortali juvare mortalem; et hoc ad eternam gloriam via.* J. C.

Early Closing Movement.—An admirable lecture on this movement was delivered by Henry Vincent, on the 14th of January, in Finsbury Chapel, which is now printed by the Association. As a striking evidence of the growth of this cause we may state that there was an attendance of about 2,500, and about the half of that number were young men from the city establishments on behalf of the City District Committee.

Plymouth Working Men's Association.—Plymouth, Feb. 18, 1847.—Sir,—The working men of Plymouth are at last doing what should have been done long ago, establishing a "Working Men's Association." Although there are already a Mechanics' Institute, Athenæum, and Natural History Society for the wealthy, the want of an institution, where a working man may enjoy *wholesome recreation* after his daily labour, has been long felt. This association offers a reading-room, library, occasional lectures, building society, and mutual improvement, on the right plan; those most skilled are to instruct the ignorant in reading, writing, and all other branches of education. Although started but a few days since, it already has about sixty members. The Rev. W. J. Odgers, a gentleman who has distinguished himself in the cause of sanitary reform, has consented to act as president. Several other gentlemen of acknowledged ability have promised assistance, in the way of lectures, &c. If properly supported by those for whose benefit it is intended, it cannot but prosper. Perhaps its most important branch is the Building Society, similar to those of Greenwich, and other places; by which in the course of a dozen years each of the members will possess a *freehold cottage*, furnished with every convenience. The greatest enthusiasm animates its originators, and on the whole it appears likely to answer exceedingly well. Hoping that you will give this place in your Record,

I am, yours respectfully,

T. M. B.

Meetings of the Anti-Slavery League in the Provinces.—We hear much from the working classes of the opposition of the dissenting clergy to these meetings, because Garrison, George Thompson, and Frederick Douglas have so unsparingly exposed the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance. At Leeds and at Perth of late, we regret to state, such attempts have been made. The opposition is vain. The great serpent of slavery must and will be scotched.

Orphan Working School Bazaar at Haverstock Hill.—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 10, at the school in the City Road, a meeting was held of the ladies who have kindly interested themselves in favour of this important scheme, to confer together on the subject. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the lateness of the hour (half-past five o'clock), upwards of sixty ladies attended; and, as none were invited but those on the list as a general committee for London and its suburbs, the meeting was of the highest respectability. There were also present many gentlemen of the committee. The girls' school-room was tastefully arranged for the occasion, additional gas-lights suspended, and everything proved that the managers were desirous that nothing should be wanting to add to the comfort of their fair guests. Tea was provided, and handed round to the company. The secretary read letters from ladies in various parts of the kingdom, proving that a deep interest is felt in the success of the undertaking. It was also stated that the ladies have themselves, or by their friends, already contributed about 150*l.* in money towards the bazaar, and that the most active canvass was going on. Short speeches were made, appropriate to the occasion; and a series of "Hints to Ladies" were read, approved, and will be printed for their use. It appears the bazaar will be opened to the public on the 8th of May, and continued on the 10th, and two following days. A volume was announced as about to be published at the bazaar, on "Orphanage," papers for which have been contributed by Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Toulmin, Miss Strickland, Miss Pardoe, Miss E. Cook, and the Rev. Mrs. Wardlaw, Harris, Leifchild, Cox, and Archer; by the Rev. Messrs. Noel, Christmas, Bunting, Barrett, Jackson; by Horace Smith, Esq., James Montgomery, Esq., etc.; and it was requested that the ladies would interest themselves to obtain subscriptions for the work, which it is intended shall be sold to them for 5*s.* per copy. It will be beautifully got up, and with illustrations by the first artists, who have volunteered their gratuitous services for its adornment. During the evening, the children were introduced to the company; the girls first, who afterwards sang, "Tis the voice of the Slingard," &c.; after displaying the work they had prepared for the Bazaar, they retired, when the boys appeared with a variety of ingenious toys they had prepared for the sale. As it was the anniversary of the marriage of Her Majesty—the Patroness of the Bazaar—they were called upon to sing the National Anthem, which they did with great credit. The whole proceedings went off well, and terminated about half-past eight o'clock.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM HOWITT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, March 6, 1847.



JOHN POUNDS, THE FOUNDER OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

JOHN POUNDS, THE FOUNDER OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

OUR cut this week is from an engraving by Mr. Charpentier, taken from a painting by Mr. Sheaf, of Landport, and represents the founder of the first Ragged School in the midst of his benevolent labours, at the same time that he is following his calling as a humble shoemaker.

JOHN POUNDS, the cripple and the cobbler, yet at the same time one of nature's true nobility, was born in Portsmouth, in 1766. His father was a sawyer, employed in the royal dock-yard. At fifteen, young Pounds met with an accident, which disabled him for life. During the greater part of his benevolent career, he lived in a small weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary's-street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen every day, seated on his stool, mending shoes in the midst of his busy little school. One of his amusements was that of rearing singing birds, jays, and parrots, which he so perfectly domesticated that they lived harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Often, it is said, might a canary-bird be seen perched upon one shoulder, and a cat upon the other. During the latter part of his life, however, when his scholars became so numerous, he was able to keep fewer of these domestic creatures. Poor as he was, and entirely dependent upon the hard labour of his hands, he nevertheless adopted a little crippled nephew, whom he educated, and cared for with truly paternal love, and, in the end, established comfortably in life. It was out of this connexion that his attempts and success in the work of education arose. He thought, in the first instance, that the boy would learn better with a companion; he obtained one, the son of a wretchedly poor mother; then another and another was added, and he found so much pleasure in his employment, and was the means thereby of effecting so much good, that, in the end, the number of his scholars amounted to forty, including about a dozen little girls.

His humble workshop, which our cut represents, was about six feet by eighteen, in the midst of which he would sit, engaged in that labour by which he won his bread, and attending, at the same time, to the studies of the little crowd around him. So efficient was John Pounds's mode of education, to say nothing about its being perfectly gratuitous, that the candidates were always numerous; he, however, invariably gave the preference to the *worst*, as well as poorest, children—to the "little blackguards," as he called them. He has been known to follow such to the Town Quay, and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato, if they would come to his school. His influence on these degraded children was extraordinary.

As a teacher, his manners were pleasant and facetious. We can see him, in the picture, amusing the "little blackguards" while he taught them. Many hundred persons, now living usefully and creditably in life, owe the whole formation of their character to him. He gave them "book-learning," and taught them also to cook their own victuals and mend their shoes. He was not only frequently their doctor and nurse, but their playfellow: no wonder was it, therefore, that when, on New Year's Day, 1839, he suddenly died, at the age of seventy-two, the children wept, and even fainted, on hearing of their loss, and for a long time were overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. They, indeed, had lost a friend and benefactor. Such was the noble founder of the first Ragged School; and we think we cannot better introduce to our readers the following account of the Ragged School of Bristol, in which the truly Christian spirit of John Pounds seems to reign, than by this slight, but inadequate notice, of a poor, but great man.

BRISTOL RAGGED SCHOOL.

WITH what different emotions is this name, "Ragged School," now "familiar to our ears as a household word," heard by different individuals! The tattered urchins, who have with difficulty restrained their impatience to listen to a long exhortation from some one who calls himself their well-wisher, and boldly ask a penny for their pains, scamper off when they learn that they are invited to a "Ragged School," exclaiming, "The name is enough for us!" The fine lady, accustomed to devote her benevolent sympathies to a well-ordered charity school, where the children learn to be respectful to their superiors, and to repeat the catechism without a mistake—or occasionally to visit a few poor persons, the humble and grateful recipients of her alms—smiles incredulously at the idea of teaching those dirty ragamuffins; and when told that these very children have actually been assembled to learn, that the school is being carried on, that the numbers are daily increasing, and that the only difficulty is to limit them to the teachers that can be provided, *she asks contemptuously*, "And what *good* do you do them?" The poor neighbours of such a school wonder that any one can have patience to attempt to teach such children, and augur little success to the undertaking, but are surprised and pleased when they find the streets quieter in consequence; and when they see these very hopeless beings brought under some control, they wish God-speed to the work. While those who sigh, and have often sighed despairingly, at the amount of moral evil which meets them everywhere—who see in those ragged children, whose outward wretchedness is but too true a type of the misery within, the image of God, defaced and degraded—who remember that they are young immortals—who know that they will in a few years become the blessing or the bane of society,—*they feel* their hearts swell with thankfulness and joy that at length the conviction seems awakening in the public mind that it is the duty of the more educated, of those especially possessed of the many talents of Christian love and truth, to help these little ones, to minister to them that pure water which springeth up to everlasting life.

The Ragged Schools which have already been established in London and elsewhere, though at present conducted on a very limited and inefficient plan, have nevertheless shown to the people of England that something *can* be done for these lost ones. Let it not be forgotten that Charles Dickens awakened many to this subject (by his true and touching appeal in the Daily News), who would never have felt the weight of statistical accounts of the enormous amount of juvenile crime, or been touched by the most eloquent appeals from the pulpit. His soul-stirring words found a response in the hearts of many who had long mourned over the evil without knowing how to remedy it, and who, without this new stimulus to the public mind, might not have found co-operation in their efforts. There are those in Bristol who have long treasured the memory of the apostolic countenance of Dr. Tuckerman, the friend of Channing, and the founder of Domestic Missions in the United States; and who remember his earnest pleadings for the poor forsaken children of sin and ignorance, which then, some thirteen years ago, made our bosoms burn with an ardent desire to seek and save these outcasts of society. The seed lay for long years unperceived by the eye of man, but only waiting for a season to spring up and bring forth fruit. A commencement has been made in Bristol, which, we trust, with the divine blessing, may lead to more extensive efforts. As these schools, more than any other, require the guidance of experience, we propose to give, in this Journal, from time to time, such ac-

counts of the workings of this, as will be interesting to the general reader, and useful to those who are forming similar plans.

We have retained the name of 'Ragged School,' because by that only can we convey to our friends and the public a correct idea of the nature of our school; but among the classes for whom it is intended, we do not employ an appellation which would hurt their feelings, and simply entitle it the Free School. We invite to it such children as cannot be attendants at the numerous British and National Schools in the city; most of these children are in a state of moral and physical degradation, which can be realized only by those who have witnessed it. We were fortunate in finding a master imbued with a strong and earnest love for these poor children, united with much courage and firmness. Having selected a room suited to our purposes in one of the worst localities in Bristol, he entered on his difficult duties last August; and with his diary we will for the present conclude, as it will convey some idea of the difficulties to be overcome, and the spirit in which such a work should be engaged in.

"Aug. 1st. Saw a number of dirty boys without shoes or stockings, and some with scarce a rag to their backs. I called them together, and told them the object of my mission; that I was about to commence a free-school, Sundays and week-days, stating I should begin on Sunday morning at nine o'clock, out at twelve; and again at two, out at four; and the same time week-days. I said, 'You appear to be badly clothed.'

"'Yes, Sir,' said one of them; and another observed very quaintly, 'What I does he say he will give us new clothes if we come to his school?'

"'No, my boys, I will do no such thing; I will endeavour to give you something of more real worth than clothes or bread and cheese.'

"'Tell me what that is then, master.'

"'Well, I will teach you common sense, and sober and moral principles, that when you earn a few shillings, you may know how to take care of them. I will save you from cracked heads, ragged pockets, and black eyes.'

"'I say, George, he is a funny fellow—wilt thee go?'

"'Aye.' 'And so will I. We will come, Sir, and bring more lads with us; what will you teach us?'

"'If you are good, to read and write too.'

"This news soon found its way through Lewin's Mead.

"Sunday morning, Aug. 2. Offered up a short prayer that God would bless me in the great and good work I was about to engage in. Commenced just at nine o'clock; the first three boys that came in had no fathers. This at once afforded me matter for conversation. Two of these boys were very dirty, and had no shoes or stockings. I told them my mission: they appeared to listen, and even seemed affected. The other boy was clean, but very unruly, and as my numbers increased they soon forgot themselves; they used the most improper conversation, asking at the same time questions enough to puzzle a lawyer. Before the time was up to send them home, I could neither teach them nor rule, and my heart was pained when I looked on these dear children, to see the image of God thus defaced. I thought, Who is sufficient for this holy yet fearful work? I could only retain them by telling them some tales. At twelve, I dismissed them. Again, at two, I opened the school, and that afternoon I shall never forget. Only thirteen or fourteen boys present, some swearing, some fighting, some crying. One boy struck another's head through the window. I tried to offer up a short prayer, but found it impossible; the boys, instead of kneeling, began to tumble over each other, and to sing 'Jim Crow.'

"Aug. 6. To-day, for the first time, I have hope of success. The poor little dirty creatures have been

better than I could expect. I feel I love them, and desire to do them good. They were much pleased with Miss —'s visit to the school, and delighted by her explaining to them the mode of making blacklead pencils.

"Aug. 7. Boys present, twenty. A very happy morning. In the afternoon quite the reverse. I kept back one M. F. to talk to him, and desired him to say his lesson or read to me. He would not. He came to school without a cap, when he swore he brought his cap with him, and the boys had got it, and we had given it to them. Now this was no such thing. My friend J. R. said to him that we were not thieves, if they were. This remark was quite enough to set him up in a most furious manner. I endeavoured to get him to hold his lesson in his hand, when he commenced abusing me in the strongest terms, and kicking my legs; but, well for me, he had no shoes on. He called me bad names, yet after all he read his lesson; but when I went into the street, he pelted me with soft mud. Thus ended another day of conflict. I never struck this boy once."

Space will not allow us to give the interesting details of the case of T. O., a lad who happily was reclaimed: he was brought to the school by some of the scholars in the lowest state of filth and destitution; he slept under no roof; he had been twice in prison, once whipped; this punishment was inflicted by the turnkey in the presence of the governor and the doctor; they watched over the physical effect of the two dozen lashes, but made no effort to give them a salutary moral influence. Mr. Phelps, the master, found that the poor youth showed a strong susceptibility to kindness, and a desire to change his evil courses; after some difficulty he induced the father to receive him again at home.

"Sunday, Aug. 9. Opened the school with much comfort; a great change in the appearance and in the conduct of the boys. A good time with them, and some kind friends to help me. I see my visits among the parents the day before were not in vain: I was kindly received by all, had much conversation with them, and gave tracts to those who wished to receive them.

"Aug. 17. In the afternoon some large boys tried all they could to break up the order of the school, and in a great measure succeeded by throwing each other over the forms. Well, after a time I obtained order, then kept them in till half-past four, to show them the folly of such conduct. These boys have not been trained like other boys; indeed, they are quite a class of themselves, living constantly in the open air, having the greatest liberty, under no restraint whatever,—boys as high-spirited as blood-horses.

"Aug. 19. This was a trying day to me, and several times I had resolved to give up the school to other hands. To-day I saw T. O., the outcast of society, with a clean shirt, clean face and hands, seated beside his own father, hard at work, putting a lady's shoe into welt. Did not my heart leap for joy to see one, forsaken by all parties, one who had been in prison, one who for many long months had never slept in a bed, and who, as I was informed, the very night he went home was to have been taken up for sleeping on the stairs! Thus have the friends of the free-school had a beneficial influence on one; if he keeps steady at his work, it will speak volumes for our efforts. Surely we may ask God to bless this poor boy and us in the good work of reform."

N.B.—This journal appeared last December in the Christian Reformer, a periodical which has but a limited circulation in one religious body; it will certainly not have fallen in the way of those of many of the readers of Howitt's Journal.

M. C.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BAND.

BY SILVERPEN.

BREAD was dearer, work was scarcer; the capitalists Staple and Fleece had paid off one hundred and seventy more of their efficient hands; and grim winter, doubly winter with disease and destitution, loomed over the labour-rich, yet famine-stricken town. The wisdom of capital, true to its politic-economic principles, speculated on the profound doctrine of "over production;" whilst skeleton Famine, asking this plain question, "man labours and produces: is therefore his misery and his destitution justified either by the laws of God or instituted Governments?" found one, within as poor a chamber as any in that populous town, to answer with a negative so stern and so inflexible, that never human will forged, in a human heart, a truer or a sterner one. This man was Jason Bold; one of the few hands still kept on by the great mill-owners. But looking round his bare walled room on this drear winter's night, there were neither signs of weekly wages, nor of his thrifty, careful habits. A bit of fire there was by which he sat, and bending downwards to a large old book which lay upon his knees, its scanty flame seemed only to cast into deeper shadow his pale thin face, though falling on his crossed hands and on the vellum cover of the book, made one broad glow of light that widened to the floor. This changed, for presently his shadowed face became the brighter! A great humanitarian resolve of the soul cannot govern the mind or fix the will without some influence of its divine and spiritual nature. Not one sigh more for the hard-laboured-for, long treasured old edition of the *Principia*; but rising with a steady foot, Jason tied the book and the remnant of a loaf into a coarse blue handkerchief, put the fragment of candle, that stood in an old candlestick, into his pocket, and locking the door after him, descended into the street. It was a bitter November night, and his coat was worn and bare; but neither feeling wind nor falling sleet, he quickly gained a more squalid quarter of the town. High factories, with their thousand windows, were interspersed with fetid lanes and courts, where hunger wailed unheard, and labour perished in the ignorance of its giant power. Down some of these courts and streets he glided, returning with his bundle diminished in size, or with some shadowy figure still more threadbare than himself. Besides, in twos and threes from street corners, or sheltered doorways, others joined his little company, till by the time he reached the long, straggling out-building of a factory, some three dozen operatives were grouped around the door, or followed in the distance, to avoid suspicion. Opening the door with the large key he had brought with him, Jason Bold lighted the bit of candle; the little band, now including two women, found themselves in an immense earth-floored chamber or building, for it had no story above, heaped with outworn or disused steam engines, boilers, and spinning-jennies, as old as the days of Hargrave. One of much later construction, placed there evidently for repair, occupied with its giant spindles a large portion of the centre of the floor, and on one of its jutting levers Jason stuck his bit of candle, and with his little band crouched down within its shadows. Rembrandt, in those stern faces, so much in shadow, so little in the light, would have seen marvellous nature for his pencil; the philosophic and profound mind would have seen debased and crushed humanity, crouching beneath *that* which monopoly and falsely distributed wealth make man the slave of, instead of its being, as it *will* and *shall*, the helot and the toiler for man—the image of divinity, progressing and enjoying.

"My friends," said Jason, bending his eager face forward into the ray of the poor candle, after having counted his little band, and opened the business of the

night; "you suffer under the miseries of destitution; your homes are breadless this night; in your despair, you curse the capital that governs you; you see no way for your hopes of justice, but that of retaliative revenge. But thus to think is injustice to yourselves, and to the true cause of human right. For if wealth has an accumulative power, it has also a distributive one; though under our present scheme of self-government and political government, the accumulative power mainly tending to the selfish aggrandizement of the individual, cannot and will not tend otherwise, till the moral and formative condition of society be far more advanced than it is. To this advance you may assist, to this great and ultimate progress yours may be helping hands; for the sacred rights of distributive wealth, for the great blessings of productive labour, you may work, and that successfully; and this without injustice to one human individual, or one present law, *simply by being just to yourselves!* Learn this, and no injustice is stable against your moral power. Now all true, all just, all strongly sensible moral power works onward with the social stream; and so shall you, if I am the revered guide you tell me. So, though we are debased, starving, tax-ridden, *we can be as one in heart and hand—co-operatists in will and moral power.* Like sensible men, we will begin at the beginning, my friends; try by our labour to fill hungry stomachs, clothe the naked bodies; and ~~then~~, with something of hope, talk of our moral and social signs. Now I covet not, nor quarrel with any man's capital, but I say that *we will have capital of our own.* Nor will we this night lack a beginning—breadless and destitute as some are." As he spoke thus, Jason's lean hands untied the coarse handkerchief, and brought forth the book; it was a noble offering, worthy the man, and worthy the cause, which can show its type and sign in the great laws of nature itself. Many a wasted hand there sought to hide the tears of divinest sympathy. For their sakes, they knew Jason was breadless; for their sakes, they knew he parted with this treasured glory, of his great and self-taught learning. God does indeed dwell with us, when the divine mind and the divine heart are twin, as they were in this poor, starving, toiling operative. Yes, yes! yes, yes! with hearts like this on it, earth is indeed a portion of the coming heaven! Doubt it not, or you are false to your cause, believers in progress and humanity.—Well! some tried to grasp Jason's hand with their still thinner ones, but he rustled and brought forth a scrap of paper from the *Principia*, and talked to himself as if summing up a large amount, the better to disguise their choked and nervous utterance. Yet *this* was the divine spirit of man, crouched within the shadow of *that* which is made his master by the same power, which shall, in wonderful ministry, make it his own untiring bondman, when Labour shall have learnt,—that *in unity lies its secret and its mightiness!*

Walter Noble, operative out of work, now brought forth inkhorn and pen, and noted down what each could give, and its lowest probable value.

Jason Bold, (in work) Newton's <i>Principia</i>	£3	0	0
Walter Noble, (out of work) child's cradle	0	3	0
Thomas Dix, (out of work) only waistcoat	0	4	0
Margaret Cameron, (in work) her Sunday gown	0	5	2
Joseph Lawrence, (out of work) one chair	0	0	10
Ebenezer Croft, (out of work) one birdcage	0	0	6
Lucy Faith, widow, (out of work) her wedding-ring	0	7	6
Jasper Stone, (out of work) one round table	0	3	6
Michael Naylor, (in work) by cash	0	4	2
Giles Simpson, (out of work) one hat	0	3	7
Timothy Knocker, (in work) a flute	0	2	6
Luke Smith, (out of work) Mason's spelling-book	0	0	4
Aaron Moon, (out of work) two razors	0	1	0
William Brondman, (out of work) Coverdale's Bible	0	14	0
Matthew Rose, (out of work) child's beaver hat	0	1	9
Hager Fountain, (out of work) a rabbit-hutch	0	2	2

Carried over £4 14 0

Brought forward		£4	14	0
John Fulsoul, (in work) by cash and watch	2	2	10	0
Simon Morton, (out of work) one kettle and two irons	0	1	3	
Daniel White, (out of work) by cash	0	0	2	
Abraham Jones, (in work) two canaries	0	4	0	
Mark Green, (out of work) two monthly rose-trees	0	1	3	
Charles Sniper, (out of work) four stuffed birds	0	8	0	
Grafton Linnet, (out of work) copy of Bewick	0	6	6	
Andrew Mason, (out of work) two prints, Morland	0	13	5	
Forest Gray, (out of work) a collection of dissected plants	1	4	9	
Gregory Brand, (out of work) a coverlet	0	2	5	
Miles Darkover, (out of work) three blankets	0	6	0	
Ambrose Paston, (in work) by cash	0	2	6	
William Ford, (out of work) a pair of shoes	0	4	2	
Abbot Sharp, (out of work) a pair of bellows	0	1	5	
Taylor Taylor, (out of work) a telescope	0	11	7	
Alfred Westland, (out of work) a horn snuff-box	0	0	8	
Robert Brown, (out of work) a work-box	0	4	0	
Henry Mount, (out of work) a saw	0	1	0	
Richard Snow, (out of work) a child's baby house	0	7	0	
John Strong, (out of work) a seal	0	2	6	
Grafton Percival, (out of work) a shirt pin	0	3	0	
Benjamin Andrews, (in work) by cash	0	4	0	

£12 6 5

"Now, my fellow-workers," spoke Jason, when Walter Noble had summed up, and read the total of this fund, drawn forth from the very vitals of abject beggary and destitution, "this shows you what sort of a thing co-operation is. My purpose, after the sum is gathered in to-morrow, and placed with Walter Noble here, is to hire, on as long lease as we can, forty acres of the land on Barren Moor, five miles from here. It is to be let at 3s. an acre, and this rent paid in advance will draw from our fund 6l., leaving 6l. 6s. 5d. as capital—but labour will be our truest capital, my friends. As I have before said, every man is our brother, every man's wealth is sacred; we war not against rich or poor, the feeble or the strong. For these reasons, when the mill takes on its hands again, let all that can get work accept it, because, out of the weekly subscribed fund that this will provide, any extraneous labour, that may be necessary, can be paid. It is in the meanwhile that I want every man to be up and doing. Instead of plotting turn-outs, instead of crying down capital, or fiercely denouncing the governing power of the country, let us, by being true to ourselves, make society contrast the self-government of co-operation with the class-government of legislation. In a word, let us work to the true end of all true government: *the distribution of wealth, according to the natural apportioning law of ability and labour!* Now you can be silent about this work; men can work as silently for the possession of capital as other things; and till Staple and Fleece put on their looms again, I and those amongst us who have wages will subscribe to our utmost penny for the maintenance of the rest; to this we have already pledged ourselves." And in the dark shadows of that power, now their master, yet to be their slave; in the flickering feeble light of the solitary candle, they pressed anew the honest hand of Jason Bold, and promised the unity he asked for. After some further discussion, and the laying forth such plans as I shall show by and by in operation, the "Co-operative Band" separated for the night; and as they silently left the building, the waning candle shot up anew into a broad and lambent flame, that multiplied to the glancing vision a thousandfold each spindle and wheel and cog and drum of the giant loom, and fell as a sign upon their pale, thin, anxious faces, of what the great principle of material labour would yet be, in its ministry, as an untiring and willing slave to the great spiritual nature of man.

As the little company parted in the street by twos and threes, a tall gaunt man, more starved and abject than the most miserable operative there, though with mien and bearing of the class unused to manual labour, came

quickly from the shadow of a narrow lane close by, and asked from those starving themselves, in the voice almost of prayer, for a morsel of bread, or a halfpenny to buy some. Compassionate as their own condition made them to the voice of hunger, one and all, men and women, excepting Jason and Walter Noble, shrunk from the man as if he were some prairie-wolf or shadow of evil. Yet as he begged with all the importunity of hunger, he at the same time tried to catch one averted glance, or one compassionating look, all seemed to pass on more quickly homeward for his coming, and Jason and Walter only were left in his company. The former speaking some kind word or two in answer to his supplications, the man, with that eager step which betokened the governing impulse, pressed quickly to Jason's side; whilst Walter, sharing perhaps some portions of the antipathy so strongly betokened by the rest, kept a pace or two behind. Soon reaching his bare-walled room again, by a more direct route, Jason's first thought was to give to the famished creature such portion of the bread as he had reserved for his own supper; point out his poor bed as a place where there would be rest and shelter; and then sitting down to the table, spread by Noble with papers and writing materials, he prepared to pass the night in drawing out such a plan of operation, with respect to the proposed lease of forty acres of land on Barren Moor, as should be productive of profit and of prospective benefit to the "Co-operative Band." As the night hours waned on, and their labour progressed, the famished creature having eaten his poor meal, and sunk, as it seemed, to sleep, upon the bed, Jason, at a moment's cessation of their occupation, spoke of him to Noble.

"Let nothing, however criminal or abject, starve, I grant," replied Walter. "But, nevertheless, though acquitted by a jury, it makes him none the less a coward murderer and a malefactor."

"Walter, Walter," and as Jason answered, his face seemed lighted by the spirit of universal truth that pervades all nature, "the very principle of co-operation should give you a more truthful view of crime. Let us, by better distributed wealth, let us, by more advanced social elements, surround the infancy of men and women with less disease, less evil, less poverty, and we shall proportionately diminish crime. For as humanity is governed by circumstances, and as these circumstances at present do such infinite injustice to the endowments and organism of nature, we should rather lead error towards good; and find when committed its best palliative in ignorance, that ignorance which the rights of labour, and the rights of education, shall finally and gloriously triumph over!"

Is it that truth is but the voice of mercy? or an analogy of causes? But so it was that this true voice touched better than the sternest judge, or the harshest law, the latent principle of good in the heart of the criminal; for not sleeping he had heard, and when again the two co-operativists proceeded with their plan, and found how little they knew of tilling land, or apportioning a due share of labour to each worker, he rose, and coming to the table with a faltering step, told them if they would not shrink away, as all the world had done, how much he could practically teach, how labour, how try to serve!

"Why not quit this country, and go where men would not know you, where your talents might serve, and as I have often advised?" said Jason. The malefactor stooped down and whispered something. It was enough—when they spoke more kindly, how little did they think that forth from this criminal nature, forth from the basest and lowest of misery, was to upspring a great natural humanitarian voice, that should sing so divinely of the rights of labour, and the Mount Horeb this labour would uprear on the desert waste, and in the barren wilderness.

With this strange assistance, their plan progressed so well that night; their poor foundation for co-operative capital was so augmented on the morrow by the addition of three pounds for which the things sold beyond their humble valuation, that it was with hearts elated, that the "Co-operative Band" took their way to Barren Moor on a drear bleak December morning. It was a wild, lonely place; great morasses stretching miles away to the far hills; and nothing but a few sheep upon the uplands; a herdsman's hut or two, and flocks of wild birds flitting round the little marsh pools, to give life to what man calls the desolation of nature, but which is merely power lying latent, awaiting its conditional law. The spot was wisely chosen out from the waste around. A portion of it was raised far above the level of the moor into a swelling upland, and from this a sluggish stream trickled down and on, till it was lost in the morass. The acres were marked out, the first turf upraised; and before the bleak December afternoon had spread its darkness round the wold, *co-operative labour had commenced its wonderful task-work!*

From this day, the work proceeded manfully. Inspired by Jason, led on by Walter Noble, guided and directed by the criminal Broadspring, who had once been bailiff to a scientific agriculturist, each weak hand from the loom, each doubtful heart, because ignorant, worked earnestly, and began to have new faith; *for each man worked for himself, and yet worked for his brother man.* Before the spring months began, many acres were dug and sown with wheat, and barley, the potato crop set, and much ground trenched for garden purposes. It was weary work enough sometimes, for men with emaciated bodies and scant clothing, to toil through miry roads, and through the winter's rain and sleet, ten miles a day; but the words CAPITAL and DISTRIBUTIVE WEALTH had rung with their trumpet voice in every ear, and foretold that the time for justice to labour was come, if each worker would but be just to himself. As promised, those in work, Jason Bold, Margaret Cameron, Michael Naylor, Timothy Knocker, John Fulsoul, Abraham Jones, Ambrose Paston, and Benjamin Andrews, contributed their utmost penny to the support of the rest. Nor was there wanting, after the day's weary work, a seat at Jason's fire for the most desolate; some broth, cheaply prepared by the needy widow, Lucy Faith; and after that, when hearts grew warm and spirits cheerful, others came, the nightly classes formed, and knowledge, good stout knowledge, made to sow its goodliest and sternest seed. As it would have called too much upon their poor forces to have hired a horse and cart, every man each morning carried with him a large basket of manure, the hitherto poison and refuse of their miserable lanes and fetid courtways, and which was collected each previous day by children. Thus, whilst pestilence was borne away, the reproducing and beautiful principle of nature was supplied and fed. Where the morass was dankest and most treacherous, there the largest drains were formed; where the land lay high and dry upon the upland, the dammed-up water of the one great pool was led, like the hundred many lines of a geometer's problem; and when they came to dig the sluggish stream from its fount-head, new and unexpected springs were opened, that, to the astonishment of all, gushed out, and uniting in one stream, flowed as swiftly onward as a mountain torrent. Here was bounty from latent nature! here was power for machinery! here another help to capital!

The warm sun of spring gleamed down no longer on desolation. True, the last farthing of the little capital was gone, carefully husbanded as it had been; but the green corn was springing up in wonderful luxuriance, the potato crop was already fit for the hoe, the plots of garden-ground showed thriving rows of early peas and cabbages; and just as all this fruit of labour might have perished for the want of further assisting capital,

a rise in the cotton-market, and a demand for export fabrics, necessitated the great mill-owners Staple and Fleece, with others, to take every available hand on again. This necessity was fortunate for the more active members of the "Co-operative Band," such as Walter Noble; for there are always those ready to brand the best of causes with the vilest name, and denounce labour the moment it shakes the gyves that bind it to monopoly. Nor were the politicians of the politico-economic school of a fixed bullion monetary system, and with the cry ever in their mouths of "over production," unmindful of this growth of co-operative power. But, when the townspeople began to find that no interest was attacked, no political or religious dogma affixed to the economic principle of labour, the cry died down, as such cries should—"For all men, not for man," wanted no metaphysical or logical argument to set forth its sterling truth.

Some few that preferred agricultural labour continued it under Broadspring's guidance, after the mills were set to work; but the larger portion went back to their old employment, and, out of their first week's wages, subscribed a shilling each. This, with the same sum from one hundred additional operatives, enrolled into the "Co-operative Band," raised, in one week, a capital of 6*l.* 10*s.* A further weekly sum of one penny from each operative was cheerfully paid. The first green crops off Barren Moor, after paying full expenses of labour, and the interest of capital spent, sold immediately for the sum of 4*l.*; the first early garden produce for 5*l.*; and thus, before midsummer, whilst the waving corn was yet green in the ear, the "Co-operative Band" found themselves possessors of capital in hand to the amount of 4*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* This, in addition to a stout cart, two good horses, and a plough. Rightly judging that the restriction of capital to any one branch of labour, or exchange to any one kind of produce, would not bear out the few great principles of equally distributed wealth, Jason bought some hides and cloth in the wholesale market, and, hiring two tailors, and two shoemakers, at full remunerative wages, found that the whole body of co-operatists could be supplied with the best of shoes and clothes, as cheaply as with the inferior goods of the cheapest shops, and yet pay forty-five per cent. upon the laid-out capital.

As the spring broadened forth into summer, additional acres were added to the plot on Barren Moor, and the original forty brought in. The tall grass waved on the upland, and grew brown in the meridian sun. As the co-operatist labourers were few, and the hay harvest just then commenced in the country round, Broadspring was nearly alone in the hay fields, saving for a drabish, miserable woman, who came sometimes from the town to bring him food, and help to ted the hay, or draw the rake. One evening, when she was there, there came forth from the town some of the co-operatists' wives and children, to gather garden produce, and enjoy an hour amidst the fragrant harvest. As she bore in the town a very vile and disreputable character, and was said to have induced Broadspring to the crime of which it was whispered he was guilty, all avoided her with loathing scorn; and when, in the sunset, Broadspring came to tell the party, seated on a large haycock, that the woman was ill, very ill, in a small hut across the field, all hastened away, except Margaret Cameron, who, in years that I have yet to tell of, was to be pointed forth as the one who had succoured fallen woman in an hour when all but pity is forgotten, and held first in her arms the baby-life, that born with a divine spirit, from a parentage of sin and crime, amidst the waving corn, and the holiest purity of nature, was to be the one to sing with angel voice, and, with that spirit, to teach all hearts that labour is a divine thing, when co-operating to make man better, and raise a Mount Horeb in the barren wilderness.

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH FUNERAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

"Funerals performed."—*London Trades.*

"On Wednesday the remains of a poor woman, who died of hunger, were carried to their last resting-place by three women and a blind man, the son-in-law of the deceased. The distance between the wretched hut of the deceased and the grave-yard was nearly three miles."—*Tuam Herald.*

HEAVILY plod
Highroad and sod,
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God !

An old door's the hearse
Of the skeleton corpse,
And three women bear it,
With a blind man to share it :

Over flint, over bog,
They stagger and jog :—
Weary, and hungry, and hopeless, and cold,
They slowly bear onward the bones to the mould.
Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God !

Barefoot ye go,
Through the frost, through the snow ;
Unsteady and slow,
Your hearts mad with woe ;
Bewailing and blessing the poor rigid clod—
The dear dead-and-cold one, whose soul is with God.
Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
This ruin and rod
Are from man—and not God !

Now spake out her sister,—
"Can we be quite sure
Of the mercy of Heaven,
Or that Death is Life's cure ?

A cure for the misery, famine, and pains,
Which our cold rulers view as the end of their gains ?"
Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God !

"In a land where there's plenty,"

The old mother said,—

"But not for poor creatures
Who pawn rage and bed—

There's plenty for rich ones, and those far away,
Who drain off our life-blood so thoughtless and gay !"

Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God !

Then wailed the third woman—

"The darling was worth
The rarest of jewels

That shine upon earth.
When hunger was gnawing her—wasted and wild—
She shared her last morsel with my little child."

Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God !

"Oh Christ !" prayed the blind man,

"We are not so poor,

Though we bend 'neath the dear weight

That crushes this door ;

For we know that the grave is the first step to Heaven,
And a birthright we have in the riches there given."

Heavily plod

Highroad and sod,

With the cold corpse clod,

Whose soul is with God !

THERE'S ONE COMING.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

I HAVE seen an infant born,
With clear light in his eyes like morn ;
He won my heart—he is so mild ;
He is very strong for so young a child.

He cries,—I have sent my heralds before—
The Press, and the Railroad, and fifty more ;
And all will know me when I come,
Though I wave no banner, and beat no drum.

The king awaketh out of his sleep ;
The priest hath started from slumber deep ;
The rich man taketh his hoarded wealth,
And giveth it wings, for his soul's health.

And all men look for—they know not what ;
But poor men look for a better lot ;
And each prepareth, as he can,
For the child that is almost a man.

AN AMERICAN SLAVE IN LONDON.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE leap for liberty, that sweetest boon of Heaven, had been adventured. The desperate struggle was over, and that boon was his to die with, apparently, for he seemed to be trembling on the extremest verge of life. There he was in that city world, great London, wherein dwell shapes and phases, and faculties and human wretchedness, almost infinite in number and variety. But an American Slave, with the bracelets of a Republic, or their red marks, on his feet and hands, was as unique a wonder as if a common beggar had never walked the city. Slavery, disguise itself as it may, can never hide under the rags of poverty, nor merge its chattel-mark with the lineaments of common wretchedness ; and there was this poor man, trembling in the midst of the bold beggars, trembling with a sense of the guilt of his skin, that original sin of his constitution, for which he had done penance in a Christian land for thirty years on the treadmill of slavery. It is an affecting sight to see an American Slave anywhere, either at home or abroad, while panting with his run for life. Of all human beings, none are goaded by day and night by such a distorted conscience as that which afflicts him. He wears his guilt like the mark of Cain, and every white man he meets is a species of avenger of his African blood. Had all the law and the prophets been concentrated in the command, "*Thou shalt have a white*

skin and straight hair," he could not have borne about with him a more painful sense of unpardonable sin than that under which he hangs his head in the presence of his fellow beings. Having suffered for thirty or forty years a more degrading punishment for the crime of colour than ever visited sin against God or man, by human authority, how can he divest himself of this unnatural conscience, that, with a scourge borrowed from the driver's hand, chases him through every lane of life, and fills his dreams with the baying of the bloodhounds, and the tread of his pursuers? How can he in a day, a month, or year, acquire a sense and attitude of innocence before the world, and stand up erect, and look the world in the face, and say, "I am not guilty!" Not guilty! Gracious heavens! what a charge, then, of false imprisonment you can enter at the tribunal of mankind against those who made you grind in the house of bondage for thirty years! "Not guilty," said the slave in London. "Not guilty," he said timorously, and he bent his head to his bosom, and crouched toward the fire; for the agony was on him from the nights he had lain upon the cold floor of his prison-house. What a desperate plea! what an appeal from the laws of his country! from the unanimous verdict of six millions of his countrymen, which had pronounced him an African by blood, and sentenced him and all his posterity to the condition of brute beasts! The Bible, God's *Magna Charta* of human liberty, had been wound around with the slave-holder's lash, to keep its divine revelations from the bondman. But there was, in all the darkness that surrounded him, a ray of that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and it fell faintly and dimly upon his oppressed conscience, until he saw and felt that his colour was not the complexion of crime; and he determined to encounter the tremendous odds, and seek a jury in the wide world which should listen to his appeal, and reverse the verdict that had made him a slave. He could not read; for it is a breach of the laws which fix his condition, to teach a slave to read. He could not read the names and destination of the ships that alighted in the harbour, like carrier eagles. Whence they came and whither they went, was a mystery beyond his means of solution. He daily saw them spread their great white wings, and soar away through the blue ocean-firmament, and wondered much what kind of land they would alight at; what kind of people would hail their coming. And among these querulous thoughts, this last would steal in, whether colour was crime on that distant shore. It was little he knew of the location of countries. The *North Star* was the sum and centre of all his geographical facts; and Canada was directly under the *North Star*, and all who reached that paradise of freedom from southern bondage, stole away by night, and travelled through forests, and over mountains, for weeks and months. This he knew by tradition, but where these ships finished their course and dropped their anchors, which he daily saw vanishing in the distance, was a question for conjecture. They could not be bound for Canada; he was sure of that. But did slavery cover all the earth but Canada? Might not one in ten of these ocean ships anchor by some foreign shore where a slave might walk a freeman? Hope and faith jointly reared that thought into a living idea, that filled his mind by night and day. His condition could not be worse. He could be but a slave, wherever he might be cast.

The note of preparation about a large merchantman, indicated that it was about to weigh anchor for a foreign port. The deck and wharf were covered with busy men, wrestling with bales, boxes, and barrels. But there was one man, coloured like half the rest, who carried a bag closely by his side, not entered upon the ship's invoice. It was filled with the fragments and savings from many scanty meals. With this he found his way into the fore-part of the ship, where he espied a little space which

another bale or box would close from sight. While the crew were busy in stowing away the freight, he slunk into the narrow nook with his bag, and the next minute the aperture was closed, and to his great joy he was left in utter darkness. The hurried tramp upon deck waxed louder and louder, and the fugitive held his breath to listen! "*He, Ho, Hoy!*" at last fell upon his ears like the voice of salvation, and he closely hugged the floor to his bosom, to still the noise of his beating heart. "*He, ho, Hoy!—Hoy!—oy!—ee! o! hoy!*" The ship is sidling off from the wharf. The voices on deck are suppressed, and the captain's is heard alone. "*Aye, aye, Sir!*" comes down in response from the thronged spars; and the sound of the fluttering canvas has already spread the wings of hope in the heart of the American Slave. The ship moves—slowly—but it moves. A splash now! it is the hawser, and the sailors are pulling it in. Now there is a gurgling sound against the ship's side. It moves! it moves! "The land of the free and the home of the brave" recedes inch by inch. Another sail is shaken out to the breeze, and the gurgling furrow of the keel is deepened. There is a space that cannot be swum between him and his master. In ten minutes more it will be doubled. Still another sail falls booming from the yard, and the ship creaks beneath the canvas. The last sound from the land of slavery dies away upon his ear, and he is drifting far out upon the ocean Rubicon. He breathes freer, but not a freeman; and the thought of the unknown land to which he is bound displaces the painful idea of the one he has left. The ship keeps on its course—but whither, he knows not. Is it northward, or southward, or eastward? He cannot tell; it is not westward, and that cheers his hope of freedom. He fears the light, lest he should be discovered; but he longs for one look from the deck, merely to see if the fearful vision of the land of bondage has disappeared. Now it is night, although the night and the day are both alike to him, so far as light is concerned. Nature knows when night comes, even to one born blind. And nights came to the American Slave, and days, and dreams, and lights and shades of hope and despair which he could not describe.

His story was short and simple. He was writhing with the ague, and there was a rheumatic fever in every joint. He breathed painfully, and with an effort that shook the chair in the corner. He had an old calico coat on him, when he hid himself away in the ship, but little of that hung now upon his shoulders. It was the last of November, and he could say but little of his perilous passage across the ocean. He had done all nature could do to make his bread last until the ship should anchor at some foreign port. He knew he had nothing to hope from the captain or his men, and he put himself on the closest allowance that could sustain life. But it was in vain—twenty-one days he had been out upon the sea, yet no cry of land was heard. The last piece of bread was gone. Three days and nights he had lived without a morsel of food. Life and liberty seemed to recede; and he clutched at them in a cry for help. Peradventure there might be flesh in the captain's heart, out upon that interminable ocean; and he cried louder still, "*Save me, I perish!*" He was dragged from his hiding place, trembling and haggard, into the presence of the captain; who demanded in a voice of angry surprise whence he came. In a few broken words he told his story, and his entreaties for mercy were interrupted by a volley of oaths and threats that he should be sent back to slavery by the first ship they met bound to America. He pleaded for mercy with all the earnestness of his last hope of freedom, and then in all the strength of his despair; but in vain. He was ordered to be put in irons, and to be kept upon bread and water, until some vessel should heave in sight, by which the captain and crew might escape conviction of humanity, by sending the fugitive back to his bondage. But

no such sail was descried, though sought in the distance with the telescope; and the slave hoped on in his fetters. He was on deck with his hands manacled together, when a green land loomed up from the sea, like a vision of a new world. Life and liberty came back to his despairing heart, with all the impulse of their strong yearnings, and he essayed to wring the iron from his limbs. Now the towers and spires and the dim outlines of a distant city arose before his eyes, and the ship entered the waters of the Rhine; and that city was Rotterdam, and soon they were threading their way through a fleet of vessels of every flag. The moment had come, and liberty or death was to be the issue of the leap. The sailors were busy in taking in the sails and letting go the anchor. Now or never!—and the American Slave, "accoutred as he was," sprang from the deck into the river. His hands were closely ironed together, but he struggled manfully with the current for life and liberty. He was descried by the crew of a Dutch boat passing near, who rescued him just as he was sinking for the last time, and conducted him to the ship to which they belonged. He came before the captain, who recognized the jewels of a Republic, and saw that the poor man was an American Slave, and in bonds for the colour of his skin. His iron bracelets were wrung by strong hands from his, and he was conducted to the English consul; and, by the next steamer to England, in a few hours he trod a soil on which no slave can breathe.

When I saw him, he was still wet with his leap into the Rhine. - A reaction had come over him. The perils of the escape had been encountered. Nature had exhausted all her latent energies in the struggle for liberty. The sustaining invigoration of fear and hope was gone, and he hung his head and crouched towards the fire, as if there were nothing left to ask for, but to die a freeman. Nor did he ask aloud for this, or for anything; but sat quaking with the ague, and uttered not a complaint nor a murmur of pain, except when left alone for a moment in the room. Here was a fellow countryman appealing to the world, in the silent remonstrance of his suffering, against a false imprisonment for colour in the American house of bondage. I plead guilty for my country, with a sense of shame I cannot describe. It was the first time, I believe, that I ever had two overcoats at once, and thus was able to comply literally with the gospel precept, and share them with a suffering fellow being. And as this was the first time I ever enjoyed that luxury, I put the best of the twain upon him—a warm and thick one—and felt new comfort in the one I wore. The hat I had worn for two years fitted him well; and I left him with a feeling of gratitude that I could give even so poor a "freedom suit" to an American Slave in London.

London, Feb. 3d, 1847.

AN EARLY SPRING PICTURE.

MARCH in his wakening strength! The west wind, loud
Rising in vigorous and sonorous play,
At once has hurried from the heavens away
Their slumberous guests of shadow and of cloud.
The earth smiles greenly, as if glad and proud
To feel the sunlight, faintly though it fall.
But what a rich transparency o'er all!
Sky, air, and rushing waters, are endowed
With a surpassing brightness, clear and blue.
Flushed are the far woods, and a violet hue
Tinges the far horizon. 'Tis a day
That breathes its vigour through heart, soul, and frame;
Cares, like the clouds, and pains are chased away.
Oh! for a life where each day was the same!

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY ABEL PAYNTER.

Advertisement.

TO WILLIAM HOWITT.

DEAR FRIEND,—In sending you a few pen-and-ink pictures from my sketch-book, I wish to explain that the letters which make up the following short series, are what they profess to be—addressed to real friends, poets, painters, musicians, etc.—part of my journal, in short, for 1844, written on the spot; and not a line retouched, or tint heightened "for exhibition." Besides such interest as this genuineness may give them to readers at home, they may not, possibly, be altogether without value to fireside thinkers, as illustrations of popular life and intelligence under the far-famed paternal government of Austria. Little change, I believe, has taken place in any object described during the two years which have elapsed since they were penned. A. P.

No. I.—*The Terrors of Ratisbon.—The Danube.*

To ————

Linz, September.

You will be a little angry, a little diverted, at being addressed in print as "Miss Despondency, the daughter of Much-Afraid," foreshadowed by quaint John Bunyan. Yet it were sin to deprive one who enjoys the pleasures of Fear, Curiosity, and Wonder, of due style and title. Ah! you would not be angry, if you knew how much youth of heart goes to making up the disposition which sometimes amuses, sometimes grieves me. Your timidity and susceptibility have, for a wonder, neither narrowed your mind, nor shut up your heart. Do not grieve or grumble at their only making you a bad traveller!

You were, at all events, present to my mind every instant that I passed in ancient Ratisbon; a city, the sights of which must become, I think, positively oppressive to the spirits of those who are impressionable. Dreaden I used to think a ghostly place in its faded, courtlike sort of way; but Ratisbon is fifty-fold a better scene for fears of the "first water." It is a cruel-looking town—gloomy without grandeur; the houses fitted up with appliances to stand a siege; the streets very narrow. Even the huge Gog, or Goliath, painted in rude *fresco* on a wall, who menaces you as you enter the gate across the bridge, helps a little; and the hand-bill on the wall, which announced a menagerie of fierce wild beasts to be seen there, went for something. Our inn, the Golden Cross of Ratisbon, (is not the very name sonorous and promising?) stands in the *Heide Platz*, where stout Hans Dollinger worsted a Hun called Craco: and a Giant to boot. Then there is the Golden Cross: when you get to it! It has been an old castle, and is now one of the most immense and curious houses I ever passed a night in. The ground floor story is vaulted like a crypt. My own room would have entertained some sixty persons with ease; had a quaint oriel jutting out over the street; and walls of such a surpassing thickness, that Dr. Strauss himself could not have forbidden the tradition of secret passages as preposterous and to be discouraged! Going in quest of my Panza, after twisting and turning along half a street's length (it seemed) of stairs and passages, I found his lonely little dinner-table laid in the corner of a large waste ball-room—one of a suite of three; and the blithe little *Kellner*, who seemed amused at my interest in this

queer, rambling old place, said he would show us something more. The tower—a real, proper, square tower—a little at variance, it is true, with one's notions of *tables d'hôte* and extra-posts—but, nevertheless, a veritable relic of antique times; and, for aught I know, as old as the Golden Tower in the Waller Strasse, or the Roman Tower in the corn-market. Waste, and ample, and tenantless, are its chambers; and the stair-ladders very frail and tottering. In short, it is a tower "according to the forms:"—after a brief session, in which your fancy could easily conjure up a siege or a popular tumult—only to forget that you were not living in the days of bow and spear, when you issued out on the treacherous roof, and saw across the ample and smiling plain of the Danube; the Valhalla raised by King Louis of Bavaria—that modern Greek folly, which looks from this distance as new, as great, and as tidy as the last *or-mole* inkstand from the *Palais Royal*.

But pleasantry must be laid by ere we approach that most solemn of buildings—the Cathedral. I shall not soon forget the effect of this, apart from its architectural peculiarities, with which I will not bore you. The church of San Giovanni e Paolo at Venice, with its monuments of the Doges, is solemn; so are our own Tewkesbury Church and our own Winchester Cathedral; so is the Minster at Treves; but I think all are less so than the cloisters of Ratisbon Cathedral. Scott should have seen them! They are mildewy, but not wholly dilapidated; lit by large Gothic windows, filled with massy tracery of a riotous fancy, which forces itself on the notice; and paved with tombs of Church dignitaries, by the fifty; Abbots, Bishops, grand Priors; on every stone a recumbent figure traced, some of them with remarkably august and serene countenances; and every stone worn away by the perpetual passing of feet, so as to have an air of antiquity greater, probably, than the reality. I remembered, while I stood over these tombs, the opening of the Wizard's Grave, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Here is the place of places for such an awful scene! An hour at nightfall, there, would be worth having to some of our friends.

But if my noon sight at Ratisbon would have impressed you, I think my twilight one would have done something more. With me, at least, it *clenched* the impression of that proud old city, which I shall keep till my dying day. Every one has heard of the *Kath Haus*, and the dungeons beneath it, and their grisly contents; but I have been so often disappointed of a sensation when I have been bidden to make sure of it, that I went to see them merely as one "lion" the more, without having visited which there could be no leaving of Ratisbon. The building itself is quaint and gloomy, desperately battered by onslaught and siege; but little of its antique form and garniture remains. There are a few good old windows, however; and an entrance portal, overlooked by two figures, intended to typify the impartiality which the judge should take into the council chamber. One of these, I think, is in the act of hurling a heavy stone; and seemed in that lessening light of day to threaten justice in a manner which would have chilled me, had I been the Victim. It was almost too late and too dark to see anything; so we were hurried over the rooms up-stairs with most satisfactory speed. Then we inquired for the prisons and the *folter kammer* (torture chamber). And, as the author of the "State Trials" hath it,—

"A flame was lit; a trap-door upward thrown;
And twain with keys went down an hundred steps of stone."

We were introduced to these treasures of antique cruelty by degrees:—first, shown into the first dungeon: a hole, to enter which even a short man must stoop, neck to knee:—where the light of day could never

penetrate, the air being conveyed from the dark cellar above by a tunnel no wider than the throat of the hopper of a handmill. It was lined, like the *Pozeri* at Venice, with dry, brown pine-wood, so that the prisoner was secure from damp, and the reptile visitors, which have sometimes (what a thought!) been a pleasure to the Captive! The door, at least six inches thick, was barred and braced with iron, and again crossed by a weighty beam of old oak. The most elastic spirit of hope could hardly have ever planned an escape thence! But this was a palace, and the hard wooden step which served for a pillow, a *dais*! compared with the pleasures of the *carcere duro* we were next shown—a vault, into which the prisoner was let down through a square aperture, strongly grated: no other outlet or exit. The cicerone to these chambers, a little pale man, his face overgrown with hair, and with a low, muttering, gravely-toned voice, lights a scrap of paper, and tosses it down to let you see the floor of this hideous place. And one knows, as Landor says, that "human hearts have beaten here!" Even this, however, was better than the den from which the occupant of this dismal apartment was dragged; for we had seen the dungeon of those about to be tortured, and were now to be shown the very spot, and the very devices! At this point I gave up. It was too real: for the man led us into another dismal cellar, with ladders, and spikes, and ropes, hanging from the roof—such things as Callot would have thrown into the background of one of his designs—and began to handle these, and describe their several uses; and I (you will not laugh at my weakness) beat a retreat, and left the minute acquaintance with these strange implements of evil to my companions. As I stood in the doorway of the anteroom, while the exhibition went on, and saw the feeble play of light within and the shadowy forms of the three figures, and heard the muttering bass-tones of the warder, (they might have been the exhortations of a priest,) do you not think I too had a vision!—The lattice remains behind which sat the judges; the desk, at which their notes were made; the inkstand! I think, if I were a citizen of Ratisbon, I could no more endure the existence of such things within the precincts of my town than the Merchant Abudah, in the Eastern tale, the haunted chest in the corner of his apartment! * * * * *

By this time I am a little qualified to execute —'s commission, and to tell "how I like the Danube." More, far more, than I expected. The guide-books promise one nothing from Ratisbon to this place; nor could voyage be more disagreeably performed than ours; the steamer being well-nigh as dangerously primitive as if it had been built in the days of the Marquis of Worcester, or Don Blasco de Garray: the fire fed with wood. But the stream is noble to a degree for which I was not prepared; and, even down to this point, displays a physiognomy of its own, distinct, picturesque, and welcome. It is not shut in, like the Rhine, with grey rocks and yellow-green vineyards, a castle towering on every height—each more enticing than the last; but from the left bank sweep away hill above hill, from which the river keeps at a respectful distance, till Natternberg is passed: when Tyrolean-looking cottages begin to appear; and sombre green pine-woods. Then, there are meadows and trees, which the Rhine hath not; spots in which to lie along for a whole summer day, watching the strong green water eddying past, and weaving pleasant fantasies about every worn-grey rock which keeps its place in the stream:—wicked water creatures, be sure, struck into that form by the spell of some sorcerer!

Had I been quite alone, or in a less subdued tone of spirits, I should have enjoyed much to follow my original plan, and float down the river in one of the *chalet-like* boats the people use. At Passau it was a festival day when we arrived; and we met these in every direction, crammed "with so many head of

human beings," the very finest, I verily believe, that Nature ever manufactured—such tall, stalwart, blooming men, in comfortable cloth apparel of blue coats and magnificent Hessian boots!—such women, of a freshness of cheek, and honest freedom of smile, well justifying the reputation of this district; and every face looking so well content—so beaming with enjoyment! You should have seen a group I saw the next morning on the Inn Bridge, which I must describe to you. There had been a drawing of the Lottery; and while we were sitting on the hill above Maria Hilf, enjoying a view, which beats Ehrenbreitstein and Canteleu, near Rouen, hollow, there came up from the town a flourish of trumpets, and a roll of drums, as every number which brought a prize was proclaimed. Coming down, we met a peasant woman of the lowest class, with such a treasure in her arms! She had won a clock:—none of your sober-going useful creatures, who tick and keep time, and think they have done enough; but a gay *pendule à la Française*, with four black marble pillars, and a pediment; and for aught I know, a Troubadour, or a Sappho with her lyre, sitting a-top. And there she stood, the centre of a little crowd. An old fruit-wife, as brown and wrinkled as a walnut, had left her apples, pears, and *küchen*, in the shadow of the gate, to get up and sympathize, at least; around stood wondering children on tiptoe, regarding the prize.

"Thus, they thought, must angels shine."

Nay, two great Bavarian soldiers, in their blue and white uniforms, and ferociously moustached, must needs loiter too, to lift up their huge gauntleted hands in admiration of this treasure. Just then, I did not remember the ruin that clock might bring upon the house which was to be its abiding-place! the spirit of gambling it might introduce across the threshold. Why was I to look further forward than these kindly, merry-natured people!

Linz.—P.S. Stopped here by bad weather. The boat by which we should have gone was not able to come up higher than Mauthausen. Yesterday was a day, with a vengeance. It rains handsomely on these rivers, I assure you! Leaving Passau (the Coblenz of the Danube), the stern scenery begins: huge rocks, mantled with dark woods that hardly allow verge enough for a path, with here and there a castle or a *chalet* perched; or a white village *niched* into a rift, down the sides of which the sweetest of green turf has been laid; but very sparingly, so as not to destroy the solitary air of the scenery. One might spend a summer charmingly, I am sure, at Unter Muhl, with every luxury of Nature, and every comfort of life—a few English notions not wanted. But there is a drumming and a tiffin below, and I must go out and see what Linz is doing. Let me first, however, wafer to this a curiosity of Austrian English; of which I send you the original, that you may not accuse me of manufacturing it.

HOTEL TO THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES

IN LINZ.

Below the shore, where the steamboats are loading is situated the new Inn. On account of its pleasant situation, with the commodious & elegant arrangement in the most modern style, likewise the number of the different rooms for receiving every sort of travellers shall be taken care by the waiters a good restoration, neatness and discretion of the price and proper conduct of the people of service; and this will procure all satisfaction after the wishes, of the stranger that he is always

THE EARLIEST FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

BY WILLIAM HINCKS, F. L. S.

No. II.—THE SWEET VIOLET.

THIS lovely flower has been from the most ancient times a favourite of poets, and an object of pursuit to all who can relish simple and innocent pleasures. It eminently unites simplicity, elegance, and modest grace, with a delicious fragrance. Homer places it in the garden of Calypso, and from his time downwards the allusions to it by the poets are far too numerous for us to attempt either enumeration or selection.

The sweet violet grows with us on banks by the sides of fields and roads, often by the borders of streams, generally in considerable quantities together; its characteristic mode of growth, by runners, contributing to extend it where it has once obtained a footing. It requires a pure air, and can hardly be kept alive amidst the smoke of cities. It often flowers in the latter part of February, and March may be considered as its proper period of blooming; but there is a variety now common in gardens which flowers at nearly all seasons, so that by a little management and protection in the worst weather, a never failing supply may be obtained. There is a very pretty white or cream coloured variety nearly as common in most parts of England as the purple one, and quite as fragrant. It is strictly the same species, differing only in colour, but it appears to be a permanent variety continued by seed, not a mere individual peculiarity. Pale blue, lilac, and red varieties are less common, but occasionally occur.

Both the purple and white are also found double in gardens; and, as in this flower the fragrance arises from the flower-leaves or petals themselves, there is an increased sweetness in the double varieties, that gives them a just claim to attention, though the single might, perhaps, be thought more beautiful. The most usual way in which a flower becomes double, is by the organs called *stamens*, which form the third circle, changing into *petals* the parts of the second circle; and this is generally accompanied by an indefinite multiplication of the pieces, whilst any peculiar development of any part of a circle, as one petal of a violet or a nasturtium running out into a spur, is lost in the double flower. In some instances the inner circle, consisting of the seed-bearing organs, called by botanists *carpels*, is also changed into coloured flat pieces resembling petals, as in double anemones, where the two kinds of parts in the double flower can be well distinguished. Sometimes, as in the double cherry, the carpels appear as green leaves in the middle of the double flower; but most commonly, as happens in the violet, the inner circle remains unchanged, or is almost suppressed.

The sweet violet, like some others of its family, is liable to another change, the reverse of doubling. Its later flowers are frequently altogether without petals, and these are believed to be peculiarly fertile, the nutriment being all concentrated in the parts which remain. There is, likewise, a variety in which the number of spurs is increased.

The violet has all the four circles of parts, and none multiplied so as to exceed the characteristic number of the class to which it belongs, which is five; the inner circle has, indeed, only three parts. In the exterior, or *calyx* circle, we may easily notice that three of the pieces stand a little outside the other two. To these three principal *sepals* (to make use of the very convenient botanical name of the parts of the exterior circle, which, as a whole, is called the *calyx*, or *cup*) the three *carpels* correspond; and we must consider the two other pieces of the complete circle as being suppressed from their interior position, and the pressure of the exterior

circles, which causes the three carpels to unite by their edges into one seed-vessel.

The sepals are distinct, and but slightly irregular in position and magnitude, resembling small, narrow leaves, and having each of them a leafy appendage at the bottom, which is characteristic of the family. The five petals stand all distinct; the one which, from the position of the flower, is the lowest, receiving the greatest share of nutriment, and being in consequence marked with more colour on the nerves, and lengthened out into a hollow spur behind. The stamens are broad below; the anther cases open inwards, and they are crested at the top. The same irregularity which causes the lower petal to enlarge into a spur, causes each of the two stamens nearest to it to send down little spurs, which enter that formed by the petal. These are curious, and are perhaps generally overlooked. The irregularity in the violet tribe is slight, chiefly affecting the circle of petals, and by no means extending to all the species.

Where several carpels unite to form one seed-vessel, it is much the most common for each one to be folded on itself, like a pea-pod, which is one carpel; and for the whole number to cling together by their broad surfaces, so that all the seeds, which are always on the edges of the carpels, are brought together in the axis; and the whole seed-vessel, when cut horizontally, shows as many distinct cells as there are carpels, each having its own seeds. The carpels of the violet only join by their edges, so that the whole seed-vessel is but one cell, and the seeds are not found in the axis, but, so to speak, in the walls of the seed-vessel on three lines, where the carpels unite. The union of the carpels is so complete, that when the seed-vessel dries, and must open, the split is down the middle of each carpel, instead of on the lines of junction; and thus, when the ripe capsule has opened into three pieces, called *valves*, we see the seeds in a line down the middle of each, instead of on the two edges of each, according to their natural position. On carefully opening the little seed, we find a straight embryo in the axis of a fleshy albumen.

Every one is acquainted with the heart-shaped leaves of the violet, nearly free from hairs, with their margins cut in the manner that botanists call *crenate* (the portions of the edge being rounded); standing on long footstalks, and with small, sharp membranous additional leaves, of the kind called stipules, at their base. The sweet violet is distinguished by not having a branched leafy stem, and by producing runners that form new plants, like the strawberry.

The received botanical name of the sweet violet is *Viola odorata* (*scented violet*). Besides the heartsease, or pansy, which has plainly the characters of a violet, and belongs to the *genus*, there are several wild British species, and three or four very desirable cultivated ones; not to refer to the many little known in this country, the whole genus in 1824 having above 100 species, published in De Candolle's great work; but none of them can rival the sweet violet. Who has not delightful recollections of violet-hunting excursions in opening spring—sweet memories of fragrant banks rewarding adventurous search—and of treasures of perfumed loveliness conveyed to dear ones at home, who could not partake in the chase! We hardly know whether the white or the purple variety is most to be admired. As they modestly peep from beneath the shelter of their clustered leaves, their sweet breath first betraying them to the passer-by, both are irresistible in their charms. In our gardens we delight in the double varieties, and of late years we have added to them the ever-blooming sort already referred to, by means of which the metropolis is supplied with sweet bouquets at every season.

We need hardly say that the name Violet is a diminutive form from the Latin *Viola*, which originally

belonged to the species of which we are speaking, and is extended as the botanical name for the family, of which it is the most interesting member. Some have derived *viola* from the Latin name for a way—*via*; as if it meant "way-side flower;" but it is manifestly the Latin form of the Greek name *ion*, which is supposed to express the dark purple of the flower. Many words, transferred from Greek to Latin, which in their original language begin with a vowel, commence in Latin with the semi-consonant *v*; and in giving the name its feminine termination, which pleased the Latins instead of the Greek neuter, the liquid *l* was required to keep two vowels asunder. These are familiar and natural changes, and the best etymologists are agreed that the derivation admits of no doubt.

The violets are exogenous plants, with the parts of the three outer circles, a complete single series in each, all distinct; disposed to irregularity, chiefly in the petals; the stamens all perfect, with their anthers crested, turned inwards; carpels three coherent; seeds with albumen. This character belongs to the order *violaceæ*, but will distinguish the genus also from all with which our readers are likely to compare it. We have already pointed out the marks by which this particular species, *Viola odorata*, is known; and the smell would remove all doubt, if other marks were not clearly understood.

Literary Notices.

Vistas a-Foot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff.
By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. London: Wiley and Putnam.

THE pride of the Americans, says N. P. Willis in his preface to these volumes, is in her self-made men. Here there is a young man for her to be proud of.

While yet a boy, and an apprentice to a printer, Bayard Taylor conceived the idea of making a pilgrimage through Europe, supporting himself the while, like Holthaus, the German tailor and traveller, by the labour of his hands. It was his youthful dream; but before this dream could be made a reality, sundry not trivial difficulties had to be overcome. The term of his apprenticeship was unexpired; the remainder of his time, therefore, and the most valuable part of it, had to be purchased from his master, and money had to be raised for the commencement, at least, of his journey. He had no wealthy connexions to help him, either by gift or loan. But he had the power to help himself, and that was best. He published a volume of poems, and it having better luck than such volumes generally, enabled him to purchase the remainder of his apprenticeship. This was a good beginning; and, after some little difficulty, having entered into an arrangement with two newspapers to furnish letters of his travel, for which he received part payment in advance, he was ready to set out.

With about five-and-twenty pounds in his pocket, and nineteen years of youth in his frame, he commenced his pilgrimage of two years. It was a bold scheme; but these two sound-hearted, intelligent volumes prove that he had not miscalculated his powers in any way. He was courageous, temperate, hardy; full of intelligence and acuteness of mind, and at the same time, as we have been informed by those who knew him, remarkably agreeable in person and manners.

Such was the young American, who, literally with knapsack and staff, like a regular German *Handwerks Bursch*, at an age when many a youth of wealth and rank, both in our country and his own, is sowing wild

oats which shall spring up to a plentiful crop of after repentance, was tramping, foot-sore and weary, and often reduced to many a hard extremity, through Germany, Italy, and France, maturing and expanding his mind, and laying up invaluable treasures of knowledge and experience. These volumes contain those letters which were written during his wanderings, and which, like the labour of the travelling journeyman's hands, enabled him to accomplish his pilgrimage.

Nothing is more striking in these interesting volumes than the progress and expansion of the mind of the writer between the first page and the last. He came out an intelligent youth, whose capacity for wonder and admiration was immense, and whose actual knowledge was small; he returned a man, in the full stature of a man, who in those two years had lived more than many an ordinary life. And this growth of mind, and this sound maturing of the judgment it is, which perhaps more than anything else prove of what sterling stuff he was made.

We have not much room for extract, though in going through the volumes we had marked many passages for that purpose; for instance, the extremely interesting account of the fair, and the terrific flood at Frankfort—some of the strange, wild scenes in Bohemia—his graphic, picturesque sketches of peasant-life in Italy, which remind us not unpleasantly of our Danish friend Andersen, and many others. One little extract, however, we will give, as the reader may thus form an idea of some of the hardships and private sorrows which such brave-hearted travellers must endure. He and his companion, his cousin, are on their way to Lyons.

"Notwithstanding our clothes were like sponges with the rain, our boots entirely worn out, and our bodies somewhat thin with nine days' exposure to the wintry storms, in walking two hundred and forty miles, we entered Lyons with suspense. But one franc a-piece remained out of the fifteen with which we left Marseilles. B. wrote home some time ago, directing a remittance to be sent to a merchant in Paris, to whom he had a letter of introduction; he determined to enclose this letter in a note, stating our circumstances, and requesting him to forward a part of the remittance to Lyons. We had thus to wait at least four days; people are suspicious and mistrustful in cities, and if no relief should come, what was to be done?"

"After wading through the mud of the suburbs, we chose a common-looking inn, near the river, as the comfort of our stay depended wholly on the kindness of our hosts, and we hoped to find more sympathy among the labouring classes. We engaged lodgings for four or five days; after dinner, the letter was despatched, and we wandered through the dark, dirty city till night. Our landlord, Monsieur Ferrand, was a rough, vigorous man, with a gloomy, discontented expression; his words were few and blunt, but a certain restlessness of manner, and a secret flashing of his cold, forbidding eye, betrayed to me some strong hidden excitement. Madame Ferrand was kind and talkative, though passionate; but the appearance of the place gave me an unfavourable impression, which was only heightened by the thought, that it was now impossible to change our lodging till relief should arrive. * * * Five weary days, each of them containing a month of torturing suspense, passed on. Our lodging grew so unpleasant, that we preferred wandering all day through the misty, muddy streets, taking refuge in the covered bazaars when it rained heavily. The gloom of every thing around us entirely smothered that lightness of heart which had made us laugh at similar embarrassments at Vienna. When at evening, the dull, leaden hue of the clouds seemed to make the air dark, and cold, and heavy, we walked beside the swollen and turbid Rhone, under an avenue of leafless trees, the damp soil chilling our feet, and striking a numbness through our frames; and then I knew what those must feel who have no hope in their destitution, and not a friend in all the great world who is not as wretched as themselves. I prize the lesson, though the price of it is hard.

"This morning," said I to B., "will terminate our sufferings." I felt cheerful in spite of myself; and this was like a presentiment of coming good luck. To pass the time till the mail arrived, we climbed to the Chapel of Fourvieres. * * * At the precise hour we were at the Post-office. What an intensity of suspense can be felt in that minute, while the clerk is looking

over the letters! and what a lightning-like shock of joy when the hoped-for letter did come, and was opened with eager, trembling hands, revealing the relief we had almost despaired of! The city did not seem less gloomy, for that was impossible; but the faces of the crowd, which had appeared cold and suspicious, were now kind and cheerful. We came home to our lodgings with altered feelings, and Madame Ferrand must have seen joy in our faces, for she greeted us with an unusual smile."

A Popular Life of George Fox, the first of the Quakers, compiled from his Journal, and other authentic sources. By JOSIAH MARSH. London: Charles Gilpin. 1 vol. 8vo.

A FAITHFUL and deeply interesting life of one of the greatest and noblest men of England. We have long desired to see a popular life of this truly noble-minded reformer. It is only by its perusal that we can learn how far all the great movements of the day are indebted to him. He was one of the people; and his mind, strong and clear in its reasoning powers, was united to a heart of the most immovable honesty. Truth was the object of his inquiry; that he pursued with a single, and a far-seeing eye; and when he found it, he never again let it go from him. For that he lived and died. There is nothing so striking in the history of any man, as the sagacity with which George Fox struck through all the incrustations of cant and artifice of his age, piercing humbug, to use a plain term in Foxian style, to the core, and setting forth before the public eye the reality in its imperishable beauty. Fox made war all his life, and from the first hour of his career of reformation, on all cruelties and tyrannies. He was opposed to State Religions, to Slavery, to War, to Intemperance, to the domination of man over man. He was a divine messenger for casting down all despotism, assumption, and adulation; and for setting up all that is simple, manly, truthful, merciful and loving. Let the fame of such men be spread as it deserves, for with it must spread a fresh portion of that spirit of reform and of onwardness which happily so distinguishes the present day, and is binding nation to nation, and making the youngest amongst the peoples minister to the growth of humanity in the oldest.

The Barker Library. — Interesting Memoirs and Documents relating to American Slavery, and the Glorious Struggle now making for Emancipation. London: Chapman, Brothers, Newgate-street.

AMONGST the most remarkable circumstances of our time is the number of men who rise out of the working classes to become teachers of the nation. Education has already produced this effect. Those whom we have been so anxious to teach are becoming themselves teachers. This is a fact which points out to us that the seed cast into the soil of the public mind is already quickened, and that it will in a while produce fruits that will astonish us. We shall be astonished at the rapidity with which the action of national information and reformation, after a certain point of the process, will go on.

Let us contemplate for a moment the fact now before us. Some years ago, Joseph Barker, of Leeds, was a common weaver there. But he got knowledge, and he took to spreading it. He had got a knack of putting weft and warp together, and he did the same by the yarn of knowledge as fast as it came into his possession. He made the shuttle of intelligence fly just as fast as the common shuttle used to do. He got used to steam power, and he was uneasy till he could apply steam power to the diffusion of ideas. He first began preaching, and still acquiring as he preached; he not only taught the people, but still went on teaching himself. He at length abandoned all sects, and their dogmas, and set up, as the Apostles did, as a preacher of simple Christianity, just as he could understand it himself out

of the Bible. And to enable himself to understand it thoroughly, and not to take it at second-hand, he studied Hebrew and Greek, and thus read the Scriptures in their original tongues. Joseph Barker, by his plain, sound, honest intellect, and unaffected but genuine eloquence, soon produced very extensive effects. He brought many thousands to think and act with him. In Yorkshire, especially, and the Staffordshire Potteries, he drew great numbers to his way of thinking. Of course the more he endeavoured to depend on the doctrines of the New Testament alone, the more he was denounced as a heretic; for it is one of the singularities of the day, that though we insist on every one believing *everything* in the Scriptures, we are violently offended if they attempt to preach everything they find in it. But these things did not move Joseph Barker. He was too much of a long-headed Yorkshireman to expect to escape what neither Christ nor his disciples ever could escape—carping and persecution—so he went on his way, teaching and practising common sense and love to everybody. In London, about two years ago, such was the feeling excited by his talent and his capacity for usefulness, that a subscription was raised, and a steam-press—the great object of his ambition—presented to him.

That press is now working away at Wortley, near Leeds, and with what object? To produce a Library for the People, of Three Hundred Volumes of the most valuable works of our standard authors in general literature, philosophy, religion, natural history, and science. These volumes are to cost to the purchaser—what? nine shillings? No, about *nine-pence a-piece*. Amongst them he proposes to have an improved version of the Bible with notes; a Dictionary of the Bible; a Common-place Book of the Bible, to enable people to see at once all that the Scriptures say on any particular subject; an Englishman's Greek Concordance of the New Testament, to enable every one to judge for himself as to the meaning of the Greek Testament, and to test the criticisms of preachers and theological writers; an English Concordance of the Bible; Lives of William Penn, John Wesley, Dr. Channing, Luther, Fenelon, Massillon, Saurin, Jeremy Taylor, Robert Robinson, etc., all their works, or selections from them. The works of Ramohun Roy, of William Law, Robert Hall, of Tillotson, Barrow, and the best writers of the English Church; selections from the works of Malebranche, Locke, Bacon, Newton, Paley, John Hales; of Eaton, John Howe, Owen Feltham, William Dell; of Belsham, Carpenter, etc. Histories of the Church, of the Reformation, of Quakerism; a volume on Political Economy; a volume on Domestic Economy; two or three volumes of anecdotes illustrating various branches of Christian truth; a volume on Health and Disease, and the Sanitary Improvement of the People; Natural History; Advice on the Pursuit of Knowledge, on the Formation of Character, on Marriage, on Parental Duties, and on Trade, etc. etc.

It will be seen that Joseph Barker is no bigot. He cares not out of what Churches or sects his writers are selected, so that they are good and honest men. The project for any man single-handed is stupendous; but when we contemplate it as the project of a man originally a working man, and still, though preaching diligently every week, disdaining to make a penny by the gospel, but depending on his printing-press for his support, it is one of the wonders of the age.

With the true feeling of a man who has had to experience the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Joseph Barker at once thinks how he can level these difficulties for others, and he determines to make knowledge cheap. He wants only to live simply, not to amass a fortune; he prefers to amass knowledge for his fellow workers in every quarter of the kingdom. The project is one of so noble, so important, so immensely important a kind, that it deserves the warmest sup-

port from all classes. Every man who desires the general education and elevation of the people should support it, and must, if he be consistent, support it. Every working-man, that desires to elevate himself, and place within the reach of his family a library of general knowledge and the truest entertainment, should support it. Every Mechanics' Institution, Working-man's Book Association, and Co-operative League, should support this gigantic project of a working-man for the working-men. Every man who can estimate a great and generous feeling,—who would honour and animate a man who has devoted his life, talents, acquirements and energies to second the great efforts of the age for progress, and to supply that cheap literature which must ere long be supplied to the million, should subscribe to THE BARKER LIBRARY, which, for nine-pence per volume, would eventually furnish a library of *three hundred volumes for eleven or twelve pounds*.

It is proposed to issue a volume monthly, and in a while, if practicable, weekly. The first volume, now in our hands, is a well printed, neat book, bound in cloth, containing very interesting memoirs and documents relating to American Slavery. Success to the scheme.

Penal Settlements and their Evils, etc. By JOSEPH B. ATKINSON. London: Charles Gilpin, pp. 84.

In this little volume, the evils of our transportation system are well exposed. Captain Maconochie's system is examined, and its defects and advantages duly weighed. The whole of the penal settlement plan being on strong data condemned by the author, our prison discipline is then reviewed, and treated as one grand resource for that punishment of criminals which tends at once to promote the security of society, and the restitution of the culprit to moral health, and to society. The different systems of prison discipline practised both in this country and in the United States, from the barbarous and brutalizing usage of Sing Sing to the solitary system of Pentonville, are, in our opinion, most ably and impartially discussed; and the result is, that, with all our improvement, we have yet much farther to go. The practice of solitary confinement at Pentonville has been found to reform the prisoner while he continues there, and in that state; but it will not bear the test of a return to society. Those who have been sent there and to our penal settlements have rapidly relapsed, even before they have reached the place of destination. The whole is fully accounted for, by the nervous and unnatural state into which solitude throws a criminal; and it is fully proved, that the Pentonville plan is good as a beginning, but is only a beginning. We must now proceed, taught by experience, to accustom the reformed culprit gradually to society and its influences, if we mean him gradually and firmly to acquire the habit of fortitude, of resistance to temptation, and of a living feeling within himself of the pleasantness and advantages of virtue. It is a little work which every one interested in this great question will do well to read, and read attentively.

New and cheap edition of Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah, and Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation. London: J. Alfred Novello.

THESE publications deserve every encouragement, as they enable the public to obtain, in a very cheap and handsome form, these great works of the great musical masters. To obtain Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah, with a separate accompaniment for the organ or pianoforte, for six shillings, and Haydn's Creation for four and sixpence, is no trifling advantage. Good music can never be brought too much within the reach of the people; and the name of Novello on its title-page is a sufficient guarantee for its correctness.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

Noble Sentiments on the Influence of Women, from the Introductory Address to the Edinburgh Mechanics' Institution. By JOHN COWIE, Working Silversmith.—This Institution will offer facilities for the instruction of our female friends and sisters as well as of our brethren; and it is the imperative and bounden duty of every member of this Institution to encourage the visits of females. Woman's mission and influence constitute a subject of the most imperative and vital interest. Her position and relations are the most important and attractive in life. The mind of the young generation is moulded by her plastic hand; she is the source and directress of the elemental statesmen, poets, philosophers, philanthropists, and producers of futurity; and it has become an axiom that there are few great men who do not either owe their intellectual or moral excellence to their mothers. It is on the knee and at the fireside that we imbibe the bias of after life. It is from the hearth that we bear away the strongest and most lasting of our early impressions. The song of "The Flowers o' the Forest" comes ever stealing over our spirits like a melody of the past, that again awakens a mother's voice, and recalls the household scenes that time has "wede away." The little tales of those who wandered homeless on the mountains, and fearlessly worshipped God in defiance of earthly power, or who sternly fell at Rullion Green, rejoicing as they fell, cling round our hearts, and have become a part of ourselves, since we heard them rehearsed at our household hearth.

The cultivation of the sentiments, then, and of the social virtues, is solely dependent upon woman. I do not speak of her as the companion and soother of man, so much as I do of her as the mother of man. In the former capacity she is weak and gentle, clinging to man for protection, and seeking shelter in his heart and beneath his arm. Ignorant brutal man has taken advantage of this weakness, and has made her a slave to the perpetuation of his own ignorant brutality. But viewed as the mother of man, how her position alters! She is then the source of all human power and dignity. If she is weak, one who will yet be strong is nurtured on her lap. If she is prescribed to the possession of noble sentiments and a sphere of household action, she can yet transmute her sentiments into one who will bear them abroad to the world. What is the man of action but the delegate of thoughtful woman? Where is barbarity most inveterate and debasing but where woman is most debased? I tremble when I contemplate the position into which society has been wrested through the illegitimate assumptions of man as the representative of brute force. He has denuded woman of her responsibility as an agent of progress, and has destroyed her moral grandeur, with her liberty and equality. Sent to be a companion and guide, she has been made a toy and nonentity. Made with a mind equal to man's in every respect, perhaps superior in the gentler attributes, she has been hitherto treated as if the doctrine of the Mussulman were true. Young men seldom attempt to engage in serious or instructive conversation in promiscuous assemblies; they seem to have studied inane twaddle and frivolous disgusting repartee, that they might insult the intellect and perpetuate the subjugation of woman.

Shall this continue to mock and chide our social polity? Shall the companion, the instructress, and the mother of man, be still confined to her present condition of ignorance? It is in the power of man to raise and exalt her. She is the half of the human economy, equal in all things, save strength, to the male half; and if she is degraded, man is her tyrant.

I need hardly reiterate, that with men rests the cause of

women. They are man's companions in the concert-room to hear sweet sounds discoursed; they are solicited to join with him in the comparative frivolities of the ball; at the theatre or arena they are at his side; they accompany him to all the sight-seings which allure the idle or excite the giddy—but they are seldom or never to be found in the lecture-room. Why is this? Is it not the fault of men? They are the arbiters for woman? she has seldom any other power save that of *negation*. If man can prevail upon her to seek the scene where her feet alone are to be educated, can he not inspire her with nobler motives, and induce her to bear him company to the place where the noblest faculties are cultivated? Where there is a will there is a way; and if man would only lead woman more into the elevating atmosphere of moral and intellectual culture than into the assemblies of his pastimes and frivolities, society would be the gainer, and he individually would not be the loser.

Is it supposed that women are less capable than men, or less attached to intellectual pursuits? Let a hundred protests against such a supposition be heard from the Miss Edgeworths, Mary Howitts, Mrs. Nortons, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Johnstones, and Lydia Childs, of this age. They had a Mary Wolstencroft to preach their rights, and an Elizabeth Fry to canonize them as of the true race of heroines; but an idea has hitherto been their tyrant, and that idea has been nurtured and supported by man.

It has often been asserted that the women of our class "*had no use*" (I use the hackneyed phrase) for any of the elements of education, save reading; and I know that many of the antiquated preachers of this almost obsolete blasphemy still mumble it in their coteries. And is it not a rag of such a false idea that still denies her the position that man has educationally assumed? Is it not a shred of such a prejudice that perpetuates an aversion to the blue stocking, yet tolerates the male pedant? Is it not a lingering after the dominion which physical man assumes over woman, his slave, to the material retardation of that progress which must elevate her into the true companion and equal of intellectual man? I fear that it is; and consequently, for the sake of the rising generation, and for woman's especial sake, I hail with joy the formation of Mechanics' Institutions.

Co-operative League.—The second Soirée of the League was held on the evening of Monday, March 1st, in the hall of the League, King's Arms, Snow-hill. It was extremely well attended, and besides singing, and the display of dissolving views, there were various able and energetic speeches delivered on those views, which we trust are not likely to be dissolving ones. Amongst the speakers were, the Chairman, William Howitt, Mr. Goodwyn Barnby, Mr. Slaney, Dr. Bowker, and the Rev. J. A. Baynes, from Poplar, Mr. Ainger, Mr. W. Cooper, Mr. Yapp, the Secretary of the Whittington Club, and Mr. Lane. The speech of Mr. Cooper was particularly able, and abounded with spirited recitations of very fine passages from the Purgatory of Suicides, and the poems of Robert Nicol. Mr. Baynes's address was also warmly responded to. The best spirit, and a very growing interest in the principles of co-operation, were manifested. It was announced that William Howitt had been elected, and had accepted the office of President of the Society. A note was received from Lady Byron regretting that indisposition prevented her being present, but intimating that friends of hers would be present, who would bring her intelligence of the proceedings. Altogether it was an interesting and encouraging occasion.

The Society of Odd Fellows.—This is one of those self-helping societies, exclusively originating among, and supported by, the working classes, which marks the advancing spirit of the age we live in. The name of the society, like that of the Redemption Society, does not indicate its objects; one would think that it meant a class of queer fellows, who wore odd clothes, and said funny things; not that it had for its serious purposes the maintenance and care of the sick, the decent interment of deceased members, and the provision for their widows and orphans. These ought not to be "odd" things at this time of day. The name, however, is accidental—the objects are philanthropic and cosmopolitan.

The number of members of odd-fellow societies in this country is very great. In 1846, they amounted to about 300,000; each member subscribing weekly an average of 4½d. each. We may then take the gross contributions of the members for the past year, at about 290,000*l.* In the year 1845, there was expended, for the support of members in sickness, not less than 107,440*l.*; for medical attendance on members, and medicine, 32,421*l.*; for funeral money for members, 62,742*l.*; and a considerable amount, (not distinctly ascertained) on the widows and orphans of members, probably not less than 30,000*l.* Then, as to the numbers of individuals beneficially affected by these odd-fellow societies—if we take each male adult to represent five persons—it will not be much less than a million and a half of persons!

Consider for a moment the great objects of these societies—self-help, independence, mutual aid and co-operation—and who shall deny that they afford a most striking and noble feature of the working-class spirit of England! They afford, too, proofs of excellent practical management on the part of working men; and exhibit as much of economy in the working, as of prudence and foresight in the planning. Their benefits come so closely home to the working class—they are felt to be so safe a reliance in times of sickness and trial—that they are becoming increasingly popular, and every year the number of the members steadily increases. Not that the working of them is perfect, or that their scheme of life-assurance might not be greatly improved; but take them as a whole, they are perhaps more frugally, beneficially, and successfully worked, than any institution of a kindred character in the country.

And much as is the good which odd-fellow societies are doing, and have done, the good which they might do is infinitely greater. They present an admirable organization for aiding every true plan for the elevation of the working order. They might become—as we believe they will yet become,—mutual instruction societies for carrying on the educational and intellectual advancement of the whole class. Many lodges have already established libraries; some have lectures and addresses regularly delivered to them; some have erected halls, where their public meetings and soirées are held, and all kinds of humanizing influences are brought to bear upon the members. There is one evil, however—and it must be confessed to be a serious one—which odd-fellow societies must make haste to be rid of. It is the practice which generally prevails among them, and which has originated in necessity, of holding their meetings in public-houses. The practice of drinking is thus in many cases acquired, and men are kept away from their homes, and spend more of the means of their families in noxious stuff, than wise and prudent men can sanction. Hence, many secessions have from time to time taken place from odd-fellowship; and many of the warmest friends of the order, who have discerned the tendency of this great evil, have lifted up their voices against it. The association has thus lost in moral strength, and has not yet attained that high moral character in society, that it is certainly entitled to. Let the odd-fellows, then, come out from the public-houses, and hire or build halls of their own. This has already been done in Bradford and Halifax, and in many towns in Lancashire. But the principle must be carried out, without flinching. Temperance must characterize the great movement, otherwise its usefulness will be checked, its moral character tainted, and its operations crippled. Let the odd-fellows of each town aim at committee-rooms of their own, with a central hall, having its library, lecture-room, and school-rooms for day classes for members' children, and evening classes for the members themselves; and odd-fellowism will be generally hailed as one of the greatest and most philanthropic movements of the present age.

The Movements of the Italian Refugees.—It is well known to those who interest themselves in the social state of contemporary nations, that none can live in Italy who will not acquiesce unscrupulously in the belief of the ruling powers. Many of the

wisest of her people have left her shores to take refuge from intolerance in ours; preferring to trust to Providence for subsistence in a strange land, rather than to remain in their own, where learning is fettered, independence is trampled on, and freedom is unknown.

Some of these have lately commenced the publication of a Magazine here, the first number of which is now before us. It is called "*L'Eco di Savonarola*," and is intended to be the organ of Italian Reformed Christians. In a well-written introduction the editors say that, "abhorring sectarianism, and holding that union in a spirit of love is essential to Christ's disciples, their purpose is to inculcate the authority of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, and salvation only possible through Him." They proceed,—"*We intend to teach Italians here that the Romish faith which they believe ignorantly, is founded on these principles; the misfortune being that they are mixed with much error. Our sole desire is to awaken in them that faith which they profess without comprehending; and to clear, by the light of revelation, their confused notions of redemption.*" They conclude by declaring that "*We will fight against error, but will not cease to regard our brothers as members of Christ's body, although they are deluded by the spirits of darkness which they have made angels of light.*" * * * We speak to Italians who condemn the Inquisition, and have rejected the iniquitous dogma held by the Romish Church, that violence and persecution should be the bonds of faith. We speak to a people who feel the want of toleration and fraternal association; our principles are those which have dictated to Christians of the Reformed Church their idea of evangelical alliance; and we believe that Italy, blessed with toleration, will not have reason to regard religious liberty as a rock of offence, but as a foundation for social welfare."

This is written in a healthy spirit. Tolerant themselves, the editors would be tolerated; under persecution, they would rather enlighten their ignorant enemies than resent the injuries they have done them. Actuated by such motives, and swayed by such feelings, they have our heartiest wishes for success.

We call attention to them and their new effort, that our readers may know their principles; and that they may have an opportunity of sympathizing, if not co-operating, with earnest supporters of freedom and living battlers for truth. Their Magazine is cheap, and well got up. It is written by well-known persons (among whom we may name Signore Ciocci, whose memoirs were lately published); and we would recommend all those of our intelligent supporters, who would step from the ordinary cramped school of Italian letters, to read it carefully and digest it fully; for it breathes a spirit of independence, and a love of freedom, which is the more admirable since it is so rarely to be met with in the Italian language.

C. M. CHARLES.

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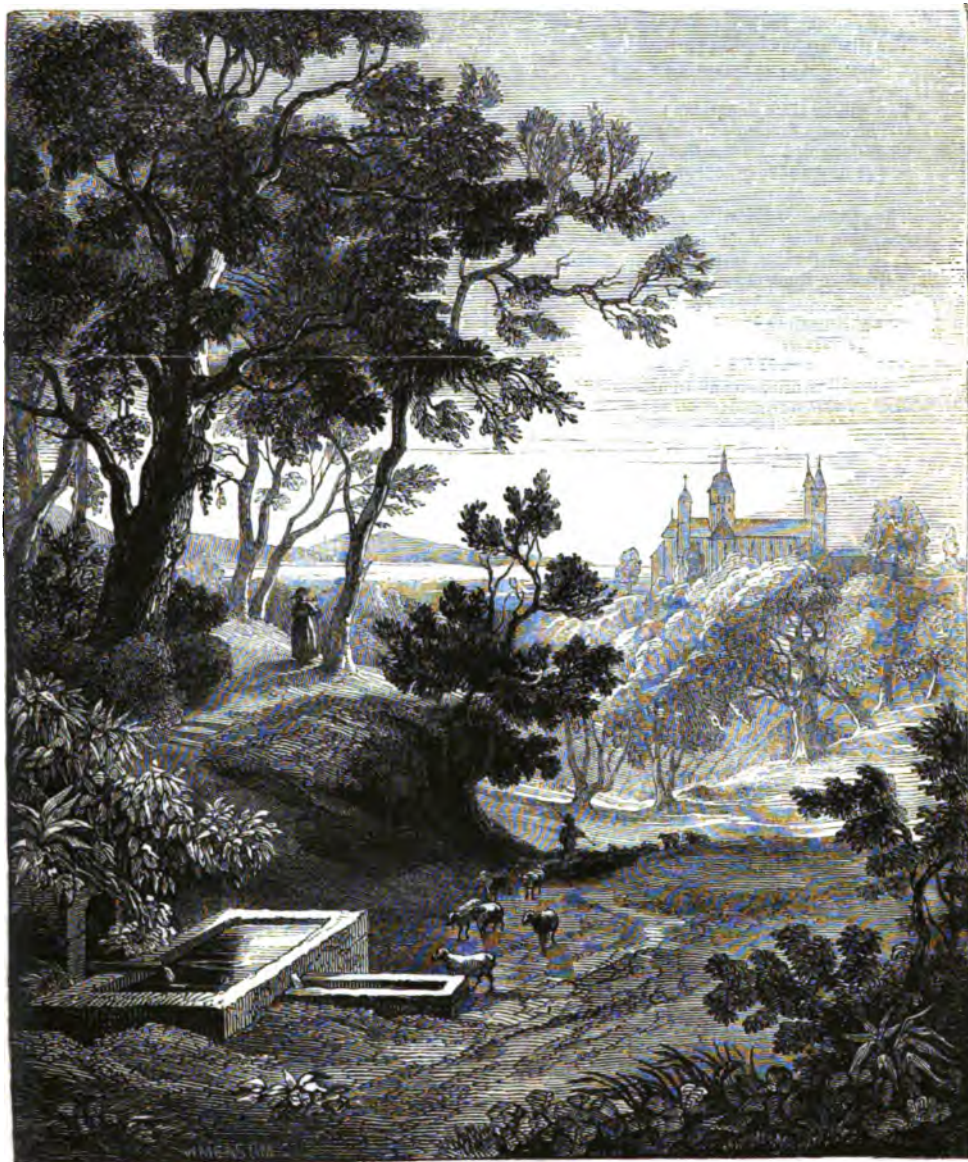
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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and publish'd for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWMYR, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, March 18, 1847.



COMING SPRING.

COMING SPRING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In all the years which have been,
The spring hath greened the bough—
The gladsome, hopeful spring-time !—
Keep heart ! it comes even now.

The winter time departeth ;
The early flowers expand ;
The blackbird and the turtle-dove
Are heard throughout the land.

The sadness of the winter,
Which gloomed our hearts, is gone ;
A thousand signs betoken
That spring-time comes anon !

'Tis spring-time in our bosoms ;
All strife aside we cast ;
The storms were for the winter-days,
But they are gone and past.

Before us lies the spring-time—
Thank God ! the time of mirth—
When birds are singing in the trees,
And flowers gem all the earth ;

When a thousand busy hands upturn
The bounteous, fruitful mould,
And the heart of every poet feels
More love than it can hold.

In all the years which have been,
The spring-time greened the bough—
The gentle, gracious spring-time !—
Rejoice !—it comes even now !

LONDON LAYS.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

No. II.—THE ITALIAN STREET SINGER.

SHE wanders on singing: in age but a child ;
Her look that was blithesome, is now only wild ;
There's want on her cheek, on her forehead is care,
And deep in her voice is a tone of despair.
For learned was her song in a far distant scene,
To the rapturous sound of the gay tambourine ;
In a pause of the festa, 'twixt laughter and vow—
And rude ones, and callous ones call for it now !
O ye ! whose blithe May-time no blighting hath known,
Be kind to the weary one, far from her own !

She wanders on singing—a tear in her eye
Is clouding it o'er, till she sees not the sky ;
But little she heeds ;—for the tune of her lay
To Italy's sunshine hath borne her away,
O blue are the waters that melt on the shore !
And joyous the terrace with vines covered o'er ;
—And she starts from the scene that before her is spread,
To sing in strange city for morsel of bread !
O ye ! who yourselves are all friendless and lone,
Be kind to the weary one far from her own !

THE CO-OPERATIVE BAND.

BY SILVERPEN.

(Concluded from p. 146.)

THE crop of hay from the wild marsh land was but of a coarse quality, and having purchased the stock and farming implements before mentioned, they had now a hard struggle to carry through till the corn harvest was got in and ready for market. During this time they were obliged to incur considerable debt in the town for provisions; but found much less difficulty in obtaining credit, because their crops, a good guarantee, were seen on the plain.

August came, and a golden harvest waved where, a year before, desolation and barrenness had been; not because either was the necessitated result of any law of nature, but because the conditions that evolve force and fruitfulness had not been brought to bear. Liebig spoke a great truth when he said, "Cultivation is the economy of force;" for doubting as I do the politico-economic doctrine of limits to the fertility of the soil, I think these limits are solely those of ignorance; that the more this is dissipated—the more that scientific and chemical investigation is followed up—the more will the inexhaustiveness of nature be discovered to be a primal and governing law, of the most beautiful and universal kind.

The golden harvest, as I have said, waved over the few corn-sown acres. When it was cut, and stood in sheaves, a Sunday came—a glorious day—and the co-operatists, in happy groups of twos and threes, and carrying their dinners, went forth from the smoky town to Barren Moor. This was their first festive assembly, humble as it was; and though the past winter's extreme poverty and endurance were traceable still in their haggard faces; and their mean and patched clothing showed what earnest sacrifice had been made by every man and woman, of a pound per head, to raise a general fund; still the influence that made their hearts so light on this bright holiday, could not be all attributable to mere rest alone! No; every man knew, and every woman had learnt, that the labour given in each one pound was not to sink as heretofore into the eternal and devouring maw of monopolizing capital; but assuming a veritable and tangible shape on this small slip of land, on the acres that would be added, in the manufactories that might possibly be raised, in the workshops to be opened—would come back tenfold to the giver, and yet leave the germ of distributive wealth, a sound and unalienable capital, to expand and multiply itself. After inspecting their little territory with almost childlike interest, each party spread their dinner amidst the golden sheaves; and whilst eating their humble meal with keen enjoyment, they talked over their small affairs with the gravity of senators. Towards evening, Jason gathered the band together, and sat in the midst. They were now two hundred strong, he said; not factory operatives alone, but embracing other trades—three bricklayers, one blacksmith, four carpenters, five tailors, and three shoemakers. They were now, to a certain extent, a self-producing body. They had the raw material, and the demand and supply of the most necessary articles were in their own hands. The subscribed fund now averaged 17*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*, the weekly contingent fund, 56*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*, clear of all expenses and the outlay made in the harvest and summer tillage of the land. Out of this fund of 229*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* he now proposed the immediate rental of one hundred acres more of the land around, the acquisition of further implements of husbandry, such as carts for bringing the waste sewerage from the town, another plough of the best construction, and further agricultural assistance from the peasantry of the neigh-

bouring district. "None of you have been bred to the plough or the spade," advised Jason; "it is better to leave the more scientific agricultural operations in efficient hands, till from the power arising from the possession of capital, we shall be able to train each man in our co-operative scheme of varied labour. That is to say, that each man, beside the particular duties of his trade or profession, shall devote some portion of every day to the tillage of the land. And now," he continued, "look around you, and see what the meanest and poorest co-operative power has done for this barren soil; but more especially let me point out to you, that the mind which directs this power, as far as we here see the results around, was the one you to a man scouted—the one you forced out from amongst you. It is the mind of the criminal you cursed, the criminal you sought to punish instead of reform; and this is he that coming amongst you has sought humbly to redeem such sins as may be his, by toiling thus nobly and unasked for your benefit. He had felt how man is cursed when separated from his fellow man; and this, therefore, makes me think, my friends, that co-operation is not merely a material, but also a spiritual power."

In this way did he who had sold his cherished copy of the *Principia* talk to the Co-operative Band till the evening began to fall.

Before this time next year, a hundred acres more of land was under rental, a large portion of the waste sewerage of the town carted upon it, and active preparations commenced for its tillage. The neighbouring peasantry eagerly flocked to the work; and the blacksmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers, were found of great use in mending and making implements of husbandry, and raising the necessary outbuildings, such as a granary, stabling, and dairy, for three cows and some sheep now added to the farm stock. In the town a room or two was hired, and the tailors and shoemakers set busily to work. Thus, when an operative or his family wanted shoes or clothing, he wrote his wants in a book kept for that purpose by Noble, commenced his weekly payment into the guarantee or want fund, received his coat or shoes; and whilst these were of the best quality, as regarded material and workmanship, they were procured at less cost than ordinarily purchased goods. The workmen obtained good and steady wages, and after all expenses, five-and-twenty per cent. was added to the permanent fund, or money stock, and all this because no capitalist reaped the profits, or set his price upon the market; but profit, or the pure and true principle of distributive wealth, was capital for all, and not a mere accumulative power in the hands of one.

As winter came on again, and from the steadiness of the labour market, the principal mills of the town were likely to keep on a full number of hands, and thus secure to the weekly contingent fund regular contribution, some six or eight young men, the most devoted and ardent of Jason's disciples, quitted their respective mills for the purpose of preparing themselves by study and practice for developing the higher principles of co-operation, and by this means to infuse a spirit of unity and progress into the less educated masses. The error of most associative compacts up to the present time seems to have been this: that the mere gathering together of a body of men, irrespective of condition, training, or moral habits, and calling it social unity, has been mistaken for a true, though slow development, which, beginning as it were in one mind, widens its circle, and advances and humanizes, as imitation and education exert their true influence. In hours spared from their own self-education, such children of the operatives as were free from the mills, were taught by these young men; and it was soon found that the more fathers and mothers became humanized by association with the more educated of the co-operativists, the greater were the number of the children drawn from the mill

and sent to school. That the privations consequent upon such a step might not banefully react, some of the elder children were set to do what they could for the tailors and shoemakers; and others sent out to Barren Moor on alternate days to work under the superintendence of Broadspring. It was curious too that many of the most squalid and miserable children of the streets were soon found joining these little groups on their way to labour, remaining with them, and returning at night; often the whole day without other food than such as the workers shared with them. The mills continuing, as was expected, their full amount of hands the whole winter; and the number of co-operativists, through this circumstance and others, largely increasing, the funds were found so prosperous by early spring, that a large temporary building was raised on the most cultivated and best drained portion of the land: where, as soon as the weather grew warm and fine, all such children of the co-operativists as could be spared, were permanently drafted from the town, and the co-operative school for industry and education of a really useful kind commenced, under the care of the young men I have mentioned. Margaret Cameron, and the widow who had sold her wedding ring for the purposes of the first scanty co-operative fund, were amongst those who superintended the domestic comfort of these children. And Margaret was a noble creature, and came out grandly when this her true position was found; for though bred up in what is called "low life," she had a mind that under Jason's care had become capable of doing justice to its beauty.

I have not space to follow further, step by step, the happy progress of my "Co-operative Band;" I must mention, however, that as the year went on, the labour of the children was found so profitable, both in their industrial school, and in the tillage of the land, that many others, whose parents were not co-operativists, were admitted to the privileges enjoyed by the rest; and even some few, originally juvenile offenders, were admitted under proper management. The town, in parliamentary reports, had been noted for its mass of juvenile delinquency. Magistrates had groaned, and headles had fiercely cocked their hats, to little purpose, for punishment had been the panacea for ignorance, and not reformatory education. Things were now different; there was no sessions catalogue of crime for those of tender years.

During the latter part of the year, portions of the produce of the land were sold to the co-operativists at a price which, though fully remunerating, and leaving moreover surplus profit for the permanent fund, was still below the market price, and of a far higher quality. This produce included milk, vegetables, and a small quantity of meat.

At the close of the next three years, though the intervening time had been chequered by a reduction in wages, and many of those social animosities which up to the present time have ever followed any great advance step of the masses, the permanent fund was so flourishing and stable, as to allow them to take on lease the whole of Barren Moor, with a proviso for future purchase at its present value; additional farm buildings were raised, and the foundations of a manufactory laid, where the water power was most available. These unmistakable and vital signs of manufacturing rivalry, raised at once the ire of Staple and Fleece, and other great capitalists. They had long looked with suspicion on the co-operative principle; and though mingled up with no dogmatic or political peculiarities, being simply *advance upon the principles of labour*, and the working out of its noble religion, *justice to itself*, still it was easy to cry into the ears of ignorance, that the man that would not grind in the mill of one man's capital, was the worst criminal that society could denounce; and it was quite as easy to turn off some two hundred hands.

There is a time in human life, there is a time in social epochs, when the great onward volition of a mind or cause waits but for a certain impulse or moment of vitality; and this seemed the case with Jason Bold and the Co-operative Band. For now that all the ancient ties and duties by which he had so long stood were severed by the very party towards whom he had used all the scrupulous honour of his exalted nature, he no longer hesitated to place himself as temporary governor over a village, hastily raised upon the uplands of Barren Moor. The blessings and love of thousands went with him, and those of all creeds, learning, and position. In leading the popular mind, he had looked only to the PRINCIPLE OF LABOUR; and thus whilst his band were of all sects and parties, all views and opinions, no human mind was stereotyped in one idea; but as was nature, in each was the essential and individual mind. *Each man was a man.*

As soon as two or three villages were raised, or rather assemblies of halls, for the purposes of education, domestic living, commerce, and assembly, and each village being apportioned to one hundred inhabitants, a great meeting was held, to give the once grim waste of desolate nature a fitting name. And so, on a glorious day in May, the gladness of eternal and primal Nature overspreading the wide landscape with all the infinite beauty which waits on man's true ministry to the laws of God, the Co-operative Band met—now five hundred workers—and nominally changed that which was now actually so, the swamp of Barren Moor into Horeb; and its upland, on which was destined to be raised its church to the eternal God, and its Hall of Justice for man, Mount Horeb in the once desolate wilderness!

The great work of man's progress is the work of time; therefore of this time I take twenty-two years, and show Mount Horeb and its Co-operative Band as both are *now*.

The seven thousand acres, so tilled that the mighty mind of Liebig would rejoicingly find his axiom, "cultivation is the economy of force," brought to bear as far as at present admissible, crowned with thriving villages, and a vast extent of manufactories, now supports a population, rapidly increasing, of somewhere about three thousand. It is essentially a manufacturing population, so advanced in textile design, in its schools of operative art, that England may here eventually look for cartoons, not solely painted on canvas, but rivalling nature in the fabrics of the loom. To say that it is a self-supporting colony, would be neither true to the principles that are at its foundation, or that govern it; neither true to a just political power, nor a social, nor a commercial one; nor to the essential doctrines of distributive wealth, as compared to the economist doctrine of a tied-up capital. It is a colony that produces and exchanges; its colonists obey the government laws, and pay the national taxes; they speak the common language, are married and given in marriage; in these things only are they different—they are happy, flourishing, and contented; are educated, and advancing in all things with the spirit of their time; their capital is divisible, not monopolized; and crime, poverty, prostitution, and drunkenness, are unknown!

These are hopeful beginnings, I think, for my Co-operative Band! To say that these are more than the beginning of grander and more philosophic principles, both as regards man's social position, his relation to nature, and his own organic advance, to place a paradise amidst surrounding misery and crime, would be neither doing justice to facts, nor to the great cause of co-operation. Man should be depicted as he is, progressive; rather than, as he is not as yet, an angel!

Instead of the land being divided into small allotments proportioned to the necessity of each family, it is parcelled out into five or six great parts, according to the number of village; the whole, however, in the higher and more scientific operations, being under the control of one governing head. Thus, whilst a com-

munity may at will devote its land to dairy produce, the raising of grain, or green crops, all are under the necessity of using the steam plough, the steam scythe, the best system of chemical manuring and tile drainage. The once disease-generating sewerage of the town is now brought to Horeb, and diffused over the land by irrigation. Under such a system the power of the soil is exhaustless; for besides giving abundance to its three thousand cultivators, it largely supplies the neighbouring town with various kinds of produce. The manufactories, besides the most beautiful productions in cotton and wool, send forth costly articles in embossed leather and bronze; for not being restrained by any fear of diminishing manual labour, the superintendents of these factories encourage and receive the latest improvements in machinery. The labour of Horeb is reduced to a minimum.

For some years Horeb was under the government of Jason Bold; but since his death, the patriarchal rule has merged into the purest co-operative form of administration. Each village is presided over by a certain number of the inhabitants, male and female, who are changed every month; and the chief affairs of the colony, such as those of education, commerce, and money, are under the guidance of twelve of the elder colonists, who remain a year in office, and meet in the principal hall every week. Each village has one general table d'hôte, one building appropriated to private apartments for the married, and two others to the use of the unmarried of either sex; the children, after a certain age, are drafted into the industrial schools, and finally into the one college of the colony. The system of exchange in Horeb is of the simplest kind; and whilst the currency of the realm comes to and fro through their commercial transactions with the world, the representative of exchangeable value amongst themselves is merely acknowledgment of value given or received on slips of paper that pass freely from hand to hand. Amidst such a population, knowing only that minimum of labour which ministers to progress and happiness, the wisest of sanitary laws, those arising from knowledge and self-government, exist; and, therefore, whilst disease is almost unknown, a healthy and progressive population is increased by prudential and well considered marriages.

Such is the material, or outer life, of Horeb, but not its inner and spiritual one—the great and mighty nature of man, progressing by the religion of labour towards God. But it has its glorious poet to tell of these things; a mighty nature that, in the person of young Walter Broadspring, has come forth from the corrupt and criminal, thus, as if it were by instinct, to sing of the abundance, the joy, and progress, that out from such destitution and misery as we have seen, has been brought by the simple agency of CO-OPERATIVE LABOUR. He sings, too, like the world's great poet as he is, of its happy children; its fruitful fields, where once was nought of man, and where nature's abundance remained latent by the absence of conditional laws; and he sings, moreover, of that upland overlooking this seven-thousand-acre garden, where stands a temple to the ever-living God.

Such is Horeb, one of the manufacturing colonies destined before many years to change the great industrial features of English labour—to more equally distribute wealth—to increase capital, but not at the expense of its creator—and to raise the whole social and moral condition of THE PEOPLE. The whole tendency of moral and political progress is that of association; and if such be the case, which it is, labour, as representing the community, has but to be true to itself to find a solution to the enigma which government cannot—national wealth and national prosperity, and yet destitution and misery amongst the mightiest of all classes; the very classes that by their labour raise this enormous and increasing wealth!

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

III. — DEPENDENCE OF LIFE ON HEAT.

(Continued from p. 134.)

THE dependence of all the actions of the higher animals upon Heat, is even more constant and immediate than that of the lower; although it would seem at first sight to be otherwise, since we find Birds and Mammals capable of sustaining their activity in the midst of cold which reduces every other Animal, and almost every Plant, to a state of complete torpor. The fact is that, in these two classes, there is an *internal heat-producing apparatus*, by which a genial warmth is kept up within the body, when all around is chill; and by the beautiful self-adapting power of this apparatus, the amount of heat supplied is always exactly that which is required to compensate for the deficiency of external warmth, so as to keep up the temperature of the body to a certain fixed standard. This standard, for Man and Mammals in general, is about 100 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer (the one ordinarily in use in this country); whilst it is about ten or twelve degrees higher in Birds. Whatever may be the degree of *external* heat or cold, the heat of the body scarcely varies a degree from this standard, either above or below; so long, at least, as the heating and cooling apparatus be allowed to act properly: but if there be a deficiency of the requisite combustible materials, the proper amount of heat cannot be produced, and the temperature of the body is brought down by the air or water around, when this (as is almost always the case) is below the standard of the body; whilst, if the cooling apparatus is prevented from acting, and the body of a Bird or Mammal be exposed to air or water of a heat much above its own standard, its own temperature will be raised.

By experiments of this kind, then, it has been ascertained that (with a few exceptions) the life of a warm-blooded animal cannot be prolonged, if the temperature of its body be raised about thirteen degrees *above* its natural standard, or be lowered thirty degrees *below* it; some part of its wonderfully-connected series of vital actions being brought to an end, and thus the whole being checked, whenever the proper heat of its body is altered beyond these limits. And the reduction of it below the amount just stated does not usually bring on a state of *torpidity*, from which the animal may be aroused by the application of external warmth; but produces that permanent cessation of the whole current of vital actions, which is known as *death*.—There are certain Mammals which are capable, under the influence of cold, of passing into a state of torpidity more or less profound, during which they are reduced to the condition of cold-blooded animals: this state, being natural to them in the winter, is called *hybernation*. There are some of these animals in which it appears to differ but little from deep ordinary sleep: they retire into situations which favour the keeping in of their warmth, which undergoes little diminution; and they occasionally wake up and apply themselves to some store of food which they have provided in the autumn. But in the Marmot, and in animals which (like it) *hybernate* completely, the temperature of the body falls to a little above that of the air, being only 35 degrees when the latter is at 32 degrees (the freezing-point); and all the actions of life take place very slowly. The pulse sinks from 150 to 15 beats per minute; the movements of respiration (or breathing) are reduced in number from 500 to 14 per hour, and are performed without any considerable enlargement of the chest; and the animal is so insensible, as to be with difficulty aroused. During

this period they take no food; their bodies being supported, as it were, by the supply stored up within them during the autumn, when their food is abundant. But they come forth from their hiding-places very lean, when the returning warmth of spring arouses them again into active life. The whole number of these hibernating Mammals, however, is comparatively small; and there are no Birds whose temperature can be thus reduced without the complete destruction of life.

We have an example of the death of *parts* of the body, from the chilling influence of severe cold, in the case of "frost-bitten" limbs. There are few who have not experienced, during a severe winter, the early stages of this depressing influence. We find our hands, for example, at first painful and livid; in this stage, the circulation of blood is retarded, but it is not checked. After a further exposure, however, the surface becomes pale and insensible; the blood having been driven from it by the extreme contraction of the vessels, and the nerves not being able to receive impressions when the blood is not in motion. Now in this condition the application of moderate warmth, with friction, will soon restore the circulation without any permanent injury; but if the chilling influence should have extended so far inwards as to affect the entire member, the case becomes much more serious. If the part were to be exposed to the warmth of a fire, so far from being restored, it would almost inevitably die; and the only method of treatment which will succeed in restoring its vitality, is to rub the part with snow, which process combines the benefit of friction with a very gradual increase of warmth. It is evident from this fact, how much more injurious cold is to a warm-blooded animal, when its influence is too powerful to be resisted by it, than it is to the cold-blooded tribes, such as frogs, lizards, caterpillars, &c., which may be frozen into lumps of ice, and thawed again, many times, without loss of life.

When the *whole* body of a warm-blooded animal is thus chilled through, no recovery can take place. But such an occurrence can only happen when, from any cause, the internal heat-producing power is insufficient to bear up against the external cold. This may come to pass either through the deficiency of the former, or the intensity of the latter; or from both causes combined: Thus, as will be shown hereafter, an imperfect supply of proper food (which is the fuel of the heat-producing apparatus) will cause the temperature of the body to sink under the influence of a degree of cold, which a well-fed man will bear with complete impunity; whilst, on the other hand, no internal power can produce heat enough to protect the body from the effects of cold of extraordinary severity, unless it be aided by exercise and by clothing well adapted to keep in the warmth. We find a great variety in the constitutions of different animals, in regard to the amount of heat which they are capable of generating, and the degree of cold which they are thus enabled to resist. Thus the Tigers, the Monkeys, and the Parrots of tropical climates cannot endure the ordinary cold of our winter, and artificial heat is needed to keep them alive in this climate. On the other hand, the Rein-deer, the Polar-bear, and numerous Birds, have a heat-producing apparatus, sufficiently powerful to enable them to bear the cold of even an Arctic winter; and they would not thrive in a warmer atmosphere. There is probably no animal whose constitution can so well adapt itself to extremes of temperature, as Man; and this even independently of the artificial assistance which his intellect enables him to procure. For although we find our comfort to depend in great degree upon the clothing which we put on as a substitute for the thick fur of the bear, or the coating of blubber in the skin of the whale (which are provisions for keeping in the heat that is produced in the body), yet habit seems in great degree to render this assistance unnecessary; for we

learn from the classical historians that the people of our own nation and of others were in the habit of going almost naked in winter as in summer; and this at a time when the climate was much more severe than it is at present. Still it cannot be doubted that, even in the most vigorous state of the human constitution, such artificial means as aid the internal heat-producing power to resist the influence of *extreme* cold, exert a favourable influence on the health, and promote longevity; whilst the want of them is a frequent source of disease and death, especially when accompanied by deficiency of food.

It is of the greatest importance to bear in mind, that the heat-producing power is not possessed by infants and young children, in a degree sufficient to render them independent of external warmth. This is true of the young of most warm-blooded animals. In the beautiful instinct which leads the parent to impart to her offspring the warmth of her own body, and which causes the young to nestle together under her breast, we see the provision by which the Creator has made up for this deficiency; and it is easy to show by experiment, that if it were not for this source of warmth external to themselves, the young of most birds and mammals would be unable to sustain life in an atmosphere much cooler than their own bodies. True it is that there are some species, whose young seem from the first independent of parental warmth, being able to run about and pick up food for themselves almost as soon as they come into the world; but even these, if exposed to the chilling influence of a *cold* atmosphere, are found to have much less power of resisting it than that possessed by adults, and part with their warmth from hour to hour, until their bodies are cooled down to a point at which life can no longer be sustained. It is in Birds that are hatched without feathers or even down, and in Mammals that are born blind and feeble, that we find the least power of producing heat, and the most careful provisions for imparting it to them. Every one must have observed the tender care of the Cat for her helpless offspring, as manifested in her selection of an appropriate spot for a warm nursery, and in the constancy with which, during the early period of their lives, she devotes herself to them, abandoning her usual haunts, and depriving herself of her accustomed pleasures. And although kittens and puppies, and the young of carnivorous animals in general, require more of this assistance than the young of most other Mammals, being brought into the world in a less advanced condition; yet there can be no doubt that the Human infant is relatively less advanced even than they are, and not only requires more of this kind of aid from its parent, but needs the continuance of this aid for a much longer period.

It is a fact never to be lost sight of, that the development of Man is slower, in proportion to the whole duration of his life, than that of any other animal; and the power of producing heat is closely connected with the general bodily vigour. Now, although the infant of a year old may be able to produce heat enough to maintain the standard warmth of the body, when it is well clothed, and the atmosphere around it is warm, it cannot resist the depressing influence of even a moderate degree of cold; and although the power of resisting cold gradually increases during childhood, yet it is long before it is fully attained. It is a very common idea, that children may be "hardened" to bear cold, by exposing them with insufficient clothing to its influence; but this should be done with extreme caution. We have, in the comparative tables of the number of deaths which occur at different ages in the several months of the year, a fearful proof of the influence of cold in destroying infant life. If we take 100 as the *average* mortality of each month throughout the entire year, we find that, in Belgium, the number of infants during the first month, which die in January, is 139, whilst the number

dying in July is only 78; that is, the winter mortality is *nearly double* the summer.¹

The direct and powerful influence of external cold in shortening the lives of infants exposed to it, is further shown in a most significant manner by the tables which were some years ago constructed by MM. Milne, Edwards and Villermé, of the relative mortality of infants at different seasons and in different districts of France. It is (or was) the custom of that country to convey infants, a few hours after their birth, to the office of the mayor of the district in which they were born, in order that the birth may be registered, and the child become possessed of its civil rights. It appeared from these tables, not merely that the proportion of deaths within a short time after birth was much greater in winter than in summer, but that it was much greater in the northern and colder departments than in the southern and warmer; and further, that the infant mortality was much greater in those country districts in which the population was scattered over a large surface, so that the children had usually to be carried for a considerable distance to the office of the mayor, than in those in which the principal part of it was clustered round that centre, whereby the exposure of the infants to the chilling influence of cold air was shortened. In the Foundling Hospitals of the Continent, which receive newly-born children left in a basket at their gates, the mortality is enormous during the winter months; a large proportion of the infants who have suffered from this exposure being carried off in a few hours afterwards, by a disease which is rarely seen in this country, and which may be attributed to the chilling influence of the atmosphere upon the bodies of these poor little creatures, who are thus deserted by their natural protectors at the time when they most need the genial warmth of the maternal bosom.

The inequality between the winter and summer mortality diminishes with the advance of age; so that for infants of between twelve and eighteen months old, the proportion of deaths in January is 128 for 76 in July; and for children of between two and three years old, the proportion is 122 in January for 82 in July. It is not only, however, in producing disease which may immediately terminate in death, that the influence of external cold is exerted at this period of life; for there can be no doubt that the foundation of many of the maladies of later life is then laid, through inattention to the teachings of nature and experience in regard to the maintenance of the requisite warmth during infancy and childhood. One extremely common error is the undue exposure of the limbs of children to the air; not merely during the summer, when the contact of the atmosphere with the skin is beneficial, but during the colder seasons, when it is positively injurious. Upon what principle the arms and legs of the adult are carefully encased in warm garments, whilst those of the child (who has much less power of producing heat within himself) are left bare to be chilled by the frosty atmosphere of winter and the bleak winds of the early spring, it seems impossible to guess. But such has been the general practice in this country, especially in the higher classes, who ought to be better informed; and we have been accustomed to see children exposed to a keen, biting air, with their little limbs not half covered, their skins blue, and their features pinched, suggesting to our minds the most painful ideas of the condition of their internal organs—the lungs, the brain, and the bowels—to which the blood that is stagnated outwardly must be driven in increased amount, and with undue force, so as to produce a serious risk of violent inflammation. The habitual exposure of the neck and upper part of the chest is, doubtless, a most frequent source of disease in children; a large propor-

(1) Quetelet, *Essai de Physique Sociale*, tom. i. p. 197.

tion of the deaths during the early years of life being due to inflammation of the lungs. And there can be little question that the greater mortality from consumption amongst females than amongst males, in spite of various other causes which act more powerfully on the latter, is partly attributable to the continuance of this exposure through the whole of the early period of life.

But whilst we urge the importance of keeping up the uniform warmth of the body during infancy and childhood, by a due supply of external heat, and by retaining what is produced within the body by means of ample clothing, we would not desire that parents should run into the opposite extreme of keeping their children in over-heated rooms, or loading them with too many clothes; a habit which has a decidedly weakening effect. What is needed is merely to keep up the temperature of the body to its proper standard; and everything beyond this is not only superfluous, but injurious. And we would have it borne in mind, that exposure to a bracing air is only hurtful when it chills the body or limbs; and that there is usually nothing more invigorating to the constitution of childhood, as well as to that of the adult, so long as, by warm clothing and by active exercise, the heat of the system can be duly kept up.

The degree in which the adult, at the period of greatest vigour, (namely, from twenty-five to thirty years of age) can resist the influence of external cold, is obvious from the comparatively trifling difference between the winter and summer mortality; the number of deaths at that period of life being only 105 in January to 91 in July. Even this difference would doubtless be greatly diminished, were an adequate supply of food, clothing, and fuel within reach of every one. With the advance of age, however, the internal heat-producing power again diminishes; the temperature of the body becomes more and more dependent upon external warmth; and more artificial assistance is needed to keep it up to its proper standard. Old people complain that "their blood is chill;" they love to bask in the sun during the summer, and to sit by the fire-side in winter; and they suffer most severely from prolonged exposure to cold. The fatal results of its influence upon them become evident, when we contrast the winter and summer mortality as the period of "second childhood" approaches. Between the ages of fifty and sixty-five years, the number of deaths in January is 130 to 77 in July,—a difference nearly as great as in the first month of infancy; and after the age of ninety, the proportion is 158 in January to 64 in July, or 2½ in winter, to 1 in summer. Every one who glances over the records of death in our newspapers must have been struck with the large mortality amongst persons advanced in life, which even a week of very severe weather will induce; of the infant mortality from the same cause, a very small part is thus brought before the public eye; but the facts which have been now adduced will show its terrible extent, and will, it is hoped, call attention to the means of preventing it.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

"EXALTED rank—exalted rank;"

The world grows sick of such a bubble;—

Give him a spade to turf a bank,

And just one shilling for his trouble.

Set him to strip, set him to toil;

And if he labour, as he might do't,

We'll then acknowledge—on the soil

There lives no man has better right to't.

But if he sham, and skulk, and shirk,

And use black-letter lordly fudges,

Tell him that man must live by work,

And we were not ordained his drudges.

PEGASUS AND THE POST-HORSES.

A Dialogue.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

PEOPLE have written descriptions of journeys in many ways; yet, I think, never in dialogue.

On the 24th of February, 1841, a travelling carriage with a deal of luggage drove out of Rome, through the *Porta San Giovanni*, drawn by two common post-horses; to these was, however, harnessed a third, which ran before the others, a creature full of fire and mettle—it was Pegasus himself; and there was nothing extraordinary in his having allowed himself to be thus harnessed, because inside the carriage there sat two poets and also a singer of great intellect, full of satisfaction and youthful enjoyment, for he was just come out of a monastery, and was on his way to Naples to study thorough-bass. In Albano he had exchanged the dress of the monk for a regular handsomely cut suit of black, and he might have been taken for a poet. Besides these three, there was a lady, who was an enthusiast for poets and poetry, but could not sit with her back to the horses. It was, as anybody may see, a very respectable party for Pegasus to draw. They took the road to Naples: we will now listen to the dialogue.

FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—The road to Albano runs along classic ground; by the side of aqueducts, miles long, which are decorated like the vestibule of a castle, and by graves overgrown by rushwood. A capuchin monk, with his begging-sack on his back, is the only person whom we have yet met. Now we are approaching the tomb of Ascanius. It towers upward with a gigantic colossus of masonry, overgrown with grass and bushes. Sing of all this, you poets inside there! sing of the Roman Campaigna!

The Post-horses.—Take care, and pull your share, you fellow! What is the meaning of all those leaps! Now we are going up hill. In Albano we shall stop two whole hours: they have good oats there, and a roomy stable. Ah! we have a long way to go before we can rest to-night.

Pegasus.—Now we are in Albano. There is a house which we shall pass close by, in the street; it is low, only two stories high, and very small. The door opens at this moment, a man in a hunter's dress comes forth; he has pale cheeks and intensely black eyes; it is Don Miguel, the ex-king of Portugal. Anybody could make a poem about that. Listen, you two poets there in the carriage! But no, they don't hear! One of them is making himself agreeable to the lady, and the other is busying his thoughts about a tragedy.

The Post-horses.—Now we have been fed; let us get ready to set out. It is a long stage up-hill and down. Don't stop looking at that stone, it is the grave of the Horatii—but it is an old story. Now, go along!

Pegasus.—What splendid trees! What luxuriant evergreens! The road lies deep between the rocks; the water comes splashing down, and high up above on the mountains, between the tops of the trees, stands the magnificent dome of the church, as if in heaven. The bells sound. There stands a cross by the road-side; handsome girls are walking along, they bend before the cross and repeat their prayers on their rosary. We are approaching Genzano. The two poets alight from the carriage; they are going to see the Nemi lake, which was once the crater of a volcano. Yes, that is a much older story even than the Horatii. Let us canter whilst

the poets get into an enthusiasm! They can catch us in Velletri. Let us have a gallop.

The Post-horses.—What is come to the first horse? he is like a mad thing! He can neither stand nor go! And yet one would think he was old enough to have learned both.

Pegasus.—Deep below us lie the green marshes overgrown with grass, and the rocky island of Circe in the sea. We are now in Cisterna, the little city where the Apostle Paul was met by his friends at Rome, when he was on his way to that city. Sing about it, you poets! The evening is beautiful; the stars twinkle. There is a girl lovely enough for sculpture, in the public-house at Cisterna; look at her, you poets! And sing about the fire-lily of the marshes!

SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

The Post-horses.—Now do go a little cautiously! not galloping in that way! There is a carriage driving before us, which we are not to pass on the road. Did not you yourself hear that there are German ladies in that carriage, who have no gentlemen with them, and they have, therefore, beought us that they may travel in company with us because they are afraid of banditti! It is not safe here! A year and a day ago we heard the balls hissing past us at this spot.

Pegasus.—The rain falls in torrents! Everything around us stands in water. The huts of reeds seem as if they were about to swim away from the green inundated island. Let us tear away! The road is even. There lies a splendid monastery, but the monks are all gone; the fogs of the marshes have driven them; the walls and marble pillars of the monastery are covered with green mould; the grass grows between the stones of the pavement; the bats fly round about the cupola. We dash through the open cloister gates, right into the church, and there pull up! You should see how the lady we are drawing is horrified into a marble statue! You should hear our chapel-master singing here! his voice is beautiful; he sings hymns on account of his preservation, and the two poets will tell the whole world of their life-emperilled adventures in the Pontine Marshes.

The Post-horses.—Take care you don't get a taste of the lash! Do keep the middle of the road! We shall soon be in Terracina, where we shall rest; and on the frontiers we shall rest; and at the Custom-house we shall rest. That is the best thing in the whole journey.

Pegasus.—The sunlight falls on the yellow-red cliffs; the marshes lie behind us. Three tall palm trees stand close by the road; we are in Terracina. What is become of our company? One of them ascends the rocks between tall cactuses; on each side are gardens full of lemon and orange trees, every branch of which bends under the load of yellow, glittering fruit. He climbs the ruins of Theodoricksburg; from there he looks over the marshes to the north, and his heart sings—

My wife,
My lovely, fragrant rose!
And thou, my child, my joy, my life,
My all that makes earth dear to me,
—Thou bnd upon my rose!

But the other poet sits down below by the sea: yes, out there by the sea upon a huge mass of rock. He wets his lips with salt water, and says with exultation, "Thou heaving, wind-lulled sea! Thou embracest, like me, the whole world; she is thy bride; she is thy nurse. Thou singest of her in the storm! In thy repose thou dreamest of heaven! Thou bright, transparent sea!"

The Post-horses.—Of a truth those were capital oats we had in Terracina. It was a good road there also; and we stopped such a charming long time in Fondi. See! now again it goes up-hill. Of what good are the

hills? First up and then down again! A fine pleasure that is!

Pegasus.—The weeping willows tremble in the wind. How like a snake the road winds along the hill-side, by ruinous mounds and olive woods, all illumined by the red evening sunlight. A picturesque little town lies below us, and the peasants, full of life, are thronging the road. There is poetry in these hills! Come hither, thou who canst sing of it! Place thyself upon my back! My poets in the carriage there sit and are quite lazy. We career onward in this still starlight night, past cyclopean masses of brickwork, where ivy hangs like a garment over caves where lurks a bandit—onwards, past the confused mass of groves where Cicero fell by the dagger of an assassin. Between hedges of laurel and glittering lemon trees we approach his villa: to-night we shall dream in Mola di Gaeta.

The Post-horses.—That has been a cursed bit of road! How we will eat, how we will drink, if the oats are but good! We will hope they may have fresh water there, and that we may each find an empty stall!

THIRD DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—Beneath the foliage roof of the orange trees sat the beautiful lady, and one of the poets read aloud to her Italian poetry; glorious, melodious poetry! The chapel-master leaned against the tall lemon tree, and listened and looked at the same time between the tall cypresses out upon the sea, where the sunshine caught the white sails of the ships. The other poet ran about in the fields, gathered red anemones, wove garlands, plucked first one and then another glowing orange; and they leaped, like golden apples, into the clear air. There was holiday in his heart; there was song upon his lips! He felt, "I am once more in Italy!"

The horses stood in the stable, each with his head in the manger; they also were well off. But where I stood, I, Pegasus, there was a door in the wall, and the door was open. I stretched out my head, and saw above the tops of the lemon trees and the dark cypresses, the white town upon the isthmus in the sea; and I neighed so, that I fancy the poets recognised my voice.

The Post-horses.—Now we are going on again to Sancta Agatha! There provender is excellent. Then again on to Capua, where there is the strong fortress and the bad water; but then the journey is soon at an end.

Pegasus.—How blue the mountains are, though! How blue the sea is, and the sky, also, has its beaming blue; it is three shades of one colour! It is love expressed in three languages. See, how bright the stars are! See, how the city before us is spangled with lights! It is Naples, the beautiful city, the gay city, Naples! Naples! And we were in Naples.

A NEW HYPOTHESIS OF HUMAN DESTINY.

BY WILLIAM BRIDGES.

It is my desire to avoid, as far as possible, any appearance of dogmatism in the view I am about to submit relative to the grand design and object of universal human story. I present a *HYPOTHESIS*, reconciliatory of the grand difficulties of history and revelation. The great epochs in actual history coincide with the symbolical epochs of apocalyptic history; and, duly analyzed, nothing can be more strikingly or more poetically true than the prophetic arrangement of events in the "lofty tragedy" (to use Milton's expression) of the Apocalypse of St. John.

The two great symbolic ideas of this apocalypse are those of the *TRINITY* and of the *SABBATH*. Hypo-

thetically, there are in the scheme of necessity or Providence **THREE** grand periods: the period of the **FATHER**, or natural religion—nature worship; extending over two millenniums, from Adam, the first father of men, to Noah, the second father of men, and to the birth of Abraham, the father of Judaism. Second: the period of the **WORD**, or revealed religion, incarnated at last in the person of the Saviour; extending over the third and fourth millenniums, from Abraham, through Moses, David, and Elias, to the birth of Christ and Christianity. Third, the period of the **SPIRIT**; of reconciling reason and light; of the growth and development of the Christian spirit, through the stages of Popery, Chivalry, Feudalism, Protestantism, Controversy, and the Press; extending over the fifth and sixth millenniums, from the birth of Christ to the consummation of real Christianity and self-sacrificing religion, which must, by the aid of the Press and the Word, succeed the present era of intellectual and moral chaos. Whether or not this period shall also have its incarnate representative, or **PARACLETE**, in the fulness of time, is a question too large to be entered upon at this stage of our investigation. So far, the doctrine of a historical Trinity of three double millenniums.

Again, as regards the doctrine of a millennial Sabbath. The historical Trinity embraces, as above, six days, or ages, of labour, and energy, and development, represented, or at least initiated, respectively by **ADAM**, **NOAH**, **ABRAHAM**, **ELIJAH**, **JESUS**, and **WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR**; the sixth day is now near a close, and we are on the eve of the seventh, or Sabbath millennium.

Without going into any preliminary detail of the subsidiary types and symbols of the Apocalypse, I proceed now to recapitulate the great leading events of the six millenniums, dovetailing therewith the various apocalyptic symbols, as by a combination of analytical and synthetical deduction, they appear to me simply and naturally to adjust themselves in the grand plan of providential history.

[For the convenience of the reader, the names of the prophetic symbols are printed in small capitals; but to avoid, in the meantime, complexity and cumbrous reference, the curious student is left to trace for himself the various types in St. John's arrangement.]

I.

Anno Mundi 1-333 In the age of the **LYON**, or of youthful strength, courage, and energy, there is opened the **FIRST SEAL** of the book of human destiny, and the **WHITE HORSE** with the **WORD** of Truth goeth forth, conquering and to conquer. Adam is tempted and falls; the two great families of Cain and Seth divide the early world; and during the 333 666 sounding of the **FIRST TRUMPET**, or mid-third of the millennium, the first religious formalities are established, and temples are erected for the worship of the God and Father of nature. Ambition and dissension succeed the ages of truth and simplicity, the 666-1000 **FIRST VIAL** of wrath is poured out, and evils, of which we have no specific account, begin to overwhelm the children of humanity.—Rev. vi. 1, 2; viii. 6, 7; xv. 1, 5, 8; xvi. 1, 2.

II.

1001-1333 The age of the **STEER**, or of agricultural progress and colonization, succeeds the age of the **LYON**; and the **SECOND SEAL** is opened in the days of Noah and of his sons, destined to people the remotest regions, and to found the great early monarchies of Asia and Africa. 1333-1666 The **SECOND TRUMPET** is sounded; with population proceeds the spirit of aggrandize-

ment and selfish competition; and destruction and blood are borne along upon the **RED HORSE** of war. Our remote progenitors are overwhelmed by the destroying, yet creative, energy. A new race obtains a new field, and a new opportunity. Again ambition abuses God, and overleaps its own legitimate objects. The **SECOND VIAL** is 1666-2000 poured out; and the curse of a various language is laid upon the dispersed and scattered nations.—Rev. vi. 3, 4; viii. 8, 9; xvi. 3.

III.

In the beginning of the third millennium, 2001-2333 or second of the three great periods, the **THIRD SEAL** is opened, and while Famine upon the **BLACK HORSE** appears upon the earth, the promise of the Word is made to the Father of the selected nation: the promise of a period of rest and of happiness by the agency of his remote posterity. A new typical religion is developed during the sounding of the **THIRD TRUMPET**; and Moses, 2333-2666 the **STAR** which was seen to fall upon the earth, enunciates a new, and profound, and practical religious philosophy in this the age of the **MAN**, or of gradual enlightenment, and of the ripening of moral power and human intellect. Almost contemporaneously with this intellectual conquest of Moses, are exhibited the great physical triumphs of Sesostris; Job's conquest of self, and that hero's practical typification of the great future self-sacrifice. The **THIRD VIAL** is poured out 2666-3000 in the times of the oppression of Israel, and of the contests of the classical heroes, afterwards sung by Homer and Virgil; and the millennium concludes with the foundation by David of the renowned temple of Jerusalem.—Rev. vi. 5, 6; viii. 10, 11; xvi. 4, 7.

IV.

The **FOURTH SEAL** is opened, and the new 3001-3333 age is that of the **EAGLE**, or of a new, and soaring, and ambitious philosophy; of poetry and prophecy; the age, too, of a grand transition, when **DEATH** goes forth upon the **PALM HORSE**, and the death of formalism is proclaimed in the advent of Christianity. The **FOURTH TRUMPET** is sounded during 3333-3666 the announcement by the philosophers of Greece, and China, and Egypt, of great doctrines, facilitating the reception of a still sterner morality. Alexander and Caesar pass like meteors, and in the Augustan period of power and luxury and refinement, that "one greater man" is announced. The **FOURTH VIAL** has now been poured out upon 3666-4000 the scene of human fate and transition.—Rev. vi. 7, 8; viii. 12, 13; xvi. 8, 9.

V.

The **FIFTH SEAL** is opened. The **SON OF MAN** appears as it were in the midst of the **SEVEN CANDLESTICKS**; viz. at the end of four millenniums, three being still to come. Jerusalem rejects Him, and soon is herself rejected and cast down, and the instruments of the Divine immolation are scattered over the face of the earth. The **FIFTH TRUMPET** sounds, and **APOLYON** and his locusts, with fire and sword, proceed from Mecca, and

Anno Domini
1-333

333-666

establish an Epicurean Christianity, not altogether unprolific of social good. Christianity, meanwhile, during the sounding of the **FIFTH TRUMPET**, the midthird of the first Christian millennium, from the year 333 to the mystical 666, becomes a great engine of state in the hands of the emperors and the popes; and the **FIRST OF THE TWO BEASTS** is invested with the power of an unprecedented religious tyranny. The **DRAGON**, or abuse of nature worship, has been wounded, and his power is transferred to the first beast, or first representative of the letter of Christianity. From this great epoch of 666, during which the **ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION** was established in Christendom,—the abomination of hypocrisy, and priestly statecraft,—are to be counted those prophetic numbers of Daniel, as well as of John. Thus, "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the end" of the greatest of these (Daniel xii. 11, 12), the 1335 years; namely, to the year 6001, the first year of the seventh thousand, or millennium of the Sabbath.

666-1000 The **FIFTH VIAL** is poured out upon the seat of the first beast, and Rome, in the height of her pride, is preparing her own downfall; and the kingdoms of Europe, which shall succeed her in power and domination, are rapidly advancing to maturity.—Rev. vi. 9, 11; ix. 1-12; xii.; xiii. 1-10, 18; xvi. 10, 11.

VI.

- 1001-1333 The **SIXTH SEAL** is opened. Feudalism and chivalry, the military types of moral duty, obligation, honour, and mutual dependence, are nominally predominant. The **FOUR ANGELS** prepare to sound, and Wycliffe and his poet coadjutors in England and Italy, smoothen the way to the great Lutheran Reformation. The **SIXTH TRUMPET** sounds; Mammon and the Inquisition preside over Christianity. But the **FOUR ANGELS** are now heard—the Reformers of the Church proclaim the downfall of mock Christianity. The **PRESE**—the second Saviour—utters its many voices; the **ANGEL** which appears with **ONE FOOT ON THE SEA AND ONE FOOT ON THE EARTH**. The **FIRST BEAST** is wounded; but alas! its conqueror and successor is gradually, by the force of Mammon power, transformed into the likeness of a **SECOND BEAST**, with the voice of a dragon, though with the form of a lamb, worshipping the image of the first beast, whom it has wounded and condemned. For the Protestant Church must now protest against herself, lest a worse thing befall her. We live in the days of the pouring out of the **SIXTH VIAL**—the period of a moral, intellectual, and religious transition, even more stupendous and momentous than that which preceded the establishment of Christianity. Faith and reason are now at war, and the hour cometh when they must be reconciled. **THREE ANGELS** fight against **THREE ANGELS**: against Ignorance; against Self-idolatry; against a pseudo-Protestantism. The **TWO WITNESSES**, of nature and of revelation, attest a plan and a destiny; a second unfathomable change is about to be made manifest. Genius—the mind of Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Byron, and Voltaire, and Goethe—has moulded the upper surface of
- 1333-1666
- 1666-2000

society; the influence of modern conquerors and innovators—of Cromwell, and Mirabeau, and Napoleon—is not unfelt; the fall of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons is a deeply-impressed warning: the spirit of co-operation for good and for evil is becoming, fearfully paramount; the deadly economy of Malthus and of the scribes is fast seeking to hide itself, ashamed of the light; society is being shaken to its very foundation, and even kings and ministers shall awake when the voice is heard in the moral wilderness once more proclaiming—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"—Rev. vi. 12, 17; vii.; ix. 13-21; xvii.; xiii. 11-17; x. 1-11; xvi. 12, 16; ii. 1-15; xiv.; xvii. 16, 18; xiv. 14, 20; xviii.; xix.; xx. 1-3.

KING GIN.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

I.

A PALACE, and a king within;—
Hail, potent monarch! Hail, King Gin!

Open stands his palace door;
Ready access have the poor;
He is praised, through all the town,
By torn coat, and ragged gown;
Weazen face, and shrivelled limb,
Each can hob and nob with him;
He extends a cordial hand
To the meanest in the land.

Sad heart in sinking bosom,—
Beauty blighted in thy blossom,—
Poverty, with thy gaunt stride,
And Theft running by thy side,—
Ignorance, untaught by any,—
Hunger, with thy only penny,—
Come, in any garments suited,—
Come, though you should come barefooted,—
Come in squalor,—come in sin,—
Doors are open;—enter in.

Come from the heat; come from the cold;
Young men, come; and come, the old;
Bring your wives, in all their charms;
Bring the babe that's held in arms;
Bring your sisters; bring your brothers;
Bring your fathers; bring your mothers;
Bring your daughter in her beauty;
Bring the son you've reared to duty;
Bring your friend; and bring your neighbour;
Bring the workman from his labour;
Bring the stranger from the street;
Bring the very next you meet.

II.

A palace, and a crowd within:—
Wilt hob and nob with this King Gin?

Soh—you see He is a King—
For he does the royal thing:—
He maintains his regal station,
By the process of taxation.
Who this palace enters in,
May learn this lesson from King Gin:—
Kings are not ashamed to tax
Shoeless feet and shirtless backs.

There, the artisan in tatters
 Stands beside his well-dressed betters,—
 But he wore, in former years,
 Coat and hat as good as theirs;
 Ere three summers, they will be
 Habited as ill as he—
 Sunk as deep in misery.
 Yonder is a desperate woman,—
 Hardly can you call her human;
 Once she was a maiden fair,
 And she had rich golden hair;
 Once her mother reared her sweetly;—
 Now, she's lost, ay, lost completely.

The Magdalen asks for the poisonous drop,
 Madly pledging her only hope;
 She had yet a stake—but the taste of gin
 Deepens disgrace, and strengthens sin;
 The brand on her brow will be deepened to-morrow;
 She will know less shame, and will feel less sorrow;
 She will fall—Oh, God, how deep!
 Ere they thrust her aside to her harlot sleep.
 Frenzy, with the staring hair,
 Stands at the elbow of Despair,
 And a step behind is Care.

Boys approach, and girls and children—
 O, their presence is bewildering—
 Boys, that should be taught on stools,
 And the girls in daily schools,
 Dragging the streets and lanes together
 In the dry and sloppy weather,
 Pausing not, but plunging in,
 Like grown drunkards, to drink gin.

Ah, she is not ten years old,
 But her face is very bold;
 She was born a drunkard's daughter,
 And a father's hands have brought her
 To this haunt of Death and Sin;—
 And she leads her infant brother;
 And she curses like her mother;
 And she takes her glass of gin;
 God! she bids the infant sip;
 And the babe smiles with wet lip.

A palace, and a King within!
 On his throne behold King Gin!
 Open stands his palace door;—
 Ready access have the poor;—
 But—alas, together dwell
 With him, Sin, and Death, and Hell.

Literary Notices.

Sixty Years Hence. A Novel. By the Author of the
 "White Slave." 3 vols. London: T. O. Newby.

There are men, and wise men too, who fancy that they can discover, in the present state of things, unmistakable signs of an onward and upward progression; who think that science, knowledge, and religion, are all working together, with the great chain of events, to produce an ultimate amount of general happiness and well being, of which, as yet, we only vaguely dream. Whether we may expect that any full accomplishment of their hopes will be reached in sixty years, is hard to say; at all events it may reasonably be expected that, in sixty years, the world will have advanced in better

knowledge and endeavour, at least in the same ratio it has done within that time past.

Steam, gas, and electricity, have done something for us within the last ten years, to say nothing of the growing intelligence of the people, which is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. In half a century, prospectively, what may not steam and electricity, to say nothing of yet other mighty and undiscovered agents, effect; whilst the power of the people—a power based on true knowledge, on an improved state of morals, on temperance, sanatory reform, and a living conviction of the true greatness and worth of humanity, even in the meanest of its children—will give to the coming half century such a moral impetus and stability as no former time can furnish any example of.

There is in these volumes a great deal of power, but with all this there certainly never was a more unsatisfactory work written. The plot is uncertain and confused; the characters, many of them strongly marked, are full of activity, without achieving anything to the reader's satisfaction. The few characters which have a higher tone and promise about them, seem imperfect conceptions, and leave the reader in utter disappointment. Every coming page fills him with the belief of some great purpose about to be revealed, but it never comes. At the same time, however, that he is startled, surprised, and often displeased, there is a strange fascination about the work, which leads him on; he cannot lay it down; he thinks that a writer with so much natural power, and who has brought together such an array of agents and machinery, will assuredly repay him at last. But no! the breathless reader, in the end, is obliged to be satisfied with this reflection, that if the book be a true prophet of the future, then, that bad as things are now, they are heavenly in comparison with what they will be sixty years hence, in the unhappy days of our great grandchildren; that tyrannical and cruel as hereditary power may be now, it is nothing to the fierce iron rule of the golden king of those days, the echoing sound of whose approaching footsteps is now within our ears; that strange as was the story of Mr. Cross and his insect creation, it is nothing to what galvanism will do sixty years hence. The Egyptian plague of flies, frogs, and other vermin, will be mere jests, in comparison with the achievements of one malicious old man, who will then pour out his phial of cruelly-contagious and ever-multiplying atomic life into the water—and thenceforward all waters shall contain the certain, ineradicable seed of cureless disease.

The history of all this is fantastically horrible; it haunts the mind like a nightmare; from the waters the earth becomes plagued with murrain, of which we have a faint idea in the present potato blight; grass and corn are infected, and from these it is conveyed to the beast of the field; lastly from him to man: and the work ends by the coarse, vulgar, money-king of the world dying raging mad, the omnipotent murrain having attacked his brain: and this, the reader is left to believe, is the beginning of the end of the world, he being but the first victim of a universal death.

Of the political portion of the book, which is extremely clever, we say nothing, because that certainly is less original than the author's anticipated discoveries in science; whether they be the infusion of the vital fluid from the finger ends, or the wholesale destruction of armies by the concentrated current of the electric fluid drawn from the clouds by the hand of one man, or the propagation of this loathsome murrain which is to destroy the world, and in describing which, as we said before, the author shows a master's hand. We have not space for extract, but we refer the reader to the last chapter of the second volume, after which he will not readily dislodge "the insect" from his imagination.

So much for the fate of the world, according to this

author, sixty years hence. The moral of this strange book is, that the mammon-worship of the present day may bring England, nay, even the whole world, to utter ruin. And so it might, perhaps, were it not that, with this mammon-worship, we have, in the great heart of the nation, a conservative, healthy current of moral life, which will circulate from the lesser to the greater streams till it permeates the whole of existence, like the atomic poison of which the author speaks; but of this higher and divine influence he makes no mention, and this it is which will be our safeguard and our salvation.

The Labourer. A Monthly Magazine, of Politics, Literature, and Poetry. Edited by FRANKS O'CONNOR, Esq., and ERNEST JONES, Esq., Barristers-at-law. London: Northern Star Office, etc.; Manchester: Abel Heywood. Nos. I. and II.

It is surely a sign, and an auspicious sign, of the times, that that portion of the Chartist body termed the physical force Chartists, have issued a monthly magazine, not under the title of the *Fighter*, but of the *Labourer*. The employment which they now give to their physical force is such as must meet with the approbation of all good men. It is in labour, in co-operation, and in the purchase of land. In an account of the movements of the National Association of United Trades, Mr. Robson laid down principles of popular action which might be adopted by any co-operative society; namely: 1st. The necessity of union; 2d. Union gives to sectional movements the necessary strength; 3d. *The inefficacy of useless strikes* as a means of meeting the appliances at the disposal of the master class; 4th. The necessity of the people taking their own affairs into their own hands; 5th. The profit made by masters in consequence of the non-existence of co-operative action; 6th. *The striking difference between the old system, that sets men on strikes, and the new, which sets them on work*; 7th. *Self-employment* the only means of procuring a fair day's wage for a fair day's work; 8th. The value of exposing the state of their funds; 9th. The necessity of employing those hands not required in the artificial labour market in the *cultivation of the land for themselves*; 10th. Reciprocity.

Now, these are all sound doctrines, in true keeping with the spirit of the times; and show that we are every day growing more alike in opinion, spite of our names and badges of party.

The Magazine details the progress of the Land Association of the body; traces the history of the Insurrections of the People. Mr. Ernest Jones, whose poetic powers have drawn high commendation from high quarters of very opposite opinions, has a powerful ballad, opening the second number, called *The Factory Town*, and descriptive of the evils of the factory system. There are also tales of great merit, and particularly one, called *The Romance of a People*, the scene of which is Poland, and which seems intended to embody the miseries and wrongs of that violated country. The Magazine, altogether, does great credit to its conductors; and, as an organ of the co-operative principle, and of the enlightenment of the people, we wish it every success.

Plea to Power and Parliament for the Working Classes. By R. A. SLANEY, Esq., late M.P. for Shrewsbury. London: Longman & Co.

A VERY useful little compendium of the condition of the people, and of what is in progress, and also what ought to be in progress, for amending it. It embraces the topics of the Factories and Mines; Education, and Health of Towns; societies for insurance against illness, and want of work; injustice of combination laws; means of popular exercise and recreation—parks, and

public walks, etc.; policy of establishing a board of commission for watching over the welfare of the people—that Government should not attempt to check, encourage, or regulate population, but should afford protection, and real education to the working classes, and they will regulate themselves. There is much wisdom here in a little compass.

Opium in China. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

THIS is extracted from Mr. Martin's work, "China, Political, Commercial, and Social." We only notice it here to wish that it may be widely read. It opens up that fearful system of guilt which we are pursuing in China, of guilt against God and man, and at the same time, of most stupid impolicy, dosing the poor Chinese with opium, instead of clothing them—four hundred millions!—with our manufactures. We shall, ere long, go at length into this matter, and make free use of this valuable pamphlet.

Three Lectures on the Moral Elevation of the People. By THOMAS BEGGS. London: Brittain, Paternoster Row.

WHEN we see what a flood of moral and intellectual intelligence is being now daily poured upon the public mind, we feel that there ought to be striking and happy effects from it. In this pamphlet there is of itself a mass of sound information on the condition of the people, which could not have been brought together except by much reading, and more actual mingling with the multitude. The perusal has made us rejoice that such men as Mr. Beggs find their proper places in the social economy, and are thus able to do God's work on the earth while it is day with them. Mr. Beggs, as the secretary of the Temperance Society, occupies a post for which he is evidently most thoroughly fitted and designed. We have read these lectures with a peculiar pleasure. Their morality is so sound, their feeling is so genuine, and their eloquence—the eloquence of a sad knowledge and a generous zeal—is so pure and penetrating. Our space allows us to do little more than to recommend them to the public, which we do most cordially; yet we must not omit to indicate the great variety of matters with which they deal: temperance; causes of pauperization, of physical deterioration; education of and for the people; health of towns, with the statistics of crime and population in them; our moral responsibilities towards the people, etc.

We admire the honest boldness with which Mr. Beggs probes the wounds of our social system, and takes to task our pseudo-philanthropy. The following passage presents a fearful picture, and calls sternly upon our sense of duty:—

"It strikes me dumb," says Thomas Carlyle, "to look over the long series of faces that any full church, court-house, or tavern meeting, or miscellany of men will show them. Some score or two years ago all these were little red pulpy infants, capable of being kneaded into any social form you chose—yet you now see them fixed and hardened into artisans, artists, clergy, gentry, learned sergeants, and unlearned dandies, and can and shall be nothing else henceforth." This is not a new, but a striking thought, enunciated by a mind deeply versed in the philosophy of society. Not only do we see a new generation springing up from the plastic hand of nature, ready to receive any impression that circumstances or education may stamp upon it, but we find it transmitting still worse deterioration to that which has to succeed it—stamping physical as well as moral degradation upon posterity in a downward ratio. Over vast tracts of country we scarcely find a trace of the "human face divine;" so worn in countenance, form, feature, expression, that we might doubt whether they were of the same species with the well organized and noble of the race. The lofty lineaments of a better nature gradually fade away, until nothing is left but the attributes of the idiot or the fiend. Still there is the alarming thought, the overwhelming horror of which can never be contemplated without a shudder, that they possess the awful power

to perpetuate a race, equally stunted as themselves. In the midst of wretchedness, and guilt, and want, and disease, this fearful power of reproduction remains to them, and scourges society for its injury and neglect. The spark of humanity is almost extinct. They become a pauper-creating class. Our pseudo-charity forbids them to die; we provide for them the hospital and the poor-house—devise means by which their houseless and homeless lot may be rendered tolerable; and thus new swarms of outcasts, new hordes of savages, throng our highways and threaten our safety; vice becomes more and more loathsome—deformity more fantastic, and fiends might mock at this frightful accompaniment to our boasted civilization. Thousands dying that one may riot, and hosts of men grovelling in sordid huts that one may squander wealth away in a palace.

One of the principal causes of this fearful immorality will be found in the total want of physical comforts, the exposure to cold, hunger, and nakedness, amongst our labouring population, and the incessant competition with each other for the privilege to toil, and by that means earn the scantiest subsistence. This state of wretchedness is produced in the first instance by the retention of laws which contravene the laws of God, restrict the markets open to our industry by prohibitory duties and imposts, and augment the price of food by making it scarce.

Again, he treats the monstrous over-labour in factories and shops with the feeling of a man and a poet:—

In a pamphlet published by Dr. Griedrod, the author of "Bacchus," there is an amount of fact perfectly appalling:—Children almost leaving the mother's breast to labour; and beginning at an early age their struggles for existence. And this in Christian England, who vaunts loudly her pre-eminence, and of being foremost in civilization. This fearful immolation still goes on. Then again, our attention has been called to the late hours that our youth have to remain in shops, warehouses, and other establishments. This is the same thing in another form, and can only be subdued by the energy, boldness, and perseverance, of the thoughtful part of the community—men with heads to think, and hearts to feel and act. One half hour's thought on the subject, must convince any reasonable mind that the system is pernicious in a moral point of view. Training up a race of men, with blunted sensibilities, and stunted perceptions; confined for long hours in shops, where there is the most impure air, with little or no exercise; their very occupations wearisome—and not only so, but highly prejudicial to the proper cultivation of the higher sentiments. It is a system of slavery of the most fatal kind; it forbids any strength of feeling—any development of masculine sentiment—and, in point of selection, is less enervating than the occupation of the man who breaks stones. Give me but a crust; let me have the opportunity of softening it in the brook, that dances amongst the flowers; let me feel around me the bracing air, and see above me the open sky; then, conscious that the crust is earned by hard but honest industry, I can rejoice to feel myself a man, with free thoughts, and unrestricted mind. Let me be this; let me travel on in rags and poverty, instead of being the cringing and foppish youth who is learning a trade, a slave to every capricious customer and thoughtless idler who makes shopping a business, and seems to have studied every mode of annoyance. And yet this is the way in which many, nay, great part of our youth, are rising up: the mind never awakened to higher objects than the frivolities of dress, or the rounds of dissipation. The body as well as mind enervated, you see them thronging our public thoroughfares, indebted for their appearance to the arts of the man milliner: quite familiar with the slang of the tavern, and regular attendants at free-and-easies; puffing their cigars, and mimicking all the follies of men of fashion. These things are going on around us: and to expect from such a hot bed of folly, ignorance, and imbecility, any other result than a race of men, depraved in taste, vitiated in heart, and feeble in understanding, and, consequently, practising all the "little tricks of little men," is to expect, that the harvest can be gathered when the seed-time has been neglected.

He points out the remedy in shorter hours of labour, and in the provision of healthy recreations, and the opening of lecture-halls and reading-rooms. Mr. Beggs is quite awake also to the necessity and ameliorating powers of co-operation.

The principles of co-operation, when more properly understood, will enable the working classes to do much of which at present they have no clear conception. If they want a Library, what is to prevent 500 men uniting together for the purpose, each

man bringing a book;—there are 500 volumes as a stock, and each man has the opportunity of reading 400 for the one contributed. This hint will suffice to suggest a thousand ways in which co-operation would secure very desirable ends. Much is in the power of temperance societies with regard to this agency; libraries, reading-rooms, class-rooms, schools, and concerts, are all means of creating counter attractions to the public-house; and would not only do that, but would supersede the coffee-shops, which have become in scarcely an inferior degree as bad as the jerry shop: drinking coffee, smoking, clubbing for suppers, gaming, loose conversation, &c., are the disgraces of the *hotels*, and inflict severe injury on the temperance societies. These bodies have hitherto had a very contracted view of their own sphere of labour; they must take up more comprehensive ground.

Mr. Beggs concludes his Lectures with a piece of true eloquence—that of the heart. We have laboured like Mr. Beggs; we have suffered like him calumny; we have occasionally seen that obliquity of human nature which has led us almost to despair and to desist;—but better hopes have again prevailed, and we have gone on, "sadder but wiser," in that path of popular exertion, where, if we are often destined to find least where we hoped most, we also find most where we hoped least. We acknowledge to him a debt in a gloomy hour, for the noble expression of the true faith in humanity which glows through this passage:—

Do we expect any alteration in the civil or political policy of our country?—we must have an educated people. Governments are the result, and not the cause, of the moral sentiments which may prevail. The intelligence of the people will be the great agent in political changes. That will achieve more than all the party struggles for power that take place in our times. Without a people thoroughly free—free from the thralldom of vice and prejudice—free institutions can neither exist, nor confer happiness upon the governed. Look at America—her institutions are in advance of the popular intelligence; and there we have to deplore the sad effect of ignorance and selfishness. Amongst a people where we have the first great experiment of free government, we have to deplore the existence of slavery, sitting grinning in horrible mockery in the midst of her republican institutions. America will no doubt retrieve her faded honour yet, and form a bright page for European statesmen to peruse. This assurance is founded upon the growing intelligence of her best citizens; the spirit of inquiry which is active there; and the restless and quenchless desire for freedom which animates all hearts on the other side of the Atlantic. Educate the people of England, and we shall be able to stamp upon them a character as noble as any in the world. But above all, let us look to the young. It is to young England we must look for the spirits that are to raise up the character of our country, and make her truly a leader among the nations of the earth. It is they who have to engage in the struggle for liberty, and knowledge, and fame; and combat, in the confidence of high hope, the last remains of feudal power. Make the people an intelligent, an educated, a sober race, and they must have free institutions. It is impossible for despotism to sway its sceptre over men with hearts throbbing with holy desires, whose arms are nerved to maintain the truth, and plant its standard where waves and winds may dash over it in vain. I wish I could inspire every heart with the desire to raise himself. As I look upon the meagre and wan children of toil around me, thronging our public thoroughfares, and listlessly lounging about, I feel a renewed desire to labour in this cause. I know what an early love of knowledge can do. I have felt it. The thirst is within me unsubdued and unslaked. To this early desire I ascribe all that is now valuable to me. I would not barter the knowledge I possess,—endeared to me as it is by the recollection that it has been acquired by many sacrifices of needful rest, by some self-denial, and at the expense of many privations.—I would not barter it for all that wealth or title could bestow. I would not allude to this but as an encouragement to others. There are thousands now languishing, with high capabilities, who may perhaps pass through life, with the spark within never fanned into a flame.

Perseverance—faith—hope—charity, are the watchwords. I have never felt a greater faith in the ultimate triumph of man's spiritual nature over his mere animal instincts than I do now. I have had my discouragements and despondencies, but I have always felt revived when I have reflected upon the capabilities of man. I never lost faith in humanity. In the midst of vexation,

annoyance, and disappointment, that faith has survived; and whatever value may be attached to my labours, is attributable to that undying faith in the power of good. Since I first felt it my duty to join the total abstinence society, I have not been an idle or cold-hearted supporter. I have been called upon to occupy a more prominent position than I ever intended. I have not escaped calumny. It was not to be expected I should. I have often had my motives impugned; and in that I shared the common lot of men who labour for the public good. I knew this at the outset. I had too much experience of the world ever to expect that I should be exempt from the fate of better men than myself. These things never affected me for one moment, nor have they ever extorted from me one quailing word. Until they can rob me of the settled conviction that has cheered me through many labours and difficulties—that a man's happiness arises from that which is within him, and not that which surrounds him; until they can take from me the satisfaction that awaits honest endeavour; they can never affect me. One thing I wish to say in conclusion:—that our labours ought to be in proportion to the difficulties we have to surmount. Working on in the field of human progress, our reward will be in the consciousness that our duty is done, and the hope that it is not done in vain.

VENTRILLOQUISM AND MR. LOVE.

"LET us go and see Mr. Love's Polyphonic entertainment," said one of the good genii of the fireside. It was some years since we had seen any exhibitions of this kind, and we began to talk about them. Charles Matthews we had seen, and Miss Kelly, whom we liked greatly, principally because she excelled so much in one or two pathetic characters, which are unusual in such entertainments. We talked of a wonderful ventriloquist we had heard in Germany, whose little one-act piece, although very foolish, was very wonderful. We had forgotten his name, but he was a master of his art. The entertainment was in Heidelberg, in a large upper room of a Gast-haus, or inn, called the Prinz Max, near the Neckar. The little performance was this: the room in which we were had windows looking over the Neckar; the night was dark and stormy, and the river swollen with flood. A distant and very faint cry was heard on the other side of the river, and the performer ran to the window, which he opened, and then we plainly heard a man's voice, as if in great distress, calling for a boat across the river. "A boat! a boat! for the love of heaven put out a boat!" The next moment people were heard coming together in the street under the window, and hallooing across; and the stranger replied, by praying them to fetch him over. There was a deal of talking below the window; one boatman was drunk, another was gone to the town for the doctor, and after a deal of parleying and consultation, the voice across the river filling up every interval with demands for speed, a woman and a boy set out. We heard or seemed to hear the boat put off, and the receding sound of the oars, and then the woman in the boat hailing the stranger on the other side. It was the most wonderful and complete illusion, but it was not yet ended. The boat again returned to our side of the river, and now a conversation was heard between the stranger who had been conveyed over, and the people on the shore. He eagerly inquired his way to the Prinz Max, and was directed to this very place; we heard him come talking up the shore till he seemed to be under the window where the performer stood, and here a conversation began between them. The stranger said that it was of the utmost importance that he gained admittance into the inn; he had been sent for, he said, by the host himself on urgent business, on business of life and death; he had travelled that day, he said, all the way from Sieben Mühlen Thal in the Odenwald, and now the door of the Prinz Max was locked and the landlord gone to bed: what was to become of him? Yes,

indeed, here was a difficulty; but it was not without its remedy; the workpeople on the other side of the street had left a ladder, he must bring that, rear it against the window and so come in. The stranger was vociferously grateful on the other side the street, from whence, after a deal of trouble, he brought the ladder. We heard it struck against the outside of the wall, and, after a deal of trouble in its arrangement, we heard the man ascend it, talking all the time. The voice came higher and higher, till at length it was just below the window; and now a parley began as to how he was to get in; he had a bag with him in which was valuable property; he feared to trust the bag out of his hands, and yet, unless he did so, he could not get in. The bag and its contents led to strange surmises; what could the man be? was he a robber or a murderer? for the bag was bloody—or was he an exiled noble flying in disguise with his valuables? What *could* he be? At last it came out; he was Johann Lumpengesindel, the Rattenfänger, or rat-catcher, and was come here by order of the landlord, to clear the house of rats; he was to have been here by dusk, but he had stopped drinking at Handschuhsheim, and was belated; he feared that a rival ratcatcher would get the job, and that made him so impatient. This being explained, the performer was very much provoked to have had all this trouble about a ratcatcher; and the end of it was, that the poor man was toppled down from the ladder into the street below, where he was heard deploring his hard fate and his bruises, amid the laughter of the people.

This was the most wonderful piece of ventriloquism we had ever heard, and we wondered whether Mr. Love could equal it. Mr. Love's introductory chapter (if so it may be called) on ventriloquism is very interesting; and yet he by no means explains in what or how this singular talent consists; it is a very rare talent, though not one of the most elevated, and yet it is sometimes the attendant of real genius. Charles Pemberton, one of the most gifted of men, and one of the noblest of human beings, possessed this gift in no mean degree, as all who knew him will remember. Jedediah Buxton, also, the famous self-taught arithmetician, had the same talent; and it is related that, going up to London from his native county of Derby, and travelling by stage wagon, he almost frightened the poor driver out of his wits, by personating the crying of an infant, somewhere about the wagon and its lading. There seems, indeed, to be a great tendency to jokes, and to the playing of tricks, in those possessed of this wonderful faculty; and, if all be true that is told of Mr. Love's own youthful pranks, he must have enjoyed a deal of what is called fun among boys, and mischief by grown people.

Mr. Love's performance is not a whit behind that of any of his most celebrated predecessors,—his assumption of character, and his rapid change from one to another, seems almost miraculous; he detects the comic in every thing, and all his characters are marked by that strong individuality which makes them never weary. Nothing pleased us more, however, than his piece of pure ventriloquial acting, in which he dispels the singing-spirit of the roof; it is inimitable, and in remembrance now takes its place beside the performance of our wonderful German.

In his own way Mr. Love is a genius; and, having so eminently the power to amuse and delight hundreds of people every night, the least we can do is to wish him health and prosperity; for, whilst care and anxiety belong to human life, they are no small benefactors, who enable the anxious heart and the wearied brain to forget their cares, and partake of relaxation, if it be only for two or three hours.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

Mr. Brunetti's Model of Ancient Jerusalem.—This elaborately constructed model is the work of Mr. Brunetti, a gentleman of Dublin, and is the result of immense research as well as labour. It is the best illustration of scripture history that we have ever seen. Here are clearly depicted, with all their local characteristics, every place in and around Jerusalem which figures in the Old and New Testament, and which, from the early days of our youth, when we read the Bible as the most wonderful and captivating of story-books, down to maturer years, when the whole assumes a deeper, a graver, yet a loftier and a more glorious significance, have had an interest for us beyond any other places in the world. There is something thrilling in seeing thus before our eyes the very ground, as it were, which David, and Solomon, and the prophets, and Christ himself, once trod. Let what events may happen in the great future before us, there will not be a city in which such momentous events shall occur as in Jerusalem. We regard, therefore, this model as a valuable commentary and illustration of the Bible, and cordially recommend it to all—for to all it must be interesting and instructive, be he Jew or Christian, Episcopalian or Dissenter, Catholic or Protestant: here, at least, is common ground, on which all may meet, and all find matter for deep thought.

Punishment of Death.—A numerous and highly respectable public meeting was held on the 4th inst. at Enon Chapel, Paddington, to promote the immediate abolition of the punishment of death. The chair was occupied by W. Ewart, Esq. M.P.; and the speakers were C. Gilpin, A. B. Stevens, the Rev. J. Poulter, and James Burns, D.D. A feeling of entire unanimity prevailed in the assembly on the unchristian character and immoral tendency of capital punishment; and a petition was adopted to the House of Commons, that such punishment should be immediately abolished, and a penalty substituted which should combine the object of the security of society with the chance of reforming the criminal, and in accordance with the spirit and precepts of Christianity.

National Education.—Whilst men are generally agreed upon the necessity of educating the human mind, they are divided in opinion as to the best and most effectual method of carrying out their views. The differences that prevent an union for strength in so good a cause are really imaginary, and clog the wheels of time with superstition. All men, whether high or low, rich or poor, who have any knowledge of the fear and love of God, must agree that it is the bounden duty of all to keep His holy will and commandments. Strong drink is the stumbling-block of the people of this enlightened kingdom, and their barrier to improvement, which we are commanded to cast away. This is now the season of Lent, thousands are starving, and millions of bushels of good grain are withheld from the people, who are dying for want, by the destruction of the bounties of a good heavenly Parent, to create a destroyer, by the distillation of alcoholic poison. Fellow Christians, we must abstain from such things, if we would be guiltless of our brother's blood, which crieth to the Lord. The Government (or natural men) are about to proclaim a fast, a solemn mockery. Let spiritual men fast from strong drink, and from a participation of sin of the blackest dye that arises from its baneful influence. Let all do this, and keep God Almighty's law, and we shall then find no difficulty, from the force of good conscientious example, to morally and mentally educate the people, as a preliminary for the grateful reception of the blessing of prophecy—"The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the channels of the sea."

The following simple statement may stimulate exertion in the philanthropic cause of National Education. In the Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster, a class has been formed of between thirty and forty adults, the greatest portion of whom are reclaimed drunkards, who knew nothing of reading previous to their commencement upon Mr. Pitman's system of Phonotypy, or printing by sound. The class has made rapid progress under the tuition of Mr. Benn Pitman, who in about eighteen consecutive lessons brought them so forward, as to read words of three and four syllables with a perfect English pronunciation, which no other system could effect in twelve months.

Mr. Pitman declares, that in three months he would guarantee to teach the system, in lessons of one hour per day, to any number of pupils who would give attention to their instruction, so as to enable them to read accurately and fluently, although they were previously deficient in the first principles of letters. This art has been the labour of years to bring to the perfection it has attained, and may be hailed as a great boon for carrying out the scheme of National Education; being alike applicable to the tuition of man, woman, and child, from its simplicity, which is its best recommendation to the philanthropy of the Christian, and the attention of the Government.

JOHN STANBURY UNDERWOOD,

Chairman,

City of Westminster Temperance Society.

On the proposed London Trades Hall.—In the interesting account of the *Second Soiree of the Working Upholsterers' Institute*, as given in the "Weekly Record" of Howitt's Journal for the 27th of February, it is said that—in addition to the most commendable purpose, the "weaning the workmen of their trade from habits and places of intemperance," under the new and improved form of association, as now acted upon by the particular Upholsterers' Trade Society here concerned—the members also "are anxious to unite with other trades in taking more extensive and suitable premises, to be a kind of Trades Hall or Institute, where each society shall have its own committee-room, but only one general lecture-room, open to all; also separate rooms for the classes, open to all; and a reading-room, or coffee-room, free to all the members of the various trades who unite in this object." This is cheering; and may the proposal thus made be soon and efficiently responded to, and successfully carried out, is the sincere wish of the writer of the following sonnet:—

Up at the word, ye Trades! ye hear the call;
It is the voice of Truth, which leads from wrong.
Up! and no more the moral stain prolong;
The spoil-house leave, and build your purer Hall!
A noble dome, which shall to all belong;
Proud-arched, and sturdy-based, and pillared strong;
Where none may force the weaker from the wall,
But free, your hosts may meet an earnest throng!
Where themes concerning man's true dignity
Shall strengthen your young life, and ye shall grow
In pride and power, nor bend the servile knee
In quailing fear of any wealth-gorged foe;
And on the massive porch this line shall be—
Labour shall free mankind, herself by man made free!
A TRADES' UNION MEMBER.

On Charitable Bazaars.—[We perfectly agree in the morale of this paper; but we doubt whether the age is yet prepared to act fully on the pure principle here developed. It is therefore a question whether philanthropy should suffer for the sake of

abstract truth; but it can be no question that the truth ought to be stated, that we may advance towards its practical establishment as fast as we can.—[*Ens.*]—These were devised cleverly, at all events, if not philanthropically, as means whereby money might be raised for benevolent purposes in an agreeable manner.

The chief advantage of them appears to me to be that money is thus obtained for deserving objects, which, in innumerable instances, would never otherwise have been forthcoming.

The great disadvantage, on the other hand, seems to consist in the fact that people are driven by their agency—insensibly it may be, yet surely—to seek some stimulus to right action, rather connected with their own abstract selfish gratification than with the disinterested feeling of benefiting others.

Whilst I do not, by any means, deem the promoters of these pleasurable alms-givings to be “doing *evil* that good may come,” yet would I earnestly recommend them to consider the following brief observations:—

Ought mankind to be taught to require the stimuli of fashion and gaiety to induce them to perform acts of charity and benevolence?

If the object of the bazaar or fancy-fair be a good one, then it is certainly capable of supporting its claims on the ground of its own intrinsic merits, and needs not the extraneous aid of noise and excitement.

If people really wish materially to help any given cause, better far would it be for them to give what they intend to expend *in hard cash DIRECTLY to the treasurer of its funds*; because then there would be no deductions for “incidental expenses.” (And, by the bye, these frequently form no inconsiderable item.)

The purest charity is that which is extended without ostentation, and in secret. Most, if not all, of the readers of this Journal doubtless hold the Bible to be a correct moral teacher, at least; and we need scarcely remind them that it says, “Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.”

In conclusion I would observe—better almost that the proceeds of these fashionable sales should be wanting to the various objects which they purpose to aid, than that mankind should be impelled by wrong motives, and be taught to require the incitements of notoriety, publicity, fashion, gaiety, and mere worldly applause, instead of the meed of an approving conscience, the sincere gratitude of the needy, and the reflection of having done their duty, *because it was their duty*; their real and lasting reward being dependent on its right fulfilment.

Liverpool, Jan. 21, 1847.

WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE.

Labour's Ditty.—The author of the following poem, the well-known, brave-hearted, and honest JOHN MITCHELL, the shoemaker poet of Paisley, says, in a letter accompanying these stanzas, “I send you a short piece that I wrote on account of the stagnation of business in this town. There are, at the present moment, as appalling cases of destitution here as in Ireland, and but little has, as yet, been done for the sufferers. There are at least a thousand weavers unemployed in this district.”

LABOUR'S DITTY.

WHEN under Poortith's faulds we lie,
Ah! how can we be cheery?
Will joy e'er glisten in the eye
That scans a prospect dreary?
And we hae lang wi' Poortith lain,
And shared in a' her sorrows;
And lang, I fear, her coinless reign
Will dim our coming morrows.

Miss Commerce has withdrawn her smiles,
And wi' them a' our siller;
And tho' frae want the heart recoils,
We're fairly married till her.
And, oh! within her cheerless wa's
Sad Discontent sits brooding,
Wi' pale Disease, wha's frequent ca's
She never thinks intruding.

Our clergy, pious souls! say we
Should kiss the rod that smites us,
And humbly bow to his decree
Wha to sic fare invites us;
And when our rulers we invoke,
And tell them o' our state, sirs,
They treat the matter as a joke,
And han' us o'er to fate, sirs.

Yet a' the clergy e'er we saw,
Or rulers o' a nation,
Tak' precious care to keep awa'
A lang mile frae starvation;
They tak' frae toil what toil should ne'er
Gae to the knaves a thraive o',
Till they had learn'd that earth to cheer
They lang hae made a grave o'.

To the Editors of Howitt's Journal.—As a *Phonographer*, allow me to express the gratification I experienced in reading the article in your No. 7, on “Universal Language and Phonography,” the commendation of which is greatly enhanced, proceeding from the pen of so talented a writer. At the same time, however, grant me the permission, as a *practical* Phonographer, to correct a misconception or two, into which the author has fallen. For instance, where he speaks of Phonography being more easily read than written. Now any one who has been in the habit of using Phonography, as a mode of correspondence, or for any other of the numerous purposes to which long-hand is applicable, will, I think, agree with me, that it may be written *five or six* times faster than the common method; and, at the same time, can be read much more easily; whilst all ordinary systems of stenography cannot be written so quickly, and, when written, are of little use to any one but the writer, owing to their arbitrary character. As to the “Orientalism” of the characters, I think, had “Goodwyn Barnaby” used the system, he would hardly have made this objection; for their simplicity, and the ease with which they are written, would have reconciled him to this *seeming defect*. The “Phono-press” is *not* published, nor ever was, in Phonotypes, but in Phonography, which are as distinct as our common modes of writing and printing: it was only a *monthly* publication, and is now discontinued.

In conclusion, I would observe, that should the article of “Goodwyn Barnaby” or any of the remarks I have made, kindle a desire in the breasts of any of your readers to become more acquainted with this useful and interesting art, by obtaining a list of the members of the “Phonographic Corresponding Society,” which may be had for one penny, and is published at the “Phonotic Depot, 1, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row,” they will, by writing to any one of the members of that Society, obtain such information as will enable them to learn it in a comparatively short time. The necessary works may be purchased for a couple of shillings.

I am, Yours in the cause of progression,
PHONOPHEN.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olney, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWTHER, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, March 20, 1847.



JENNY LIND.

A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

JENNY LIND;

Written for HOWITT'S JOURNAL by one of her Old Friends.

"HENRIK talked a great deal about Stockholm; he longed to be able to show his mother and sisters the beautiful capital. How they would be charmed with the theatres! How they would be delighted to see and hear the lovely Demoiselle Högquist and the captivating Jenny Lind!" So wrote that noble-hearted woman, Miss Bremer, seven years ago, in one of the loveliest stories of domestic life that ever was penned, and so translated we the words in 1842; and this was the first time that the name of Jenny Lind was ever made familiar to the British public.

Jenny Lind, according to universal report, is gifted with the most transcendent powers of song; there never was so fascinating yet so artless a singer as she: so far is glorious, but there is a something even beyond this. She has come forth from the simplicity of somewhat humble life, and she brings with her the most beautiful characteristics of a high and noble nature: the most frank, natural, and unspoiled spirit; simplicity of manners, and a singleness of purpose, which, like the purest setting to the richest gem, enhance tenfold the great and glorious gift which she has derived from nature.

Those who know her best, love her most. Hear what that truly brave-hearted man, Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet, well-known to our readers, and whom it shall be our pleasant duty to make still better known, says of her in a letter to us. "In Germany," he writes, "I have many dear friends, and amongst these a faithful, beloved sister, and she I shall see there. You know her name, for the echo of it must have reached you: it is Jenny Lind! She is the finest singer and actress that I know, and yet she is more even than that—she is one of the noblest creatures on the face of the earth; she is pure-hearted, pious and kind; she is a noble woman, and a faithful friend." So writes one who has known her for years, and one who, in many respects resembling herself, is capable of appreciating her splendid gifts whether of heart or of head.

With these few words of introduction, whilst Jenny Lind is yet an unseen vision of delight and love to the great body of the English public, and alas, to the people themselves she must in all probability remain so for ever, we are enabled to lay before our readers a slight sketch of her life, kindly furnished to us by one of the singer's own friends.

Jenny Lind was born on the 6th October, 1820, at Stockholm, where her parents are still residing, her father being a manufacturer in that city. From a very early age she evinced a great partiality for music; and it is related that in her childhood, when anything distressed or discomposed her, nothing could sooth her so soon as taking her to the piano, where she soon forgot all her little griefs by picking out thirds and other simple harmonies. As she grew older she displayed a wonderful talent in recollecting and singing the old Swedish national melodies and ballads, by which she captivated all who had an opportunity of hearing her. At the age of ten, she was sent to the Musical and Dramatic Seminary, attached to the Theatre Royal at Stockholm, in order to receive the education necessary for the stage. Her progress was wonderfully rapid, and we remember well her first appearance three years after in the drama of "Trettio år af en Spelares lifnad."—"Thirty years of the life of a Gambler," in which she sustained the part of the Gambler's

Daughter, and excited the liveliest interest by her natural acting and naiveté. In the first instance her talent was supposed to be pre-eminently dramatic, and she continued for some time to appear before the public principally as an actress. Fortunately, however, Mr. Berg, the able master of the vocal department in the Theatre Royal, discovered her great natural talent for singing, and lost no time in giving her the benefit of his tuition. Her début as a vocalist took place in the autumn of 1838, when she appeared as Agatha, in *Der Freyschutz*, and excited the greatest sensation, not only by her beautiful singing, but also by her effective acting, which was full of genius and originality. We next find her appearing as Alice in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, in the spring of 1839, in which part she created such an enthusiasm among the audience, that the theatre seemed to shake to its foundation by the tremendous applause with which she was greeted; and nothing was talked of at the time but Jenny Lind and her charming voice.

In the following year she appeared in *Lucie di Lammermoor*, as *Lucie*, and the enthusiasm in her favour was now carried to such a pitch, that a subscription was set on foot, in order to mark in a public manner the great triumph she had achieved. Accordingly, on the closing night of the season of 1840, a costly service of plate was presented to her on her return from the Opera-house. Soon after this she had the honour of being appointed by His Majesty, the late King of Sweden, Vocalist in Ordinary to the Court; and shortly after was elected a member of the Royal Musical Academy at Stockholm, which alone was a distinguished mark of honour.

In the year 1841 she left Stockholm for Paris, in order to profit by the tuition of the celebrated *Garcia*, and remained there till the autumn of the following year, when she returned to Stockholm, where the effect she produced was even more heartfelt, if possible, than at first.

After remaining some time in her own native city she commenced a professional tour in Germany, which established for her at once a European celebrity. A short interruption in her brilliant progress occurred in consequence of her recall to Stockholm, by special desire of King Oscar, to assist at the ceremonies of his and his Queen's Coronation in September, 1844; and after this she returned to Germany. Her first permanent engagement was for the Theatre Royal at Berlin, where she appeared in *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Camp of Silesia*, *Fille du Regiment*, and other operas, with the greatest success; receiving repeated marks of approbation as well from the royal family as from the public in general. Since this period she has accepted engagements at the principal theatres in Germany, and having only just concluded her engagement at Vienna, she is now in Paris, on her way to London, to make her appearance before the British public at the Opera-house during the present season.

Such is a brief sketch of the Swedish singer, Jenny Lind—one of those gifted, lovely spirits, which a time of peace sends forth to humanize the world, and to link the nations together. Sweden has done much in this respect. In its darker times even, it had its true hero, *Gustavus Adolphus*; in the last age its benignant *Linnæus*, with his child-like heart, his love of flowers, and his knowledge of nature; in our own day it gives us *Fredrika Bremer* and *Jenny Lind*, women who, in the sphere of their own great and noble powers, have no superiors in the world.

May the beneficent spirit of peace and general enlightenment open amid all nations a yet wider and freer path to the ennobling and purifying influences of literature and music; and let us hope also that the day is not distant when these influences shall reach even the lowest of the people.

ASSOCIATED HOMES.

BY MARY GILLIES.

THE advantages of combination have already been proved in many ways by working men. They see them in their clubs, benefit societies, and savings banks. More recently, the progress of the Leeds Redemption Society, and the new Co-operative League, are results of combination; and the various building societies are the same. There is a mode of bringing this great principle into operation which might be added to all these, and which would have a lasting effect on the comfort and prosperity of the working classes; and it is important that they should take it into earnest consideration without delay, that they may influence the building societies to adopt it in every case, if possible: I mean the establishment of ASSOCIATED HOMES.

Nothing can be done towards this object till an efficient sanitary reform has taken place. "Other things," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "must also be done before your condition can be rendered prosperous; but this must precede every real improvement; the sources of the poison that infects the atmosphere you breathe must be dried up before you can be healthy; and uncleanness must be removed from the exterior of your dwellings before you can find or make a home."¹

Petition, then, as the above earnest address incites you to do—"Petition Parliament for the redress of these grievous evils. In your workshops, in your clubs, in your institutes, obtain signatures to your petitions; get every labourer, every artisan, every tradesman whom you can influence, to sign petitions." But this great measure once in fair course of progress, do not stop there. Whatever is the result of our present struggles—of the dreadful crisis in Ireland, or the political and social movements of the time—a combination among working men, to manage their domestic economy better, must be of great importance to them. They work hard; and when they have earned their wages, they ought to be able to lay them out in the best manner; but, instead of that, they pay always at a much higher rate for all the necessities of life than those do who have the command of ready money, and know how to use it. Associated homes would bring great advantages to the middle classes, but to the working classes they are of the greatest importance.

Thoughts of this kind have given rise to the following sketch of a *Labourer's Home ten years hence*. Let it not be thought too fanciful. It is "founded on fact"—founded on movements and efforts already begun. It will describe a home such as it may be—let us say such as it *will* be—before many years have passed. Leaving behind us the present with all its struggles, let us imagine ourselves, then, arrived at the year 1857.

On a cold, frosty, February evening, of the year 1857, the broad street of Whitechapel may be observed about six o'clock to be thronged with workmen going home for the night; each with his tools in his hand, or slung over his shoulder, they pass in various directions, singly or in groups. One long stream of them, meeting from different points, turns off into a new, well-lighted, wide street, where formerly stood a whole wilderness of narrow, wretched lanes and alleys. In every quarter there is a sound of shutters going up; no shop is open after six o'clock. Many other changes may be noted by those who remember former times. There is not a single gin-palace or beer-shop to be seen.

The range of slaughter-houses and butchers' shops has given place to a handsome market for all kinds of provisions. No slaughter-houses are allowed within the range of London. They are situated at a distance, near the different cattle-markets, and are all under the supervision of appointed officers, whose duty it is to enforce the observance of the new methods of putting the animals to death without pain. The air is much fresher; not only from the great diminution of smoke, which is generally consumed even in private houses, and always in workshops and factories; but from the removal of all nuisances, the excellent drainage, and ample and constant supply of water, the thorough cleansing of the streets, and the openings made in every direction to ensure ventilation.

The workmen whom we have observed to turn off into the new street, enter, one after another, a large building. It has many windows, sending out a cheerful and inviting light into the dusky evening. There is no window-tax now. The door had been opened by the foremost with a pass-key, and all throng into the hall, and up the stairs, and along the passages, which now resound with quick steps, voices, opening of private doors (each of which was numbered) with latch keys, kind greetings and welcomes from wives, mothers, sisters, and children. It is all lighted with gas, and has a pleasant warmth and freshness, arising from the heated air which is admitted throughout, and from the perfect ventilation in every part. One hundred homes of various dimensions, from one to five rooms in each, are contained within its walls, all let at different rents, ready furnished with every essential to comfort.

One young man, of about five-and-twenty, has particularly attracted our attention. We hardly know why. It seems as if he had a likeness to some old acquaintance. By the tools he carries he seems to be a bricklayer. He ran up-stairs by two steps at a time to the second floor, and had taken out his key to open his door, when it was opened from within, and a pretty young woman with a smiling face said,

"Come in, Peter. How cold you look!"

"How's father?" was his first question.

"Better, much," she answered, "and sitting in his arm-chair, with little Sally on his knee."

"Well, thank God for that!" he exclaimed; and, brightening up, walked forward into his little parlour.

It was a room about twelve feet square, lighted by a jet of gas enclosed in glass, and having the same pleasant freshness before noticed; but a warmer air. The temperature could be regulated by the inmates. There was no fire, and there is no denying that the absence of the cheerful hearth is a loss. But there is no getting perfection in this world; and after all, when we feel comfortably warm all over, in every corner of our room, and besides have no coals to buy—no anxiety as the sack gets lower and lower, and the price higher and higher, in a long frost—we get reconciled to the want. There was a carpet on the floor, of a cheap manufacture, but a good, warm colour; and the walls had a cheerful paper. A bright oak table, some chairs, a few shelves on which were some books and writing materials, and a small table, with a well-filled work-basket on it, near the window. By it sat, in an arm-chair, with his legs supported on a stool, an old man, with thin, white hair, and a face furrowed with many a line of care and grief. If he had been a member of the wealthy classes of society, his age might have been guessed at seventy or upwards; he was in truth little past fifty. On his feeble knee he held a pretty little girl of about a year and a half old, who held out her arms to Peter as he entered, and was soon mounted on his shoulder. It was a beautiful sight to see the three generations all united in love in this home of comfort, and the young wife standing beside the worker. No more union workhouses now for the aged and infirm.

(1) "An Address to the Working Classes of the United Kingdom on their duty in the present state of the Sanitary Question."
—*Howitt's Journal*, No. 1.

Vigorous manhood was able, without being overtasked, to take charge of helpless infancy and revered old age.

After a few minutes spent in pleasant talk between the father and son, Susan called to her husband to come and get ready for supper, and he followed her into the adjoining room. It was of about the same size as the other. It contained an iron bedstead without curtains, but with clean and good bedding, and every requisite for comfort, all plain, but clean and complete. It was evident that the working men no longer deserved the title of "the unwashed," but had found out the importance of cold water to health and to sensation. Water both cold and warm was laid on at every floor, and provision for carrying away all refuse matter was made also on every floor, with abundance of water always in the pipes. The blessing of this constant supply of pure water can scarcely be described. To many of the residents who had known the miseries of former days, when it was scanty, tainted, and difficult to be got, it seemed as if a real miracle was worked every time they turned the taps; they felt like the fainting Israelites in the desert when the water flowed from the rock, and their hearts sent up thanksgivings.

A suit of clothes, of the same kind that Peter wore, but free of dust and lime, were placed ready; and leaving him to refresh himself with all these means round him, Susan set off to get supper, for the bell announced that it was ready. Most of the inmates of the house took their meals at the common table, but any who preferred to remain in their own rooms or had sick or aged relatives could do so. She soon returned, carrying a tray with a pot of steaming coffee, clear and strong, a large jug of boiled milk, sugar, home-baked bread and cakes, and fresh butter. She slung the coffee-pot over a jet of gas which rose from a kind of stove on turning a tap, and quickly laid the table. By this time Peter had come in as clean and fresh-looking as any lord in the land; and in truth his good strong workman's jacket was quite as graceful as any costume of the country. The old father was wheeled to the table, little Silly mounted on a high chair by him, with a cup of bread and milk before her, and no family party ever enjoyed a pleasanter meal than they did. It was light work to carry the tray down again.

The little girl soon grew sleepy, and was put into her own little bed beside her parents'. Shortly afterwards, some neighbours called to see old John Price, and leaving them to their friendly talk, Peter and Susan went down to the common rooms for a short time. Here all was light, cheerful, and social; some were reading, others writing, others drawing, or working. Here and there groups had gathered together in earnest talk, or had collected into a corner, round one who read the paper, or some journal or magazine, aloud. In the smaller room or library, a singing class was going on. It ended at nine o'clock, the hour for all under sixteen to go to bed. Before they went, all who had voices joined to sing an anthem in parts. Every one collected to hear it. This was a nightly custom. It was the mode of sending up their adorations to the Great Father of all, which they had found the most in accordance with the feeling of all united. The music seemed to harmonize all spirits, and to prepare each "to enter into his closet and there pray to his Father in secret."

Peter and Susan went up again immediately after the anthem, thoughtful of their charge at home; and they found the old man, though still conversing cheerfully with his friends, looking fagged, and ready to go to rest. He was assisted by Peter as tenderly as the little child had been by her mother. His bed-room was rather smaller than the other, being a single room, but furnished in exactly the same way. This style of furniture, including bedding and bed-linen, and towels, was uniform throughout the building, which had been

so fitted up when built. Working men found it a great convenience to be unencumbered, and able to move as they wished, whenever change of place was desirable on account of changes in work. They were at liberty to add anything they liked to afford to buy, but every one found in his home all that is necessary to comfort. No conveniences either for cooking or washing were required, as kitchens and wash-houses were in common. No steam nor smell of a "washing-day," nor cold-giving damp from wet clothes, destroying all comfort. For the three rooms here described, furnished, lighted, warmed, ventilated, and all rates and taxes paid, Peter paid the same price which he would have paid for three rooms of the ordinary description for a workman of his wages, unfurnished, and without any of the above advantages. Such is the power of combination.

The lights in the passages were all put out at ten o'clock, and one by one were extinguished in every home, and all was quiet for the night. At five in the morning a bell sounded, and all the labourers, men and boys, were soon astir. The baths on every floor were in full requisition, and before six every one had sallied forth to his work. Another bell now summoned the women and young girls to rise, and soon their baths were all in use, and by half-past six the entire household was in active work.

The rules of work had been laid down by the members of this Associated Household for themselves during their experience of four years since its erection. Changes in various ways had altered both the hours of labour, the rate of wages, and the price of provisions. With these we have nothing here to do, and everything can only be described as it then was, in combination, in comparison with what it would have been to each man standing alone. Therefore the same comparison would hold good now. If those workmen found that they enjoyed twice as many advantages for rather less cost all combined, than each would have been able to obtain by himself, just so it would be now.

No children under nine worked at all. Till that age they were in school, or at play. No children under twelve were sent out to work. Between nine and twelve they began to do service work in the household, and they could do a great deal of a light kind, which was a pleasure to them, for children delight in active employment if it is neither too fatiguing nor monotonous; they also continued to attend the schools. At twelve, the boys ceased to do service work, and were all apprenticed out to various trades, at which they worked a limited number of hours, still attending the schools. No girls were put out to any work till the age of sixteen. From twelve to sixteen they were employed in every kind of service within the household, and were thus trained for their duties as wives and mothers, as well as to the work of domestic servants, needle-women, nurses, teachers, assistants in shops, or whatever occupation they might choose. No married women nor widows with children went out to work, but they might if they pleased take offices within the household, compatible with their duties as wives and mothers. Each was expected to keep her own home clean, and to attend to the clothing of her whole family, keeping it in all ways respectable; to deliver all the clothing and linen that required washing each week in good order into the washhouse, and to receive it back again when ready. All the house linen belonged to the establishment, and an appointed person was answerable for its being properly kept. The working men had time, besides their meals, for an hour's study in class, of different branches of knowledge. They also had holidays at stated periods. The Sundays were spent by each family precisely as each wished, without any interference. All went to their own places of worship; all followed their own ideas of what was best and happiest, whether to spend the afternoon at home, or in visiting their

friends, or in the museums, galleries, and gardens, then thrown open to them, or in a place of worship, or in the wide temple of God, to be found in the beautiful woods and fields of the country.

Within the household, and supported by the subscriptions of the residents, were an infant school, children's school, classes for young people of all ages and for adults, and also a weekly lecture. The residents also subscribed to the "Labourer's Central Library," which contained many thousand volumes of books of instruction and amusement, and to one of the Labourer's Institutions, where lectures and evening meetings were held, and to which it was customary for all to go about once a week, and thus see and meet their fellow-workers beyond their own household.

Within the household were also two workshops: one for every kind of wearing apparel made by women; the other for working clothes made by men and boys. These not only supplied the residents but became articles of exchange with another household in the country, the labourers from which came up to work every morning by railway, and which had an extensive garden and little farm. The residents there having their garden and dairy to attend to, had less time for needle-work, and sent every morning butter, eggs, milk and vegetables to the London household, taking their clothes in exchange, at a fair rate of value laid on each.

At the head of every department within the household was one responsible person, under whom were as many assistants as were required, whether as teachers, needlewomen or tailors, cooks, washers, &c. Each delivered in accounts weekly to a committee of the workmen, and everything was paid weekly. Every one, whether man, woman, or young person, working for wages out of the household, paid at a fixed rate for meals; every one doing service in it, had their food free, and received besides a certain weekly sum, proportioned to their abilities and amount of service, paid out of a fund raised from a weekly rate laid on each householder in proportion to his or her rent. The rate was very small, yet from the numbers subscribing formed a sufficient sum. The same was the case with all their other subscriptions. Every one of these labourers, besides living in comfort and having a diet twice as good as if he had been alone, and paying all his subscriptions, found that his wages had gone farther than they used to do. Every one belonged to the club for assistance in sickness or inability to work or to find work. Every one had insured his life for a small sum for his family; and besides, all had a surplus, a weekly saving which, put together, was accumulating. Its application was matter of grave discussion at present, but it seemed nearly certain that it would be invested in land on which to build a household of which they would thus become proprietors, not renters, and probably in the country within railroad distance.

We have said that the whole household was in full work at half-past six. By eight, Susan had cleaned up her rooms, dressed little Sally, and arranged all in the grandfather's room ready to place his cup of tea and bit of toast on his little table by the bedside. He liked her and Peter to breakfast and dine at the common table; and to enable them to indulge him in this without anxiety, their next door neighbours, an old man and his wife with a little grandson who waited on them, always breakfasted and dined in Peter's parlour. Susan then ran down with her little girl when the bell began, and left her in the infant school-room with all her little companions, who with their bright morning faces (what a contrast to the faces in the narrow lanes that once stood there!) were being marshalled for breakfast, and then took up the old man's tray. All was in order everywhere. The stairs, passages, and public rooms thoroughly cleaned, and the breakfast laid. The sound of voices and many feet now announced the return of the

labourers. By a quarter-past eight nearly all had taken their seats at the tables, to the number in all of nearly five hundred. Besides the residents, numbers of labourers at work in the neighbourhood, but far from their homes, both breakfasted and dined here, paying at the same rate with all the rest. The children under twelve were all at one table; six teachers sitting with them. It was pleasant to see how the elder children helped, and took charge of the little ones. Above twelve, they sat at the tables with their parents and relatives, generally the families getting together. The hot and substantial fare quickly vanished, giving evidence of good appetites.

Among the party assembled, there was a deputation of three working men from Ireland, to observe the management of these Associated Homes, with a view to their formation in that country, now fast rising into wealth and importance after her long baptism of tears. Much conversation of a very interesting kind passed between them and their English fellow labourers, and after the tables were cleared with wonderful quickness by the busy hands of about forty children, all regulated by two young women-waiters, they were taken over the whole establishment. They saw, in the sunk story, the store rooms well filled; the kitchen furnished with stoves and every convenience for cheap and easy cooking on a large scale; the bakehouse, the washhouses, drying houses and laundries; the sculleries, where multitudes of busy little hands were cleaning up the breakfast plates and cups; and the larders. On the ground floor they saw, besides the great room where they had breakfasted, the library, containing benches for seats at lectures, musical instruments, shelves, with a small collection of books of reference, maps, models, etc. They also visited the Infant School, furnished with soft mattresses in some parts for the little creatures to rest or play on, and with many means of harmless amusement as well as a little knowledge. They next saw the children's school and other class rooms. They went into the sick wards, which were at present empty, but well arranged for quiet and ease. No case of fever had yet occurred since the foundation of the Household; yet, as the visitors were informed, it was built on the very site where ten years before every second house, sometimes every inhabitant of each house, were attacked and mowed down by it periodically; and where, at the best of times, it was always present in some house. The sanitary measures since adopted had worked this great change.

The last visit of the Irish deputies was to old John Price. His name was known and respected far and wide among his fellow workmen; because while struggling with grief, bad health, and poverty, and while he and his son toiled together to earn their daily bread and preserve their independence, he had devoted several years of his life, first to inciting his fellow workers to that powerful agitation and almost universal petition for a sanitary measure, which was one great means of obtaining it; and afterwards to a combination for Associated Homes; so that he was in some sort considered as the founder of them.

The visitors found the old man seated in his arm-chair, with his little grandchild playing at his feet and his daughter-in-law at work by his side. His eyes brightened as they kindly addressed him, and they had much talk with him. He enforced on them the importance of combination, and above all in this form of Homes. "To begin them is not very difficult," he said. "A certain number of you have only to guarantee to a capitalist a certain amount of rent, and he will undertake the speculation. This one amply pays a fair return for the capital expended in its erection. You will find if you succeed, that not only you can have this superior accommodation, but that every article of food and clothing that you need can be bought of better quality at two-thirds, sometimes at one-half the price you now pay for

it, by the command of ready money to buy wholesale. Moreover, you will find that your saving in the economical modes of cooking and managing in every way is very great. You can educate your children and guard their youth in a way that now you cannot command. Your own leisure, comfort, and means of social enjoyment will be increased tenfold. But what is more to my feeling than all the rest, is the great improvement that Associated Homes make in the condition of women. Women are raised by them, from anxious toil-worn drudges, to their true place in the world. Now they can enjoy the boon of existence. Now we know what blessings to us are our daughters, our sisters, and our wives; and our children know what it is to have mothers."

The old man paused, and an expression of anguish passed over his face. But he recovered himself, and added in a calm tone, "God bless you all. Combine together, be brothers in love, and work each for all, in His spirit, who, being the greatest, was the servant of all, and you will never know the sorrow I have known. The hope that you will all go on and prosper in this good cause, will make me close my eyes in peace, and in redoubled gratitude to the Giver of all Good."

MAMMON AND MANHOOD.

THE Scripture speaketh not in vain in saying that "the love of money is the root of all evil," for there is not an evil under the sun, to the commission of which men are not prompted by the love of money; and yet, notwithstanding all the light on this subject given in the Scriptures, and confirmed by general experience, men everywhere are occupied in the constant and keen pursuit of wealth, and the prime object with the many is to obtain it, and to push their families forward in the unhappy race of avarice and aggrandisement.

For money, men sacrifice domestic comfort, health, character, and even hazard life itself; for it, they are guilty of fraud, deception, and robbery.

For money, they sacrifice friendship, gratitude, natural affection, and every holy and divine feeling. For money, man becomes a creeping, crawling, obsequious, despicable creature, instead of walking erect as the offspring of God. Mammon and Manhood are incompatible.

Why all this anxiety about money? why this constant fever, this pushing and driving in order to obtain it? even because men form a false estimate of *Life* and its elements. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." He who would LIVE must stir up the divine fire that is in him, to consume selfishness, and to dispense light and heat to all around. Money he may seek in moderation, as a means, not as an end; and in order to preserve his manhood, he must learn to practise self-denial and economy, and to be contented with small things; above all, he must remember that God has set honour upon labour, by appointing man to live by labour; labour is truly honourable, and however mean the occupation may be, if honest, it is never disgraceful.

Instead, therefore, of sinking Manhood in the pursuit of Mammon, by creeping, crawling, and bending to every one whom you may imagine can help you forward in the race of worldly advancement, stand *erect*, determine in the strength of God to be a Man, to buy the truth at whatever cost, and never to sell it for any price; to labour at any work if needful, to speak what is in thy heart, and never to creep and crawl and mutter. God helps those who help themselves.

Stand upon thy Manhood in the world, not upon thy Mammon; stand upon thy own character and upon thy own estimate of thyself, made in all honesty, not upon the opinion of others. *Be afraid of Sin*, but never shrink at misrepresentation, or at contumely, or contempt, or poverty. Why should you be afraid? Life is in thyself, and thy enjoyment should be unapproached and unapproachable.

AMIGO.

FREE TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

No. IV.—BELGIUM.

¹ BELGIUM possesses great manufacturing aptitudes. She has excellent ports; fine navigable rivers; a redundant population; sufficient capital; and large supplies of coals. If her manufacturing industry had been left to its gradual, but certain and natural development, it would have rooted itself firmly, and spread widely. All the difficulties with which it has had to struggle, may be traced to the desire of giving to manufacture an unnatural and ill-proportioned influence. Nothing has so much contributed to commercial derangement as the absurd notion that manufacturing profits are better—abstractedly better—than agricultural,—that manufacturing opulence is of a more influential, a more enduring, a more national character than that derived from the soil. Hence the legislation which in many countries seeks to abstract labour and capital from the land, in order to introduce them into the factory. Hence the foolish theory, that an advanced price paid by the home consumer, may be more than compensated by independence of foreigners for the fabrics consumed. Hence the fallacy that there is some mysterious compensation for the exclusion of a cheaper and better foreign rival production, because the money paid for the dearest and the worst is paid to a neighbour, or a fellow-citizen.

One of the most pernicious, because one of the most practically influential, of modern experimentalists—was William, the late king of Holland. William-onze Vader, as the Dutch called him—but truly his fathership was exhibited in the Saturn style: he devoured his children—lands, houses, forests, substance,—all. He never heard of a manufacturing enterprise, in which great profits were to be amassed, in whose spoils he did not insist in participating. Belgium was the favourite field of action for the manufacturing and merchant king. If a bank was to be established, he monopolized the greatest portion of the shares, and then made the bank the public treasury. If machinery on a large scale was wanted for the service of the state, His Majesty was the great sleeping partner in the engine manufactory. If facilities were to be granted in the Dutch colonies for the importation of articles from the Netherlands, it was the king who associated with the *Fabrikanen*, and Ghent furnished the adequate supply. He traded in tea,—he traded in timber,—he traded in the *Sindicat* of the sinking fund,—he traded in the civil list,—he traded in every thing. And he was naturally a successful trader;—for, like all other monopolists having the power of legislation in his hands, he took care that the legislation should bring grieve to the royal mill. There are in the world many curious hidden documents. Every now and then some fragments of royal correspondence fall out of the caskets of the past, to enlighten and enliven us. My itching—in order to discover exactly how money may be easily made, how profits be maximised, and losses minimized—

would be to look at the journals and ledgers of good King William. No doubt in the final settlement there was an awful amount to be placed to the wrong side of the balance-sheet. The loss of Belgium, and four and a half millions of subjects. The goose was killed for the golden egg. But it is marvellous how many golden eggs were abstracted before the mortal hour. There are geese which undergo the abstracting operation more often than credulity itself would believe. And such geese are to be found not in the Netherlands alone—not only among the swamps and dikes of Flanders—Low countries exist elsewhere—upon which monopoly has been long exercising its *flousterie*—and that with most dexterous success.

I mean to say little more about *William van Oranje*. He died rich—very rich, of course—and others have entered upon his heritage. And I am afraid the traces he left of his "way to wealth," will, in their more instructive and amusing details, never be communicated to the world for its example or its warning. For singleness of purpose—for consistency in great things and in small—his history would be a model for imitation. He watched the destiny of the ends of the wax candles from his study with the same intense anxiety and care as he followed the fate of a cargo of spices from the East,—he as anxiously investigated the cost of the herrings which he ate, as he did the result of a whale-fishery expedition to the Pacific or the Behring straits,—he as sedulously tracked the entry and the issue of a centner in and out of his private purse, as the millions of florins which were received into and paid from the National Exchequer. And he felt all this to be a rare merit, and a kingly virtue. He liked a bill of lading as well as a protocol—a broker's contract was to him a treaty of amity;—his cash-book was his diary,—and his speeches to his senate were not more interesting than his colloquies with the *Sindicat*.

A very short analysis will show what great facilities Belgium possesses for manufacturing and commercial relations; the geographical position is magnificent. Standing between France, and Germany, and Holland,—touching all,—in the centre of the great mart of the European continent,—open to the channel,—midway between the Baltic and the Bay of Biscay. The port of Antwerp is one of the finest in the world,—not only as regards its communication with the ocean, but its opening through the Scheldt and the Rhine the heart of inner Europe to its importations,—and facilitating its exports from these wide and thickly peopled countries washed by their magnificent streams. The docks and warehouses are on a large scale,—a scale adequate to the magnificence of the ports.

In all those facilities of communications which have characterized an age of improvement, Belgium, and especially the port of Antwerp, have largely participated. When canals became the great highways for transport, and their economy recommended them to patronage and preference, Belgium early followed the example of her neighbour Holland, and Flanders was covered with canals. In the days of the early triumphs of railways in England, Belgium was the first country in Europe to follow our example, and soon outstripped us in the rapidity with which the land was covered with railroad communication. The government of Belgium was the first that took the initiative. Public money was willingly lent,—public attention greatly excited,—and every official influence called into active exertion for the development of these all-important enterprises. To the honour of Leopold, the king of the Belgians, he lent to their undertakings an earnest and a zealous aid. He formed a strong opinion, that to apply the national resources to facilitating intercourse between his subjects, and interchange of their commodities, was to employ those resources most productively. I remember with what interest he exhibited to me some of the early

results of the experiment. Nothing could be more favourable than the field of operation. A level country, most thickly peopled,—multitudes of towns and villages,—abundance of coal and iron,—large manufactures of engines,—a considerable foreign commerce pressing towards the coast,—a large import trade of colonial produce distributing itself from the ports, and a vast internal consumption. The spirit of the people, too, is very enterprising,—speculative, even to the verge, if not into the regions, of imprudence. Abundance of capital, and consequently a low rate of interest. Great facilities given to its investment by Joint Stock Banks and their various branches. Agriculture prosperous, and cultivation better understood than in most of the near-surrounding countries,—the habits of the people generally industrious. The national genius, though certainly not exhibiting that indomitable perseverance which characterizes the English,—nor that imaginative invention which distinguishes the French,—yet possessing so much of the two—so much of application, and so much of creativeness—as to form an excellent groundwork for manufacturing success. Added to these, the benefits of their local institutions,—which have enabled Belgium to steer safely through all her changes of central government,—through invasions and revolutions. In her municipal representation, she has always found peace and safety. Happen what might in the higher regions of political uncertainty, the general property was preserved by those ancient usages which in every spot have invested the best men of the locality with authority—have created and maintained those various responsible corporations that have so well represented and so thoroughly understood the particular interests committed to their charge, and so well harmonized their legislation with the well-being of the commonweal.

What may be studied with advantage in Belgium, as indeed everywhere else, is the growth of these manufactures which are associated with the natural aptitudes of a country; and the decline, or decay, or uncertain and unsatisfactory position, of those which have been introduced in spite of, and in opposition to, those peculiarities of soil, situation, or condition, which are the only safe groundwork for the application of capital and labour. In the very proportion to their uncongenial and ill-adapted character will be their demand for legislative protection. The weaker they are, the more support they will require. If in their nature and natural vitality they have no element of self-support, they will call loudly for extraneous aid; and that aid must be afforded by the introduction of two mischiefs of contemporaneous birth, and which, like the twins of Siam, can never be dissociated. Mischiefs the first is the application of capital and labour to unproductive and costly industry. Mischiefs the second, the exclusion of more perfect and more economical articles, which are made in other countries. But these two mischiefs are pregnant with, and productive of, a third; namely, the abstraction of capital and labour from that portion of the field which would be remunerative. These are direct consequences of evil; but the indirect and complicated injuries which grow out of a perverse system of commercial, political, and fiscal economy, are as various as the errors and mistakes which would insinuate themselves into any system of accountancy where the first elements of arithmetic—the rules of addition or subtraction, for example—were disregarded; or in the field of scientific observation, should the theory of gravitation be neglected or despised. In truth, the errors in political economy are far more serious than any other. The observations of philosophers—the miscalculations of accountants—have but a remote connexion with the felicity or prosperity of individuals, or of communities; but let the labour of a country be misdirected—let thousands or millions of human beings depend for their

daily bread on the sale of something which they produce under great disadvantages—something which others can produce very much cheaper or better than themselves—let the structure of manufacturing industry be raised, not on the rock of aptitude, but on the shifting sands of protecting monopoly—and the edifice will totter under every storm, be undermined by every high tide, and fall at last in melancholy ruins.

The migration of manufactures—their gradual abandonment of those localities where the facilities have been lost which originally led to their establishment, or have been superseded by greater facilities found elsewhere—form an interesting chapter in man's industrial history. What is now become of the cotton fabrics of Decaz? They supported thousands—not to say millions of human beings. They struggled and struggled, on wages which for some years kept the wretched spinners and weavers just on the limits of starvation; but wages fell lower and lower, under the irresistible competition of British capital, British machinery, British enterprise, and British activity, till at last the whole population of Decaz was thrown into the abyss of starvation, and perishing multitudes desisted from a struggle they could no longer maintain. In Europe, as the action of rivalry is more adjacent, more easily watched, and more warily guarded against, the vicissitudes of manufacturing industry are not accompanied with the same amount of misery. But the same process is going on. The woollen manufactures of the west have been smitten with decay in the controversy with the cheaper ones of the north. Manufacture has found an all-conquering ally in the coal-mines of our island. Steam to a great extent has been called on to co-operate with manual labour; and whenever manual labour has been excluded from the co-operation of the new motive powers, it has been driven from the field, or compelled to content itself with the production of those objects alone to which machinery has not been able to lend any very important aid. Into all the great departments of manufacturing production the motive power of steam has been introduced. There still remains a small part of the industrial field where domestic labour resists the invasion of the capitalist and the engineer. The loom is still in the cottage—the stocking frame is worked by individual hands; but it is not difficult to foresee, nor rash to foretell, that even these and other little independencies are doomed to be overthrown by that universal law of progress, which *will* not, and *cannot*, be resisted. It is idle to complain of that inevitable tendency. Whatever is imperfect,

" Waits its doom from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world will draw
From its decay."

Of well-directed and ill-directed labour and capital, Belgium exhibits many striking examples. The raw materials for many of the most important articles of manufacture are produced advantageously both in Belgium and in the adjacent countries. The woollen manufacture is in a prosperous condition; so much so that there is a constant uproar against the introduction of Belgian woollens into France kept up by the French monopolist manufacturer. Verriers is the seat of the most successful of these fabrics. Its machinery is excellent, both for spinning, for shearing, and finishing; and the chemical arts are well understood, so that the colours are light and lasting. In the manufacture of flax, the Belgians possess even greater advantages. The soil is admirably adapted to the production of the raw material. The staple is strong and fine, and the art of dressing it is probably superior to that employed in any other part of the world. But Belgium has too

long delayed the application of steam machinery to the various processes of flax manipulation, and has allowed England, by the development of her more active energies, to encroach upon a trade of which at one time she had something like a monopoly—at all events, in which she maintained a recognised superiority. For many a year she exported her linen yarns; but under the pretence—or perhaps, to some extent, with the honest design—of encouraging domestic spinning, she imposed various and complicated duties upon the yarns of foreign countries; and she pays the penalty of the premium awarded to inferiority and backwardness. The plea—the common and too commonly admitted plea—prevailed, that a nation must first take care of its domestic industry. The domestic industry thus put forward is always a domestic industry to be served, far less important than other domestic industries which are to be sacrificed. It generally happens, however, that the domestic industry which clamours for protection—which is to have the right of levying contributions on the whole community—is a concentrated, represented, and influential power; while the really more extensive and permanent interest—the popular, the general interest—is so widely diffused, and so badly combined, that it cannot, or does not, resist the better-organized, though really feeble forces, of monopoly and restriction. Free trade would have placed Belgium in the first rank as a manufacture of linens; but having tampered with the great principle, and encouraged her own inferiorities, instead of giving her superiorities all the advantages of free competition, she suffers, and will suffer more.

The province of Liege is one of the most prosperous of the Belgian states. The inhabitants are neither Flemings nor French, but speak a language and possess a literature (though not a very copious one) of their own. They are an industrious and an enterprising race, and in some articles of production they outrival our best manufactures. In the article of arms, for instance, they have driven the Birmingham traders from many of the European, American, and African markets. Nearly 300,000 stand were exported last year. France rigorously prohibits them—but prohibits them in vain. The only result of her prohibition is that the cost of introduction is paid to the smuggler instead of to the treasury. Large quantities are constantly introduced into the French territory. The price at which they are manufactured is inconceivably low, for though some are made of a costly description, great numbers are sold at five francs a piece; the average price, taking in all qualities, is about 22s. 6d., comprising fowling-pieces, double-barrelled guns, muskets and pistols. The raw material is more costly than in England,—but the rate of wages from twenty to thirty per cent less. Capital is somewhat dearer there than here. A reduction of duty on iron would tend to the extension of the arm-making trade.

And so it would to the extension of many other branches. If the Free Trade party in Belgium could obtain a large reduction in their tariffs, the result would be immensely beneficial to the general interests, particularly if France should persevere in her irrational commercial legislation. For the extended frontier which would facilitate the introduction of Belgian articles, would bring them into a vast field of consumption. A strong attempt was made a few years ago to level duties between the two countries, and to establish something like a French and Belgian Zollverein. Belgian opinion was well prepared for such a result, but the French manufacturers were alarmed, and the transparent fallacy that there was no reciprocity between giving a market of thirty-five millions of souls to the Belgian, who could only give a market of five millions in return, put a stop to negotiations, which as between France and Belgium would have been beneficial to both. It

may be hoped, however, that whenever Commercial Emancipation breaks clear the impediments to interchange between these two countries, it will do more,—it will destroy the barrier between them, and all other countries. Commercial treaties, founded upon exclusive burthens and exclusive preference, are happily exploded now. There are good influences at work in Belgium. The king is certainly well disposed. I have often heard him express opinions favourable to Free Trade, and lament the extent of the prejudices and the interests against which it had to struggle—but those prejudices will be removed by free discussion, and those interests be absorbed in the mightier interests of the whole community.

For the production of zinc, Belgium has unrivalled advantages—for that of iron, she stands second to Scotland and Wales alone; these advantages arise from the possession of large and rich beds of Calamine (*Lapis Calaminarius*) along the banks of the Meuse,—containing a great proportion of metal, and found not remote from the coals, of which the consumption is so large for the smelting the very subtle metal, of which, under every hitherto discovered manipulation, a quantity is lost during the process, by its assuming a gaseous form. The manufacture of zinc or spelter is carried on in China, Silesia, Belgium, Poland, England and Wales. The ores principally used in this country, are the sulphurate of zinc, known by the name of *blende*,—those employed on the continent, are mainly the carbonates of zinc, or *calamine*. The process of smelting ordinarily employed here, is that which is believed to be practised in China; it is a rude and unsatisfactory method, in which from twenty to twenty-five tons of coals are employed for the production of a single ton of zinc. The reduction takes place in large upright vessels, which are surrounded by an intense fire, and discharged and filled in somewhat less than twenty-four hours. The Silesian process is somewhat similar, except that smaller crucibles are used. The Belgian, instead of standing erect in the furnaces, and delivering themselves of the metal when reduced, are placed longitudinally in the furnaces, and the zinc is extracted from them from time to time as it is metallized. Many improvements have been suggested in the process, and unless these improvements give to the English manufacturers advantages they have not hitherto possessed, they will not be able to withstand the rivalry of the cheaper and the richer ore which Belgium produces. The spelter manufacture in England stood upon protection alone—existed in consequence of the heavy duty levied upon the foreign articles. But as the makers of spelter were not a strong interest,—it was among the very first to be sacrificed under Sir Robert Peel's free trade movement. The Belgian manufacture was of natural and spontaneous growth—like the silk trade in France, the cotton trade in England, it had all the recommendations which peculiar local advantages could give it. It invited both labour and capital to profitable employment,—and their application was alike beneficial to Belgium and to the world. And while many of the other productions of Belgian industry have been shaken by vicissitudes, and have maintained themselves with great difficulty, tottering amidst that competition to which they have been subjected; the spelter manufacture has rapidly extended, and has been most profitable to those engaged in it. It became commercial nations to look upon such investments with encouragement and approval. They represent cheap production, and in cheap production everybody is interested.

The state of agriculture in Belgium is highly honourable to the national industry, and gives evidence of a very satisfactory progress. The whole surface of the country is *cadastré* (surveyed), and consists of about six and a half million of properties, divided among nearly a million of proprietors; so that the number of

landholders is not considerably less than that of heads of families. Of seven millions of acres, of which the territory is composed, greatly more than half is cultivated as arable land,—about one-fifth of the country is in forests, and less than one-twelfth is in heath or waste lands. More than a hundred thousand acres are dedicated to horticultural cultivation, and a hundred and fifty thousand are in orchards. The rivers and streams of the country cover thirty thousand acres; highways, roads, canals, streets, and public squares, a hundred and fifty thousand acres. The habitations of men, fortifications, and ground built upon, represent about fifty-two thousand acres, or about one hundred and thirty-fifth part of the whole surface. Under ordinary circumstances, the land produces about a sufficiency of corn for the supply of the people,—but in the last year (1846) the importations amounted to one and a half millions of quarters—the potato crop scarcely having suffered less than in Ireland. Belgium is one of the most thickly peopled territories in the world. Its area is about the same as that of Holland. The proportion of its population is as four to three. The waste and uncultivated lands, contrasted with those of Holland, are as one to three.

Mention has been made of the rapid extension of railways in Belgium. The Belgian government was the first to give all its official influence, and to bring the state capital to the success of these undertakings. They have been greatly facilitated by that friendly intercourse of mind—scarcely less important than the intercourse of commerce—to which the reign of peace has given birth and extension. To me there are few objects more attractive, than to witness with what a liberal and trustful spirit the profuse capital of England,—the practical knowledge of England—her engineers—her workmen—flow towards, and spread themselves over countries, which had been accustomed to see or to fancy that the strength and greatness of England were exhibited only in words of menace and acts of hostility. Railways are becoming mighty,—aye, and among the mightiest instruments of civilization,—great highways, upon which not only men and merchandize, but kindly thoughts, and philanthropic affections, and intellectual superiorities,—and all the noble results of science and philosophy are to transit and to travel. They will not only make more accessible all that human beings consume, or enjoy—they will not only lower the price, and increase the amount, of every object which adds to the felicity of the human race,—but they will secure the permanence of the blessings they provide, by securing the lasting endurance of a pacific and prosperous policy. Among the earliest objects which excited the attention of Belgium after the revolution, was the improvement of her communications, the introduction of railways, on a large and national scale. It was only a few days after Leopold was called to the throne, that the first project of a Belgian railway was by his command laid before him. It was believed indeed, that the projects were too ambitious, that Belgium was about to engage in an enterprise beyond her strength. To great enthusiasm for the undertaking, there followed a period of hesitation, and even of despondency. Such are but the natural vibrations of opinion. To an unwarrantable excitement, frequently succeeds an unjustifiable depression. But in spite of all difficulties, success has been obtained, and that success must be progressive. Belgium has with extraordinary rapidity been furrowed over by railways. The first hesitating and modest project, for a single line from Antwerp to Liege, was estimated to require a capital of 400,000. It struggled through the chambers against much resistance, and became a law in 1834. Since that period, 200 millions of francs have been appropriated to railways in Belgium, say eight millions sterling, for which 150 millions of francs (or six millions sterling) have been borrowed on

public security at an average of 4-1/2 per cent. These railways are of the length of 560 kilometers (a kilometer is 1,094 yards, so that the extent somewhat exceeds 340 miles). The highest estimate of construction is in the province of Liege, amounting to 970,000 francs per kilometer, or 32,000l. per mile: the lowest at Courtray, 103,000 francs per kilometer, being 3,400l. per mile. It is estimated that when the whole is completed, with a double line of rails, the cost will be on a general average, 300,000 francs per kilometer, or about 20,000l. per mile. The engineers of Belgium have erred in their estimates, just like their English brethren, and the facts are curious, and worth recording. The total cost of construction exceeds the estimates by 128 per cent. The lands have cost 178 per cent. more than the estimates,—constructions and works 217 per cent. more,—the rails 41 per cent. more,—and sundry detailed estimates from 33 per cent. to nearly 600 per cent. more. Of course, for all these, elaborate excuses and reasons have been given; but the great consolation appears to be, that after all, the cost of the railways of Belgium is, on an average, only two-thirds of that of the railways of Great Britain. In 1843 there travelled in Belgium, per railways, more than three millions of passengers, and they paid on an average, about 1-80 francs, or 1s. 6d. The amount received in 1843 was about 5,500,000 francs, or 220,000l.; of the passengers,

10 per cent. travelled in the first class carriages.

27	"	"	second	"
63	"	"	third	"

(The average number of passengers in a train was 120.) But while in some districts the number of travellers in first-class carriages is only 2 1/2 per cent., in others it is 17 1/2; the second-class carriages vary from 12 1/2 to 42 1/2 per cent., and the third-class from 40 1/2 to 84 1/2. In proportion to the length of the journey does the proportion augment of travellers in first-class carriages. The average cost of travelling in Belgium per railways, as compared with England, is at 5 to 12; that is to say, the same distance may be travelled in Belgium for 5d. as for 12d. in this country. The average rates are per league—

1st class,	37 centimes—about	1 1/2d.—	per mile.
2d	" 28	" "	1 1/4d. "
3d	" 17	" "	0 3/4d. "

In France the charge is about 20 per cent. higher—i.e. one-fifth more than in Belgium.

Belgium proclaims, with natural pride, that with reference to the extent of her territory, she possesses in canals and railways three times the power of communication possessed by Great Britain, and four times that of France and the United States; that in reference to her population, though not quite equal in power of communication to the United States, she exceeds that of Great Britain, and altogether outstrips France. There is nothing blamable in such a boast. This is an honest and honourable rivalry, and in such a career we bid her a most hearty "God speed!"

ON SEEING RECORDED IN A BIOGRAPHY THAT THE
SUBJECT OF IT HAD BEEN BURIED IN
UNCONSECRATED GROUND.

"Unconsecrated ground!"—False priest, avaunt—
Thy hallowing rite is but a juggling sound:
What holier earth does Christ's disciple want,
Than Christ himself in Joseph's garden found?
E. W.

CHRIST'S MISSION.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

For what came Christ on earth to reign—
What aim had his love-labour?
It was that self-love might be slain,
That man might love his neighbour.

Or, that every parish priest
Might have a lordly living?
If so, then each learned clerk
Need feel no dread misgiving.

Came Christ to hallow swords and spears,
For slaughter,—men like cattle?
Then, indeed, the best renown
Were only earned in battle.

Patience, fortitude, and faith,
Evil with good requited,
Are victories on a bloodless field,
Whose heroes—are not knighted.

"My kingdom is not of this world:"—
O, soul of Julius Caesar!
For all with conquering flags unfurled,
That sentence is a teaser.

And not alone for martial pests,
But all earth's cunning brothers,
Who, not with their own shares content,
Are daily robbing others.

The blood and tears of toil are shed,
And slavery's groans are uttered,
That dainty rogues may have their bread
On both sides nicely buttered.

Christ came not on the earth for this;—
He willed wrongs should be righted;
Not that the probed and trampled heart
Should evermore be slighted.

All are, said Christ; the sons of God—
The low are high in merit;
The meek are heritors of earth,
And rich the poor in spirit.

Luxurious greatness! climb your towers
And pinnacles of glory!
Thence see all kingdoms of the world,
Like Christ, and read their story.

'Tis of vast multitudes athirst,
Some better state pursuing—
(Such followed Christ)—whom ever ye
Lead on to their undoing!

With light from Heaven ye should them cheer
With goodness thence should cherish:
Yet these, in Time's dread wilderness,
Lie daily down, and perish.

Read more—see luxury, famine, dragged
Where ruin comes not single;
But rich and poor, the prince and boor,
In one dread carnage mingle.

Again, shall "evil be our good?"
Is desolation wanted?
Again, must murder be enthroned,
Be-laurelled and be-chanted?

Down with the tyrant Ignorance!
On Pride, the oppressor, trample!
That man with man may nobly plan,
And good as life be ample.

THE YOUTH AND FAME.

A Dialogue in Verse.

BY GOODWIN BARNBY.

WITHIN a study small and dimly lighted,
Like a faint, tapering torch, burnt low and blighted,
Sat a fair youth in ancient lore benighted.

To him a vision, radiant as fresh flame
In a new kindled, burning rose blush came—
She named herself not, but a voice cried FAME!

"Why art thou here? poor sleeping one!" she said,
"Why use the pillow of another's head?
Awake! poor sleeper! slumbering on the dead!"

"I am awake!" to her the youth replied,
"I slumber not—my soul is open-eyed,
Morning is ever, and night's sleep denied.

"I pillow not upon another's head,
I am no sleeper slumbering on the dead—
These books are living souls with lustre red."

"If so," said she, "why borrow from another?
The light is given to thee as to thy brother;
Thou sleep'st in day, and dost thy day dreams smother."

"Behold my answer!" said the youth, "behold
Those radiant realms which unto me are gold,
To others dross; can'st thou their leaves unfold?"

"I can," said Fame, "for unto me is given
St. Peter's key when genius seeks for heaven;
But thee I know but with the Sleepers Seven."

"But yet my dream," said he, "hath wings, and flies
Over the heads of thousands, to whose eyes
The eagle flight hath often auguries."

"How know I that?" said she, "a yellow bill
May be that bird's who gives thee not a quill;
Thou soarest not, but peckest the blind worm still.

"The eagle, launching from its mountain dun,
Spreads its own wings like sails the air upon,
Breasts cloud and storm, and looks in the face the sun.

"Its eyes are dazed not by its fiery beam,
It sees the earth, a speck on which men dream,
It flaps its wings, and shrieks a long shrill scream.

"Then through a flight of clouds it sees in the breeze
A hillock white—the Alps and Pyrenees—
And a blue lake—the breathless, waveless seas.

"Then swooping downward like a blast of wind,
Or seer from heaven sent unto mankind,
Men stare—all eye, and God restores the blind.

"But thou, poor sleeper! hast no eagle flight,
Thy pinions are the webs of dreams by night,
Than rainbow woof of gossamer more light."

"Said'st thou awake?" the dreaming poet said—
"I will arise, nor slumber with the dead—
The sun is blushing, and the east is red."

"Up! then!" said she, "the Will can ever claim
The birth of Deed. Rise heavenward like flame!"
She said, and all the air resounded FAME.

"Oh, Mighty One!" exclaimed the youth, "I think!
I soar above the world's tenebrious brink;
And of the Eternal ocean's waters drink!

"I feel wings grow! I feel the powers of flight!
I rise! I float! and with a glorious might
Sail over clouds to where there is no night.

"Thy words have blown me breezes swift and strong;
I mount the spheres, and breathing free and long,
I soar thus to the sunny realms of song."

Literary Notices.

An Appeal for the Irish Peasantry; with Facts, of paramount advantage to the Iron-Masters, Manufacturers, and Agriculturists of England, respecting the value of Peat and Peat Charcoal, as a fuel and as a fertilizer. By JASPER W. ROGERS, C.E. London: Effingham Wilson, 1847.

WE strongly recommend this little volume to our readers, as opening up a very clear and certain way to the extinction of the evils of Ireland. It points out the natural wealth of Ireland as a source of profit to English capitalists; and especially its peat bogs, as one of the most certain sources of profitable speculation in the united kingdom. The value of this enormous storehouse of peat, which Ireland is, is made obvious by the plainest calculations; it is, moreover, shown that when this peat is removed, the ground is ready to produce the richest crops; and, lastly, that the Irish people, if employed for money wages, will work as hard as anybody can desire. Mr. Rogers shows that the poor peasantry have been paid, not in money, but by a patch of potato-ground, at a high nominal rent: and that thus the truck-system has been in constant operation throughout Ireland in its very worst shape. From personal knowledge of these facts, we can and do most earnestly recommend Mr. Rogers's work to general attention.

The Black-gown Papers. By L. MARIOTTI. 2 vols. Wiley and Putnam.

SIGNOR MARIOTTI is no common writer—we speak of the subject-matter of his works; nor must we pass over his pure English, which is singularly correct, elegant, and often even eloquent. His volumes on "Italy, Past and Present," won for him a deservedly high reputation; nor will this, though not of as high a character, tend to decrease it.

Mariotti is one of that noble band of Italian refugees whose great intellect and energetic and useful lives amongst us have done more than anything else to turn the mind of the English public towards the sufferings and oppressions of Italy. It is with pleasure that we hear Mariotti say, in the dedication of these volumes to Lady Morgan, "For the last six years English hospitality, warm, free, unobtrusive, has encompassed me. The air of true freedom has nerved and strengthened me even to regeneration. My new home has been endeared to me, till it has Anglicised my very feeling and thought." The exile and suffering of these good and truly great men have not been in vain either for their own country, or for ours.

The one fault of the volumes now before us is their title, and the sort of little framework into which these sketches are set. Pass these, and the sketches themselves are of deep interest, and most of them full of great worth to humanity. We know not when we ever were more painfully rivetted over any pages than over those which give the history of the poor Italian organ-boy. It bears the stamp of truth in every word—except it be in the end, which we fear could not have been as happy and cheering as the kind-hearted author—we suspect in pity to the reader—chose to make it. Histories of this kind, in which the tyranny of man to man is chronicled with a stern and truthful pen, are benefits conferred on society, whose business it then becomes to see that an end is put to them. Had Signor Mariotti written only this one heart-rending story, he would have deserved our cordial thanks—and he has these for other good works also.

Works of GEORGE SAND. Translated by Miss HAYS and others. Vol. III. Andre. Churton.

MISS HAYS is a pure and high-minded woman, and we believe she is quite aware that she has undertaken a meritorious, but not the less a perilous labour, in making the English public acquainted with the writings of George Sand. As she is obliged to call in the assistance of other translators, we trust she will be careful to exercise the authority and judgment of an editor who is under a serious responsibility to the public. There are two ways of giving us George Sand. The one is to give us her better self—all that fine mass of pure and splendid writing which abounds in her, and which is the bulk. The other is, to give us the whole, good and bad. If she adopt the former course, she will render a great service to us; if the latter, we foresee the coming of storms, shoals, and quicksands. The Rubicon is not yet passed; the perils are behind; and if a very wise course be not pursued, there will arise such an outcry in the regions of critic-land as will too late be heard. If, therefore, our voice could have any weight with a work and a lady to whom we wish every success, we would say—take all the good, and leave all the bad. Leave that which even in France has not been tolerated without much offence. The question which concerns us is not that we have whatever Madame Dudevant has chosen to write, but whatever is worthy of her and of us. We shall then have a noble work, brilliant with genius, with acute, original, and independent thought: a mass of composition, warm with the truest human sympathies, and glorious with the hues of woman's finer intellect.

We have felt bound to make these remarks on reading this exquisite story of Andre. It is blotted by expressions, and one or two scenes, which by a little management it might have been freed from. There is a strong way, and a delicate way, even of *expressing* things, which a translator should regard, and we speak after no ordinary experience. In this translation the strong way has been adopted, and we regret it. This shows itself occasionally in the matter of mere phraseology. French usage is very different to English usage, and what is tolerable in one is often not admissible in the other.

Having made these remarks, however, in the best feeling, we shall freely praise or condemn as we find the work proceed. The present translation is from the hand of Miss Ashurst, whose abilities have long been known to us. As a whole, it does her the greatest credit, being much superior, in our judgment, to her translation of the *Mosaic Workers*. It is vigorous, life-like, and generally correct. It will, however, tax the highest powers of the translators of George Sand, be they who they may, to transfuse into our tongue the fervid eloquence of this extraordinary woman unimpaired. May they achieve that great object!

The Poetical Works of William Motherwell; with a Memoir. By JAMES MCCORMACK, Esq. Second Edition. Glasgow: David Robertson.

MR. ROBERTSON has rendered a good service to the lovers of genius by issuing this new and enlarged edition of the works of a true but short-lived poet; and enriching it with what was much wanted, a good memoir of him. The genius of Motherwell was for the old and legendary; and in particular for the heroic legends of the north. There are few such perfect and spirited specimens of the Danish legend and war-song as those of Motherwell. "The Battle Flag of Sigurd;" "The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrím;" and "The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi;" might be free and fine translations from the ancient Scalds, instead of pure modern compositions. They will be remembered by many of our

readers as published during Motherwell's life-time, and those to whom they are unknown will thank us for commending them to their acquaintance.

In almost all the other poems of Motherwell we find the same tendency to the past and the chivalric. Others again are quaint after the fashion of the religious writers of the time of the Commonwealth, as "The Solemn Song of a Righteous Heart." His "Jeanie Morrison," the love of his boyhood, is full of true tenderness; and besides a number of sweet songs and miscellaneous pieces, never before published, there are many posthumous poems, some of them of singular beauty, as that of "Clerke Richard and Maid Margaret." Our space does not permit extract, but we must give one or two stanzas from a poem "I am not sad," because it is remarkably prophetic of his actual fate. Motherwell lies in the Necropolis of Glasgow, without a stone to mark the spot. We are glad to see that the editor speaks out almost as freely on this fact as Mr. Howitt did in his "Homes and Haunts of the Poets." Surely this disgrace to Glasgow will now be removed.

I am not sad, though sadness seem

At times to cloud my brow;

I cherished once a foolish dream—

Thank heaven 'tis not so now.

Truth's sunshine broke,

And I awoke

To feel 'twas right to bow

To Fate's decree, and this my doom,

The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill

This glazed and vacant eye;

Old thoughts will rise do what we will,

But soon again they die;

An idle gush

And all is hush,

The fount is soon run dry;

And cheerily now I meet my doom,

The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

The Life of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to Polynesia. By EDNEER PROUT. Fourth Thousand. London: Snow, Paternoster-row. 1847.

Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa. By ROBERT MORFATT. Twenty-three years an agent of the London Missionary Society in that continent. Fourteenth Thousand. London: Snow, Paternoster-row.

THESE are cheap reprints of two deeply interesting works, containing the matter of many ordinary volumes, well printed, and containing also portraits of the chief actors in them, and wood-cuts. Independently of the vast importance of the subjects introduced, for those who are desirous only to occupy the time in some entertaining volume, we know of no books more attractive; and when we reflect what is now doing in the very scenes both in South Africa and Otaheite, where the British Missionaries have laboured so many years to establish peace and civilization, we feel it difficult to restrain our indignation. Especially lies a heavy debt against the English government for permitting the French to reduce to a hell of crime and horror that fair island, which, under the care of the lamented John Williams and other Christian labourers, bade fair to become a paradise.

The Novitiate; or the Jesuit in Training. A Personal Narrative. By ANDREW STEINMETZ. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1847.

The Jesuit in the Family. By ANDREW STEINMETZ. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1847.

MR. STEINMETZ in these curious volumes shows from his own personal experience that the Jesuits are already well-known; that the character and accounts of them

and their system, which from time to time have been given to the world, are correct. That they are trained carefully to perfect obedience in the army of the pope-dom, are drilled as thoroughly as any other soldiers, and that the object is the same as that for which all other armies are employed, the usurpation of a false power over men; the destruction of liberty, physical and intellectual; and the obstruction of all that progress of the human race for which the best men and minds are everywhere labouring. He tells us that the Jesuits are everywhere, in all professions and disguises, and that nothing is able to turn them from their great enterprise, the restoration of England to the Romish faith. No doubt of it; but mass is not yet sung in Westminster Abbey; and if people will only read such works as these carefully, it never will. We earnestly recommend them; and have the utmost faith in the conscientious integrity of the writer. They have every impress of truth, and are fraught with the most solemn warnings.

Death's Soliloquy; a Poem. By THOMAS EAGLES.
London: Whittaker & Co.

THIS is truly an Eagle's flight! It is the very thing for an ill-natured critter to get hold of. For ourselves, we do not know when we have had such a storm about our ears. We seem deafened with the roar of winds, and the hissing of serpents. We are blown, and tossed, and dinned, and dazed, with the terrors of a lugubrious landscape, filled with whirlwinds and snakes, and the most tremendous hail-storm of new words. The English language has no terms large enough for Mr. Eagles' ideas; he pours out upon us the most sesquipedalian terms of the Latin dictionary. If there be anywhere a nation lamenting its defective vocabulary, we advise it to send for Mr. Eagles, who would certainly manufacture a whole language to order any time. The new coinage of phraseology, which he flings out by shovelfuls, is fearfully astounding. We have *squamous* serpents, *limous* streams, noises strange and *horrisonous*, strong *procillous* blasts, *bibulous* marshes, *mordacious* blasts, *siccific* gales, *phagedenous* pests, mounts *igivomous*, *setaceous* grass, *glandiferous* oaks, *callous* waves, and *serous* clouds. These, any one may conceive, make a startling landscape enough; but when to these every monster and monstrosity that the imagination is capable of spawning is congregated in it, never was there such frightful chaos. Take, good reader, a specimen, and sustain it as you can.

The *ignis fatuus* was gambolling about in this congenial creation; taking "wide unsteady leaps," "bending the rotten reed-stems in its track," and it would,

'Mongst *scaturiginous* uplands then descend
In one tremendous spring to valleys low
Where rotten swamps ferment; and leap, and bend,
And dance, and shoot above the lagging flow
Of muddy water o'er the *lubric* brow
Of mouldering rocks; and serpents *renenose*
Did glide and hiss as past the flame did go,
And gleamed their haunts within, *tenebriose*;
And scorpions, centipedes, did wake up from repose.

By mildew blight, the foliage on the moor,
And hurled were on before the bursting blast
Like *pappous* seed; the desert's *scarbous* floor
Emitted sound, as by the wind was cast,
As though a host of clouds had been outcast,—
Grandirous clouds, from th' *concave's* edifice,
And hurled their hail-load, wondering man to gash,
In one huge mass, upon a sea of ice:
And hollow caverns load did echo back the voice

Of god of storm with wild, continued roar:
And *limous* lakes, thick, stagnant, doubly foul,
Grew *animose*, and high their waves did pour;
And in the tempest stenches dreadful stole,

Which hovered round and did pervade the whole,
And crept through every crevice, cavern, dell;
And noise of loosened stones, as they did roll
From mountains *scopolous*, did harshly swell
Upon the wind so wild, it seemed the moan of hell.

Well, "*belligerous* thunders" burst through "*caves soniferous*," and

the tempest's scud
Trembles and boils within the phantom's track,
And spume arises round, thick, foul,—as Sandarack!

And if that be not enough for one exhibition, we do not know what is. It is true the poet afterwards subsides into sunshine and a sweet landscape, where

Luscious music gushes wild among
Puniceous blooms, which 'mid the rushes dance,
And *guetrimonious* birds wail on the saintoin's lance.

THE FAST AND THE FAMINE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

"THERE were present at that season some that told him of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them; think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii. 1.

WHEN this paper issues from the press, the fast proclaimed by Government for the averiance of the famine will be solemnizing; and the remarkable words written above will be in the act of utterance from ten thousand pulpits throughout this country. What a scene will this present to the eye of a just and discerning Heaven! A prayer against famine—a famine which the service for the occasion tells us has been inflicted by God—sent up, by order of Government, from one end to the other of a country so fertile, so wealthy, so full of food, as never country was since the foundation of the world. There is famine—fierce, unprecedented, terrible famine—in Ireland; the people perish, and are taken by a leg and an arm, and are flung into the earth, not dug deep enough to cover them. There is famine in the Highlands of Scotland; there is famine in Manchester and the manufacturing districts: and does it come from God? Let the granaries of the united empire answer that! Let the corn which is hoarded up—ay, even in Ireland, in the very midst of these human horrors—answer it! Let our bonded-warehouses, loaded with corn till the floors are obliged to be propped, waiting for a yet higher price, answer that! and let the Government, which hesitated to tear away the last rag of the infamous Corn-laws, and let corn come in free, answer it; and finally, let the speculators in corn, and the hangers-on for high prices, while their brethren in thousands, with their fainting wives and famishing children, are perishing before their eyes, go and put up at the footstool of God that fearful mockery of a prayer!

Never was there such an awful instance of the daring of a national hypocrisy exhibited before Heaven and the nations. There is no fact better known than that there is in this country at this moment food—abundant food of all kinds—for all its inhabitants; and the certain

assurance of the arrival of more now the winter in America and on the European continent has broken up:—and we dare to tell the God and Father of us all, whose eyes are continually going to and fro in the earth, and who looks into our naked hearts, that he is the Author of that famine which is chasing our brethren like smoke before the wind! Instead of going to churches and chapels to mock God, and to insult our starving fellow-creatures, we should have gone to our warehouses, and unlocked them to the public gaze, and have let the eye of the hungry feed itself on the enormous stores there laid up. We should have shown our corn, our butter, our cheese, our rice, our coffee, our teas, our American flour. We should have pointed to our markets crowded with fatted cattle and sheep, and to the cattle on a thousand hills, and have said, "We have sinned, O God! in the sight of men and of thee, in that we have withheld thy bounty from the suffering and the dying, from the father and the child, from the mother and her suckling; but we stand rebuked, and cannot dare to heap on thy holy name the reproach of our own hardened selfishness!"

What! are the Irish more wicked than the rest of us? Are the Highlanders more wicked than we English, who are rolling in down, and wallowing in every luxury? Are the famishing people of Manchester and of Paisley more criminal than the Government who have brought about by their neglect and their selfish measures for years on years this dreadful state of things!—more criminal than the speculators and extortionate landlords, the regraters and the wealthy indifferents? No! And if that be true, then it cannot be that these dreadful inflictions are the inflictions of God. A just God will send his punishments on the guilty, and not on the innocent. If, as this form of prayer says, we are guilty, and that God has sent this chastisement for us, why has it not fallen on us? Why has it fallen on the Irish and the Highlanders, and not on the English and the Lowlanders? Why on the governed, and not the governors? Why on the poor, and not on the rich? No! were it an infliction from God, be assured it would have alighted elsewhere. It would have fallen on the proud and lofty dwellings—on the palace and the hall—and not on the cottage and the cabin. It would have fallen on the mis-governors, and not the mis-governed—on the exacting landlords, and not on the exhausted tenants—on the haughty, and not on the humble—on those whose eyes stand out with fatness, and not on those who are dried by famine into mere human locusts, which the first strong wind will sweep into the sea of death. No; it is not a rotten potato that can ruin and desolate a country—it is rotten government. What besides the potato has failed us, and that but partially? Never were there finer crops than last autumn waved on the plains of the united kingdom! Let us hasten to put away this mockery of Heaven—this sham feast on the best fish, and the richest pastry, on the finest deserts, and the most delicious coffee, and on the strongest wines; and let us remember that the poor of Ireland, of Scotland, and of England, have been fasting while we have been feasting too long; and if we will now do just penance for our wickedness, let us fast that they may feast. Where is the man amongst us that will fast as a poor Irishman did the other day? He had been for weeks and months without work, and without half enough food, when a gentleman of our acquaintance set him to a job; and, to enable him to begin it, placed before him cold beef, and bread, and beer. But it was a Friday, the poor man was a Catholic, and in the midst of his ravenous hunger he turned away his eyes from the beef, and took only a piece of dry bread, and went to his labour!

Are these the men who have sinned, and for whom this affliction is sent? And yet it is on these that it has

fallen. No! it is a famine of ages of misrule; a famine of heartless landlords, who have let four millions of Irish acres lie waste, while their poor brethren had not food or work, and have charged them for what little plots they *did* allow them from 7l. to 10l. per acre! Let us then pray in earnest, and let this be our prayer; let it be honest, and hearty, and national; let it be sent up from palace, and hall, and gay terrace, from shop, and cottage, and from under the hedges of a blessed Spring:

"O Lord God! the great and common Father of us all, inspire us at last with a sincere desire to be what we have so long professed to be in vain—Christians. Look down into our hearts with thy bright and immortal countenance, and light up all the thousand retreats of our old and inveterate hypocrisy, and put it and us to utter shame. Make us confess in dust and ashes that we have never really believed in thy Son, whom thou didst send down to teach us to love our neighbour as ourselves. To do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before thee. Make us ashamed, O Lord, of our selfish maxims and practices of government; make us ashamed of those great wars in which we have slain the poor, and enriched the rich; in which we have heaped dangerous honours on those great warriors whom one of our poets has so justly styled, 'butchers in great business,' thereby dreadfully increasing the cannibal thirst of blood. Make us ashamed of the debts that we have heaped thereby on the suffering poor, and on the wings of commerce; and which bow down our very women and children in misery and endless labour; which dry up the hope of life in millions, and snatch the torch of knowledge out of their bitter patha. Make us ashamed, O God of Truth, of the laws which we have passed to fetter trade, and make dear the necessities of life; and instead of rending our clothes as recommended in this form of prayer, inspire us with a sincere determination to send them to the Irish, who have none to rend, no nor even to cover them. Make us ashamed, O Father of all life, that we have so misgoverned Ireland; that we have dealt her such hard measure; that we have, from age to age, refused to listen to her cries of distress, and to the cries of all the good men who have, from age to age, and year to year, pleaded with us on her behalf. Make us heartily ashamed of our criminal neglect; and that we have let thy heritage lie like a desert, when thousands of happy families might have lived and praised thee for thy bounties upon it. Make us blush and burn in shame before thee, that we have at length out-Heroded Herod, out-Pharaohed Pharaoh, and created a famine of locks and warehouses, of corn-laws and other restrictions, of speculators and regraters, and have dared to heap the reproach of it upon Thee."

Such is the prayer which as a nation we must send up, and that in all sad sincerity, before we may hope to be heard; and before we shall have a response either from Heaven, or the hearts of a great and wronged people. We must resolve, if we will put an end to the recurrence of the famine, which is now stalking not alone through Ireland, but through the manufacturing districts of England, to look Truth and God in the face—confess the errors of our policy, rend away the last rags of restrictive laws, and set our many millions of poor brethren in Great Britain and in Ireland, to work on the neglected soil, to feed our artisans, and thereby to set to work all our factories to clothe them. If we did this, there need not be an idle hand, or an unfed mouth, or an unclothed back, or an uninstructed mind in this great empire. On this subject I have much to say, but at this moment I say only let us resolve to be honest, and to let an honest people have free scope for its energies, and we shall have laid the foundation of that new era, of great and general diffusion of labour and of enjoyment, which must, ere long, come.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eva.

Plan of a People's International Co-operative League, between England and the United States of America.

We draw particular attention to the following paper. It opens up a new and most important medium of co-operative action between the two great kindred nations of England and America. It is from the people that their own salvation must come. They are, and must be, the great active power of their own progression. Every class will look to its own interests; the people must look to theirs, and as they are the multitude, thus, and thus alone, will the interests of the multitude be cared for. Let the idea of this new league once take full possession of the popular mind on both sides of the Atlantic, and a new and gigantic boon will be put into the hands of labouring and suffering humanity. Let the plan of Elihu Burritt of *An Ocean Penny Postage* be added, and a new era of advance will be achieved. We would also particularly call the attention of our readers to the commencement of a series of papers on *Associated Homes* in the present number of this Journal.

American Association and Sympathy.—The following extract from a long letter, coming all the way from Cincinnati, in the Far West, to a friend of the communitive life in Scotland, is an interesting fact. It is written by the editor of the United States Herald of Progression, and its simple-hearted relation of the commencement of a communist church in America, may be valuable many years hence. It begins, "My dear, good brother," * * * "A few of us about Cincinnati have commenced the work, as we trust, on the foundations of nature. We are uniting in mutual harmony with each other, and with God, and we are endeavouring to make the external correspond to that which is within. At first there were six who joined themselves together for life. We held our meetings two or three times a week in private, and effected a consolidation. We harmonized in thought and feeling—we saw alike the laws of our being, the principles of God's government and the laws of nature, and we united our destinies in the presence of God and angels. Then following the order of nature as we had commenced a six-sided figure, we carried out the idea of crystallization by attracting six more. The twelve then held meetings frequent and fervent, and effected a further consolidation. Afterwards six more were selected * * * and finally six more were added, making in all, twenty-four. Thus far our unity is confirmed, and every thing indicates permanence in future. We are none of us yet perfect, and of course our society is not perfect; but an approximation is made, and each step enables us to take another. The whole number are mostly young, under middle life, with only one exception, and all intelligent, active, capable men. Our united capital is 200,000 dollars. This we mean to use for the benefit of humanity, and the first thing we mean to do is to redeem from the power of the money-crats the means of life, the productions of the earth. The productions of this great western valley will almost supply the world with provisions. One of our number is now in the eastern cities, making arrangements to carry this into effect, or at least, to make a beginning. We will buy the produce of the farmer, until we raise it ourselves, at the current price, and then transport it to the east, and let the poor have it at cost price, including of course transportation. * * * My main object besides friendship in writing to you now, is also to see what we can do for the poor in your country. We would aid to deliver them from the power of the spoiler. You have an association, you have business men. Let us make a commencement of correspondence, and mutual deliberation to see what we can do. How can we get the wheat and corn of the west into the homes and hands of the people in your country, and keep it out of the hands of speculators? What men in London, or Liverpool, or elsewhere, can we do business with? Where is Goodwyn Barnby now? and can we be put in communication with him? * * * The cause here is moving slowly, but steadily and with power. For nearly a year, those who felt an interest, say half a dozen, met in a private room, then in a school-room, and as the interest increased, in a small meeting-house; and now we

hold our meetings in the Melodeon, one of the most splendid halls in the city.

"Yours in the cause of God and humanity,

"JOHN O. WATTLERS."

It is sufficient to add, that Goodwyn Barnby has entered into the required communication with his American friends, and that without the intervention of tradesmen, but probably through the Co-operative League, the grains of the Far West may cheaply be distributed in this country.

Morements of the Co-operative League.—This important association proceeds with great spirit and effect. It has issued this declaration of its objects:

The Co-operative League being desirous to extend a knowledge of the benefits to be derived from the establishment of universal brotherhood, declare,

First.—Charity for the feelings, convictions, and conduct of every human being, without regard to sex, class, sect, party, country or colour.

Second.—To educate and employ all, so as to ensure their health, intelligence, union, and happiness.

Third.—To produce and distribute wealth abundantly for all.

Fourth.—To create a new public opinion, in favour of an entire change in the character and condition of the people, through the medium of public meetings, lectures, discussions, cheap publications, and mutual exchanges of productions upon equitable principles, without individual competition.

Every Wednesday and Friday lectures are given, or public meetings held on great popular subjects. This month there have been already public meetings on "Diminishing the hours of labour in factories;" on the Education question; on the means of removing permanently the distress of Ireland; and on the benefits of building societies. The lectures have been—on Self-Government, by Mr. Washington Wilks; by Mrs. John Darcus, on the Rights and Position of Women; and on Building Societies, by Dr. Bowkett. On Friday the 26th, a lecture will be given by Mr. Lane, on Emigration; and on Wednesday, the 31st, a public meeting on *Prison Discipline* and the *Abolition of the Punishment of Death* will be held. These commence at eight o'clock in the evening, admission free.

N.B.—An establishment for the manufacture and sale of shirts has been opened at the entrance to the Hall, the profits arising from which are distributed among those employed; thus the needlewomen employed by the League obtain 1s. 6d. for labour for which the private trader generally gives but 5d. On these grounds the public, and especially ladies, are requested to come forward and assist this effort to elevate the oppressed of their own sex. A female is in constant attendance to receive orders.

The secretaries are in attendance every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, from seven till ten o'clock, to give information, receive members, &c., at the Office, King's Arms Yard, Snow Hill, where the plan of the League can be obtained for one penny.

Plymouth Working-men's Mutual Improvement Association.—SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your courtesy and attention in inserting my communication of the 18th ultimo; and as such announcements do much good, by suggesting and encouraging similar societies, I have sent the following gratifying account of the progress it has made. On Monday, March 8th, a soiree was held to commemorate its establishment, in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The room was decorated with a number of large views in the Holy Land, sketches of the Liverpool Baths and Washhouses, a print of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler, &c. As the company consisted of working people, the tea did not commence until seven in the evening. There were about 150 present, admitted by tickets at one shilling each. After the tables were removed, the Rev. W. J. Odgers took the chair, and commenced the proceedings by a beautiful address, "gushing full with truth and all sincerity," in which he forcibly pointed out the immense advantages which

must follow the successful working of this society, when after a time the members may all enjoy a considerable amount of knowledge, comfortable homes of their own, together with the consequent improved state of their health and morals. He concluded by reading the beautiful poem, "A good time coming." Mr. Toms, a talented member of the working classes, then performed some brilliant experiments on the chemical functions of the atmosphere, showing the necessity of pure air, and the importance of ventilation. Mr. Bottomley, the secretary, then laid before the meeting some pleasing particulars of the progress which the society has already made: though it has not been started a month, it already has 143 members. The writing, reading, and arithmetic classes each consist of about sixty persons, and the grammar class 50. He stated that improvement was already apparent in some of the classes. After some remarks on the importance and practicability of building societies, he concluded his gratifying address by reading the poetical address of Prince, the poet, to the members of the Oldham Lyceum, which he had with much poetic ability altered and adapted to the somewhat different circumstances of this society. Mr. Hearder, also a working man, then exhibited some beautiful experiments with an air-pump, on the mechanical effects of the air we breathe. The amusements were varied and enlivened by music. The company separated about eleven o'clock, highly gratified with the pleasant evening they had passed. We have great cause to rejoice that the ever-speeding spirit of progress and reform, that shall ere long brighten the hearth of every man with intellectual fire, has at length found a stepping-stone in Plymouth. It may not be amiss to mention here that the town council of Plymouth have determined on the speedy erection of baths and washhouses, and have already advertised for a suitable site. T. M. B.

Plymouth, March 9, 1847.

We have also received an interesting account of an evening spent at this institution by another gentleman:—

I went over a few evenings since to take charge of the reading-class. It was my first visit; and I was agreeably surprised to find myself surrounded by fifty or sixty intelligent-looking mechanics, and I was pleased to observe in all an evident attention to cleanliness of person, and tidiness of dress. My class consisted of about thirty, varying in age from sixteen to forty years. They had selected *Howitt's Journal* as their class reading book, and each member was supplied with a copy to read from. We commenced with Dr. Carpenter's lectures, "Physiology for the People." I was somewhat astonished at the comparative fluency with which nearly the whole of my class read the article (and, really, considering that the Doctor was writing for the people, he has not been sparing in the use of dictionary words). I encouraged them to ask the meaning of every word that they did not understand, and endeavoured, if possible, to get the required explanation from some other member of the class. Thus we proceeded, pointing out the importance of punctuation, the value of emphasis in elucidating the meaning of a sentence, and having to do hard battle on behalf of the letter H, the omission, or mis-application, of which, in pronunciation, is a sad defect, even with many public speakers in the West. The narrative of Gottlieb Einhalter, and one or two other lighter articles, furnished amusement as well as instruction; and I can truly say, that I have rarely passed two hours more pleasantly or profitably than in the company of these men of inquiring minds; and I am thoroughly convinced, that if the working men in every town in England would imitate the example set here and elsewhere, that many of the social evils under which we now suffer would pass away, and reforms unthought of and unprecedented would follow as their result. E. F.

New Athenaeum in Glasgow.—A prospectus of this projected institution, bearing a most splendid list of names as supporters, has been handed to us. The scheme is worthy of the great and wealthy city of Glasgow, and will without doubt succeed, and become a distinguished ornament of the place.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, John-street, Fitzroy-square.—The Annual Report shows that this society is throwing off the debts which as a building society encumbered it. It has during the last year liberally allowed the use of its rooms to public objects; amongst others, for meetings, for the total repeal of the Corn Laws; the Poor Man's Guardian Society; Health of Towns Association; Relief of the Distressed Irish; and Raja of Sattara's case.

Islington New Cattle Market.—We rejoice to find that a company is formed for the purchase and establishment of this excellent market. The names of the chief proprietors, amongst

whom is Samuel Gurney, Esq., are a sure guarantee that this great object of relieving or removing the Smithfield nuisance will be at length achieved.

The Anti-Enclosure Association is establishing a LIBRARY, with a collection of ancient and modern maps, to facilitate inquiries regarding disputed footways; and requests contributions of books or maps towards this very desirable object. These may be sent to the treasurer of the Association, N. F. Mallin, 2, Circus-street, New-road.

Roby Mutual Improvement Society, Manchester.—On the evening of Thursday, the 4th inst., a very interesting tea-party was held in the large room of the Roby school, Manchester, for the purpose of celebrating the second annual meeting of the Roby Mutual Improvement Society. After the company had partaken of a sumptuous repast, the Rev. Richard Fletcher was called to the chair, and the business of the evening commenced by singing and prayer. After a few opening remarks by the chairman, letters were read from Samuel Fletcher, Esq., and others, apologizing for their non-attendance; the report for the past year was then read by Mr. Septimus Fletcher, which stated that the success of the past had far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the founders of the society, and gave fair promise of a brilliant prospect for the future.

After the report had been read, seven original essays were delivered, viz.:—

1. On the Benefits derived by Society from the adoption of the Total Abstinence principle. By Mr. S. Wolfenden. 2. On the Duty of Studying the Scriptures. 3. On the Good effected by Sunday-schools in Manchester. By Mr. Charles Perkins. 4. On the Duty of Studying Political Economy. 5. On Natural and Artificial Locomotion. By Mr. Henry White. 6. On Peace. By Mr. W. H. Perkins. 7. On Natural Theology. By Mr. E. H. Evans. The second was by Master E. Acton, a youth of twelve years old; and the fourth was by Mr. John Mort. It may be well to remark that Mr. Mort is a fine proof of the value of these mutual improvement societies in developing hidden talents; for the author is a very poor man—in fact a labourer in an iron foundry. So true it is that

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

A vote of thanks to the ladies and visitors was then passed; when some excellent remarks on the advantages of such societies for young people were made by Messrs. Wild, Coras, W. Brooks, Holt, Perkins, T. Acton, David Morris, and others interested in the mental elevation of the people. Thanks having been heartily given to Mr. Septimus Fletcher for his services as president of the society, and to the Rev. Richard Fletcher for presiding that evening, this very pleasant and instructive meeting ended, each and all wishing soon to see the like again.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas, Clerkenwell, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street & Strand.—Saturday, March 27, 1847.



EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

MEMOIR OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

As it was most significantly said in the gospel that a certain person "had suffered many things of many physicians," so it may be said that Ebenezer Elliott has suffered many things of artists. Perhaps no man was ever more barbarously used by them. Here he is, however, from the combined talents of Margaret Gillies and J.W. Linton, in his own proper likeness. Here he sits, as he sate on that pleasant Sunday in January last,—pleasant by the fireside, most bitterly cold without,—when, delighted at having for his guest the noble-hearted lady who was about to make his face as familiar to the public as his poetry, he produced his great manuscript folio, and like a good house-keeper produced from its treasury "things new and old." To us who sate and listened to the fountains of poetry thus musically welling forth, while the fire blazed abroad a domestic summer within, and the wind shrieked wintery without, this portrait will always recall a time of peculiar enjoyment. To the artist the poet was duly known and appreciated in his works: to the poet the lady artist was as well known by the good and true things said by mutual friends of a good and true woman; and thus in that pleasant wilderness in which the poet has built the retreat of his age, the time went on as it does when they meet, who have one great bond of spiritual kinship in the love of nature, of intellect, and liberty. With these few words of a pleasant reminiscence, I shall turn at once to my recent work, "The Homes and Haunts of the Poets," for as much as I have occasion to say of the Corn-Law Rhymers.

The manufacturing town as well as the country has found its Burns. As Burns grew and lived amid the open fields, inhaling their free winds, catching views of the majestic mountains as he trod the furrowed field, and making acquaintance with the lowliest flower and the lowliest creatures of the earth, as he toiled on in solitude: so Elliott grew and lived amid the noisy wilderness of dingy houses, inhaling smoke from a thousand furnaces, forges, and engine chimneys, and making acquaintance with misery in its humblest shapes, as he toiled on in the solitude of neglect. The local circumstances were diametrically different, to show that the spirit in both was the same. They were men of the same stamp, and destined for the same great work; and therefore, however different were their immediate environments, the same operating causes penetrated through them, and stirred within them the spirit of the prophet. They were both of that chosen class who are disciplined in pain, that they may learn that it is a prevailing evil, and are stimulated to free not only themselves but their whole contemporary kindred.

While war scourged the earth in the defence of the doting despotism of kingship, and monopoly shut out the food of this nation in defence of the domestic despotism of aristocracy, millions and millions of men were born to insufferable misery, to hunger, nakedness, and crime, the result of maddened ignorance: and that in a land teeming with corn and cattle, and the wealth that could purchase them; and in a land too that sent out clothing for a world. The work of selfishness had proceeded, but had not prospered; wealth had been accumulated, but poverty had been accumulated too, a thousand fold; rents had been maintained, but ruin looked over the wall; there was universal activity, but its wages were famine; there was a thunder of machinery, and a din of never-ceasing hammers; but amid the chaos of sounds there were heard—not songs, but groans. It was then that Elliott was born, and there that he grew, in the very thick of this swarming, busy,

laborious, yet miserable generation. He saw with astonishment that all that prodigious industry produced no happiness; there were pomp and pauperism; toil and starvation; Christianity preached to unbelieving ears, because there were no evidences of its operation on hearts that had the power to bless; and thus famine, ignorance, and irritation, were converting the crowd into a mass of ravenous and dehumanized monsters. There needed a new orator of the patriot spirit. There needed a Burns of the manufacturing district, and he was there in the shape of Elliott. Had Burns been born again there, and under those circumstances, he would have manifested himself exactly as Elliott has done. He would have attacked manfully this monstrous bread-tax, which had thus disorganized society, disputing the passage of God's blessings to the many, and stamping a horrible character on the few. He would have vindicated the rights of man and his labours, and have sung down with fiery numbers all the crowding bugbears that armed monopoly had gathered round the people to scare them into quiet. Elliott has done that exactly; done that and no less. In the unpresuming character of "A Corn-Law Rhymers," of "The Poet of the Rabble," he sent out right and left, songs, sarcasms, curses, and battle cries, amongst the people. His words, never ceasing, fell like serpents amongst the multitude deadened by long slavery, and stung them into life. His voice once raised, never faltered, never paused; wherever the multitude met, they heard it; wherever they turned, they saw it embodied in largest handwriting on the wall. "Up! bread-taxed slave! Up! our bread is taxed—arise!" It was Elliott who sounded from day to day, and month to month, these ominous words in the nation's ears.

The fire which he scattered was electric. It spread rapidly, it kindled in millions of hearts, it became the soul of the sinking multitude. It was slower to seize on the moist and comfortable spirits of the middle classes and master-manufacturers; but the progress of foreign competition soon drove even them into action against the landlord's monopoly. The League arose. The prose-men took up the cry of the poet, and with material and ground prepared by him, went on from year to year advancing, by force of arguments and force of money, the great cause, till at this moment it may be said to be won. The Prime Minister of England pronounced the doom of the Corn-Law, and fixed the date of its extinction. All honour to every man who fought in the good fight, but what honour should be shown to him who began it? To the man who blew, on the fiery trumpet of a contagious zeal, defiance to the hostile power in the pride of its strength, and called the people together to the great contest? In that contest the very name of Ebenezer Elliott has of late ceased to be heard. Others have prolonged the war-cry, and the voice of him who first raised it seems to be forgotten; but not the less did he raise it. Not the less does that cause owe to him its earliest and amplest thanks. Not the less is it he who dared to clear the field, to defy the enemy, to array the host, to animate them to the combat, and proclaim to them a certain and glorious victory. And when the clamour of triumph shall have ceased, and a grateful people sit down to think, in their hours of evening or of holiday ease, of the past, they will remember the thrilling songs of their poet, and pay him a long and grateful homage.

By his own statement to me, it appears that Ebenezer Elliott was born the 17th of March, 1781, being one of eight children. His father was a commercial clerk in the iron works at Masborough, near Rotherham, with a salary of 70*l.* a year, "and consequently," says he, "a rich man in those days."

There is no complete biography of Mr. Elliott published, nor ever written. There is one in manuscript written by himself, but only up to a certain period. Beyond

that he has not been able to proceed, and has expressed doubts whether he ever shall. It no doubt relates to some crisis in his life, that from his desperate conflict with circumstances is recollected only with a horror that disables his pen: the bottom of that Jordan of affliction through which he passed, that he might become the interpreter of the sons of suffering. At the very memory of this stern baptism, that Herculean resolution which bore him through it falters; it is to be hoped, for the sake of posterity, one day, however, to collect itself again into a great effort, and to add another autobiography full of life's great lessons to those of Franklin and William Hutton. From a notice in a periodical some years ago, and which I believe from good authority to be correct, I extract the few particulars that are related of his early life.

"Ebenezer Elliott, in childhood, boyhood, and youth, was remarkable for good-nature, as it is called, and a sensitiveness, exceeded only by his extreme dullness and inability to learn anything that required the least application or intellect. His good-nature made him rather a favourite in his childhood with servant girls, nurses, and old women. One of the latter was a particular favourite with him—Nanny Farr, who kept the York Keelman public-house, near the foundry at Masborough, where he was born. She was a walking magazine of old English prejudices and superstitions;—to her he owes his fondness for ghost stories. When he was about ten years old, he fell in love with a young girl, now Mrs. Woodcock of Munster, near Greasborough, to whom he never to this day spoke one word. She then lived with her father, Mr. Ridgeway, a butcher and publican, close to the bridge on the Masborough side of the river Don. Such was his sensitiveness, that if he happened to see her as she passed, and especially if she happened to look at him,—which he now believes she never did,—he was suddenly deprived almost of the power of moving.

"His unconquerable dullness was improved into absolute stupidity by the help he received from an uncommonly clever boy, called John Ross, who did him his sums. He got into the rule of three without having learned numeration, addition, subtraction, and division. Old Joseph Ramsbotham seemed quite convinced, gave him up in despair, and at rule of three the bard jumped all at once to decimals, where he stuck. At this time he was examined by his father, who discovered that the boy scarcely knew that two and one are three. He was then put to work in the foundry on trial whether hard labour would not induce him to learn his 'counting,' as arithmetic is called in Yorkshire. Now it happened that nature, in her vagaries, had given him a brother called Giles, of whom it will be said by any person who knew him, that never was there a young person of quicker or brighter talents; there was nothing that he could not learn, but the praise he received ruined him in the end. His superiority produced no envy in Ebenezer, who almost worshipped him. The only effect it produced on him was, a sad sense of humiliation, and confirmed conviction that himself was an incurable dunce. The sense of his deficiencies oppressed him, and in private he wept bitterly. When he saw Giles seated in the counting-house, writing invoices, or posting the ledger; or when he came dirty out of the foundry, and saw him showing his drawings, or reading aloud to the circle, whose plaudits seemed to have no end,—his resource was solitude, of which from his infancy he was fond. He would go and fly his kite, always alone—and he was the best kite-maker of the place; or he would saunter along the canal bank, swimming his ships, or anchoring them before his fortresses—and he was a good ship-builder.

"One of Mr. Elliott's early companions was a youth of cultivated mind, with whom he read much, and conversed more, Joseph Ramsbotham, the son of his school-

master, who was educated for the ministry. This excellent young man, who died too soon, used to recite Greek to him; and the poet, without knowing anything of that language, was so delighted with the music of Homer, that he committed to memory the introductory lines of the *Iliad*, and could repeat them when the writer of this article first became acquainted with him. In the opening of his poem, *Withered Wild Flowers*, Elliott pays a tribute to these two excellent men, father and son.

"Mr. Elliott's memory is very retentive, and he does not easily forget what he has once learned. Translations have made him familiar with the classic poets of Greece and Rome. Amongst the tragedians, *Æschylus* is his favourite; whom he admires as the most original and sublime of the Athenian dramatic writers. His reading is extensive, and it has not been confined to poetry. History and political economy seem to have been his favourite studies; the latter has inspired some of his most admired productions. He writes prose as well as verse, and the style of some of his *Letters on the Corn Laws* has the condensed fire and energy of Junius; less polished, indeed, but equally pointed and severe. In conversation he is rapid and short; his sentences, when he is animated by the subject on which he is speaking, have all the force and brevity of Spartan oratory; they are words of flame; and in his predictions of calamity and woe—as, in his opinion, a necessary consequence of adhering to the present system of politics—it may be truly said, in his own language, 'his gloom is fire.' In argument every muscle of his countenance is eloquent; and when his cold blue eye is fired with indignation, it resembles a wintry sky flashing with lightning; his dark bushy brows writhing above it like the thunder-cloud torn by the tempest. You see at once, in his strongly-marked features, how much he has suffered; like Dante, he looks as if he had gone through his own hell! His voice, when reading his own verses—and no man can give them so much effect—is the most melancholy music that ever was heard; and his whole manner, expression, and appearance, irresistibly impress you with the conviction that he has dwelt with disappointment, and too long experienced the sickness of the heart which arises from 'hope deferred.' This is the fact. In his mercantile pursuits he has not always been fortunate; and his literary career, till lately, was unattended with one cheering circumstance. He has endured cold neglect for years, and had to struggle with difficulties of every kind. The firm and proud spirit which he manifested in contending with these, hurling back unmerited censure with scorn, and relying fully on his own powers for final success, is, next to his works, the strongest proof of his possessing intellectual superiority, however much it may indicate a want of the milder graces of the Christian character. His was not the weak spirit that sinks under misfortunes; his strong and powerful genius rose above them. He boldly grasped and eventually strangled the serpents that have stung so many others to death. To whomsoever else adversity has been fatal, to him it was of essential service: it called forth his powers, it roused him to the contest, it strengthened him for victory. His triumph is a glorious proof of what mind can effect, and we hail and exhibit it as a great moral lesson to the world."

Little as is the amount of biography contained in these passages I have quoted, I presume that it is all that we are to expect during the poet's life. It will be sufficient to add that, having thus triumphed over all resistance, both literary and mercantile, Mr. Elliott has now retired from business, to enjoy the calm evening of his days in the country.

They who class Ebenezer Elliott with poets of the working class, or look upon him as a poor man, are amazingly mistaken. It is true that he commenced

life as a working man. That he came to Sheffield, under peculiar circumstances, and, as I have heard, some hundred and fifty pounds worse than nothing; and, after suffering and enduring much like a man of iron, he struck into the right track; and, such was the prosperity of the town and trade of Sheffield, that he says he used to sit in his chair, and make his twenty pounds a-day, without even seeing the goods that he sold; for they came to the wharf, and were sold again thence, without ever coming into his warehouse or under his eye. The Corn Laws, he says, altered all this, and made him glad to get out of business with part of what he had got; the great panic and revulsion of 1837 sweeping away some three or four thousands at once. The trade in which Ebenezer Elliott made his money at Sheffield, was that of a bar-iron merchant. He first began this business in Burgess-street. The house is pointed out at the right-hand corner, at the top as you go up. Here prosperity first visited him, and the place becoming too small for his growing concerns, he removed his warehouse to Gibraltar-street, Shalesmoor; and took or built quite a handsome villa, in a garden of an acre in extent, enclosed with a high stone wall. This pleasant retirement was in the pleasant suburb of Upper Thorpe; whence, by a footpath over the hills at the back of the house, he could soon mount and see all Sheffield smoking at his feet, and then dive down at the back of the hills into his favourite haunt, the valley of the Rivelin.

Before, however, following the poet into these haunts, we will make a call at his place of business. Gibraltar-street, Shalesmoor, I found in the lower part of the town, almost every place thereabout bearing the old name of moor, although no trace of a moor could there be seen, but, on the contrary, crowded houses, reeking chimneys, and the swarming of human beings. Here I soon caught sight of a lowish, humblish sort of building, with "ELLIOTT AND CO'S IRON AND STEEL WAREHOUSE," painted in large letters along the front. This was the place where the Corn-Law Rhymers had at once pursued trade and poetry, with equal success. The business is now in the hands of two of his sons. On entering the front door, which, however, you are prevented doing, till a little iron gate in the door-way is first opened for you, you find yourself in a dingy place, full of bars of steel and iron, of all sorts and sizes, from slenderest rods to good massy bars, reared on almost every inch of space, so that there is but just room to get amongst them; and, in the midst of all, stands aloft a large cast of Shakspeare, with the Sir Walter Raleigh ruff round his neck, and moustaches. Your eye glancing forwards, penetrates a large warehouse behind, of the like iron gloom and occupation. On the left hand is a smallish room, into which you directly look, for the door is open, if door there be, and which is, properly, the counting-house, but is nearly as crowded with iron bars all round as the rest.

The son of Mr. Elliott, whom I found there, showed me the place with great good-nature, and seeing me look into this room, he said, "Walk in, Sir; that is the Corn-Law Rhymers' study; that is where my father wrote most of his poetry." We may safely assert that there is no other such poetical study in England, if there be in the world.

The centre of the room is occupied by a considerable office-desk, which, to judge from its appearance, has for many a year known no occupation but that of being piled with the most miscellaneous chaos of account-books, invoices, bills, memorandum-books, and the like, all buried in the dust of the iron age through which they have accumulated. To be used as a desk appears to have ceased long ago; it is the supporter of old chaos come again; and a couple of portable desks, set on the counter under the window, though elbowing up by lots of dusty iron, and looked down upon by Achilles and Ajax in wonder, seem to serve the real purposes of desks.

But Achilles and Ajax, says some one, what do they here? All round the room stand piles of bars of iron, and amid these stand, oddly enough, three great plaster casts of Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. The two Grecian heroes are in the front, on each side of the window, and Napoleon occupies an elevated post in the centre of the side of the room, facing the door. Such was at once the study and the warehouse of Ebenezer Elliott!

Surely, never were poetry and pence united together in such a scene before! You may imagine Robert Bloomfield stitching away at ladies' shoes, and tagging rhymes at the same time, in great peace and bodily comfort; being a journeyman for a long time, and when he had got his work from his master, being liable to very little interruption. You may imagine him thumping away on his last in poetic ardour, and in the midst of his enthusiasm hammering out a superior piece of soling leather and a triumphant verse at the same instant; but imagine Ebenezer Elliott, in the midst of all this iron wilderness, in the midst of bustling and clanging Sheffield, and the constant demands of little cutlers and the like—for constant they must have been for him to accumulate a fair fortune out of nothing,—imagine him in the midst of all this confusion of dusty materials, and the demands of customers, and the din and jar of iron rods and bars, as they were dragged out of their stations for examination and sale, and were flung into the scales to be weighed; imagine this, and that the man achieved a fortune and a fame at the same time—weighed out iron and ideas—took in gold and glory—cursed corn-laws, and blessed God, and man, and nature; established a large family, two sons as clergymen of the Church of England—three in trade—two of them his successors in steel, though not in stanzas, in iron, though not in irony; and then retired to his own purchased land, built his house on a hill top, and looked down on the world in philosophical ease, at little more than sixty years of age; and you may look a good while for a similar man and history.

A TRIP TO TEXAS.

BY FRANKLIN FOX.

"What a splendid schooner!" said Tom Stacy (an old shipmate of mine), pointing at a vessel near us, as we stood on the quay of New York, looking at the shipping, one morning, after about a week's run ashore.

"She is a pretty craft," replied I; "let's see where she hails from."

"The 'Olivia,' of Portland," cried Tom, moving so as to catch a sight of the gilt letters on her stern.

"Portland, eh?—she looks more like a Baltimorean."

"So she does," said Tom. "She's as smart, though, as any clipper from that spot, I warrant.—Just look at her spars!—there's masts for you! Some scraping done there, I guess.—What a rake, too! Well, she's a fine boat, surely."

We walked down the pier close to her, to take a nearer survey, and certainly the beauty of her appearance justified our encomiums, and would have arrested the attention even of an unautical passer-by. She was rigged as a topsail schooner. Her masts, which were very lofty, were all scraped bright, and the sails neatly furled, with snow-white covers over them; a large "burgee" was streaming out from the main-top-mast head, whence a line would have plumbed the water under her stern, so great was the rake. All the fittings about deck were beautifully neat, and, looking down the open hatchway, we saw the beams and knees were all varnished.

"Plenty of rubbing and polishing!" ejaculated Tom. Her hull was well shaped—sharp as a knife at the

bows, with a very fair run. She had been newly painted on the outside, and sat as daintily on the water, with her mooring-warps hanging slack, as if conscious of, and expecting, the admiration she excited. Altogether she was, as Tom said, "as pretty a thing as you'd see in a day's walk."

"Where are you bound to?" inquired I of one of the crew, who was leaning over the side.

"Texas," said he.

"Have you got all hands?" said Tom.

"No;—I guess the old man 'll want to ship a couple as soon as the freight comes down."

"How many hands do you carry?"

"Five for'ard."

"What's the schooner's tonnage?"

"Well, I guess it's about 125 as near as may be."

"You've been in her some time?"

"Yes—goodish spell."

"Good old man?"

"First-rate!"

"Is he aboard now?" said Tom.

"No," replied our informant; "he's gone up town—guess he'll be round here soon, though, it's just dinner time."

"Thank ye! Good day, matey," rejoined Tom, as we stepped on shore.

"Well, Tom," said I, "what do you say? Shall we go to Texas?"

"Yes, if you like," replied Tom; "we may as well go there as anywhere else, as I see. It's November now, and we ought to be out south somewhere soon to get clear of the cold weather."

"Very well, then," said I, "we'll wait and board the old man when he comes down."

Tom and I sat ourselves down on some timber that was lying on the pier abreast of the schooner, and presently saw a tall, red-faced, elderly gentleman come striding down towards us.

"That's him," said Tom, "I'll bet a dollar."

It was the captain, and as he stepped on board his vessel, Tom and I walked after him.

"Want any men, captain?" said Tom, sticking his hands down into his pockets, meaning thereby to show his American independence (not of very long standing though, by the bye, for Tom had not been many months in the States), and to exhibit his contempt for the English fashion of touching the hat to a superior, which conveys to American minds such a striking proof of the meanness of soul existing among Britishers.

"Well," said Captain Transom, surveying us, "I guess I do want two hands; but," added he, turning to me, "I'd rather have a heavier man than you are."

"Little, but good," shoved in Tom.

"However," said the captain, "may be you're smart enough to make up for it, so come aboard, and go to work to-morrow morning, both of you."

"Aye, aye, sir! Good day!" and Tom and I took ourselves off.

"That job's jobbed," said Tom, as we walked up towards our boarding-house.

"And a good job too," said I.

"That ain't quite so certain," said Tom; "however, if we don't like her we can leave her. It ain't for life, you know, as the gal said."

"No, that's one consolation," rejoined I. "But here we are at home. Let's put our things in order after dinner."

"Very well," replied Tom.

This proceeding did not occupy much time, for Tom and I had only been ashore a few days, and what things we wanted for another trip were soon purchased, and stowed away in our chests. Tom said he was always readier to go to work at the end of the first week than the fourth, and, in this instance, I agreed with him;

so the next morning we took up our quarters in our new home.

The schooner was freighted by a gentleman who, having some money to speculate with, had invested it in a cargo of goods adapted to the wants of a young country; he proposed going out with us himself, and disposing of them to the best advantage. If variety in the selection of the articles for exportation could have ensured their sale, he was undoubtedly entitled to a speedy and profitable one, for I think I never saw a more varied assortment. Everything you could think of was there, from a waggon to a wash-hand bowl, from a hatchet to a house-frame, only wanting to be stuck in the ground to live in: axes, apples, sugar, soap, shovels, potatoes, pickles, pickaxes, and boxes of pipes, came pouring in by cartloads, and the Olivia's hold was soon filled up. Not content with that, the pretty schooner's deck was lumbered up with four boats, two of them for sale, and a parcel of light boards and shingles for roofing houses. At last everything was on board, and we hauled out to the pier end, ready to start. By this time Tom and I had become pretty well acquainted with the characters of those with whom we were about to sail.

To begin with the captain. He was a first-rate "old man," as far as good treatment and good living went; but he was getting old and fidgety, and sometimes showed more timidity than the occasion called for. The mate, whose name was Jasper Bailey, was a *protégé* of the captain's; he had been apprenticed to a shoemaker, but abandoned the pegging awl and waxed ends for the marling-spike and ropes' ends. He was a bit of a carpenter and a bit of a sailor, too much of both to be great in either; and stood in some awe of the captain, with whom he tried hard to ingratiate himself, by flying with alacrity to execute whatever command he might give: his haste was occasionally so great that, not waiting for the conclusion of an order, he would rush off to get the first part of it executed, and find out, when he had the thing completed, what he ought to have waited and discovered at first, that the captain wanted it done in quite a different manner, and that it must all be done over again. This was unpleasant; but, as Tom said, "we were by the month, and it all went to a day's work," it was not of much consequence. The remainder of the crew consisted of the steward and three young Americans—hardworking, sociable fellows, with whom we were soon on the best of terms.

'Twas a fine day, with a sensible dash of cold in it though, in the middle of November, when, with our sails hoisted, and flapping in the breeze, and the fasts singled, we lay awaiting the arrival of our captain and the passenger. They are soon on board; and with her broad sheets of canvass trimmed to the wind, the "Olivia" is cutting through the smooth waters of the harbour, and threading her way among the crowded shipping. We are soon clear of them; and with fair wind and tide, are making rapid progress on our way. Staten Island is passed, and the distance to the Hook is soon run. Then the pilot leaves us, and rounding the broad sandy beach with its noble lighthouses, we stand out to sea. Night sets in, and the Olivia dashes on with the open sea before her, and the high land-lights at the back of Sandy Hook twinkling behind. Tom and I sat on the windlass, and watched them fading away.

"Good bye, York!" said Tom; "it's only a week ago since we passed these lights the other way; and I'll be hanged if I ain't glad to be at sea again."

"So am I, Tom. It's no use to stop ashore when the money's gone."

"No," said Tom, "that's a fact."

"Slashing breeze!" said I, after a pause. "She's balling it off now."

"Yes! this boat can walk, I tell you," said Tom.

"I wonder how she steers. Bad enough, if one can judge from the way that fellow's working the tiller about."

So it proved, for instead of having the purchase of a wheel to steer by, the schooner had, like many small vessels, nothing but a long tiller inserted in the rudder head; it was carved and polished, and looked very well, but that did not make the steerage easier; and, with the schooner deeply laden, and a fresh breeze, a man had to work hard to keep her within half a point each way of her course. The wind from the north and westward was right after us, and held in that quarter, blowing a fresh, steady breeze. On the second day we were nearly abreast of Cape Hatteras, and the wind, already as strong as we wished to see it, increased its force, and the dark masses of clouds gathering astern, and the quick drifting scud overhead, warned us to prepare for more; this was not altogether unexpected, for the reputation of Cape Hatteras there, for bad weather, is equal to that of the Bay of Biscay at home, and lucky is the passer-by that escapes without some share of it. Before night came on, we shortened sail, and with three reefs in her large fore and aft sails, we let the schooner run before the gale, which was gradually increasing, and raising a tremendous sea. To steer the schooner at her increased speed, and keep her before the heavy seas, was now the greatest difficulty. In moderate winds and fine weather it was bad enough, and now three of us could hardly manage her. At twelve o'clock (midnight) the fury of the gale appeared to have reached its height. We lowered the sails down, till they bagged, nearly to the water's edge; and the schooner, like a horse with the bit between its teeth, foamed along, her deck one sheet of water. Tom and I, and the mate, went to take our turn at the tiller, and I never remember passing four hours of my life less pleasantly. The schooner was almost unmanageable, and every third or fourth wave washed completely over us at the helm—not little clouds of spray, just sufficient to wet one side of your face, but regular green seas coming bouncing over us, drenching us from head to foot, and making a tight and firm hold of the tiller a matter of some importance, as the water swept down to leeward. In a hot summer's night, in the tropics, such a shower-bath might not be attended by much discomfort, but when the drops of water nearly froze upon one's clothes in the intervals of its coming, it was dreadful; the great exertion that it required to work the tiller was the only thing that prevented us, in that exposed position, from being benumbed, and swept overboard. Captain Transom stood in the companion-way, the doors of which were closed, and the slide drawn back only far enough to make room for his head, which he popped down every time the sea came over, watching the waves as they came chasing after us, now curling their heads high above the schooner's stern, and bursting into foam under her quarters, or hiding everything from sight for a moment, as they swept over the deck. We, at the helm, had our backs to all this; and the sight of those watery mountains, each one coming as it were in haste to overwhelm us, was enough to fidget the nerves of one possessing a stout heart.

"I'm almost afraid to run her any longer, Mr. Bailey," said the captain, "but it's the quickest way to get out of the gale. Take care! take care!" shouted he, as an immense wave broke on the quarter, and washing over us, swung the schooner's head, despite the helm, up towards the wind.

This shift of position caused the wind to catch the sails the other way, and with a thundering crash, breaking ropes and stanchions, the heavy booms and thick wet canvases jibed across the deck. The schooner lay for a moment in the trough of the sea, when another wave, breaking over her a little before the beam, stove

in the bulwarks, forced her head off before the wind, and the sails, with an awful slam that shook her to the centre, swung into their former place. The crew ran aft to escape the last rush of water, and, as we caught our breaths, of which the cold immersion had deprived us, we looked up at the masts, in wonder that they were not towing alongside.

"We are all going to hell together!" cried the captain; "so let's make the best of it."

At these words he produced a flask of brandy, which was passed round, and helped to revive us more than his allusion to such an unpleasant termination of our journey. Invigorated by the stimulant we had taken the tiller was worked with renewed strength, and all our attention devoted to prevent a recurrence of the late accident, as the least evil likely to result from it would be the loss of our masts. We succeeded in keeping the vessel before the sea, and towards morning the extreme violence of the wind abated, leaving us running with a fresh gale, too strong though to allow the sea to subside much. This continued for three days, and while it lasted any attempt to keep dry on deck was useless; for the first two or three times, after getting what rest below we might, we returned on deck in dry clothes, but as we were generally greeted upon appearing above the fore'st scuttle by a slap in the face from a wave curling over us, and as it was nearly a swimming matter to get from one end of the schooner to the other, we presently desisted (the more so as a dry suit was becoming a rarity), and merely changed while we were below, donning a wet suit before emerging upon deck. We all suffered, more or less severely, from the cold; and Tom and I cursed all schooner sailing in general, and such boats as the "Olivia," that didn't go over the seas, but through (I might almost say under) them, in particular. However, every medal has its reverse; and nothing could be more delightful, than when, in a week's time, by the help of a fine breeze—which, though it blew the water over us, blew the schooner over the water—we got into West India latitude and warm weather, and passing through the "hole in the wall,"¹ and across the Banks of Bahama, with a clear blue sky overhead, a pleasant breeze, and a smooth sea, the pretty "Olivia" dances along on her way across the Gulf of Mexico: now coming up with, and passing, some great lump of a cotton ship, bound into Orleans or Mobile, her crew gazing down at us as if from the walls of some great castle, as we run up alongside, and, hailing them, pass on a-head, wishing them a speedy passage and good bye; or, exchanging greetings with some lumbering brig bound to the north, leave her quickly far behind us, and keep merrily on upon our course. This was the very essence of sailing; and the passenger, who had only come up to blow at rare intervals before, now lounged about the deck, luxuriating in Havannah cigars, and chatting with us as we lay sunning ourselves on the fore'st, or leant across the square-sail yard, when "big Ben" (as the captain called it) was stowed; and Tom and I concluded that, after all, schooner sailing was not so dreadful bad as we had made it out at first.

On the sixteenth day after our departure from New York we made the Texian land, near Matagorda—its appearance, as far as we could make out, was not tempting, low sandy flats bordered the sea, and further inland nothing was visible but marshy ground or swamp, with an occasional herd of wild cattle trooping across. We coasted along the shore, and next day anchored in an open roadstead, about a mile outside of the bar which crosses the entrance of Aransas Bay, the place to

(1) The name given by sailors to the passage through the "wall" of islands, by which the Gulf of Mexico is approached from the Atlantic Ocean.

which we were bound. And what a place it was! The dismantled wreck of a vessel was lying where she had struck on the bar, the position of which was indicated by a line of broken water; inside, two or three small schooners were lying at anchor; all signs of the cluster of huts that we afterwards discovered composed the town, were hidden from our view by the sandy banks of the winding inlet by which it was approached after crossing the bar.

Before we anchored, a little schooner, which proved to be the pilot boat, stood out and spoke us—the pilot asked how much water we drew, and then said he could not take us in over the bar.

"What am I to do then?" inquired Captain Transom, in answer to this announcement. "This ain't a place for a vessel to lie in, if it comes on to blow."

"Can't help that," said the pilot, "there's only seven foot of water on the bar, and you draw over eight—can't take you in. You must lie here till the steamer comes out to lighten you."

So saying, he took his departure, not however before our passenger had agreed for and taken passage with him for the shore, glad of any change from the cabin of a small vessel, leaving our captain in no very good humour; he grumbled for awhile, and at last gave orders to come to anchor, which we did. Towards evening, the wind, which was along the coast, freshened up, and blew strongly all night. The captain, considerably alarmed, called us up in the middle of the night to clear away another anchor, and kept a man constantly attending the lead to see if the vessel dragged,—we had, in reality, less to apprehend from that cause (for if the anchors had not held, we could only have drifted along parallel with the shore) than from the vessel's motion rolling some of the spars out of her; she laid wallowing in the trough of the sea, and having nothing to steady her, dipped her gunwale under nearly every roll; it was almost impossible for sailors even to get about the deck. This lasted till morning, when we got everything ready for slipping our cable, (i. e. leaving it behind us, with a buoy attached) for there was no appearance of either steamer or pilot-boat coming out to us, and as the gathering clouds in the S. E. indicated the approach of wind from that quarter, the captain concluded to go to sea—to stay longer would not have been prudent, for, in the event of a gale in that direction right towards the shore, we should have only had the alternative of hanging to our anchors, or beating off a lee shore; whereas, now we gained a good offing before the storm broke. Accordingly, we put to sea, leaving our anchor and cable behind, and for eight days were beaten and tossed about, keeping as near as we could our position off the port, just out of sight of land. On the ninth day the weather moderated a little, and the wind favouring us we ran into the land, and, after cruising about a good while, found our anchor buoy, which, at the expense of some time and labour, we picked up; then, as the weather began to look dirty again, we got out to sea as fast as possible. No sooner were we clear of the land, than the wind rose again. The captain began to lose all patience, as did the rest of us.

"Blow'd if I think it means to leave off blowing at all," said Tom, after a long conversation about the Flying Dutchman, which he persisted in believing in.

"What's the odds," cried one of the others, "as long as you're happy?"

"Why the odds make the difference," replied Tom, "and if it does leave off blowing, and we get into the cursed place, it's a chance if we get out again."

"Well then, we must stop there, I suppose," replied the other; "we shall have good weather before long."

So we had, but not until four or five days had elapsed, when the wind moderated, and the weather appeared settled at fine. We had by this time been blown some distance from the land, the captain did not exactly know

how far, and as it was near night before it became quite fine, he was rather dubious about running in for the shore (for which the wind was fair) before daylight. However, while he was hesitating, another schooner hove in sight; she was bound in, and running before the wind, with all sail set; this sight of course decided him, and following the stranger's example, we kept away for the land, though not until he was within hail, when the two "old men" had some chat together.

"What was your latitude to-day?" inquired Captain Transom.

"Well, I reckon my latitude's 27° 40'," said the stranger; "what's yours?"

"I make it only 27° 10'," replied our old man; "what did you stand on?"

"Why, I forget what I stood on—but I guess I'm right."

"Perhaps I mistook a nought for a nine," holloed our captain, who began to feel fidgetty at the stranger's indifference, as the vessels separated more.

"Reckon you did," shouted the other, "good night."

The captain went down below with the mate to overhaul their reckoning, and the vessels widened their distance.

"What do they mean by what they stand on?" said I to Tom, who, with myself, had been listening to the previous dialogue; "I never heard of standing before about a ship's latitude."

"No!" said Tom, in some surprise; "why it's what all the Yankees say—it's what their quadrant stands at, when the sun's up."

"Well!" said I, "live and learn—that's an altitude in my country."

"Trim sails," cried the mate, interrupting us. The sails were trimmed, and the captain, finding no error, shaped his course from his own calculation, leaving the stranger to travel his own road; luckily we were right, and the next day saw us anchored once again outside the bar. In a short time, our passenger came off to us with the pilot, who had undertaken at his persuasion to take us over the bar as we were. The schooner drew a few inches more than eight feet, and having levelled our deck load, to bring her on an even keel, we made sail and stood in. The pilot told us, that owing to the late strong winds, there was a higher tide than usual; luckily for us the sea was very smooth, not so smooth though as to still the sullen roar of the large calm waves as they broke on each side of the mouth of the inlet, leaving a small still place in the centre, which showed us the narrow passage where we had to pass.

"Blow! good breeze, blow!" cried the pilot between intervals of violent whistling, invoking the light and favouring air that swept us on towards the bar. As the distance lessens, the dull thunder of the sea grows plainer every minute—now—we're passed the wreck, round which the waves keep a continual sheet of foam, and now we enter on the smooth unbroken water, that marks our path a-head; the sea curled and broke in regular succession, and as we steer between the troubled water on each side, the very waves we are upon seem almost bending their heads to burst forth into foam as we pass over them. Now good wind assist us; the breeze freshens, and the schooner bumps gently on the bar, between the long swells that help her over. Another shock a little harder, the light air fails us, and we are hard and fast, the sails flap idly with the schooner's rolling, as she bumps upon the bottom. Ten yards further, and we shall be clear—come, gentle breeze, another puff, one little puff to help us over—here it comes at last, rippling over the water. The sails fill and the vessel's keel grins and grinds through the hard sand,—the bar is crossed, and we glide swiftly along the quiet waters of the inlet to our berth among the other schooners, with the breakers' roar still faintly echoing astern.

The town, which we had now an opportunity of observing, is situated on the right-hand shore of the inlet, six or seven miles from the bar; it is composed of a cluster of wooden huts, sufficient to supply the necessary shelter, and little else, to a detachment of General Taylor's army, the head quarters of which were some forty miles distant at Corpus Christi. Halfway between the town and the bar stood the custom-house, a solitary, detached, wooden hut, looking like a melancholy emblem of the "Lone Star" in the flag of Independence that waved over it. That star now is one of the cluster of small fry that adorn the Yankee "*Gridiron*."

What they wanted with a custom-house heaven knows, for the scarcity of the necessities of life was such as to make them glad to obtain them upon any terms, and would preclude the idea, one would suppose, of a tax upon them,—however, there it stood, and it did not prevent the American traders from realising large profits by the sale of their goods.

The left bank of the inlet (into which the Aransas river runs above the town) is all marshy swamp; it is intersected by little muddy salt water streams, where in the season plenty of capital oysters may be found. Turtles are seen occasionally, and sometimes caught in the winter time, when numbed by the cold. These are, I think, the principal recommendations in this part of the country, not much certainly to compensate for the fever and ague which would probably visit a settler there.

Some days after our arrival, one of the crew of a schooner that had been lying there some time came on board of us; he was quite astonished that we, in our ignorance of the place, had brought nothing out with us for sale.

"Why, what will they buy?" asked Tom.

"Buy," returned the other, "they'll buy anything—your chest of clothes, if you'll sell it—whiskey and tobacco are the best things, they're sure to go off. I sold my whiskey, that cost half a dollar a gallon in Orleans, at fifteen drops for a picayune (2½d.); and the tobacco that I paid ten cents for, at fifty cents a pound."

Tom and the rest of us opened our eyes at this, and were rather incredulous; until some time after, when our passenger wished us good bye, telling us he had made seventy-five per cent profit on his goods, said he was off to New Orleans by the steam-boat for another cargo; we then concluded that it was all true, and that we were great fools not to have done the same.

After we had discharged our cargo, which we put into an old, tumble-down, high-pressure steam-boat that had come out here from New Orleans, and which, after proceeding ten miles on its journey to Corpus Christi, got ashore on a mud-bank and there stopped—the people on board playing cards, and drinking, after they had got there, in perfect indifference—we had a very monotonous time of it for the two or three weeks that we lay there. Ashore there was nothing to be seen except lazy soldiers and half-bred Mexicans. Seaward there was no variety except the temporary excitement occasioned by some unfortunate schooner getting ashore. This occurred several times during our stay; and, the first event of the sort we figured in, the pilot schooner got ashore one foggy morning on the other side of the neck of sand that formed the lower part of the right bank of the inlet. She was about two miles from where we lay in a straight line; but to approach her by water, we must have gone out to the bar, round the point in which the right shore terminated, and back again, the other side. We had no boat fit to do this; and the captain, thinking there might be somebody to save on board the schooner, over which we saw the sea breaking, as we caught a glimpse of her occasionally through the fog, proposed that we should land in a light boat that we had, and carry it on our shoulders

across the sand;—we did so—and a precious tramp we had of it; carrying a boat on our shoulders for two miles across sand into which at every step we sunk knee deep was no light work, and when we got there it was of no use, for the crew had come ashore an hour or two before, so all we could do was to carry our boat back again, besides getting laughed at by some people there, for our pains.

Another schooner struck on the bar, as a steamer was towing her out, and in half an hour afterwards filled and went down just outside. These accidents, and more of the same sort, made our captain feel rather alarmed, and postpone starting for some time. At length, after a month's stay, we took a few tons of sand on board for ballast, and prepared to sail the next day. Accordingly, the next morning when the passenger-boat that steamed to New Orleans twice a week came past us, and took another schooner in tow, our captain determined to go too.

"Can you take two vessels?" inquired he, hesitatingly, of the captain of the steam-boat.

"Take two!" roared the other; "take a dozen. Be quick, get your hawser fast to the other schooner if you're going."

"I don't half like this fellow," said our old man to the master of the other schooner; "he'll be leaving us on the bar I expect."

"Are you going or no?" thundered the captain of the steamer.

"Yes," said the old man at last, "must go some time or another—make the hawser fast."

"All fast, Sir."

"Go ahead," cried the captain of the boat, and away we went down the inlet behind the other schooner.

When we came within sight of the bar, the captain grew rather nervous; there had been a strong breeze all night, which caused a heavy sea, and a terrible commotion at the mouth of the inlet—there was no stopping now—so on we went. The sea was running so high, that I almost expected to see the bottom between the waves. On went the steamer, and on went we, pitching and diving after her; here we are, abreast the poor old wreck, upon the bar again—and soon we felt it. Bang went the schooner down upon the hard bottom in the trough of every sea. Bang, bump again, till the masts shook like twigs.

"Oh, my God! my God!" cried the captain, running round the deck as pale as a sheet.

Still, we forged ahead with every sea that lifted us. One thundering crash shook the schooner to her centre, throwing us down on deck, and the "*Olivia*" sticks fast.

"Cast off your hawser," cried the captain of the boat, "I can't get you over."

"Let go my hawser," roared the captain of the other schooner, "you'll have me stuck too."

"Go ahead for God's sake," cried our captain, not minding them; "tow me over, and I'll give you fifty dollars extra."

"Well, I'll try you again," said the steam-boat captain. "Go ahead."

Ahead he went, and pulled and tugged; the hawser surged and cracked, and we lay thumping down upon the bar. Now she moves again—another drag ahead like that, and the next sea the schooner falls but lightly on the bar—the next one lighter still,—and now we are across the bar again in safety.

The steamer let go of us, and getting his cash, the captain went upon his way. We started for Orleans, and in a few days were sailing on the placid waters of the Mississippi, and in a few days more safe at New Orleans, where Tom and I, having had enough of schooner sailing, left the "*Olivia*," resisting all the captain's persuasions to stay, which he enforced by asserting that no amount of freightage should ever again tempt him to undertake another "Trip to Texas."



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT—APRIL.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Bow in the aisle, thou little flower;
Bow in the greeny aisle,
Of God's all-holy pile,
Thou little trembling flower!
Arrayed in loveliness and shaped in love,
Sweet worshipper on nature's floor,
Cast thy rich incense and thy gaze above,
See! from Heaven comes the dewy Spring once more.

MARCH yet lingers with us in reality, though he is gone in name. We have the presence of his east winds, which so much prevail during the English springs, and are, indeed, the great drawbacks to their pleasantness. April and May, the months which the poets have so much delighted to paint as everything delicious and poetical, suffer too frequently the tyranny of the east wind. We are never in this country sure of steady, genial weather till well advanced in June. But fickleness and uncertainty have always been the character of our climate, and who shall blame even the seasons for standing up for their ancient character? If our spring be uncertain, no doubt we enjoy the more the fine days, and the occasional fine seasons, when we do get them. There is a feeling about the spring months, after all, be they bad as they may, which is peculiar—which can never be annihilated—and which, therefore, amid all shivering winds, sleet, and snow, and fitting sunshine, has something pleasant in it. Thus in April the country people often wonder why we have not April weather, and then they explain it very satisfactorily to themselves:—it is still little more than old March. It is still the time of the year which was the March of our ancestors, during the old style; and the April of the poets is but just beginning. Others tell us that it is now BLACKTHORN WINTER; that is, the time when the blackthorn is about to blossom, which, say they, has always been notorious for cold weather, easterly and north-easterly winds, sleet, hail, and sometimes snow. The blackthorns, and the plums, too, in our orchards, show themselves thickly clustered with buds which are ready to burst open, the whiteness of the blossom half revealed, like the smile of an arch cottage damsel, who says, spite of dangers abroad, "I have half a mind to sally out."

Cold as the winds are, the buds of many trees are daily swelling and growing more conspicuous, as if they

must come forward, be the weather what it will. The lilac looks really green; it presents itself an object of bushy thickness; it is no longer clustered with mere buds, but flushed with half-unfolded leaves, and the bunches of the future blossoms are conspicuous amongst them. The yellow rose is nearly as forward, but its leaf-clusters are more thinly scattered. The bursting blossoms of the pear stand with a lavish promise of beauty and plenty along every bough. The rose-bushes have sent forth not merely leaves, but long crimson shoots. The syringa is perfectly clothed with its pale-green leaves, amongst which its buds hang abundantly. The Taccamahac is studded with its yellow masses of aromatic and gummy leaves; and as you walk along your plantations, or in your fields, you are struck with the large, pale green, gummy buds of the chestnut, which are swelling and bursting forth impatiently, and brightening up the woodside in every passing gleam of the sun. They seem to say as plainly as possible, Let us have but one day's warmth, and we shall all rush out like a pack of school-boys for their noon-day play. The hedges are nearly as vigorously impatient, and even patches of thorough green show themselves here and there, you cannot tell why, for there is no more sun and no less east wind there than anywhere else.

Such is often the opening of April. It is not winter, it is not summer—it is spring—the fickle and chilly spring of dear Old England; and is accompanied by its peculiar objects and aspects. Spite of all the coldness and the backwardness—spite of the prognostications that the swallow dare not come, and that the cuckoo will this year have "to sing on a bare thorn"—besides those buds and unwrapping leaves which we have already noticed, a greenness will steal along the sheltered hedgesides of fields, will overrun the southern banks, and flourish in the bowery lanes. The little ficary, or small celandine, with its brilliant golden disk, will be seen scattered along the banks, and promising that at the first genial change, thousands and ten thousands in crowding ranks shall come after them. The homely and good-natured little daisy, which is never affronted that we bring other favourites from all quarters of the globe, and make our gardens perfectly on flame with the gorgeous tints of other climates, still nods to us smilingly from our lawns, and thinly sprinkles

before us in our walks the bare turf of the wind-swept meadows. The coltsfoot shows its yellow flowers on cold and bare lands, without a leaf. Violets, blue and white, are found sweet as ever in their old-established haunts; the cardamine bows to us here and there from a moist, green hollow, or on the margin of a little runnel; the primroses in their loveliness are as punctual as daylight itself, in the spots where they have appeared as long as we can remember anything; anemones are dancing in the rude breeze; and everywhere the trees in woods and hedgerows look crimson with very life, and make us feel what an outburst of nature's delight is preparing even in these black, chill days.

It was at a season like this, years ago, when the heart expands to the love of our mother earth, and we desire our children to love her too, that I wrote the following stanzas:—

TO A DEAR LITTLE GIRL.

Go to the fair fields where thy mother grew;

Go, mark that river's eye-rejoicing roll;

And let those bright and blessed scenes imbue

Thy happy soul.

Go to that land deliciously that lies,

Brown heaths, dark woods, green valleys, glades obscure,
Basking beneath the undisturbed skies,

Silent and pure.

Inviolate yet—the insufferable throng

Of lettered coxcombs has not broke its rest;

Still left to silence, solitude, and song,—

A region blest.

Go, dedicate thy heart to Nature's love,

For there she dwells in glory; thou shalt there

Learn how her spells round the young soul are wove—

Her spirit share.

I would not have thee linked unto the gauds

Of city life, moulded to fancies vain;

Pining for follies which the fool applauds,

The wise disdain.

But be thy spirit wed unto the soul

Of Nature's greatness—to the living flow

Of noblest thought, warm feelings—to the whole

She will bestow.

Then let the world her witcheries employ;

Thy love her poor enchantments will not win;

But brightest waters from the fount of joy

Shall well within.

Then shalt thou gather wisdom day by day

From stars and mountains—wealth from wind and wave;

And the fond heart which framed this guiding lay

Bless in the grave.

The season of spring, and in no month more than in April, is the season which awakes the tenderest memories, and the most touching regrets. If we say Spring is long a-coming, Spring herself, as with a voice from the ground, says, "Where is the snowdrop?" We look, and it is gone—actually gone! The snowdrop has bloomed its little cloudy, windy day, and is gone for another year. The crimson flowers of the hepatica, which looked so cordial and so cheerful when they and the snowdrop had the whole garden to themselves, are gone too. The Christmas rose, that flower of the Alpine valleys, has scattered its petals on the winds long ago; nay, the very crocus, with its bright orange and purple tufts, so gay but the other day, is missing. Who says, then, that Spring is not come? See! the daffodil with its long azure leaves, and its jolly orange countenance, is blooming in masses, or in long, showy lines—that favourite old flower which has blossomed in our crofts and home pastures, hanging over old mossy wells, whence the village rhyme—

The daffy-down-dilly did grow by a well,
But who were its parents no one could tell.

The daffy-down-dilly, which has been plucked and scattered about by village children for generations and generations past—that good old English flower, which belongs to cottage gardens, and is the time-honoured companion of rue, and wall-flower, and rosemary, which has sprung up at the foot of box-hedges and in neglected arbours and alleys, giving a pensive smile even to desolation itself, and refusing to quit the ground even when the hands that planted it are crumbled into churchyard dust, and the dwellings round which it and its fellows grew have fallen to decay with time, and have been clean swept away. When all other memories have perished—when the families which owned those homesteads have quitted their native land altogether, and planted themselves on the banks of the Ohio or the St. Lawrence—the good old daffodil springs up still in the same place, and tenderly reminds us that human beings and their cares, their joys and troubles, have some time dwelt there.

Flourish then, thou brave old Daffodil, joyously for thy day, with all thy old friends round thee!—the friends that thou hast had for years—the polyanthus, the single pale primrose from the woods; the primroses double, white and purple, that now give such beauty to our borders; the garden anemone, of various rich colours; the double white anemone, originally from our fields, once a very favourite flower, but now rarely found; the tufts of white and yellow alyssum; the spicy wall-flower, a genuine old English plant; the lively periwinkle; the dogtooth violet, and violets white and blue, single and double, now beginning to be hidden in their leaves.

There is no season which Shakspeare seems to have delighted in so much as in this of early Spring. He refers, on many occasions, to April with a feeling of intense delight. He was born in April; and the very mildness and changeableness of the month appeared to delight him. April, daffodils, and violets, are continually recurring in his pages.

Towards the middle of the month, especially if the wind change and April showers fall, what a change! What a greenness in the grass! How the buds and leaves will have advanced! On such days set forth all you that love nature and yourselves. Breakfast early, and immediately after it set forth. Away through old villages, old parks, over commons and uplands. The larks are singing in the air; the blackbirds and thrushes in the lofty trees. Everywhere on the commons are flocks of geese in colour exactly resembling the catkins of the willow. The gorse is in full bloom; along the hedge-sides, and in the dells and woods, the primroses lie like sunshine, and breathe forth their faint but delicious perfume. The wood anemones are in thousands. The turf here and there is actually sown with violets. Cowslips are putting up their buds all over the meadows, some already in flower; and the oxlip, half primrose, half cowslip, is also in full bloom. On the purple stems of the woodspurge hang its pale-green flowers, and in old orchards the ground is actually snowed with white violets. The laugh-like cry of the woodpecker, and the harsh note of the jay awaken the forest; and the dusky wings of rooks glance in the sun as they are driven from the new-sown fields by the clapper of the bird-boy. Bees will be seen again diving into the bells of flowers and making a sunshiny hum of renewed happiness. Everywhere, be sure, you will see men, women, and children in the fields enlivening the landscape while pursuing their labours. Some are ploughing, some harrowing, some picking stones from the grass, others rolling, or bush-harrowing; some are cleaning the drilled wheats, and others breaking the caked crust on the surface with light harrows. The shepherds are shifting their hurdles to give their flocks a fresh piece of the green rye; and the cottagers are busy in their gardens, where are blooming fumitory, Jerusalem cow-

slips, blue cynoglossum, yellow and orange crown imperials, large pink saxifrage, hyacinths, coreoruses, narcissuses of several kinds, the small native blue anemones, jonquils, the almond, and pyrus japonica. Peacock and tortoise-shell butterflies may be seen in numbers amongst the flowers, settling on the warm gravel, or two of them hovering one above the other in the air.

Such is April, and with variable winds and rains, it now marches on gloriously to the end. Nightingales abound; flowers and bird's-nests abound; the calthas or kingcups are perfectly blazing plots of living gold, near rivers and in marshes, where the frogs begin their choruses like the hoarse turning of a million wheels. Botanists and entomologists with tin cases, and flying nets are abroad, happy men!

Where there's neither suit nor plea,
But only the wild creatures, and many a spreading tree.

From the dense manufacturing town, the pale mechanic issues forth on a Sunday, for a long and glorious day of natural history enjoyment. How many such men do the dense alleys of Manchester and Sheffield contain. How many poets do such human wildernesses also conceal. I have now lying before me more than a score of poems sent from the hearts of poor men, by the influence of Spring, seeking, and alas! in vain, for a medium of expression in *Howitt's Journal*. Would it were a hundred times more capacious for their sakes; but I will at least close this article with a few stanzas from one of these poems by a Sheffield grinder.

Heralded by sunbeams golden,
Garlanded with green buds fair,
Modest snowdrops, just unfold,
Toying 'mid her streamy hair,
Comes fair Spring, a blushing maiden,
With rich hope and beauty laden!

Over brake and meadow winging,
Breathes she life, and light, and power,
Waking song-birds to their singing,
Calling up the dewy flower!
Winter's sterner looks subduing,
Earth with greener tints imbuing.

In the dell, a dewy bather,
Blooms the golden celandine;
Violets into clusters gather;
Daisies dip their fringe in wine.
Below are humming bright-hued things,
Above, the lonely wild-bird sings.

Zephyrs greet us; skies grow brighter,
Flashing 'neath the noon tide ray;
Fair eyes sparkle, hearts grow lighter,
Limbs with gladder impulse play.
Spring brings earth her leaf and flower,
Hearts fresh gladness, minds new power.

Sporting through green lane and meadow,
Laughing half his time away,
Childhood, chasing bee and shadow,
Toyleth out the pleasant day.
Limbs all wearied, laughing, sighing,
Slowly creeps he homeward hieing.

Beauty's pilgrim!—Nature, loving—
Spring has wooed thy spirit forth;
Ever seeking, ever roving,
Where the beautiful has birth.
Poet-preacher, noble-hearted,
Thou hast on thy mission started!

Look thou from the mountain summit
On the human world below,
Fathoming with mental plummet
Depth of soul from height of brow.
Shouting "Joy! Spring hath unfurled
Her banner o'er the moral world!"

IRELAND.

BY FERDINAND FREELIORATH.

(Translated by Mary Howitt.)

THE boat swings to a rusty chain;
The sail, the oar, of use no longer;
The fisher's boy died yester-e'en,
And now the father faints with hunger.
Pale Ireland's fish is landlord's fish,
It gives him costly food and raiment;
A tattered garb, an empty dish,
These are the mournful fisher's payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind,
With kine the roads are thronged;—oh pity,
A ragged peasant crawls behind,
And drives them to the sea-port city.
—Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims—
That food which Paddy's soul desireth—
That which would nerve his children's frames,
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount
Of joy and luxury never scanty;
And each horned head augments the amount
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.
In Paris and in London town
His gold makes gaming-tables glitter,
The while his Irish poor lie down
And die, like flies in winter bitter.

Halloh! halloh! the chase is up!
Paddy rush in—be not a dreamer!
—In vain, for thee there is no hope,
The game goes with the earliest steamer!
For Ireland's game is landlord's game,
—The landlord is a large encroacher!—
God speed the peasant's righteous claim;
He is too feeble for a poacher!

The landlord cares for ox and hound,
Their worth a peasant's worth surpasses!
—Instead of draining marish ground—
Old Ireland's wild and drear morasses—
He leaves the land a boggy fen
With sedge and useless moss grown over;
He leaves it for the water-hen,
The rabbit, and the screaming plover,

Yea, 'neath the curse of Heaven! Of waste
And wilderness four million acres!
—To you corrupt, outworn, debased,
No wakening peals prove slumber-breakers!—
Oh, Irish land is landlord's land!
And therefore by the wayside dreary
The famished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their dead to bury.

A wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland thorough;
The west wind which my casement passed
Brought to mine ear that wail of sorrow.
Faint as a dying man's last sigh,
Came o'er the waves, my heart-strings searing,
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,
The death-cry of poor, weeping Erin.

Erin! she kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, agonized, with wild hair flying,
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,
And by her ancient hills' foundations,—
Her, more than Byron's Rome, becoms
The title, "Niobe of nations."

LABOURS OF LOVE IN MANCHESTER.

WE call the attention of our readers to the following very interesting letter which we have received from Manchester. We withhold the name of the excellent individual of whom it speaks, for the reasons assigned in the letter; we do this with less regret because he has his own abundant reward in the good works themselves; and it is to these, and to the efficiency of the great principle of love in producing reformation, even in the most degraded portion of society, that we would particularly turn the minds of our readers.

TO THE EDITORS OF HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

Manchester, March 12th.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. HOWITT,

Do you know the feeling of being very full of an event which has lately happened, and longing to convey a part of the impression made upon you by it to others? I have no doubt you do, so I shall try and give you some particulars of a visit I paid on Friday to one of the rare gems of the age; and if you think it worthy of a place in your Journal, you are most welcome to make what use of it you please. Only I am not sure how far I ought to go into personal details; and I even wish the name not to be mentioned. The person whom I went to see is Mr. W——; and if, as it is very probable, you are unacquainted with the name, I have only to refer you to the reports of Captain Williams, the government inspector of prisons; or the reports of the Preston House of Correction for the last two years. It is true that the perfect beauty and simplicity of his actions cannot be dimmed by their being publicly known, and his apostolic character is well fitted to withstand all temptations to vain-glory; still he *so much* disliked the observations, which, since the publication of these reports, have been directed to him, that I think it better that the name should be omitted, if you care to publish what I will now write down, as briefly as I can; merely premising, that the knowledge of what one, such as he, has done, with what we should call an insignificant portion of both time and money at his disposal, is a glorious encouragement to many, who look about for their work in this world.

We had a commission to execute for a friend—to convey a small sum of money to Mr. W——, who, I may as well tell you here, is a native of Haddington, in Scotland. I was thankful for the opportunity of seeing such a man, and gladly accompanied the relation to whom the errand was more especially entrusted.

We executed our commission; and then, without loss of time, we asked him what first directed his attention to the reformation of prisoners. I will give the answer as far as I can remember in his own words, simply premising that he is the overlooker or manager of a foundry, in one of the most crowded districts of this large populous town.

"It is now near ten years ago since a man came to get work at our foundry, who, I was soon aware, had been at sea. Having been a sailor myself, I naturally asked him a few questions relating to his sea life—as to whether he had served on board a man-of-war, or been employed in a merchant vessel, etc.; but I noticed he disliked the subject, and evaded any direct answers. Well! he had had work for some little time as a striker, when a gentleman came to me one day, and said, 'Mr. W——, do you know you have a returned transport working here?' 'No, sir,' said I; 'which is he?' He pointed out the man I have mentioned, and added, 'He must be sent off; he must not go on working here.' 'Why not, sir,' said I, 'he seems

quiet enough?' 'Aye, but,' he answered, 'he must not be kept here.' So the thought struck me, what is to become of him? What is to become of the criminal, who is desirous to reform, if no one will employ him? So I spoke to Mr. —, and offered to place in his hands the sum of 20*l.*, as a kind of guarantee for this poor fellow's good conduct. He did not rightly give me any answer at the time; and I am now sorry I did not press for a reply. But the next Monday morning I missed my man from the smithy, and asked his mate where he was. 'Oh!' said he, 'Mr. — left orders he should be paid off on Saturday night; I thought you would have known about it.' Poor, poor fellow, thought I; what can have become of him! I found out he lodged somewhere in — Road; and I went out, and told a man who often ran errands for me, to go from house to house, from the top to the bottom of — Road, and find him out for me. Well; he was all that day about it, and in the evening he told me he had found out where he lodged; but that he had left that morning, and gone to — (a town about nine miles off). The next day I sent the man on the road there, to make inquiries everywhere for the poor fellow, and bring him to me. He went all the way there, but could hear nothing of him; and from that day to this, I have never heard more of him.

"This set me thinking on what became of prisoners when they left prison, and perhaps were anxious to do better; and I began to wish to know more about them.

"But it is no easy matter to obtain admittance (of the kind I wanted) into a prison; and I had to wait, and cast about long. One day a man came to try and get work at the foundry; and on asking him a few questions, I found his father held a situation in the New Bailey of this town. 'Aye, aye,' said I to myself, 'you're the man I want.' So I asked him if he could get me leave to go to afternoon service, at the prison chapel; of course he had to ask the governor, but I had soon leave granted. Well! I used to go Sunday after Sunday, and I sat in the governor's pew; but still, I could not speak to the prisoners, which was what I wanted. I used to stand in the aisle and bow to the chaplain, and he bowed again to me, but he never spoke. Once he asked the clerk who I was. But I always waited for him, and bowed to him, thinking that some day perhaps he would speak. I had asked the governor what became of prisoners, when their time was up; and his answer was, 'Indeed, Mr. W——, I'm afraid it goes very hard with them. Many a one on coming back here a second time, tells me they would gladly have earned an honest livelihood, but every one shunned them, and what could they do?'

"Well! one afternoon the chaplain stopped as he was leaving the chapel, and spoke to me. He said he had heard that I was manager at a foundry, and that there was a prisoner about whom he was much interested, and that he believed was willing to reform, if he had but an opening; could I procure him work? You may be sure I answered gladly; and told him it was the very thing I had wanted so long to do. *You see here was the act of Providence I had been waiting for.*

I have not been able to abridge my recollections of this part of what he told us; although I must fail to give the tones and looks which imparted a double interest. Since the time of which he spoke he has regularly attended the prison chapel on Sunday afternoons; and when divine service is over, he has helped, advised, and comforted those prisoners desirous of speaking to him, who are known by standing with their faces against a dead wall by which they are all ranged. He is the messenger they employ to bear tidings of them to their families. He is the strengthener of their good purposes; and when they leave prison he endeavours to procure them employment; frequently guaranteeing them by the deposit of his own money. He does not

lose sight of them, employed or unemployed. He corresponds with or visits those who are employed; while his wisdom (from above) is displayed to my mind very strikingly in his judicious treatment of those who are unable at first to meet with work. He appoints certain days on which they are to come and see him; sometimes to render them some small allowance for their maintenance, sometimes that they may learn if his efforts to obtain employment for them have been successful; sometimes merely to give them his strengthening sympathy; but he appoints a day on which they are to see him again: pretty secure that in the meantime they will do nothing to forfeit the respect of one whom they are so compelled (as it were) to love and reverence. He laid a good deal of stress on thus fixing a day.

You will wish to know what success has attended these endeavours. We did; and we asked him if he had ever been deceived. He named one instance, of two sisters, Irish girls, who had fallen back into vice, and that was the only one; the only relapse he had met with among the numbers who had desired to lead a better life, and through him found the means of so doing. I see that the chaplain of the Preston House of Correction (in his last year's report) says that Mr. W— has been the cause of the reformation of upwards of a hundred criminals. He himself told us, he believed that fourteen out of twenty might be reclaimed, if employment were but put into their hands on leaving prison.

He brought us down letter upon letter from prisoners who were now (through him, servant of God as he is) working their way through earth to heaven. They astonished me; they were so well written, both in expression and spelling. But most of all was I astonished at the rightheartedness they displayed. I wondered how the writers had erred; where had been their weak assailable point. Penitence for the past was strongly expressed, but mingled with hopeful determinations for the future. Interest in, and love for relations, was another characteristic. And you may be sure gratitude to him, their saviour from evil, was glowing through every subject.

He told us too such interesting stories of the fallings away from respectability of some, and the rejoicing hope, etc. of others. But some of his details sickened my heart almost into despair; such young girls in prison, only ten or twelve years old. Oh, dear Mrs. Howitt,—and so hardened. And worse, worse still—

He says Government may educate and educate, and abolish corn laws, but there will be still one great canker at the root, while women work in factories in the manner they do.

Since I first saw Mr. W— I have seen some of the families of his prisoners, and you should hear how they speak of him! It was to my feelings quite affecting and at the same time most encouraging. He would be glad of money help, I believe, occasionally, in order that he might support his poor penitents, until they could obtain work. He is more thankful, however, for the offer of employment for any one whom he can recommend; especially if the employment lie at a distance from the scene of their former temptations.

The above will give you an idea of the labours of this excellent man, labours which have been carried on for several years, unknown to the public, and unencouraged, except by their own great success, which was indeed the best encouragement his noble and benevolent mind could hope for.

I have written to you of him, because I know you can appreciate his character, and perhaps you can also induce others to do likewise.

I am, yours, very sincerely,

G. L.

Literary Notices.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Songs for the Nursery (Scottish). Glasgow: David Robertson.

New Nursery Rhymes. By J. TRENHAILL. London: Renshaw and Kirkman.

The Tiny Library. 3 vols. London: C. Wood.

The Illustrated Juvenile Library. Parts I. & II. London: Berger.

The Boy's own Library. Vol. I. *The Boy's Summer Book*. By THOMAS MILLER. London: Chapman and Hall.

We are very fond of children and children's books, and nothing makes us happier than to have plenty of them about us—both children and books. We know by the first-line or two, let it be prose or let it be verse, as well as the children themselves, whether the book is good for anything. There is, we can assure our readers, a great deal of art and skill—or perhaps art and skill are not the right words—for it is something beyond either of these which is required in writing for children. You must not be too wise, else you become tedious and unintelligible, and then the child either goes to sleep, or cares nothing about you; you must not be too simple and trivial, else he will despise you; nor must you have any pretence or humbug of any sort about you, for the child is a cunning little imp, a quick discerner of spirits, and will soon find you out.

Singleness of heart, love, and just as much learning as will keep you in advance of the child, while you go hand in hand with it, are the true requisites in writing for children; and if you have a spice of fun in you all the better; for while children love a pathetic story, they love still better to be made cheerful and happy. Above all things, in a child's book, do we eschew too much talk about religion; a child is not a sectarian, nor a polemic—at the same time no human beings are so fitted to receive and understand the true spirit of unpretending real religion as little children. The beautiful, thinking-no-evil life of a loving, innocent, happy child is a perpetual hymn to the Almighty; the child praises him in its single-minded joyousness, in the flowers it plants in its little garden, in the birds it feeds with the crumbs that fall from the table, in its ready pity for the poor and the distressed, in the confidence and faith it has in the word of its mother, and in its tenderness for its younger brothers and sisters. Alas that the environment of ill-regulated tempers, thinly-disguised falsehood, many a petty weakness, and many a master vice, should so soon sully the brightness of the young spirit which comes to us with more affinity to good than evil; which comes to us, as Wordsworth says, trailing clouds of glory, from God which is its home.

But, however, to return to our books: the truest way to teach a child religion is not through books, but to encourage its own genuine love of all which is lovely, and pure, and good; to let it find happiness in works of love and goodness, and let it feel and know that by these it proves its great and glorious kinship to God. For the rest, make the child as happy as you can; let its books be cheerful rather than learned; let them have a pure, loving, healthy spirit, for then they are full of the spirit of the child,—and fear not, anxious mother, who wouldst that thy child should be a prodigy of erudition and piety—the spirit of the teacher will be in the books, though neither thou nor the child may be at the moment aware of it.

Let us now examine the little books before us, and see how far they come up to our standard :—

Songs for the Nursery.—A very nice little book, and full of the right spirit, but, being in the Scottish dialect, it can never become popular in England; however, there is no fear of the race of children becoming extinct north of the Tweed, and to them the book will be always acceptable. We select with pleasure the following excellent little poem, which we earnestly advise all parents to read :—

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo."

LET precept and example
Aye hand in hand be seen,
For gude advice is plenty,
And unco easy gi'en;
And bairnies in the uptak'
Ye ken are seldom slow,
So aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e,
A gude example show.

They're gleg at imitation,
As ilka ane may ken:
The lassies a' would women be—
The laddies would be men;
So lead them kindly by the hand
The road that they should go,
And aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e,
A gude example show.

And should you promise aught to them,
Aye keep your promise true,
For truth a precious lesson is
That they maun learn frae you;
And ne'er reprove a naughty word
Wi' hasty word or blow,
But aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e,
A gude example show.

And so to home-born truth and love
Ye'll win ilk bonnie bairn,
For as they hear the old cock crow,
The young are sure to learn:
They'll spurn at mean hypocrisy,
Wi' honest pride they'll glow,
And bless the parents' watchful care,
Wha gude example show.

New Nursery Rhymes. By J. TRENNHAILE.—A very successful imitation of the charming nonsense verses which were sung to children when the age was younger than it is now, and which will be sung when it is much older. There is not a child in England from two to six years old, which would not be delighted to hear over and over again the pretty verses in this little book, all about cats and mice, and such like familiar creatures.

The Tiny Library.—This little and very cheap work has been a favourite with us since its commencement. It contains perhaps an over proportion of information, but we have seen what favour it finds in the eyes of our own household juveniles, and we defer to their judgment. We cordially recommend it to the notice of the good geni' of every fireside, be they grandmothers or grandfathers, aunts or uncles, elder brothers or sisters, or the well-known, long-renowned, beneficent god-mothers, for they cannot make a prettier birthday or holiday present than the three nicely-bound little volumes of this Tiny Library.

The Illustrated Juvenile Library.—This too is a cheap and promising little work. The variety of information which it contains is great, and the cuts with which it is plentifully supplied are very good, many of them designed by first-rate artists, and well engraved by Mr. Mason. The story of greatest pretension in the

work, Blanche Weston, is the one least to our taste; it is not exactly suited to the juvenile reader, and in this consists a great mistake; there is, however, much good useful matter without this.

The Boy's Summer Book. By THOMAS MILLER.—This is the first volume of what is intended to be a very comprehensive scheme, and which, if it fulfil the promise it starts with, will, to use the words of its prospectus, delight the boys with its beauty, and delight them with the tales it shall tell. It is to comprise stories of peril and adventure, travels in strange lands, voyages over far distant seas, dangers braved by courage, difficulties overcome by perseverance, lives of good and great men, pleasing records of walks in the country, curious habits of birds and insects. It is to embrace histories of the fine arts, wonderful inventions, descriptions of the works of nature, memorials of imprisonment, interesting narratives of strange and terrible convulsions, cities buried by volcanoes or swallowed up by earthquakes, etc. Here is promise enough to entice the man as well as the boy, and as an earnest of the good work which is to follow, the first volume of the Boy's own Library is a book of Summer in the Country, written by our old friend Thomas Miller, who is very capable of the task, for he knows the country well. The book is very pleasant reading, and will doubtless be a great favourite with the boys; but we question whether the author would not have done well to have omitted such stories as that of the boy who set the two poor old deaf neighbours by the ears. Children are tyrannical and mischievous, more generally from want of thought than from evil propensity; and we think the spirit of joyful participancy in which such pranks are told, will nullify the cold moral at the end. The book, however, with this exception, is as fresh and healthy as the woods, and meadows, and river-sides, which it deals with; and, spite of its too great resemblance to William Howitt's Boy's Country Book, will, we doubt not, meet with audience fit and not few. A word or two must be said of the manner in which it is got up; nothing can be more beautiful, and, at the same time, substantial; it is made for use as well as show, and is, considering the vast number of its embellishments, and its really lovely title-page and frontispiece, one of the cheapest books we know.

The Midland Florist, and Suburban Horticulturist. By JOHN FREDERICK WOOD, F.H.S. Parts I. II. and III. London: Simpkin and Marshall; and R. Sutton, Nottingham.

THE midland counties have long been noted for their love of flowers and gardens. We know of no place where the spirit of gardening is more universal than at Nottingham. We are glad, therefore, to hail the appearance of this little periodical, which appears to us full of the soundest information on its interesting subject, and deserving of every encouragement.

Extinction of Pauperism. By PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE. Fourth Edition. London: Cleave, Shoe-lane.

PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE is far more usefully employed as the author of this little book, and in the means detailed in it for the extinction of pauperism, than his great relative was in his efforts for the extinction of men's lives. It is full of matter that all who are anxious to rescue their brethren from pauperism—and who are not!—should carefully read. It comes recommended to us by a letter from the poet Beranger, and is inscribed to the Earl of Besborough. It consists only of thirty-three small pages, and we say to all—read it.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

Edinburgh Slaughter-houses.—(Communicated by a Lady.)

MADAM AND SIR,

YOUR Journal solicits the opinions of all upon subjects connected with popular progress; it may seem presumption in me addressing you on a subject that you have already taken in hand, I refer to slaughter-houses, but I beseech your attention for a few moments on behalf of those who have none to help them. Since man's transgression, God has appointed that life temporal, as well as life eternal, should cost the sacrifice of life; but surely He will require at our hands that His creatures be mercifully dealt with, and in the existing state of things I believe this to be impossible. Did you inquire of the public authorities of some of our densely populated commercial towns where the animals were slaughtered that are daily consumed within their jurisdiction, I firmly believe they could not tell you unless they previously applied to the police to obtain information for themselves; in our northern metropolis things have been in this state for the past two years, and indeed were little better before that period, as the shambles now removed to make room for the railway termini belonged to an extortionate corporation, and of course were comparatively little used. For the manner in which places of the kind are conducted in Edinburgh, I will merely relate my personal observations on a nest of slaughter-houses situated in a neighbourhood which has fallen under my daily notice for the last seven years, and is not a gunshot removed from the dwellings of the wealthy, in the district called Newington. To speak of the stench and the consequent effect upon health is needless, when I tell you that they are so totally unfitted for the purposes they are used for as to have neither drains nor sewers, and the red current runs openly down the street, a populous thoroughfare where many of the better classes reside. I do not say that all the blood shed so runs, for a butcher informed me that sugar refiners take a large proportion of it; but all that is useless or spilt does so, and the thing is of daily occurrence. The scenes also that take place are in keeping with the rest of the details; as might be expected, it is only the worst of our species that will earn their bread amid carnage, filth, and discredit, for be it remembered, butchers hold themselves separate and aloof from mere *killers*, and the wretched animals delivered over to death by such hands must suffer what humanity should shudder to reflect upon. Instinctively terrified by the smell of blood, driven with cruel blows into dens reeking with it, and surrounded by the mangled remains of their fellows, the distracted creatures always attempt, and frequently do make their escape, only however to be pursued and retaken by infuriated men and dogs, the former always irritable from habitual drinking, and now rendered vindictive by additional trouble and fatigue, it is painful to picture how the brief life of the dumb creature may close. This is melancholy enough, but it becomes even more so when we see groups of young faces around a captured runaway sheep or lamb; the miserable terrified little creature, panting as if its heart would burst, and torn by dogs, creates no compassion in them, on the contrary, they enter into it with as much zest and glee as their elders could exhibit on seeing a helpless hare or deer in the same situation; and thus our disregard of the lower creation recoils upon ourselves in the perverted minds of our own race, contaminated by scenes of cruelty from their cradle. So much for the regard paid to public health and morals in Edinburgh, a city whose charities are unimpeachable; I am therefore of opinion that her neglect of mercy on this one point is not singular, but were the realm traversed from Dan to Beersheba, matters would be found pretty much the same everywhere, in some places perhaps much worse. If it were admissible, that public men could remain in ignorance of such circumstances as I have stated without blame, still here they have not that excuse. Several proprietors in the vicinity attempted the removal of the nuisances without effect, and their own servants, the policemen, and scavengers upon the beat, could inform them of the fact of blood running openly down the kennels of the street at noonday, and even on the morning of

the Sabbath, in hot weather, or at any rate during last summer. I do not mention this as an aggravation, far from it, for it appears to me more merciful to put them to death on the dawn of that day, than to leave them, as I believe is the general practice, from Saturday evening until Monday morning, in the Aceldamas, only it is much at variance with the outcry raised against Sabbath desecration among us, and forcibly impresses on our minds that where gnats are strained at, camels are swallowed. The stream of improvement will shortly carry these pestilential abominations out of all cities, but of what advantage will it be to God's creatures where they are stranded, if matters are allowed to remain as they are?

I am told in this respect they cannot be amended, that it is only the lowest of our race that will engage in the business of slaughter, and even were it not so, engaging in it would soon debase them to that level. I assert that the mere act of taking animal life will not do so. The mercy of God is against the supposition, His institutions delivered to His people through Moses are against it; we there see it made a solemn necessity, and become the office of his own high priest. His people, the children of Israel of the present day, will refute it; and moreover let us look around us and see the respectable servants of our landed proprietors engaged in it occasionally, and men of mercy and peace emigrants in every quarter of the globe compelled to it for themselves and families. No, it is the concomitant circumstances that surround the *killer for daily bread*, that debases him. Driven by his occupation to the most loathsome haunts, shunned by the compassionate and respectable of all classes, his very existence and the necessity of his occupation is also attempted to be forgotten by us, for the sake of our present comforts and enjoyments; after this, how dare we expect tenderness or mercy at such hands? Let all slaughter-houses be placed in the position which their connexion with health and morals demands. Let all unnecessary cruelty introduced by the vicious of the craft for selfish purposes (for all crafts have their tricks) be abolished, and inspectors appointed to enforce rules and ascertain that the animals are in a wholesome state for food; indeed I see no reason why it should not form a part of the duty of magistrates, even the sheriff himself, to visit such establishments, as conservators of public morals, enforcing some of the highest attributes of the Faith they profess to uphold; it seems a better scene of action for them, than superintending a piece of human butchery upon the gibbet. Let those who sneer at this recollect, that amid the thunders of Sinai, God remembered the beasts of the field in his merciful restrictions laid on the seventh day; and if we take the Scriptures as His inspiration in the visions he has permitted of His throne, they are not excluded from His presence, which we only can hope to approach through the channel of mercy in the merits of His Son, the Lamb of the great sacrifice, whose blood was shed for the redemption of the world. I know that this is all opposed to public opinion at present, but I do not despair on that account; if you, the respected editors of *Howitt's Journal*, would place the matter before the public in your own language, and with your own views, I feel certain much misery would cease, and much benefit and satisfaction arise to the community. Popular opinion is perpetually changing, it is well when it does so for the better, as in the present dislike of war, and desire of charity and peace; but mercy, truth, and righteousness must unite with peace, to produce that state of things which good men desire to see, and which God intended for His creation. While cruelty is permitted to stalk unproved either through the highways or byways of the earth, peace societies will have but little effect: the current of human progress, like other currents, is often impeded by rubbish. Let all such be removed, and to this end, let our amusements stand investigation as well as our shambles, resting assured, that all that hardens the heart and deadens the feelings is the best preparation for war that the spirit of evil can desire.

I am, with much respect,

Your humble Servant,

Edinburgh, Feb. 17th, 1847.

JANE B. —X.

Free Church Anti-Slavery Society.—It is with sincere satisfaction that we see a party in the Free Church of Scotland sing up to vindicate themselves from the compromise with every into which that Church, through the devil's old trap of thy lucre, has so scandalously fallen. They have issued an address to the office-bearers and members of this Church, in which they deal with the question of compromise in a most able and uncompromising manner. It cannot be too widely read; says, "A calm and solemn sense of duty, and no factious motives—no restlessness of disposition—no despicable love of regularity—constrains us to adopt the very painful but necessary step of framing a Society for the express purpose of opposing, and endeavouring to procure the repeal of, the recent decision of our General Assembly on the subject of Slavery."

A letter accompanying this address informs us that this society is organized in Edinburgh, and has branches in Glasgow and other parts of the country. It is composed exclusively of ministers and members of the Free Church, who hold that slavery *under all circumstances* is a heinous sin, and that, consequently, it is the duty of every Church calling itself Christian to reject fellowship with those churches which allow slaveholders to sit down at their communion tables. The members of the Society are making indefatigable exertions for the extension of their principles amongst their brethren of the Free Church; but as they have a vast weight of influence to contend against, they solicit the aid and support of the public at large. Such a cause deserves the warmest support.

Mutual Emigration Societies.—We have received many inquiries from people in the country respecting the flaming prospectuses of Mutual Emigration Societies, and we have felt it our duty to put such persons on their guard against these societies. Our own inquiries led to the discovery that the parties whose names were attached to these schemes had no mercantile status; and our information regarding the climate and condition of Texas added to the conviction that the whole scheme was a hoax of the worst description. We see that one of these schemes has at length received a due exposure before the Lord Mayor; but others are afloat, and we bid unsuspecting individuals who are anxious to emigrate beware. Emigration even to the United States requires the utmost caution. For those who doubt it, let them read the statement given in the Young American of Feb. 6, and quoted into the Northern Star, of the condition of emigrants in New York.

Co-operation in Bingley.—Co-operation and general progress continue to march on here, but are crippled by the want of a good room for all public purposes, as temperance lectures, festivals, soirées, etc. The Mechanics' Institute is doing immense good, but suffers the same want of a good room. The members number upwards of a hundred. They pay threepence per week each, and have a good library, and two school nights a week. They have also hired a teacher of phonography.

The Allotment System has made great progress, and numbers of persons have got a quarter of an acre each, and at the proper season may be seen wending their way to their labour, and returning loaded like bees, with vegetables of different sorts. A few persons, having heard of the Leeds Redemption Society, called a meeting of such as were disposed to favour the system of co-operation. Seven individuals only attended; but at the next meeting this number was doubled; and now, in less than three months, the members amount to upwards of fifty, and the Association, a district branch of the Leeds Redemption Society, is proceeding prosperously, and with every symptom of a continued rapid growth of numbers. The people of Bingley seem resolved no longer to wait on Government doing something for them, but to do it themselves. They are clubbing their money to open a co-operative provision store, which will in a short time commence its business. W. H.

Travelling on foot on the Continent.—We have often questions put to us by letter, which the parties desire us to answer in the Record, or on the cover of our monthly parts; and do not by a proper address enable us to answer them by post. Now, we wish it to be understood that the pressure of important matter from many correspondents, and many parts of the kingdom, renders it necessary that we should not devote any of our space to answer inquiries which can be better made in private, and which concern the public less than they do individuals. In some cases we have sent replies by post which have been returned to us; we, therefore, particularly request that any inquiries on any subject submitted to us may be attended by a full address, so that we may reply by post, if necessary. In the present case, however, a public answer may be the best, as it

may induce others to wish for the same mode of improvement as our correspondent. His letter is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Myself with another person or two having a great desire to see foreign countries, and not possessing the means of travelling in the usual way—that is, by posting, hiring vehicles, etc.—have resolved to undertake the journey for the most part on foot; I write to ask you, Sir, if through the medium of your excellent *Journal* you would be kind enough to give us your opinion respecting the propriety and safety of undertaking a tour through *Italy* on the same plan; or, in other words, would it be prudent for us to walk through Italy, one or two of us together?"

Nothing is more easy, or more practicable, and we may add, more delightful. The cheap rate at which economical and independent sort of people may travel on the continent, is almost incredible. Two or three friends setting out together with their knapsacks on their backs, may step on board steamers and into railway carriages now almost everywhere, at a very low rate, and thus glide over almost all the dreary, uninteresting, and monotonous parts of the countries they are in. By this means, their time, their money, and their bodies are saved immensely. They can thus afford to remain longer in cities worth staying in, and to explore more leisurely the most interesting scenes. In fact, they can enter more intimately into the knowledge of the habits of the people, and every place will be more deeply impressed on their minds and memories. So cheaply may these tours be made, that we have no doubt mechanics will in a while frequently save up a little money in their youth, and make them. All artisans on the continent enjoy the advantages of travel, as a requirement of their trade guild, and thus work their way, like Holthaus, the German tailor, often as far as Constantinople, and farther; but our English artisans, not being members of the continental guilds, could not obtain work, but must depend entirely on the funds they took with them. How slender however these may be, and yet sufficient, may be seen in the interesting volume of J. Bayard Taylor, entitled "Views-a-Foot," lately noticed by us. On his last page he gives a summary of his expenses for two years' travel, including his voyages, and let it be remembered from America and back again, and residing a quarter of a year in Great Britain, which amounts only to 500 dollars. These volumes ought to be in every mechanic's library in the kingdom.

Thus, a tour of two years, including ten weeks in the dearest country of Europe, may be made for 500 dollars, or about 105*l*. Every one may thence calculate for himself the cost of a ramble on the continent of any shorter period.

Elihu Burritt's Visit to Ireland.—We have received this little pamphlet, "Three Days at Skibbereen," and recommend every one, as a sacred duty, to read it; and then to ask himself whether any man can satisfy his conscience without joining with his fellow-citizens,—with the whole public, to insist on thorough and efficient measures for the permanent regeneration of the social condition of Ireland.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, April 3, 1847.



MADONNA, BY MURILLO.

MURILLO.

THE engraving which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this week is from one of the loveliest of Murillo's pictures, and is in the Dulwich Gallery. Murillo is familiar to the English public by his life-like pictures of beggar boys; but these, though exquisite in their way, are far inferior to that class of pictures which he painted for shrines and altar-pieces, and which, for the noble simplicity and truth of their character, are hardly inferior to Raphael and Correggio. This it is, in our opinion, which constitutes the great charm of Murillo's pictures.

Murillo was a born painter; while but a boy he obtained his living by emblazoning banners and painting pictures for the Spanish American colonies. At sixteen, becoming acquainted with the paintings of Moya, who had studied under Vandyke, he resolved upon going to Italy to improve his own style. A journey to Italy, however, required funds, and these the poor painter had not; he therefore bought some canvases, cut it into square pieces, prepared it himself, and painted a quantity of devotional and flower pieces, which he sold for the American colonies; and with this sum set out on his journey. His journey was a secret from all, but it ended at Madrid. In this city he met with the painter Velasquez, who received him with kindness, and dissuading him from going to Rome, obtained for him various commissions at the Escorial, and other palaces in Madrid. At the age of twenty-seven he returned to his native city of Seville, an acknowledged master of his art, and worthy to take his place beside either Vandyke or Velasquez.

The fame he had acquired, however, did not cause him to neglect his studies; he assumed a greater boldness of style, without abandoning his delightful colouring, for which he had become so admired, and his pictures assumed a deeper tone and a greater freedom of touch.

The paintings he had already produced were sufficient in themselves to establish the fame of the Spanish school; but in his succeeding works he surpassed even himself. The number of excellent pictures he painted alone for the churches and convents of Seville seem like the labour of a life, and yet they form but a small portion of his works.

While painting his famous picture of St. Catherine for the high altar of the Capuchins, in Cadiz, he unfortunately fell from the scaffold, and severely injured himself, the effects of which he felt to his death, which happened at Seville, on the 3d of April, 1682, at the age of sixty-four. In addition to his great merit as an historical painter, Murillo equally excelled in the painting of flowers and landscape.

In 1670 his picture of the Immaculate Conception was carried in procession on the festival of Corpus Christi, and excited great admiration. Charles II. directed him to be invited to Madrid, promising to make him one of his painters, but he declined the honour, preferring the retirement of his native city.

His style may be said to hold a middle rank between the simple nature of the Flemish, and the graceful and refined taste of the Italian masters.

Murillo never left his native country to study in other schools, and to this may be attributed that originality of talent which places him in the first rank among the painters of various schools. If Murillo is sometimes trivial, he is always a faithful imitator of nature; there is always a genuine purity and grace in his conceptions, while the dazzling richness, freshness, and harmony of his colouring have given imperishable fascination to his works, and made him one of the most noble studies for a young painter.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

IV.—DEPENDENCE OF LIFE ON HEAT.

(Concluded from p. 161.)

WE shall now consider the nature of the internal heat-producing apparatus, whose action is so essential to the life and health of Man and the higher Animals; and the conditions on which its operation is dependent. In order that these may be properly understood, it is necessary to preface our description with a brief notice of the chemical changes which take place in the familiar act of *Combustion*, as exemplified in the burning of Coal, Oil, Candles, or Gas, or any similar substance from which we obtain heat and light.

All our ordinary combustibles are made up of two simple substances, or elements: *Carbon* and *Hydrogen*.

We are familiar with *Carbon*, in a tolerably pure state, in ordinary *charcoal*; it makes up nearly the whole of the *coke* we obtain from the gas-works; and the *diamond* is entirely composed of the same element in a crystalline condition. Now carbon has a very strong "affinity" for *Oxygen*, which is the gas that forms about a fifth part (by measure) of the air we breathe: in other words, it has a very strong tendency to combine with it. But this combination will not take place, under ordinary circumstances, without the aid of heat; in other words, in order to make a piece of coke or charcoal burn, we must *light* it. When once raised to the required degree of heat, the carbon begins to unite with the oxygen of the air, or *burns*; and in so doing it gives off a large amount of heat. In burning, the solid carbon disappears; every particle that unites with the oxygen of the air being carried off in the form of invisible gas. But the heat which is produced by this combustion or burning serves to light other particles of the combustible; so that they too, being raised to the required degree of heat, begin to unite with oxygen, and to give out heat in their turn. In this manner the combustion will go on, so long as carbon is supplied on the one hand, and oxygen on the other; and the consequence of the union of these two elements is, that a large amount of *heat* is produced, and that a new compound is formed, namely, *carbonic acid gas*, of which we shall have much more to say in future papers.

We are not familiarly acquainted with *Hydrogen* in a pure or separate state. It makes up a considerable part of our ordinary coal-gas; but a good deal of carbon is there combined with it. We may obtain it separately, or in a state of purity, however, by a simple chemical process; and we can then study its properties, which are analogous to those of carbon, so far as regards its tendency to combine with oxygen, and to give off heat in doing so. If we mix hydrogen and oxygen gases in the same vessel, they may be kept together for any length of time without combining; but if we apply a flame to the mixture, or pass an electric spark through it, the gases suddenly combine with a loud explosion, and the product is *water*. Now, instead of causing a large quantity to unite at a time, we may make the union take place more gradually; thus when a small stream of hydrogen is sent through a jet into the air, it meets with oxygen, where it issues from the pipe, but it does not unite with it until we apply heat, so as to *light* it; the gas then *burns*, or combines with oxygen, as fast as it issues from the jet, in doing which it gives off much heat, and forms *water*, which is carried off in the state of vapour. The heat produced by the combustion of each particle of gas serves to light the next particle as it issues from the jet; and thus a continued flame is kept up.

Now it is quite possible to ascertain precisely, *how*

much heat is given off during the combustion of any given amount of carbon or hydrogen; the amount being estimated by the quantity of ice that may be melted, or of water which can be raised through a certain number of degrees of the thermometer, or which may be boiled away into steam. By carefully-conducted experiments, made for this purpose, it has been found that the combustion of *one ounce* of carbon gives off heat enough to melt 108½ ounces of ice, or to raise 85½ ounces of water from the freezing point to boiling heat, or to convert 13 ounces of water into steam. The amount of heat produced by the combustion of hydrogen is about four times as great.

Now of all our ordinary fuel, such as coal and wood, the principal part is made up of carbon and hydrogen; and these elements unite with the oxygen of the atmosphere, in the act of combustion, giving off light and heat, and producing carbonic acid and water. If the combustion is perfect, there is no visible smoke; for smoke consists of finely-divided particles of carbon, which are not consumed, but which are carried away by the draught of air. A *vapour*, however, issues from every fire; and if this be collected from the chimney or flue, it is found to consist of carbonic acid gas, and of steam.

In like manner, the oily or fatty substances which we use to give us light,—such as tallow, oil, camphine, &c.,—all consist of carbon and hydrogen in union with each other; and these elements, when made to unite with the oxygen of the air, by the *burning* of a lamp or candle, give off light and heat in the act of combination with oxygen, the results of which are water and carbonic acid gas, as in the preceding cases. Here, too, the formation of smoke is a mark of the imperfect combustion of the carbon. The more carbon is present, the more brilliant the light; the flame of pure hydrogen having a very feeble power of *illumination*, although (as already noticed) it has great *heating* power. There is a larger proportion of carbon in camphine, which is only a very pure spirit of turpentine, than in any of the thicker oils; and a very slight cause is sufficient to prevent the perfect combustion of the whole carbon in a camphine-lamp, and thus to fill a room with smoke and flakes of soot. The common coal-gas is composed of the same elements, combined in the form of air; and the same results ensue, when they are made to combine with oxygen.

But these compounds of hydrogen and carbon may unite with oxygen in a more gradual manner, and consequently with a less rapid and energetic production of heat,—light being altogether absent. This happens when they are very finely divided, and are exposed to the air over a large surface. For example, if wool, hair, or cloth, be smeared with oily or fatty matter, and the air be allowed to act freely upon it, a large quantity of oxygen is drawn from the air and combines with the oily matters; and an amount of heat is given off, equalling that which would have been produced if the same quantity of oxygen had been consumed by the *burning* of these substances in the ordinary way. In fact, it has not unfrequently happened, that where greasy tow, or cotton, has been made up into a bundle, so that the heat is pent up, instead of being dispersed as fast as it is produced, the mass has at last become so hot, as to burst out into a flame,—the heat having accumulated to a degree sufficient to excite the more energetic union of the elements, or ordinary combustion. The burning of a hay-rick that has been insufficiently dried, an occurrence not very uncommon, is another illustration of the same change.

Now the heat-producing apparatus of warm-blooded animals acts entirely upon these principles. A large quantity of carbon and hydrogen is constantly being *burned-off* within the body, by the action of respiration or breathing; these combustible materials being contained in the blood, and the oxygen being derived from

the air. At every breath we draw, a certain quantity of air rushes down the windpipe, just as the furnace or stove draws air through its ash-pit, or the lamp through the opening at the bottom of its chimney. In every breath we give out, we discharge a quantity of carbonic acid and of watery vapour, which are the products of the combustion; and in carrying off these, the windpipe serves as the flue of the stove or furnace, or as the upper part of the glass chimney of the lamp. We shall hereafter enter into more detail, as to the mode in which this process is carried on; for our present purpose it is sufficient to state the fact, that a slow combustion of carbon and hydrogen is continually taking place within the body of the warm-blooded animal; and that their combination with oxygen, so as to form carbonic acid and water, is the chief source of the heat which they produce.

The quantity of carbon which is thus burned-off by an animal in any given time, can be exactly determined by collecting all the air which has passed through its lungs during that period, and by ascertaining how much carbonic acid has been formed. But the amount of hydrogen consumed cannot be determined in the same manner; for *some* of the water which is given off from the lungs is undoubtedly set free by the simple evaporation of the liquid part of the blood. We can only guess at it by determining how much oxygen has disappeared from the air, over and above that which would suffice to form the carbonic acid; and as this is not above a sixth part of the whole, and as some of it is required for other purposes, it is evident that the quantity of hydrogen consumed must be comparatively small, the chief heat being produced by the combustion of the carbon. By keeping a small warm-blooded animal surrounded by ice, and measuring the quantity of this which is melted by the warmth given off from its body in a given time, it can be ascertained how much heat is developed by the internal heat-producing process; and on comparing this with the quantity that should have resulted from the combustion of the quantities of carbon and hydrogen, whose products appear in the breath during the same period, the two amounts have been found to agree so closely, as to leave no reasonable doubt with regard to the real source of Animal Heat.

It has been already said that the heat-producing apparatus has the power of self-adjustment; so that more of the combustible material shall be consumed, and more heat produced, when the external temperature is low—thus compensating for its cooling influence. Some recent experiments have shown this in a very striking point of view. It has been found that a Turtle-dove set free from its lungs *three times* as much carbonic acid—in other words, burned-off three times as much carbon—when the surrounding air was at the freezing-point, as it did when the air was heated to between 86 and 106 degrees, which was nearly the temperature of its own body; and a Guinea-pig burned-off *twice* as much in the cold air as in the warm. Experiments on Man have shown that the same kind of adjustment exists in his system. We cannot trace the means by which it is effected; it depends upon no exertion of his own will, no application of his own sagacity; and we can at present only admire the wisdom of the Creator, who has made such a provision for sustaining the warmth which is necessary to the due performance of his bodily functions, whether he be in the midst of heat or cold—beneath a tropical sun, or exposed to the severity of an arctic winter—and this without the possibility of being disturbed by his caprice, or of being suspended by his neglect.

But there is a condition absolutely essential to the maintenance of Animal Heat, namely, a *due supply* of the combustible material. The proper warmth of the body can no more be sustained in the absence of this,

than a lamp can be made to burn without oil, or a fire kept up without fuel. The combustible material must be supplied, directly or indirectly, from the *food*; and the need of it, as will be shown hereafter, is one of the chief sources of our continual demand for aliment. Certain parts of the food of man are converted into the various tissues of which his bodily fabric is composed; and it is not until these waste and decay, that a portion of their carbon and hydrogen become available as materials for the heat-producing process. But there are other parts of the food—particularly those of an oily, farinaceous (starchy), or saccharine (sugary) character, which are adapted for scarcely any other use, than either to be at once burned-off in the interior of the body, or else to be stored up in the form of *fat*, as the material for carrying on the process when from any cause the more direct supply may be wanting. From numerous carefully-conducted experiments it has been ascertained, that, on the average of a large number of persons, from *eight to ten ounces of solid carbon* are daily set free from the lungs in the form of carbonic acid gas; and this quantity must be supplied by the food, or else the body will gradually diminish in weight, and will waste away. In very cold climates a much larger quantity is doubtless consumed; and we there find that a much larger amount of fatty matter is relished as food, than could be habitually taken in by the inhabitant of temperate regions: The Esquimaux and Greenlanders, for instance, devour enormous quantities of seals' blubber with avidity; and train oil is one of the chief articles of subsistence to the Kamtschatkale. Even to ourselves, a slice of fat bacon, or a cup of rich cocoa, is much more agreeable in winter than in summer; our natural appetite being so adapted to vary with the season, as to supply the materials which are most needed at each. This point will be more fully dwelt on hereafter, when the subject of Food is specially considered.

It is of great importance that the dependence of Animal Heat upon a due supply of food should be fully understood; since the method of economizing the latter, by due attention to the condition of the former, will then become obvious. *The more we can keep in the heat of the body by clothing, and by external warmth, the less food will be needed.* We have seen that even a guinea-pig, whose body is covered with a warm fur, burns-off more than twice as much carbonic acid at a winter temperature as at a high summer heat; and will require, therefore, twice as great a supply of combustible matter in its food. Even when well protected with clothing, and in the midst of a moderately warm atmosphere, the average of human beings burn off from eight to ten ounces of solid carbon daily, besides an uncertain quantity of hydrogen; the combustion of the former alone producing heat enough to melt nearly 68 pounds of ice, to raise 53½ pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point, or to turn into steam 8 pounds of water. But if the surrounding cold increase, the quantity of heat produced within the body must be increased also, or else its proper warmth will fail; and thus a greater demand is created for combustible material, which, if not supplied in the food, must be obtained from the elements of the body, which will thus be caused to waste away. Day by day, more carbon is carried off through the lungs than is taken in through the stomach; and day by day, therefore, the weight of the solid parts of the body must diminish, until at last *all* the combustible matter has been burned up. The heat-producing apparatus can then no longer act, for want of material; the warmth necessary to life cannot be kept up; the temperature of the body falls from hour to hour; and at last it is lowered so far that all vital action ceases, never again to be renewed.

That this is the true account of the cause of death by starvation, may not merely be inferred from the facts

already stated, but is capable of direct proof by experiment. And here we may take occasion to say, in regard to physiological experiments upon the lower animals, that whilst we deprecate in the strongest manner the infliction of animal suffering with the mere view of gratifying an idle curiosity, we consider ourselves fully justified in putting Nature to the question in this manner, by carefully-devised experiments, when there seems a fair probability that the results will be of great importance in the preservation of human life, or the alleviation of disease. The experiment of which we are about to speak, was one from which any person of ordinary humanity would shrink, if he were not impressed with a strong conviction of the probable value of its results; being, in plain terms, the starving a number of animals to death, for the sake of carefully watching the phenomena which they presented from time to time. Yet we think it will presently appear that its results were so important as fully to justify its performance; both by demonstrating, in a way which could not be otherwise brought about, the direct and constant dependence of the Life of the warm-blooded animal on Heat; and by giving a most satisfactory confirmation to our previous views regarding the dependence of the heat-producing power on the supply of combustible material afforded by the food, or, failing that, by the body itself.

It was found by M. Chossat, that, when Pigeons were entirely deprived of food and water, the duration of their lives depended upon the amount of fat which their bodies contained, and upon the warmth of the atmosphere in which they were kept;—those living the longest which had the most fat, and which were kept in the warmest air. The temperature of their bodies underwent regular but inconsiderable diminution from day to day; being kept up nearly to its proper standard so long as any fat remained. But as soon as this was all consumed, they began to cool rapidly, the temperature of their bodies falling from hour to hour, until it was about thirty degrees lower than the proper standard; when a state of insensibility and complete loss of power of movement came on, which was speedily followed by the entire cessation of the circulation, or death. Here, then, we see that *Death by Starvation is in reality, Death from Cold*; the immediate cause of the stoppage of the heart's action, and of all the actions of life, being the loss of bodily heat, consequent upon the failure of the supply of combustible material.

If this be the true account of it, it is obvious that a proper supply of *external* heat may make up for a deficiency in the *internal* source of it; and the correctness of this view is borne out by the following most remarkable facts. It was found by M. Chossat, that when animals thus reduced by starvation, whose death might be expected to occur very speedily—many of them actually dying whilst they were being weighed and the temperature of their bodies was being taken by the thermometer,—were brought under the influence of artificial heat by being placed near a stove, so that the temperature of their bodies was raised from without, *they were almost uniformly restored, from the state of insensibility and loss of power of motion, to a condition of comparative activity.* They raised themselves upon their legs, opened their eyes, took notice of surrounding objects, began to walk, and presently to fly, took food if it was offered them, and became more vigorous as the heat of their bodies rose. But if they removed themselves far from the stove, before they had become independent of its assistance, their temperature fell, and they became insensible as before.

We see from these experiments the principal use of the store of Fat, which the body always contains—even in individuals who are naturally thin—unless it has been reduced by want of food. If it were not for this supply of combustible material, which can be drawn upon just when it is needed, our heat-producing power would be

so directly dependent on our food, that we should be in danger of perishing from cold if we were deprived of a single meal. Now this was just the condition of M. Chossat's pigeons, when they had burned-off all their fat, and were only kept alive by artificial heat. For some time after their revival, their digestive powers were not strong enough to enable them to take in the amount of food which was necessary to keep up their heat, independently of the assistance of the stove; and they were consequently cooled down, if they removed themselves too far from it to receive its warmth. Even after they could digest a sufficient amount of food to sustain their proper heat without the stove, they could only keep up their warmth when *constantly* supplied with food; because, all their store of fat having been previously exhausted, they had none to draw upon when food was withheld even for a few hours. And it was only when *more* food was digested than was required for the supply of the bodily wants, and when there was some to spare to be laid up as fat, that they could sustain the want of food, even for a short time, without artificial heat. When there is a large supply, however, within the body, life may be prolonged for a considerable time at the expense of it. Thus there is a case on record, in which a fat pig, overwhelmed by a fall of earth which did not completely exclude the air, lived 160 days without food; being found alive at the end of that time, diminished in weight 100 pounds. Now, in this case the heat of the body would be kept in by the earth around, as by a thick clothing, and much less than usual would be lost; yet we see that 10-16ths of a pound, or just ten ounces, must have been daily given off in the breath.

It was further ascertained by Chossat, that when animals were *insufficiently* supplied with food, instead of being totally deprived of it, the very same changes occurred, but they took place more slowly. The body wasted more gradually, and its temperature did not become materially lower from day to day so long as the fat lasted; but as soon as ever it was all consumed, the warmth of the body diminished from hour to hour, just as if no food at all had been taken in, though somewhat more slowly; and at last death took place from cold, just as in complete starvation.

The practical applications of these principles to the welfare of Man, especially in times like the present, are very numerous and important. The following are among the chief.

1. When food is deficient, its place may be in part supplied by warmth; and this in two ways. The heat produced within the body may be *economized*, by covering the person with an amount of clothing that shall prevent its warmth from being dissipated. And artificial heat may be supplied from without, by warming the surrounding air with ordinary fuel; by which means the demand for internal combustion will be much lessened.

2. When the body is exposed to cold, its influence can only be resisted by an ample supply of food; the starving man perishes at a temperature which the well-fed have no difficulty in sustaining. As death from Starvation is really death by Cold, so death by Cold (except when the intensity of the cold is most unusual) is generally death by Starvation.

3. When, by cold and want of food, the body has become chilled, and insensibility has come on, the first thing to be done is to restore its heat; and this may be most effectually accomplished by the *hot-air bath*. Experience has shown that this treatment is not less efficacious in the restoration of the Human being to consciousness and power of motion, when these have been suspended by the cooling of the body, than it has been proved to be in Birds by the experiments of M. Chossat. In every attempt at restoration after drowning, the renewal of the warmth of the body is

one of the most important points; and this is of the more consequence, in proportion to the coldness of the water in which the body has been immersed.

4. In many *exhausting Diseases*, the cooling of the body seems to be the immediate cause of death; for when the whole store of fat has been consumed, and food cannot be digested, the heat can no longer be sustained, and the temperature falls from hour to hour until death takes place. It is probable that here, too, the application of artificial heat to the whole body by the hot-air bath might often prolong life until the diseased condition should have passed away, so that complete recovery might ultimately take place.

NATIONAL EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE spirited and general resistance on the part of the people and the Dissenters to the Government scheme of education, modified as it now is, shows plainly that the ministers have yet further to go in the work of remodelling. It is one of the most singular aspects of governments that they are always the last, instead of the first, to learn the real wishes of the people they govern. But the English people will take care to teach their Government, however slow or reluctant it may be to learn, what is their real mind and determination. The people of England, then, are as resolutely bent as ever to have a *national*, and not a *Government* education. There is a wide and irreconcilable difference. A Government education is an education that shall mould the people to a patient acquiescence with Government views—which shall bend the twig so that the tree may lean just the way that suits Government—that shall make a quiet, easy, soulless, and good-for-nothing nation, converting men into only so many grazing flocks and stupid human herds—which shall create and perpetuate Government patronage and influence, and, beginning with the pedagogue, shall from his hands turn us over, good pliable animals, into the hands of the priest and the policeman. It is a plan to save governments trouble, by taking the stiffening out of the human mind at the outset, and rearing up fatted calves of the state that shall never be worthy of calling John Bull their father. It is a brickmaker's scheme of casting all the human clay in one mould, and baking it in one kiln, to build up a national temple to despotism and creeping servility, in which Government shall sit and—sleep. But of such stuff Englishmen are not made. They are none of your political brickmaker's clay, nor your potter's clay to be made into Government dinner-services: they are the clay that men are made of; they are strong, tenacious, and resisting stuff. Depend upon it, they will run out of the mould, they will fly in the fire; they will come out of their education, men or nothing. Therefore, no Government education will go down with them—they must and will have a national education. And what is a national education? It is an education which, paid for with the people's money, takes that money as a right, and not as a favour—which says, We are the landlords; you, ministers, are but the stewards; our money shall be laid out to educate our children, and it shall be laid out as we please. It is an education which teaches men that they are men; that for them the world and all that is therein was made; that they must learn the nature of that world, and of these their rights; and, to do that, they must also learn to be honest, upright, noble, and true; that they must acquaint themselves with the laws by which the good things in this great storehouse of God—the world

—are to be properly and equally distributed; and by what means they can best love, thank, and worship Him who is the Creator and Giver of life, and all that sustains and adorns it.

To effect all this safely, there must be perfect freedom, and no Government bias. It does not, therefore, satisfy the people, and it ought not to satisfy them, that the Government says—"Well, you objected to our requiring creeds and catechisms to be taught;—we abandon that." The people answer, "Yes; but you must also abandon your *training* of our children's teachers. You must abandon your normal schools for teachers; or at least your right, or any right, to impose them on any of our schools. While you do that, you retain all the power of creeds and catechisms, and send into every school of the kingdom a regular creed and catechetical incarnation in the shape of the school-master."

For this reason, it is quite right that the people resist, and continue to resist. It is quite right that the people should all be educated, and that the people's money should educate them; but it is equally so that the people shall use its money for the education of their children *as they please*, and not *as Government pleases*. There is a great fallacy abroad, as if it were the Government money, and that the Government is doing a favour in offering it. It is not Government money, and its use is no favour. Some say that it is right to have no Government dictation in the matter—and they say true; others—as Mr. Raines, of Leeds—it is better to have no aid from Government at all; but we say it is still better to have all that is necessary to educate the people from the state, and to have it freed from all Government dictation or patronage. We know that a great scheme of a board, and commissioners, and normal schools, and Government appointment of school-masters, implies the erection of an awful power of patronage. We know that the present Government is composed of the very party, and in a great measure of the very men, who introduced the New Poor Law, and stood fast by its most cruel and obnoxious clauses as if they were the mercy of the Gospel. We know, too, that a Tory Government may some day again return to power. Imagine, then, a Tory Government, with a host of commissioners, inspectors, and schoolmasters, added to the army, the clergy, and police, to aid it in controlling public opinion, and in shaping the public mind to the dogmas of Church and State!

There is but one way to avoid all this, and to place a national education on a safe and effective footing. It is this:—Let a calculation be made of the sum that will be required to educate the whole of the labouring population, and let that sum be annually voted by Parliament. Let every school—be it Church or Dissenting, be it conducted by a sect, a company, or a parish—be entitled to so much per head for each child therein educated. Let the Government inspector be empowered no farther than to ascertain that such schools do *bonâ fide* educate so many children. Let them have no power to dictate any formula of education, but only to report what is there really taught, and whether well or ill, and leave the rest to public opinion. Let Government, if it will, organize a plan of general education; let it establish normal schools, and educate masters; but let it have no power to appoint any master to any school. Let all such schools as please apply for masters, and elect them; but let that be the entire right of the particular school association. On such a plan the Government furnishes all the material; the people selects and applies it. The patronage rests then not with the Government, but with the people; and all danger of obnoxious creeds, or obnoxious influence, is done away with.

It will be said then, many schools on this plan will have ill-qualified masters, a defective scheme, and a lax disci-

pline.—All that may be safely left to the public. Leave it all, as you may safely, to the principle of emulation, and, depend upon it, no sect, or party, or parish, will choose to be left behind. If there be a good scheme, or good teachers, in the market, all will be anxious to avail themselves of them. The same principle which has hitherto propelled popular education in a great measure—that of rivalry between Church and Dissenters, Conservative and Liberal, between one sect and another—will still operate, nay, even more effectively. None will like to be last in the race, while the fullest liberty will be preserved to all. An immense amount of education has already been effected by voluntary effort, and all that effort will still be left in play, without the deadening influence of a Government stereotype. This is what we must come to; let us think seriously and promptly of it.

But besides this, and before this can be done, the hours of labour must be shortened, and the necessity of Sunday-schools suspended by the ability to attend day-schools; so that on Sundays and holidays the children of the mill, and workshop, and dense town, may be able to go forth into the green field and the breeze, and worship God in that gladness of heart which springs up under the azure roof of the universal temple, and mingles with the blood in the mountain air. It is not the least part of education, and of a religious education, for which we English so strenuously and so justly contend, to allow childhood its natural liberty; its natural aliment of fresh air; and its natural habitude of looking up from this beautiful abode—the earth—into the crystal vault of heaven, where dwells the Great Father of all knowledge and of all men.

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

BY EDWINER ELLIOTT.

"God made all nations of one blood,"
And bade the nation-wedding flood

Bear good for good to men:
Lo, interchange is happiness!—
The mindless are the riverless!
The shipless have no pen!

What deed sublime by them is wrought?
What type have they of speech or thought?
What soul-enobled page!
No record tells their tale of pain!
Th' unwritten History of Cain
Is theirs from age to age!

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
That see broad ocean's "back of gold,"
Or hear him in the wind—
Why dost not thou thy banner shake
O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
One nation of mankind?

If rivers are but seeking rest,
E'en when they climb from ocean's breast
To plant on earth the rose—
If good for good is doubly blest—
Oh, bid the severed east and west
In action find repose!

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless campaign hear the voice
Of millions long estranged:
That waste, and want, and war may cease!
And all men know that Love and Peace
Are—good for good exchanged!

HAVE PATIENCE.

BY MRS. HODGSON.

It was Saturday evening, about eight o'clock. Mary Gray had finished mangling, and had sent home the last basket of clothes. She had swept up her little room, stirred the fire, and placed upon it a saucepan of water. She had brought out the bag of oatmeal, a basin, and a spoon, and laid them upon the round deal table. The place, though very scantily furnished, looked, altogether, neat and comfortable. Mary now sat idle by the fire. She was not often idle. She was a pale, delicate looking woman, of about five and thirty. She looked like one who had worked beyond her strength, and her thin face had a very anxious, careworn expression. Her dress showed signs of poverty, but it was scrupulously clean and neat. As it grew later, she seemed to be listening attentively for the approach of some one; she was ready to start up every time a step came near her door. At length a light step approached, and did not go by; it stopped, and there was a gentle tap at the door. Mary's pallid face brightened, and in a moment she had let in a fine, intelligent looking lad, about thirteen years of age, whom she welcomed with evident delight.

"You are later than usual to-night, Stephen," she said.

Stephen did not reply; but he threw off his cap, and placed himself in the seat Mary had quitted.

"You do not look well to-night, dear," said Mary, anxiously; "is anything the matter?"

"I am quite well, mother," replied the boy. "Let me have my supper. I am quite ready for it."

As he spoke, he turned away his eyes from Mary's inquiring look. Mary, without another word, set herself about preparing the supper of oatmeal porridge. She saw that something was wrong with Stephen, and that he did not wish to be questioned, so she remained silent. In the meantime Stephen had placed his feet on the fender, rested his elbows on his knees, and his head on his hands. His hands covered his face; and, bye and bye, a few large tears began to trickle down his fingers. Then suddenly dashing off his tears, as though he were ashamed of them, he showed his pale, agitated face, and said, in a tone of indignation and resolve,

"Mother, I am determined I will bear it no longer."

Mary was not surprised. She finished pouring out the porridge; then, taking a stool, she seated herself beside him.

"Why, Stephen," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, "how many hundred times before have you made that resolution! But what's the matter now? Have you any new trouble to tell me of?"

Stephen answered by silently removing with his hand some of his thick curly hair, and shewing beneath it an ear bearing the too evident marks of cruel usage.

"My poor boy!" exclaimed Mary, her tears starting forth. "Could he be so cruel?"

"It is nothing, mother," replied the boy, sorry to have called forth his mother's tears. "I don't care for it. It was done in a passion, and he was sorry for it after."

"But what could you have done, Stephen, to make him so angry with you?"

"I was selling half a quire of writing paper to a lady: he counted the sheets after me and found thirteen instead of only twelve—they had stuck together so, that I took two for one. I tried to explain, but he was in a passion, and gave me a blow. The lady said something to him about his improper conduct, and he said that I was such a *careless little rascal*, that he lost all patience with me. That hurt me a great deal more than the blow. It was a falsehood, and he knew it—but he wanted to excuse himself. I felt that I was going into a passion too, but I thought of what you are always telling me about patience and forbearance, and I kept

down my passion—I know he was sorry for it after, from the way he spoke to me, though he didn't say so."

"I have no doubt he suffered more than you, Stephen," said Mary; "he would be vexed that he had shown his temper before the lady, vexed that he had told a lie, and vexed that he had hurt you when you bore it so patiently."

"Yes, mother, but that doesn't make it easier for me to bear his ill temper; I've borne it now for more than a year for your sake, and I can bear it no longer.—Surely I can get something to do—I'm sturdy and healthy, and willing to do any kind of work."

Mary shook her head, and remained for a long time silent and thoughtful. At length she said, with a solemn earnestness of manner that almost made poor Stephen cry,—

"You say that, for my sake, you have borne your master's unkind treatment for more than a year; for my sake bear it longer, Stephen. Your patience must and *will* be rewarded in the end. You know how I have worked, day and night, ever since your poor father died, when you were only a little infant in the cradle, to feed and clothe you, and to pay for your schooling, for I was determined that you should have schooling; you know how I have been cheered in all my toil by the hope of seeing you, one day, getting on in the world.—And I know, Stephen, that you will get on. You are a good, honest lad, and kind to your poor mother, and God will reward you. But not if you are hasty—not if you are impatient; you know how hard it was for me to get you this situation—you might not get another—you must not leave—you must not break your indentures—you must be patient and industrious still—you have a hard master, and, God knows, it costs me many a heart-ache to think of what you have to suffer: but bear with him, Stephen, bear with him, for my sake, a few years longer."

Stephen was now fairly crying, and his mother kissed off his tears, while her own flowed freely. Her appeal to his affection was not in vain. He soon smiled through his tears, as he said, "Well, mother, you always know how to talk me over. When I came in to-night, I did think that I would *never* go to the shop again. But I will promise you to be patient and industrious still. Considering all that you have done for me, this is little enough for me to do for you. Some time, mother, I may be able to do more for you. When I have a shop of my own, you shall live like a lady. I'll trust to your word that I shall be sure to get on, if I am patient and industrious, though I don't see how it's to be. It's not so very bad to bear after all; and, bad as my master is, there's one comfort, he lets me have my Saturday nights and blessed Sundays with you. Well, I feel happier now, and I think I can eat my supper. We forgot that my porridge was getting cold all this time."

Stephen kept his word—day after day, and month after month, his patience and industry never flagged. And plenty of trials, poor fellow, he had for his fortitude. His master, a small stationer in a small country town, to whom Stephen was bound apprentice for five years, with a salary barely sufficient to keep him in clothes, was a little, spare, sharp-faced man, who seemed to have worn himself away with continual fretfulness and vexation. He was perpetually fretting, perpetually finding fault with something or other, perpetually thinking that everything was going wrong. Though he did cease to go into a passion with, and to strike Stephen, the poor lad was an object always at hand, on which to vent his ill humour. Many, many times was Stephen on the point of losing heart and temper; but he was always able to control himself by thinking of his mother. And, as he said, there was always comfort in those Saturday nights and blessed Sundays. A long walk in the country on those blessed Sundays, and the Testament readings to his mother, would always

strengthen his often wavering faith in her prophecies of good in the end, would cheer his spirits, and nerve him with fresh resolution for the coming week. And what was it that the widow hoped would result from this painful bondage? She did not know—she only had faith in her doctrine—that patience and industry would some time be rewarded. *How* the reward was to come in her son's case, she could not see. It seemed likely indeed, from all appearances, that the doctrine in this case would prove false. But still she had faith.

It was now nearly four years since the conversation between mother and son before detailed. They were together again on the Saturday evening. Stephen had grown into a tall, manly youth, with a gentle, kind, and thoughtful expression of countenance. Mary looked much older, thinner, paler, and more anxious. Both were at this moment looking very downcast.

"I do not see that anything can be hoped from him," said Stephen, with a sigh. "I have now served him faithfully for five years—I have borne patiently all his ill-humour, I have never been absent a moment from my post, and during all that time, notwithstanding all this, he has never thanked me, he has never so much as given me a single kind word, nor even a kind look. He must know that my apprenticeship will be out on Tuesday, yet he never says a word to me about it, and I suppose I must just go without a word."

"You must speak to him," said Mary, "you cannot leave without saying something—and tell him exactly how you are situated; he cannot refuse to do something to help you."

"It is easy to talk of speaking to him, mother, but not so easy to do it. I have often before thought of speaking to him,—of telling him how very, very poor we are, and begging a little more salary. But I never could do it when I came before him. I seemed to feel that he would refuse me, and I felt somehow too proud to ask a favour that would most likely be refused. But it shall be done, now, mother; I will not be a burthen upon you, if I can help it. I'd sooner do anything than that. He *ought* to do something for me, and there's no one else that I know of that can. I *will* speak to him on Monday."

Monday evening was come—all day Stephen had been screwing up his courage for the task he had to do; of course it could not be done when his master and he were in the shop together, for there they were liable at any moment to be interrupted. At dinner time they separated; for they took the meal alternately, that the post in the shop might never be deserted. But now the day's work was over: every thing was put away, and master and apprentice had retired into the little back parlour to take their tea. As usual they were alone, for the stationer was a single man, (which might account for the sourness of his temper,) and the meal was usually taken in silence, and soon after it was over they would both retire to bed; still in silence. Stephen's master had poured out for him his first cup of tea, handed it to him without looking at him, and began to swallow his own potion. Stephen allowed his cup to remain before him untouched; he glanced timidly towards his master, drew a deep breath, coloured slightly, and then began.

"If you please, sir, I wish to speak to you."

His master looked up with a sudden jerk of the head, and fixed his keen grey eyes on poor Stephen's face.—He did not seem at all surprised, but said sharply, (and he had a very sharp voice), "Well, sir, speak on."

Stephen was determined not to be discouraged, so he began to tell his little tale. His voice faltered at first, but as he went on he became quite eloquent. He spoke with a boldness which astonished himself. He forgot his master, and thought only of his mother. He told all about her poverty, and struggles to get a living. He dwelt strongly but modestly on his own conduct during his apprenticeship, and finished by entreating

his master now to help him to do something, for he had nothing in the world to turn to, no friends, no money, no influence.

His master heard him to an end. He had soon withdrawn his eyes from Stephen's agitated face, then partially averted his own face, then left his seat, and advanced to a side table, where he began to rummage among some papers, with his back to Stephen.

Stephen had ceased speaking some time, before he made any reply. Then, still without turning round, he spoke, beginning with a sort of grunting ejaculation—"Humph! so your mother gets her living by mangling, does she? and she thought that if she got you some schooling, and taught you to behave yourself, your fortune would be made. Well, you will be free to-morrow; you may go to her and tell her she is a fool for her pains. Here are your indentures, and here's the salary that's due to you. Now you may go to bed."

As he spoke the last words, he had taken the indentures from a desk, and the money from his purse. Stephen felt a choking sensation in his throat as he took from his hands the paper and the money; he would even have uttered the indignation he felt, but, before he could speak, his master had left the room. Disappointed and heart-sick, and feeling humiliated that he should have asked a favour of such a man, the poor lad retired to his garret, and it was almost time to get up in the morning before he could fall asleep. On the Tuesday, when the day's work was over, Stephen packed up his bundle of clothes,—should he say good bye to his master? Yes; he would not be ungracious at the last. He opened the door of the back parlour, and stood just within the doorway, his bundle in his hand. His master was sitting, solitary, at the tea-table.

"I am going, sir, good bye," said Stephen.

"Good bye, sir," returned his master, without looking at him. And so they parted.

The result of the application told, the mother and son sat together that night in silence; their hearts were too full for words. Mary sorrowed most, because she had hoped most. Bitter tears rolled down her cheeks, as she sat brooding over her disappointment. Stephen looked more cheerful, for his mind was busy trying to form plans for the future—how he should go about to seek for another situation, etc. Bed-time came; both rose to retire to rest. Stephen had pressed his mother's hand, and was retiring, saying as he went, "Never mind, mother, it'll all be right yet," when they were startled by a loud rap at the door.

"Who's there?" shouted Stephen.

"A letter for you," was the reply.

Stephen thought there was some mistake, but he opened the door. A letter was put into his hand, and the bearer disappeared. Surprised, Stephen held the letter close to the rush-light Mary was carrying. He became still more surprised; it was addressed to Mrs. Gray, that was his mother, and he thought he knew the handwriting; it was very like his master's. Mary's look of wonder became suddenly brightened by a flash of hope; she could not read writing—Stephen must read it for her. He opened the letter, something like a bank note was the first thing he saw—he examined it—it was actually a ten pound bank of England note; his heart beat rapidly, and so did his mother's; what could this mean? But there was a little note which would perhaps explain. Stephen's fingers trembled sadly as he opened it. There were not many words, but they were to the purpose. Stephen read them to himself before he read them aloud. And as he was reading, his face turned very red, and how it did burn! But what was the meaning of tears, and he looking so pleased? Mary could not understand it.

"Do read up, Stephen," she exclaimed.

With a voice broken by the effort he had to make all the time to keep from crying, Stephen read,

"MADAM,

"Put away your mangle—that son of yours is worth mangling for; but it is time to rest now. The note is for your present wants; in future your son may supply you. I let him go to-night; but I did not mean him to stay away, if he chooses to come back. I don't see that I can do well without him. But I don't want him back, if he would rather go anywhere else, I know plenty that would be glad to have him. He has been seen in the shop, and noticed, and such lads are not always to be got. If he chooses to come back to me, he won't repent. I've no sons of my own, thank God. He knows what I am; I am better than I was, and I may be better still. I've a queer way of doing things, but it is my way, and can't be helped. Tell him I'll be glad to have him back to-morrow if he likes.

"Yours,

"J. W."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mary, triumphantly; "I always said so! I knew you would get on!"

Stephen did go back to his eccentric master, and he never had any reason to repent. He got on even beyond his mother's most soaring hopes. The shop eventually became his own, and he lived a flourishing and respected tradesman. We need scarcely add that his mother had no further use for her mangle, and that she was a very proud, and a very happy woman.

THE EARLIEST FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

BY WILLIAM HINCKS, F. L. S.

No. III.—THE PRIMROSE.

IN selecting a few familiar and favourite flowers as the subjects of illustration, which we hope may serve at once to extend a knowledge of the true principles of botanical science, and to cultivate a taste for the rational study of the beautiful objects which surround us on all sides, we cannot think of passing by the primrose, a flower of the present season, one which is within almost everybody's reach; since, whilst the hand of Nature plentifully scatters it over the banks and through the thickets, there are few gardens which do not contain it in its natural state, or in some of its varieties; often mingled, too, with kindred forms, which may be profitably compared with it; and even in the heart of crowded cities, the demand for this much-loved flower awakens the industry of some rustic merchant adventurer, who brings round his well-stocked basket of blooming roots, from which the flower-pots and window-boxes of the poor artisan, as well as the borders of the little suburban garden, are cheaply supplied.

It is, perhaps, an additional recommendation to our notice on the present occasion, that the primrose differs widely in structure from the plants which we have previously examined, and thus gives opportunity for explaining the application of the principles we have laid down to forms apparently the most opposed and inconsistent, which will be made to manifest their common relationships, and mutually to throw light on each other.

After the fundamental differences which divide all flowering plants into *exogenous* and *endogenous*, the most obvious distinction consists in the circles of which the flower is composed being single of each kind, or one or more kinds either omitted or multiplied; in these circles being separate, or adhering one upon another; in the several pieces of each circle remaining separate, or cohering by their edges, so as to seem to form but one; and in the organs of the several circles being equally or unequally developed.

The winter aconite belongs to an order characterised

by the separation of all its parts, and is likewise regular. The violet has its interior circle—that of the carpels, united by coherence into a compound seed-vessel, though the pressure is not very close. It also exhibits irregularity in its petals and stamens. The primrose is perfectly regular, but all the circles have their parts coherent, and there is a remarkable adherence of the petals and stamens, including between them an abortive outer circle of stamens, of which in general slight traces remain, but attention to which is nevertheless important for giving a true idea of the flower. The inner or carpellary circle also claims very particular attention.

The primrose has an almost fleshy root, with long fibres, numerous leaves springing from the stem immediately above the ground, of an obovate-oblong figure (that is, somewhat egg-shaped, with the larger end outwards, but disproportionately lengthened below), irregularly toothed, soft, downy, and wrinkled, tapering gradually into broad leaf-stalks, with the margin folded back in the younger ones. These leaves decay without dropping off, and the lower portions of the leaf-stalk, remaining attached to the stem, swell into reservoirs of nourishment, converting the fleshy stem into what has been called a notched or jointed root, the stem sinking into the ground, and sending forth fresh fibres from above each remnant of a leaf. The flowers proceed, a number of them together, from one common rudiment of a stalk, which is sometimes elevated (especially in gardens) so as to have the appearance of the oxlip or polyanthus. Each flower is large, of the pleasing, pale sulphur colour which takes the name of primrose, with a darker radiating spot in the middle, and sweet-scented.

The calyx, or outer circle, has its five sepals cohering for about two-thirds of their length into a tubular, five-angled cup. The corolla is salver-shaped, with the five petals cohering into a tube, separating only in the border. The five stamens adhere with the corolla, so as to appear to spring from its tube, their insertion being sometimes very low, so that they are concealed from view; sometimes so high as to fill the mouth of the tube, which makes the florist's distinction of *pin-eyed* and *thumb-eyed*, but always *opposite to the petals*. This is a characteristic peculiarity of the tribe; and as the general law is for the parts of the circles to alternate with one another, we are naturally led to seek for some explanation. On examination, we perceive that the throat of the corolla, above the insertion of the stamens, has a little border of five rounded parts placed *alternately* between the petals and stamens, and unquestionably representing an intermediate circle of abortive stamens, which by pressure is amalgamated with the corolla. In the poorest primroses the stamens are lowest in the tube, and the border of the eye is least developed: hence the enlarged full throat and the thumb-eye are approved by florists in all the primrose tribe, in the auncula and polyanthus as well as the primrose itself.

As we have here proposed a theory to explain the peculiar position of the stamens in the primrose tribe, we will mention in justification of it, that in some species of *Lysimachia*, the Loose-strife, which belongs to the same tribe, the five additional organs are seen as a set of pointed filaments more or less approaching the aspect of stamens, inserted between the petals, and in another genus, *Samolus*, they evidently resemble barren or imperfect stamens in the same position. The five carpels cohere so completely to their very points, as to form an ovate seed-vessel with a pin-shaped pistil, appearing like a single organ. The coherence being by the edges of the carpellary leaves, the capsule is one-celled, but, what is very remarkable, the seeds, instead of appearing along the line of junction of the pieces as in the violet, are on the surface of a central receptacle

forming a sort of knob. The usual explanation of this structure is, that only the lower part of the carpellary leaf is allowed to perfect its germs, and that these lower seed-bearing portions unite into the central receptacle, while the remaining portion of the leaves forms the seed-vessel.

This explanation is far from being satisfactory, and we are tempted to suppose that the receptacle is a prolongation of the axis of the flowers, that the outer circle of carpellary leaves produces no germs, but merely forms the envelop, whilst each leaf on the produced axis, instead of becoming a carpel, becomes a germ. In fact, if we properly seize and follow out analogies, the radiment within the seed is a sort of bud, and the seed-case a transformation of its accompanying leaf. Some eminent botanists maintain that in all cases the seed really proceeds from the axis, not from the border of the leaf. But there are sufficient instances in nature of actual buds being produced on leaves, and in a large class of seed-vessels we take the explanation of the seeds being borne on the margin of the carpels to be indisputable; we must, however, acknowledge that there is no reason why they should not be also produced, like the majority of common buds, upon the axis, and we therefore make it our inquiry which view can be best supported in each particular case. Now there are monstrosities of the primrose tribe, in which the seeds are actually transformed into small leaves, and from these we are disposed to conclude that in this tribe the circle of carpels only protects a terminal portion of the axis on which all the leaves become seeds. We are here leading our readers into one of the difficult questions of theoretical botany; but it is curious and interesting, and if, as we hope, we have made our meaning intelligible, they will not be sorry to see how different botany is from a mere science of names, and how much there is to think upon—what various evidence must be weighed, before we understand the structure of a very simple flower.

If any of our readers should compare our description of the primrose with those which occur in books, they will remark material differences in the language employed. We have recognized five sepals and five petals cohering together, a point which we cannot but think very important; yet, not to refer to older or less eminent writers, Dr. Lindley, in describing the tribe for his great and invaluable work, the *Vegetable Kingdom*, though really taking in these particulars the view of the structure which we have given, calls the calyx *five-cleft*, and the corolla *monopetalous*—language which implies the singleness of the organ, instead of the union of its pieces; and in the eighth part of De Candolle's *Prodromus*, the very work (continued by his son since his death) of the great reformer of our ideas and language on these subjects, the learned author of the article on the Primrose tribe, DuRoi, not only everywhere uses the common inaccurate language, but is guilty of employing the term *monosepalous*, though his eminent master adopted the name *sepals* for the leaves of the calyx, expressly in order to get rid of the misleading term, *one-leaved*, and to make it easy to mark the real structure, whether the sepals in the particular case should be distinct, or in various degrees united. We hope to be excused for endeavouring to correct these oversights of distinguished men, and using words that convey at once the acknowledged truths. Well-instructed men of science are not misled by language which is common, though founded on opinions now abandoned; but if we want to make the truths of science generally intelligible and interesting, we must adopt terms that cannot be mistaken.

The primrose varies in colour to white, lilac, various reddish or purple shades, and a deep rich crimson. The best of these colours have also been obtained double, and are beautiful and favourite garden flowers. LINNÆUS

thought the primrose, the oxlip, and the cowslip, only varieties of one species, and forms are to be met with which almost seem to justify this opinion; but it is on the whole more convenient to admit the three plants as distinct. If we had not already exceeded bounds, we could say much of the best known foreign species and cultivated varieties of the primrose, especially the auricula and the polyanthus, but we must not indulge ourselves.

The favourite names rose and violet were of very vague and extensive application among our ancestors, and primrose (*prima rosa*) first flower of the season, marks the favour with which this plant was regarded.

The botanical name now received in this country is *primula vulgaris*, but it is the *P. acaulis* of Curtis's London Flora, and the *P. grandiflora* of Duby in De Candolle's *Prodromus*, a work of great authority, much referred to. The natural order is called *Primulaceæ*, and contains many well-known plants, all herbaceous, with a capsular many-seeded fruit, having a free central receptacle for the seeds and the stamens opposite the petals; the straight embryo in the midst of albumen and lying parallel with the scar.

AN ANTI-LAND-LAW LEAGUE.

It is with great pleasure that we give the following important paper, and are rejoiced to see the intelligent and public-spirited citizens of Cork beginning in earnest to agitate this great question of the resumption of the unappropriated land by the country, for the sustenance of the starving population. The land of Ireland must maintain the poor of Ireland, or the people of England will have to do it; and for this purpose thousands of poor Irish are daily shipped to England and turned adrift on its shores, cast on the mercy of the British public, the Irish landlord having no mercy. We are proud to have originated this necessary agitation, and trust that the English press and people will extend it to every quarter of the empire. The lives of millions and the very prosperity of the nation depend upon it.

Cork, March 20th, 1847.

SIR,—In one of your late numbers you call for an agitation for Ireland, and ably and nobly have you sounded the first note of gathering, and with a perception of the causes of Irish suffering, and of the principles on which a remedy is to be founded, rare in English journalists, pointed its direction. Truly there is an agitation going forward: famine and disease are agitating for us with a trumpet voice; death, creeping like a dark cloud over the land, and amidst want, and cold, and aqualor, and nakedness, crushing out the life of masses of its inhabitants, is agitating for us with the benevolent; and the selfish and the unfeeling are agitated, for guard themselves as they will, misery cannot be rife in the world, and the well-to-do not suffer by it.

Nevertheless your call is a wise one; let the philosopher and the philanthropist in every corner of the land give this agitation a tongue, and a wise and humanizing direction, and affliction will not have come in vain.

But how is it to be directed? The social condition of Ireland is the exponent of a whole mass of evils, all calling aloud for change, and each individual wrong thrusting itself forward as that which most speedily calls for reformation. It is truly an Augean stable at what corner of which one knows not to begin—at least, such is evidently its appearance to English eyes. In Ireland, there are some who think that they could do something if they had but the power, who see or think they see the causes of the misery and degradation in which

their land is sunk. They have not—I think unwisely—sought a hearing from Englishmen; strong prejudices on their own part, and a freely expressed contempt on the part of the English, have prevented it; and the consequence is that an amount of ignorance of Irish affairs, and a want of appreciation of Irish character, is manifest in the writings of the ablest journalists and philosophers, and in the suggestions of the most experienced statesmen. All this should not be; the interests of the people in all lands are synonymous, and until a real union grows up between the inhabitants of these islands, the progress of both must be impeded. Social intercourse, the mutual interchange of benefits, is the great path by which man is to travel towards civilization and happiness, to physical, intellectual, and moral elevation; and it seems a portion of the harmonious arrangement of our social condition, that we can gain no blessing for ourselves, if in our acquisition or enjoyment of it we do not share it with others.

These islands have been too long divided; ancient abuses, and animosities, and wrongs inflicted, are yet unforbidden, and the jealousies of the conqueror and the conquered are not yet obliterated. It is time they were—time that we should have no more of Celt or Saxon, of Englishmen as oppressors and plunderers, or of Irishmen as aliens and enemies, as vicious, indolent, imbecile, or extravagant. The charges on both sides may have some truth, they have, at least in the present day, far more of falsehood; and the giving and receiving of kindnesses and acts of generosity, will have their healing influence. Let not the givers be angry if the good lights most upon themselves, and that they most feel its influence; it has been ever so, for "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The munificent donations of the English people will and have caused to spring up amongst them a real and anxious desire for the welfare of Ireland; and if, in response to their gifts, they sometimes hear the answer, "Give us justice, and we shall have no need of charity," let them not cry ingratitude, but feel that it is easier to give charity with a good grace than to receive it, and that there might be much truth in the response. Englishmen should recollect, that it is they who make the laws of Ireland, and not the Irish themselves; and that it depends upon them whether the present famine shall be one of a series of social convulsions, consequent upon an ill-balanced social condition, or whether it shall be the concluding one. I know that it will be said, are we not a united kingdom, and have not all their share in framing its laws? You are represented in the Parliament of Great Britain, as well as England. There could not be a greater mistake; the people of Ireland have no representatives, properly speaking, in the legislature. If proof of this were required, my own labour during the week would give it most abundantly. At a public meeting here, resolutions were adopted condemnatory of certain alterations in the New Poor Law, by which, from the increase of ex-officio, or landlord guardians, all the power on the boards would be handed over to them, and a heap of abuses introduced. In my capacity as secretary, I was requested to send those resolutions, with a circular, to each *English* member of the House of Commons, the feeling on the minds of all being, that the Irish members only represented themselves and their own class—that of the landlords. The people of Ireland have no representatives, with, perhaps, some five or six exceptions, and the entire legislation of the country is in the hands of Englishmen. We have here the strongest possible argument for a repeal of the union. So long as that union continues, the Irish people will have just cause of complaint in having to submit to laws in the making of which they have had no part, and in the payment of taxes to the imposition of which they have never consented; and never will a real union grow up between the nations

until the parchment one is destroyed, which is ever calling up in the minds of our people the recollections of the fraud, injustice, and falsehood, by which it was effected,¹ and the blundering, mischievous, and partial legislation, and all the social evils of which it is the consequence.

But it is not my intention to write upon the repeal of the union, for two reasons: first, because the people of England are not yet ready to reason calmly on the question; they look upon it as the very ultimatum of Quixotism, a convincing proof of Irish folly, presumption, and impertinence. Time will be, and that soon, when they will look upon it with a different aspect; when, seeing that it is not taken up out of a feeling of national hostility, or as a vantage ground from which to beard or bully a government, but from a calm, intelligent and deliberate conviction of its being *the question* of Ireland's prosperity, they will attend to the arguments in its favour. And then they will perceive, that it is neither Quixotic nor Utopian, but just in principle, that it would be most beneficial in its influence, and, indeed, absolutely essential to advanced prosperity in Ireland. And my second reason is, that there is another question—that to which you have yourself alluded—the settlement of which would be more immediately beneficial, and on which the people of England are ready to think freely, calmly, and justly. That question is that of the great Land Monopoly, that most iniquitous of the heir-looms which feudal tyranny has handed down to us; and land-made law, the mass of absurdity, falsehood, subterfuge, and unintelligible jargon which the landlords' ready tools, the lawyers, have concocted to perpetuate that monopoly. This giant evil, or rather mass of evils, must be stricken down; and the same hands that prostrated the corn monopoly, the sister, or rather the child, of this more grievous and more ancient wrong, are those that will best effect it.

Will the working men of England see the tillers of the soil, the wealth producers, the food manufacturers, falling by thousands on the land which their hands have sown, and the sweat of their brows moistened; and that, after living for years in the worst possible of human habitations, on the lowest possible descriptions of human food, with the smallest endurable amount of human comfort, insulted, degraded, converted into creeping fawning serfs, ready to lick the feet of their oppressors for even the shadow of justice and humanity, and the only change in their condition, to be periodically swept away by thousands and millions, in years of more than usual scarcity? Let us have one hearty outcry from every honest independent worker in the land, and this most grievous iniquity must fall before it. But let us place the object for which we contend distinctly before the public.

There must be a total and sweeping repeal—we have become great advocates for repeals in Ireland, we find so much more advantage from the repeal of old laws than from the enactments of new ones, every one of the latter of which, no matter what its object, is so clumsy in its structure, so difficult of application, and opens the door to such a community of abuses, that it proves a curse rather than a blessing. Take for instance the labour rate act; it was intended to meet the distress of the people, but in attempting to do so, it has disturbed all the social relations of society. The cost has been enormous, it will have scarcely any return in useful or advantageous works—many of them are positively injurious. Half, and some say two-thirds, of the cost has been absorbed in the management and preparations; the families of the people employed upon them have

(1) For a full detail of this fraud, injustice, and falsehood, and for the price paid to each traitor for his sale of the rights and existence of the Irish Parliament, see *Hampden's History of the Aristocracy*.

been starved by thousands from insufficient payment—the wages generally varying from 6d. to 1s. per day, at a time when it would require double that amount to supply a family with the commonest necessities of existence. The labour of the people has been directed from the only means for their future subsistence, the tilling of the soil; and worst of all, above half a million of pauper labourers, quite a unique class, has been created,—how they will be placed again in their proper natural position without insurrection, is a problem it would take a sage to answer;—and as if to give a crowning instance of their utter incapacity, our governors have decreed, that 140,000 of this artificially created class of beggar workers, this anomaly in all human society, representing at least half a million of human beings, should be last week discharged, with no refuge whatsoever from death by the road-side—the new poor-law, another blundering law, not coming into operation for ten or twelve days at the soonest. What can be the punishment in the future world upon men who take serious responsibilities upon them which they are utterly unequal to? It should indeed be fearful if it be retributive. Excuse this long digression, it will show at least that our complaints of English legislation are not without foundation.

There should be a *Repeal* of all the laws which make distinctions between landed and other property; so that it might be bought, sold, and given away, as is any other commodity.

A *Repeal* of the whole system of leasing, occupation, and use, should be a full and sufficient title, and when these do not exist no title should be valid. To explain—the law, as in all other cases, should presume that the land is the property of the possessor, the occupier, and any man taking land for the purpose of tillage should never be disturbed but with his own wish and consent so long as he pays the rent agreed upon; there would be no injustice in this, for it would secure to the landlord the full market value of his land, it would only prevent him and his posterity from being an incubus on the industry of the people to all future generations.

A simple enactment should be made that any land unoccupied for a certain number of years, say twenty—which I believe is the legal number which constitutes ownership—should be sold for the benefit of the people; and this law should be retrospective as well as prospective, and all the land at present unclaimed should at once be offered to the highest bidder; the simplest plan would be to empower the guardians of every poor-law union, to get information as to whether there was any land in the union unclaimed, or for the specific time unoccupied, and on a day appointed by public advertisement submit the same to public auction, and apply the proceeds to defray the expenses of maintaining the poor; if there should be no bidder it should be legal for any man, so choosing, to enter upon that land to till it and occupy it, and he should be deemed a public benefactor who would thus give value to that which was before valueless.

One other enactment would be essential: that no claim should be made on the occupier of land for any rent or charges whatsoever, save those which he had agreed to pay—of course excepting his portion of public taxation; and that it shall not be lawful to seize any portion of the crops of the current year for rent or arrears of rent, but that the landlord be given facilities for getting up his land, if the tenant does not fulfil his engagements.

These simple arrangements—one half of which would be the sweeping away of a whole heap of rubbishing laws, the other, what any sensible man could write upon two pages of foolscap—would, I am convinced, remodel society; and while they would take from no man that which is by any shadow of right his own, and would confer lasting benefits on the depraved and worthless

landlord class, would give life and energy to our oppressed and plundered people, place them beyond the reach of another famine, and create in Ireland an independent, wealthy, moral, and intelligent yeomanry, who would be the support and glory of the nation. Men of England, would not such be worth agitating for? Would not the glory of having accomplished it be greater than the winning of ten thousand Waterloos; would not the blessing it would confer on you be one of the greatest, by making a market for your manufactures, where now there is but a birth-place for hungry, half-clad men, accustomed to a condition you would not deem fit for brutes; who, whenever they can beg their way amongst you, are ready to compete with you for your labour on terms that have a tendency to reduce you to their own condition?

Raise then within your land, from north to south, from east to west, a cry of justice to Ireland; of overthrow to land monopoly and land tyranny; stand up for the working man, your brother—the Irish white slave; say to oppression and injustice, thou shalt go no further; and organize in every city, and town, and village, a great ANTI-LAND-LAW LEAGUE.

There are many parts of this subject on which I would wish to dwell further, but fear I have already exceeded all due bounds.

I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,

ISAAC J. VARIAN.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

Is viewed simply in its obvious relations to the physical and educational advance of the great staple classes of society, this question is one of immense importance; but when looked at for what it really is, as a phase of a mighty moral revolution, both as regards the circumstances, the character, and the condition of labour, it appears at once grandly significant of true moral progress and enlightenment. The steps towards this phase in its present evidence have been weary ones; for nothing has been so crushed as the rights of labour; nothing considered so worthless in itself. It has been borne as a matter of necessitated sufferance by the majority; and its effects received with the supreme indifference of a right by the minority: whereas, till labour be taken for what it really is, the most religious and greatest power placed by Divine goodness in the hands of man, to act upon the infinite material and causes of nature, no great and true moral relations between man and man will be established. The primary rights of man, both as one who has to labour and receive the productions of labour, do not, as some assert, intermingle and become difficult of solution as social relations grow more varied; but rather is it, that the more enlightenment bears upon human action, the more simplified and obvious are these relations; for then is fairly judged the reciprocity of duty, and the great moral end of all duty, happiness, as the result of utility. It is, therefore, this reciprocity of interests and duties, despoiled of tyranny on the one hand, and subversion on the other, that gives character to the great agitation for shortened hours, in the more advanced and active classes of labour; and the more that education spreads, the more obvious, simple, and capable of assertion will these rights become to the great classes interested.

For this same right and relation of labour, and their action upon mental and moral progress, we press again this great question of time upon the public, the employers, and the employed. All three, in our view, have great duties in respect to it; the more these are acted upon, the more beneficial will be the result. We want to do away with even the idea of necessitated coercion; and fully hope that this question will be one of bene-

ficial adjustment on the part of both employers and employed; both looking to their rights, both asserting their rights; for we confidently express our opinion, that the employers' interests are fully those of the employed. With respect to the Ten Hours Bill, we have regretted the necessity of an appeal to Parliament; for we cannot but consider coercion in any form only as adverse to moral and political liberty. Still this step was necessitated. If capital does not understand its moral obligations, then law must teach them; and the productions and services of man must not be held at higher price than man himself. We therefore do say, in respect to this Early Closing Movement, that much as the step would, and that rightly, be deprecated by all wise and earnest thinkers, an appeal to Parliament will grow out of the spirit of enlightenment in the employed, when once they fairly judge their own right, and the duty of employers, if the claim for shortened hours should not be received in the spirit it ought.

As to the public, it appears to us that a large portion of it, more particularly the educated classes, have responded to the voice of this agitation; and much to its honour be it said, among the aristocracy more especially. Within recollection, fashionable shops were inundated to a much later hour than they are at present, by the movers in what is termed "high life;" now even the upper ranks of the middle classes, who make it their care to follow sedulously in the footsteps of the titled, act personally upon this wise example. Here, at least, we find a portion of the public set against a pernicious custom, and it really is at bottom nothing more than custom. With the remainder of this body, called the public, and who may virtually be set down for being uneducated, alone rests the great plea of employers as to public necessity, without their once considering that it is just precisely this class on whom their own moral courage, in enforcing early hours, would so seasonably act. Who is it that keeps the glittering shops of the metropolis open till the hours of nine and ten? who is it that causes large sums to be expended in gas? and who is it that helps to the moral and physical deterioration of those who are necessitated slaves to this system? Why, usually some dallying milliner, some affected lady's maid who has had the whole day for this duty, or some good simple woman who admires shopping "by night." As we have said, we want to see a public and moral courage growing up among employers; we want to see the rate-paying shopkeeper, who boasts of the strictness of his political and religious principles, show true result of both by disregarding the selfish interests of his neighbours, and looking only steadily to his own duty as a *master* and a *man*. Depend upon it, such evidence of moral courage would be rewarded by public appreciation, and nothing would more truly show an employer's sense of his duties as a citizen and as a capitalist, than observance of those duties required of him by both positions. The money-getting spirit of selfish antagonism is alone at war; it is this that keeps open whole streets of empty shops. If a victory could be gained over this antagonism, the Early Closing Movement would at once be a triumphant question; but we do cordially trust that such employers will come forth, and proclaim their own relative condition to the public in connexion with advanced opinion. As to the employed, their own relative and necessitated duty in this movement is as great as that of their employers. Their own mental and physical emancipation is to a certain extent in their own hands. Of what use are the great rising clubs and atheneums; of what use is literature in its advanced and cheapened forms; of what use are elevated and refining social comforts; of what use is the spirit of the age and its mightiness, its benefits, and its ameliorations for all; if there be not time for enjoyment and advance?

Therefore, it is you, the employed, that as a body

must combine, and coalesce in this great movement. This not merely in one shop, in one counting-house, in this metropolis, or in any one town—but everywhere where you have attained to, and can comprehend, what is justice to yourselves, and your true relation to your employers. Recollect that in your hands much of the power of this cause lies; and no intimidation ought to prevent your combined agitation of this important question, and the calling the attention of your employers to it. In a word, to you of the metropolis and great towns of England, the linendrapers, the rest of those employed in the wholesale and retail trades, and who have joined your ranks, look to your success in this agitation as a sign of their own. For you were the first promoters of this agitation for the reduction of the hours of labour in retail trades, and by you as a body will public opinion be led. *Therefore be true to yourselves.* I shall return again and again to this subject, as one among those to which I have pledged my life and labour; and to you, public—employers and employed—I am in all sincerity your devoted servant,

SILVERPEN.

A SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE SWINEHERDS.

BEFORE a cottage, plastered of mud and straw, sat an old swineherd, a real Hungarian, and consequently a nobleman.¹ Very often had he laid his hand upon his heart, and said this to himself. The sun burnt hotly, and therefore he had turned the woolly side of his sheepskin outwards; his silver-white hair hung around his characteristic brown countenance. He had got a new piece of linen, a shirt, and he was now preparing it for wear, according to his own fashion, which was this: he rubbed the fat of a piece of bacon into it; by this means it would keep clean so much the longer, and he could turn it first on one side and then on the other.

His grandson, a healthy-looking lad, whose long black hair was smoothed with the same kind of pomatum which the old man used to his shirt, stood just by, leaning on a staff. A long leathern bag hung on his shoulder. He also was a swineherd, and this very evening was going on board a vessel, which, towed by the steamboat Eros, was taking a freight of pigs to the imperial city of Vienna.

"You will be there in five days," said the old man. "When I was a young fellow, like you, it used to take six weeks for the journey. Step by step we went on, through marshy roads, through forests, and over rocks. The pigs, which at the beginning of the journey were so fat that a few of them died by the way, became thin and wretched before we came to our destination. Now, the world strides onward: everything gets easier!"

"We can smoke our pipes," said the youth; "lie in the sun in our warm skin-cloaks. Meadows and cities glide swiftly past us; the pigs fly along with us, and get fat on the journey. That is the life!"

"Everybody has his own notions," replied the old man; "I had mine. There is a pleasure even in difficulty. When in the forest I saw the gipsies roasting and boiling, I had to look sharply about me, to mind that my best pigs did not get into their clutches. Many a bit of fun have I had. I had to use my wits. I was put to my shifts; and sometimes also had to use my fists as well. On the plain between the rocks, where, you know, the winds are shut in, I drove my herd: I drove it across the field where the invisible castle of the winds is built. There was neither house nor roof to

(1) The number of indigent nobles in Hungary is very great, and they live like peasants, in the most miserable huts.

be seen: the castle of the winds can only be felt. I drove the herd through the invisible chambers and halls. I could see it very well; the wall was storm—the door whirlwind! Such a thing as that is worth all the trouble; it gives a man something to talk about. What do you come to know, you who lie idling in the sunshine, in the great floating pig-sty?"

And all the time the old man was talking, he kept rubbing the bacon-fat into his new shirt.

"Go with me to the Danube," returned the youth; "there you will see a dance of pigs, all so fat, till they are ready to burst. They do not like to go into the vessel; we drive them with sticks; they push one against another; set themselves across; stretch themselves out on the earth; run hither and thither however fat and heavy they may be. That is a dance! You would shake your sides with laughing! What a squealing there is! All the musicians in Hungary could not make such a squealing as that out of all their bagpipes, let them blow as hard as they would! How beautifully bright you have made your shirt look; you can't improve it. Go with me,—now do—to the Danube! I'll give you something to drink, grandfather! In four days I shall be in the capital; what pomp and splendour I shall see there! I will buy you a pair of red trousers and plaited spurs!"

The old swineherd proudly lifted his head; regarded the youthful Magyar with flashing eyes; hung his shirt on the hook in the wall of the low mud cottage, in which there was nothing but a table, a bench, and a wooden chest; he nodded with his head, and muttered to himself, "Nemes-ember van, nemes-ember én és vagyok." (He is a nobleman; I am also a nobleman!)

THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

APRIL.

In the poor man's garden plot, where peas, beans, onions, carrots, parsnips, and turnips have not been sown in the last month, they should immediately be done. Early potatoes cannot now be too soon planted, and as an experiment it will be advisable to give the land a top dressing of either common salt, or a good strong one of quick lime; rake it well in the ground; the rows should be at least twenty inches to two feet apart, and not more than four sets to the yard, putting among the early potatoes two early long pod beans, at equal distances in each yard; the beans would bear abundantly, and the potatoes, planted as above, would not be crowded, whilst one crop would be certain; where there are rows of early cabbages, potatoes might be planted thinly, say between every other row, and manured with such manure as might be at hand, or with a dressing of guano and a little salt; until the cabbages were cut, they would shield the potatoes from Frost.

Great care will soon become necessary that weeds do not eat up the strength of the soil. At the latter end of the month, when it will be needful that all the potatoes intended to be planted should be in the ground, and the large Toker broad bean or the delicious Windsor bean might grow in the same rows with them profitably.

Preparations should also be made for a successional crop of Swede turnips, lest the potato should again fail, with rows of scarlet runners, kidney beans, where sticks are to be had; the dwarfs are a good substitute, and make an excellent autumn and summer dish.

In the month of May also, another row or two of the Prussian pea might be sown. Who would not, when they could, luxuriate on a dish of peas and bacon?

In order to have flowers in the nooks and corners, sow Virginia stocks, sweet peas, marigolds, mignonette; plant thyme, &c. &c. stocks, and gilly-flowers.—W. P.

Literary Notice.

Azeth the Egyptian. 8 vols. London: T.C. Newby.

Let all who have leisure, all who have any love for the marvellous, and the imaginative, and at the same time for the profound, read *Azeth the Egyptian*, for it is an extraordinary book. It will be read with great interest by those who require something more in a novel than the struggles, fashions, follies and crimes of the present day. That, however, which pleases us most is the earnest spirit which pervades it; it has not been written to fill up idle moments, but is a work of deep thought, study and research; the author's best has been done in it; and it never once loses sight of its purpose, that of establishing the supremacy of the true and the beautiful over falsehood, in all its multiplied shapes and disguises.

To those who hold by the prevalent, and, we grieve to say, too often well merited, belief that women are little better than a superior kind of butterfly, which flits from flower to flower, only sipping honey and basking in sunshine, we beg to state that *Azeth*, with all its old-world learning and bold philosophy, is the work of a young and lovely woman. Faults there are, no doubt, in the work, but they are not faults that belong exclusively to a female writer, they are the promise of future excellence, as redundant growth in the tree shows the strength that is in it. The faults of *Azeth* are those of inexperience; the author hardly knew how to deal with the superabundant material which was supplied by a rich imagination and great learning. The work also is much too long, the language sometimes inflated, and the imagery profuse and gorgeous almost to weariness; but time and experience will remedy all this.

We will not attempt in our small space any analysis of the story, but simply say that the aim of the work is to show the strivings of a pure, beautiful, and ardent spirit after truth, in which it is opposed by the sensual delusions, cold reasoning, and crafty tyranny of the corrupt priesthood of the time; and this gives occasion to much beautiful and noble argument on the universal subject of truth and religion. The work however is not made up of argument, there is plenty of love and war in it, and mysteries and initiations exciting and terrific enough to please any one; there are dancing girls, light airy creatures drawn with inimitable grace and fascination, and conjurers and magicians of Egypt, of whom Moses heard something in his day, and dwarfs, and druids, and Ishmaelites, so that the excitement-loving reader need not fear that the ponderous machinery of the work lacks agents to keep it moving.

In conclusion we must add that we shall look with great interest for any future work from the pen of the author of *Azeth*, and we are glad to hear that she is advancing a few steps nearer to the present time in a Greek novel, on which she is now employed.

WORDSWORTH.

Thou great Republican Conservative!
Whose stirring verses, like a clarion blast,
Through England's slumbering multitude have passed,
Bidding a race of heroes rise and live!
Tyrteus of our age! thy voice has cleft
Thy mountain solitude; and now it arms
The pleasant villages, the plenteous farms,
The scattered huts upon the wide, wild moor;
The choking towns, of healthful air bereft,
Whose music is the wearying furnace roar.
Bard! thou hast roused them. Ignorance must fall.
What, tremblest thou! Nay, rather thankful be
That thou couldst aid to burst th' abasing thrall,
That Truth is mightier than Self in thee.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work WITH all.—Eds.

Improvement of the Social Condition of Women.—17, Queen-square, Bristol.—DEAR SIR,—The bold and generous tone of your *Journal* induces universal confidence. Your remarks on the Fast ought to be in the hands of every one. And now permit me to draw your attention also to that subject—our highest and noblest theme—woman, who at the present age is neither appreciated nor studied, but, in general, is only a domestic drudge or convenience. Alas! who can wonder at the debased state of man, when we look at woman's state!—she whose mission is from above, whose love is next to that of the Saviour, whose immense influence is destined to regenerate the world; and thus, by nature so peculiar and sweet, so pure and so noble, to prove herself not a slave, but man's friend, companion, and adviser. Some articles were promised, but none have appeared. May we hope to see woman's true virtues held up, and the community at large elevated to their proper position, even to the single, but passed over, redeeming quality of that class most to be pitied, who, through man's insatiable and ungovernable passions, vices, and propensities the most base—become lost to the world, themselves, and their Maker; because no large co-operative body of Samaritans are near to bring them back by appeals to the heart through the feelings—with kindness, instead of making them outcasts by heartless and bitter reproaches—driving them from their homes, as many parents have done and still do. Man is the destroyer of woman; and be assured, that so long as she is debased and enslaved, so long shall we, as men, be like brutes, subservient to our passions, and they predominant over reason, thus making us a degenerated and demoralized race.

In conclusion, sir, should this be worthy of a place in your "Weekly Record," together with any comment, I would call on the philanthropists and working men of Bristol to rally round the Athenæum, get up discussions as to forming a Co-operative Band, the practicability of Associated Homes, and last, though not least, the elevation, morally, socially, and intellectually, of their dearest portion—woman—and themselves.

Your staunch advocate and subscriber,

A. W.

Co-operative League.—A number of the members of this association met at their Central Hall, situate in Snow Hill, on Wednesday the 24th inst., (the fast day), and partook of an entertainment provided for the occasion; after tea, songs and recitations were given by various members of the company; some verses on the fast, composed by a working man, were also read.

At eight o'clock a public meeting was held to consider "what permanent measures can be adopted to prevent a recurrence of the alarming distress and disorder at present existing in Ireland."

Mr. J. J. Hawkins was called to the chair, and after considerable discussion, in which Messrs. Jenneon, Henry, Slaney, Cooper and Aingar took part, it was resolved that copies of the following petition be signed for presentation to the Houses of Lords and Commons:—

The Petition of the undersigned inhabitants of the City of London and others who feel a deep interest in the welfare of the people at large:

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners having been taught to hold in respect the free institutions of their country, and to have full reliance on the wisdom of Parliament as the source from whence individual happiness and National prosperity is diffused; feel most grievously affected at the appalling accounts of misery, famine, and pestilence, which daily reach them from every part of the united kingdom. Your petitioners view with the utmost alarm the approach of a crisis fraught with extreme danger, not only to the health, but even to the lives of that portion of the community dependent upon wages for their subsistence; and who, by their industry, produce the wealth enjoyed by the community at large. Your petitioners also humbly beg to state

their confidence that union and mutual co-operation in the production and distribution of the necessaries and comforts of life, is the only mode by which the imminent peril that now threatens our nation can be averted, the industrious classes be beneficially employed, and happiness and prosperity be permanently secured. Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that all the *Uncultivated and Waste Lands in Great Britain and Ireland* may be appropriated and set apart by your Honourable House for the employment of the poor in *Agriculture*, and other useful occupations; and they feel assured that such appropriations might be so applied by your honourable House, as ultimately to banish poverty from the homes of the *able-bodied labourers*, and place all in a situation of comfort and independence,

And your petitioners will ever pray. This petition was numerously signed, and it was unanimously resolved that Mr. T. S. Duncombe should be requested to present it to the House of Commons, and Lord Brougham to the House of Lords.

On Friday, 26th inst., Mr. Charles Lane delivered a lecture on America, chiefly in reference to emigration. After describing the general aspect of the country, he gave a large amount of valuable information on the soil, climate, internal communication, social and political condition of the people. He also instanced the low price of land in the *United States*, and its fertility, especially in the *Western States*, as entitling that country to a preference from persons intending to emigrate. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the able lecturer, and in returning thanks to the numerous assembly, he stated that he would willingly answer any questions which might be put to him by intending emigrants. The interest manifested throughout was very great.

Roscoe Club and Liverpool Athenæum.—Liverpool, 26th March, 1847.—SIR,—Encouraged by your kind notice of my last communication, I take the liberty to again address you. I informed you that we were projecting an association in this town similar to the Whittington in London, and which we proposed to call the Roscoe Club and Liverpool Athenæum; we are still progressing in the good work; an address has been issued, a copy of which I beg to enclose. Gentlemen of the highest standing for wealth and ability will take offices, and have promised their support, and many of the class for whose accommodation it will be more especially suited, I mean the young men, clerks and tradesmen, are expressing great interest in the movement; in fact, with them it has originated—we have many excellent institutions, but none combining social and intellectual culture that are accessible to them. G. L.

Kilmarnock, March 23d, 1847.—The third annual meeting of the steeple chasers took place on the 11th current. The course, which was a short distance from Kilmarnock, displayed one of the most disgusting scenes imaginable. The poor horses were made to attempt ditches and hedges for which they were quite incapable, and the blood might have been observed streaming down their sides. It was indeed a good display of "Cruelty to Animals." This alone would be enough to make us lift up our voice against the steeple chases, but alas! this was not all. Over the whole course crowds of men were scattered here and there. In the midst of some, men—intoxicated men—were savagely fighting. In others, dogs and cocks, set one against another by men, were maiming and taking away the life one of another. Go where you pleased, in all corners of the course, on the roads leading to it, some such savage scene greeted your eyes. As one looked upon it, he might well feel humbled, thus to see his fellow creatures displaying less intellect—less reason—than the cattle in the fields. It was indeed most degrading to humanity.

Many steeple chases and races are taking place throughout the country weekly, and if all are as productive of as much evil as the Kilmarnock ones, the amount of injury done to the moral and physical powers of thousands of people in Great Britain is incalculable. W. G.

Subscriptions to the Wilderspin Testimonial.—We beg to acknowledge the following letter and subscriptions, which we have forwarded to the proper quarter; and shall have pleasure in being the medium for similar contributions to so well-deserved an object.

"Blackheath Institution, March 20, 1847.—**SIR**,—I herewith forward a post-order for four guineas, the subscription, as on the other side, towards the Wilderspin Testimonial. May I trouble you to forward it to the right quarter. Surely the members of other institutions might do something to assist Mr. Wilderspin, in consideration of a life spent in the extension of education among the people. There are now about 500 mechanics' institutions in England alone, averaging about 200 members each; if each member would but subscribe 2½d., or the price of some trifling luxury, spent thoughtlessly and comparatively without result, they would among them raise about 1,000*l.*, a sum which would place him beyond the reach of want for the rest of his life, and in some small degree compensate him for the time and energy so freely spent in the public service.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"**GEORGE W. BENNETT,**
"Hon. Secretary.

"**W. HOWITT, Esq.**"

George W. Bennett . . .	Members of the	. . . 1 1 0
A Pupil of Pestalozzi . .	Blackheath Lite-	. . . 1 1 0
— Hutchinson, Esq. . . .	rary Institution.	. . . 1 1 0
Miss Hutchinson 1 1 0

Hunslet Joint Stock Flour Mill Company.—This is a most laudable project on the part of the working classes of the populous neighbourhood of Hunslet, near Leeds, to embark in a useful co-operative scheme. They state in their prospectus that "The object contemplated in the formation of this society is—to purchase corn as cheap as can be obtained for cash only; and either to rent or build a mill; for ourselves to work the said mill, for the benefit of each and all. We have no hesitation in declaring to the public our firm conviction that we shall be able, at all times and in all seasons, to buy flour at our own mill from 2*d.* to 4*d.*, and even 6*d.* per stone below the market price! and it will have the additional value of undoubted purity. We here give you a simple illustration of the objects we have in view:—Suppose you deposit 1*l.* in the savings' bank for one year, the interest of that 1*l.* will be 8*d.*; but if deposited in this society, and you consume two stones of flour per week for the whole year (and we can state with confidence that the average price will be threepence per stone below that of the market), consequently you receive an interest equal to one hundred and thirty per cent., or 1*l.* 6*s.* for the use of your 1*l.*! which will not be for one year only, but for your lives; and whoever you may think proper to leave it to at your death!"

One of the committee adds in a note, "It will be much easier to extend the principle a little farther than to establish it at first; and therefore we who can see beyond the corn-mill must endeavour to show to the members at large that beyond the mill there is land, and in the bank there is money, and that money can be laid out in that land, and that land will grow sufficient of corn for all the members; and so we can go on, conquering and to conquer."

The Belfast Ladies' Association, for the relief of Irish destitution.—At the commencement of the year, a party of the ladies of Belfast commenced using their utmost efforts, by money and otherwise, to administer relief to the suffering poor. To give an idea of their labours, it is only necessary to say that they have appealed to influential individuals or associations for donations, and kept up constant correspondence with the distressed districts, in relation to general destitution, and industrial occupation, &c., &c. They have taken charge of making up and forwarding, according to the direction of the General Committee, such coarse materials, or half-worn garments, blankets, or carpets, as may be gratuitously presented, have procured and forwarded materials for work, and devised means to give further employment to the women in their homes.

Much good has been done by these excellent and indefatigable women, but much more yet remains to be done; and in order to obtain still further funds for their truly Christian labours, they have resolved to open a bazaar here on Easter Monday, to be continued at intervals during the spring. "A bazaar," says a letter received by the editors on this subject, "held some time ago to raise money for the poor in Connaught, increased the funds of the superintending committee so much, that it is quite encouraging to us who are following in their footsteps.

"Our committee, which is composed of persons of all religious denominations, have resolved to use their funds, as much as possible, in promoting industry, while affording relief; for it is greatly to be feared that the present necessary mode of relief will break down independence of feeling in the people.

"The employment of the women in the distressed districts, has already produced encouraging results. Hope is a very large ingredient in the human heart, and though we must overlook a long time of fearful suffering to see any room to hope for Ireland, still I think we may expect light will be, in the end, elicited out of this darkness. It looks as if the long, long years of neglect, and misrule, had reached a climax whose almost unprecedented misery will force attention and justice. To the English *Public* we are bound in ties of gratitude which no thanks can ever repay—their Christian sympathy and support have been with us in the hour of deepest trial; but we must still ask a little more, and in conclusion, permit me to beg you, through your Journal or otherwise, to interest the public and your friends in our cause.

"I am, sincerely yours,

"**SUSANNA VANCE.**"

Short hours. Appeal to the Public of the Journeymen Tailors.—These men, who suffer greatly through the customs of society, propose that their time of labour should be restricted to eleven hours a day, and on Saturday to nine hours. They state truly that:—

First.—A half holiday on Saturdays (as enjoyed by many other trades) would afford the means of health-giving recreations to many who, from conscientious motives, refuse themselves these benefits on the following day.

Second.—To all it would afford the means of performing many duties, connected with a home and family, which, owing to our present vice-engendering system, are often protracted till an early hour on Sunday mornings.

Third.—And last, although not least, by the adoption of these regulations a more just and equal distribution of the work would be the necessary consequence.

London Branch of the Leeds Redemption Society.—We have been requested to announce the formation of a co-operative association under this title in Shoreditch.

At the moment of going to press, we are rejoiced to hear that it is the wish of the friends of Freedom, to present to Frederick Douglass, on his return to America, some testimonial of their deep sense of his services to the cause in this country. We most cordially coincide with the idea; shall be glad to support it; and suggest as the most appropriate gift, that of a STEAM PRESS.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Bread Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Aveline, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWERY 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, April 10, 1847.



THE RIVALS.

" I WENT to the forest-well;
—Drank not a drop there;
I went to meet my heart's dearest love,
And saw her nowhere.

" So I looked all around me
On every hand,
And I saw my heart's dearest love
With another man stand !"

THE THREE LITTLE ROSES.

A GERMAN FOLK'S SONG.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

I WENT to the forest-well ;
 —Drank not a drop there ;
 I went to meet my heart's dearest love,
 And saw her nowhere.

So I looked all around me
 On every hand,
 And I saw my heart's dearest love
 With another man stand !

She standing with another man
 Was sorrow to see !
 —Now, Heaven keep thee, heart's dearest love,
 Thou'lt ne'er belong to me.

I went and bought paper,
 Ink bought I, and pen,
 And wrote to my heart's dearest love
 That I'd ne'er see her again.

Then heart-sick I lay down
 On the green moss and hay,
 And three little roses
 Fell just where I lay ;

And these three little roses
 Were all bright and red.
 —Thus know I not if my love
 Be living or dead !

The German Volkslieder, or people's songs, bear a great affinity to those of the border and the lowlands of Scotland. They have the same simplicity and tenderness, the same rudeness and irregularity of construction; and have in both instances so rooted themselves into the hearts of the people, that it would be impossible to displace them by anything more smooth or sentimental. The song we have now given, and which has been thought worthy of an illustration by the renowned Sonderland, of Düsseldorf, may be taken as a fair specimen of this class.

As in many of our own folk's songs, there is in this also a sort of inconsequent reasoning, which to a matter-of-fact mind may appear almost like nonsense; for instance, it is not easy to see what the three little roses have to do with the disconsolate lover's state of mind, or their colour with the life or death of his mistress. It is possible that some popular superstition might explain this; but I am unacquainted with it. The rude and irregular rhythm belongs to the original, and this I have purposely retained, although I have made no attempt at the dialect, which in German may be compared to that of our dales of Westmoreland, bordering on Yorkshire—one of the sweetest and most purely Saxon dialects of England.

There is this difference between the old English ballad poetry, and the Volkslieder of the Germans,—the ballad poetry of England is a thing of the past, of the feudal ages, and the times of clanship and internal discord. The Volkslieder of Germany are the people's songs at this moment. They are spread, and known, and living in the minds of the common people everywhere, as much now as ever.

LORD MORPETH'S SANITARY BILL.

TEN years of labour in the cause of sanitary reform, on the part of men who know the extent of existing evils, and are earnest to remove them, have at last produced a result. A measure for "Improving the Health of Towns," is now introduced into Parliament by the Government, which is comprehensive and satisfactory in all its leading principles.

The present Government has the advantage of ample materials for legislation on this important subject, and of possessing the fruits of the experience of former ministries, as well as of the best authorities, public and private, and has most wisely availed itself of them all. "It would be seen," said Lord Morpeth in his introductory speech on the 30th of March, "that all political parties had contributed alike to the progress of this measure; and that if any effectual measure on the subject were ultimately carried, the praise of having done so could not be monopolized by any one party in the state, but must be divided among several successive Governments, and among different parties." This candid and graceful avowal of the merits of former ministries was responded to by the House, and will not fail to elicit the sympathies of the public. "Several persons of great accomplishments, and ardent benevolence," continued Lord Morpeth, "both in and out of the House, had taken great pains, in a way that did them infinite credit, to inform and excite the public mind on the subject; and if he now, mainly by the accident of his position, found himself, at the eleventh hour, bringing forward a measure to accomplish their objects, he begged to proclaim that he was doing so, because he had been a gleaner from their stores, and had been able to avail himself of their previous efforts."

Foremost among the band, whose services have been thus acknowledged by the minister in a spirit which reflects honour on himself, stand the names of Dr. Southwood Smith and Edwin Chadwick. The public feels confidence in the legislation which is founded on the experience and counsels of men like these; tried servants, who have devoted their time and energies for years to the cause. In sketching briefly the history of sanitary improvement, Lord Morpeth adverted to the origin of the inquiry under the Poor Law Commissioners by Dr. Southwood Smith and Drs. Arnot and Kay in 1838; the former having made a personal inspection of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, and described in writing on the spot what he saw. Dr. Southwood Smith's Report thus furnished, picturing as it did the condition of large masses of our labouring population existing under circumstances of misery, neglect, and disease, such as no report has equalled since the publication of Howard's "State of Prisons," was followed by his "Report on the prevalence of fever in twenty metropolitan districts." These two documents produced a great impression on the country, and led to the first notice of the subject by the legislature, as stated by Lord Morpeth, when in 1839 the House of Lords, on the motion of the Bishop of London, presented an address to the Queen for an inquiry and report similar to the above throughout England and Wales, and the address was responded to by Lord John Russell's letter to the Poor Law Commissioners, directing the inquiry to be made, and by Lord Normanby's letter in the following year extending it to Scotland. The results of these inquiries were laid before Parliament and the country, in 1842, in Mr Chadwick's copious and admirably arranged "Report on the sanitary condition of the labouring population of Great Britain." Lord Normanby's "Drainage of Buildings" bill which followed, and which had passed the House of Lords, was dropped at the expiration of the Whig government. Following the history given by Lord Morpeth, we now arrive at the commission instituted

by Sir Robert Peel, in 1843, for further inquiry; before which the first witness examined, whose evidence is published, was Dr. Southwood Smith, who stated that the disease formerly described by him still continued, and with increasing virulence; and that the poor in their neglected localities were still exposed to causes of disease, suffering, and death, peculiar to them, and the malignant influence of which is steady, unceasing, and sure." He added his conviction that these evils would continue, and would increase, until effectual sanitary measures were taken. How completely his prediction has been verified the reports of the Registrar-General will show. The report of the commissioners was laid before the House in the succeeding year, and their recommendations formed the basis of Lord Lincoln's bill for the "Sewerage and Drainage of Towns," though several of those recommendations having a more important bearing on the practical working of a sound and effectual sanitary measure were disregarded. This bill shared the fate of that brought in by Lord Normanby, and fell with Sir Robert Peel's administration.

During these protracted but vain attempts of the legislature to remedy evils, the magnitude of which is now acknowledged on all hands, two new elements were introduced. The one was the startling and dreadful mortality of last summer and autumn, when the unusual heat of the season acting on the ever-present causes of disease existing in our unsewered and uncleansed districts, and more especially in our crowded and pent-up courts and alleys, increased the number of deaths by fifty thousand in a part only of England. The other element was the formation of the Health of Towns Association, founded by Dr. Southwood Smith, and the publication of his Report on Lord Lincoln's bill, published by the committee, the main suggestions of which have been adopted by the Government; the most important perhaps being the creation of a special authority for executing the Act. Lord Lincoln's bill gave that superintendence to the Secretary of State for the Home Department; but, observes Lord Morpeth:—

"The Committee of the Metropolitan Health of Towns Association published a very full and able report on the provisions of that bill, of which a considerable portion was occupied by remonstrances against that use being made of the Home Secretary, on the ground of his time being already more than engaged by the onerous and multifarious duties of his own department. They reported that *besides the general superintendence of the large internal affairs of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, he had also the ultimate superintendence of the police, of prison discipline, and of the Poor Law in the United Kingdom. These statements were tantamount to proof that the Home Secretary could not properly be burdened with this addition to his duties."

It is unreasonable to impose on any man the task of performing duties so onerous and complicated as these; but to load him with new labours, requiring exact knowledge and careful attention to minute and often conflicting details, is altogether absurd. All competent judges are agreed that no act of this kind can be efficiently and economically carried out without a special authority to superintend and direct its working. Chartered companies and petty local boards will be opposed to it, but the great and vital interests of the public require it. The Government is convinced of this, and the public will support the Government, if they see that the men who have their confidence, and whose energy has originated the measure, are appointed to carry it through. So perfect was Lord Lincoln's knowledge of sinister interests, and so great his dread of them, that they made him leave London out of his bill. In fear of commissioners of sewers, of corporate bodies, and of water companies, he actually left London, the centre of all the abominations as well as all the wealth of the country, out of his bill. Its Whitechapel, its St. Giles's, and its

Bethnal Green, were left in all their uncleanness. Lord Morpeth has shown a more manly and a wiser spirit, though it has been pronounced by Lord Lincoln in his place in Parliament to be simply rashness. Let the people show that their bold was more sagacious than their timid friend; that he who proposes to perform the service they require, thoroughly relying on their help, understood them better than he who shrunk from the fullness of that service, from the apprehension that no such help would come.

Let the practical appeal which their enlightened and true friend has thus made to them be responded to. By public meetings numerously attended, by the intelligence, unanimity, and ardour shown at those meetings, and by the number of petitions, embodying their feeling and determination, let his heart be encouraged and his hands strengthened when again he appears as their advocate (and that will be on the second reading of their bill on the 23d of the present month), in that House where there are few advocates of the real interests of the people, and where the sound of the people's voice, echoing from without, is necessary to give effect to any voice pleading for them within.

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY ABEL PAYNTER.

No. II.—*Down to Vienna.—Milk; its Priests and its Wise Men.*

Vienna, September, 1844.

To ———

AND so you were charmed by our Guide, who showed us and our friend, the Poet, the way over the hill from Braubach to St. Goarshausen:—and a pleasanter walk was never taken, albeit, at last, our good friend, being fat, did grow "scant of breath":—and so the thoughts of *that* ramble make you feel a hankering "to be with me on this." I could give you a dozen good reasons why it would not have yielded you the pleasure of the former holiday.

I am, first and foremost, by no means sure whether you would like to own the Rhine beaten by a river not pure German—but Austrian—Hungarian—Dalmatian—Moslem, and what not. Yet, in the point of scenery, I think it is:—and (without odious comparison) the people are very engaging. The whole thing is fuller of costume and colour than aught we saw last year. We touched Passau, during a Volks'-fest, when, to a cattle-show, and a giving of prizes, succeeded a horse-race. You should have seen the street beneath the windows of The Hirsch after feeding time, when gentle and simple streamed out, breathing bad tobacco and good humour! You should have seen "the celebrity" which heralded the sport! Here, one must be methodical, ceremonious, even when most festive. Before the race began, the horses were to be led the circuit of the town, three quarters of an hour's walk, along pavement as bad as that which murdered our feet at Ahrweiler. And first came the band of the burgher guard, in a cart bedecked with arches covered with ribbons and rosettes, a row of fir trees on each side. Then came the umpires, or the Committee of the festival: goodly gentlemen in blue coats and white trousers; each with a stupendous scarf bobbing against his horse; and going through the *manège*, with a mixture of primness and bodily fear one knew not how to be thankful enough for! And then came the poor horses, fine animals, in fair condition, (the cattle are generally fine in this land,)—which I won't try further to describe,—and next the jockeys, who merit something more special. Do you remember, thirty years ago! seeing Mr. Ryan, and Mrs. Ryan, and Master

Ryan, ride at Wigan fair? They belonged to that family; clumsy hobbledehoy, in a filthy finery of tawdry jackets—buckskins, which the Cook would have rejected as *material* for his ragout—and boots, that looked as if they were built according to Colonel Hawker's receipt for duck-shooting! Two pair, at least, that I marked, were, I am sure, by themselves, heavier than the whole man Day or Chifney when dressed for a flight on horseback. On clumped these louts; (there was a dreary old post-boy among them!) and then, the whole world of Passau walked after. Old women, with strange black caps and their throats tied up—a prevailing sight here, where *goitres* are to be found—young ones, of rare beauty; and the finest race of male peasants to match them I ever saw: the entire cavalcade—band, authorities, horses, jockeys, and populace—as white with dust as one of the hedges on a road out of London. The whole procession was nearly as confusing, and as unlike anything English, as one of those feasts in the African village which are described as made up of sand, and shrieking, and naked crowds, and tom-toms! I did not go out to see the horses run, but — did. The highest prize was twenty *gulden*. The poor steeds ran for about twenty minutes, on the *high road* to the goal, and back again: and, as usual, the horse won which no one had expected would. And the next morning Mine Host of The Hirsch presented me with a printed list of prizes and winnings, which, by an unprecedented effort of the Passau press, had been *got out*, ere the festival was utterly dissolved—that is, fifteen hours too late!

You would have found character, too, or I am much mistaken, in visiting the fortress which over-crows Passau, more imperiously even than Ehrenbreitstein does Coblenz. The Sergeant who showed us over it, on our simply asking at the gate, was a capital fellow: soldierly, and correct to a salute in his civilities. I was never so bowed upon in my life: never so enlightened as to foreign military niceties—and in *such* German! Cologne is purity itself compared with the Danube speech, which seems to me to have made its own Hungarian and Italian and Illyrian words. You hear "*Basta*," "*Indietro*," and the like, on board the steamer, besides other impossible mixtures of vowels and consonants, which, if you please, shall be Magyar! But, whether you found character or not, you would have found a view beating the prospect from Ehrenbreitstein by one river: since here, besides Danube and Inn, the Ilz comes down: black as bog-water, but very clear—a poisonous stream, that keeps a streak to itself for many miles after the conflux.

Past Passau, however, comes the scenery—nay, past Linz—from which town I wrote to —, and so cannot pretend to write about the upper Danube again. Leaving Linz, however, first and foremost, as you sweep down to Mauthausen, the Alps rise on the horizon; and the peaks of these glistened white with snow against the deep sky. Then comes the picturesque Schloss Nieder-Walsee; and further down, and further from the shore, the Castle of Clam Martinetz rising proudly among the woods. Not long after this is gone, the boat arrives at one of the most striking river-passages the world has to show, the Strudel and the Wirbel:—real *bonâ fide* rapids, and a whirlpool; and not like the poor tame show under the Lurleyberg, which always makes me accuse the Spirit of that Rock of treating the Rhine pilgrims as Bottom did the Athenian ladies; and since the waters must roar, making them "roar like any sucking-dove." This I know, that I have seen not very keen-sighted tourists wrangle on which side of the stream the much vaunted *Gewirr* exists.

The Danube is a less compromising and well-behaved stream. There is no mistaking its terrors. But it is not very easy to describe them: so rapid is the succession of picturesque objects—so strong (at least, I found

it so) the first excitement. You have scarcely admired Grein, which stands lovelinessly at a bend of the river, a clean white tempting-looking village, with that intermixture of foliage among the houses I always miss so much on the Rhine:—when a whirl of the narrowed current sweeps you down among rocks, which the King of the Kobolds must have shaped, to show his wondrous adroitness—with here a chapel, and there a crucifix, and anon a tower, I know not in what order coming;—for the power of the water, and the power of steam, acting in concert, the sensation of descent is the next thing to that delicious flying, of which every child has dreamed. The boat seems hardly a hand's breadth from the rocky barrier, absolutely under the very tower and trees which fringe it; when another *twist* of the roaring water (it is too abrupt to be called a course) flings one into the midst of a caldron yet more picturesquely bordered, and of a yet more violent wrath. And then the boat—be she even of as robust a frame as was ours, the *Mariana*—pauses and staggers, as if about to yield—and another sweep of the torrent comes. You look into the writhing, boiling whirlpool—and there are cries of the sailors, and ecstasies from every one on board. . . . and it is all gone! I have partaken of nothing like that three minutes' flight. After it, though one picture after another of great and varying beauty succeeded, I could look at no new object till Weidenneck and Molk came in sight. The former is a fine and imposing ruin, which appeared, from a distance, to have some affinity to that beautiful Moorish castle of Reichenburg behind St Goarshausen. The latter is one of those monkish palaces which are as distinctive of the Danube, as the robber castles of the Rhine stream.

Architect Prandauer had assuredly one or two magnificent points in the situation allotted to him for his building; and he contented himself with making the utmost of them. Thus, the bastion-like front of the Monastery which abuts on the perpendicular rock, between which and the stream there is but a path, is beautifully planned; the two wings of the vast building being connected by a screen, which sweeps the very verge of the precipice with a most graceful oval, a large central arch admitting a fair view of the gorgeous church behind it. *Adulate*, Molk does not get beyond a hospital, or barrack, in architectural style; though the mass, spreading out each way from the above *feature* into two long ranges of wall, be imposing, from its extent.

"The Ox," at Molk, where the steamer flung us out, (it is literally so), is the poorest inn we have as yet harboured in. But the landlord is smiling and jolly; and he has three beautiful children, and one huge dog, after the country fashion; and I was silly enough to like being "put up" for the night in one of the Pilgrims' chambers, with a Madonna above the looking-glass. Moreover, there is a sort of garden-room, or pavilion, up the court-yard, very redolent of stable, but with a balcony overlooking the river, in which daintier folk than any of us might dine well with such a view, and under such a sun, and with such a plenteous basket of peaches brought to us, by way of whet (sooth to say, they were rather crabbed and *flannelly* eating). Here, by the way, one has got into a new culinary zone:—*böck hahn*, (fried chicken), is the great dish; but we had trout, sweet as May-dew, and a half bottle of Erlauer wine—being, to speak metaphorically, now also in the cellar of Hungary. And the coffees everywhere admirable, guiltless—which is much to every coffee-drinker—of chicory. I have a wicked pleasure in inflicting these details of our creature comforts upon you, knowing how they will add to your "hankering."

After dinner it was time to knock at the Monastery gate. It is proverbially disadvantageous to have set one's mind much on anything: and I had made much of Molk, for many a day. I should not first have seen

St. Florian's; for Mülk has not that air of retirement which the visitor admires, howsoever the resident be bored thereby. If you were bent on seclusion, would you like to be perched close above a river—one of Europe's great highways—and to be taunted every day by passers-by from Paris, and London, and Frankfort, and Berlin, free to come and go where and when they list? There are vagrant spirits whom such a scene would irritate into cruel discontent; whereas, take away the temptation, and time and steady mental self-discipline might calm them into being very respectable eremites. But the gentlemen at Mülk seem to wear their clerical garb very lightly; they even lay it aside when they travel: one with whom one of us spoke, having expressly assigned as a reason, the deliverance from restraint—"I cannot," he said, in all honesty, "talk to young girls in it." Another came down to The Ox, to sit in the smoke, and drink his beer, and hear news of Sir Peel, and conjectures as to the chances of war and peace; and if I mistake not, he would have said, "Ha! ha!" at the sound of the trumpet, with the best of the fighters who ever led a brigade, Bible in hand.—I was again surprised on board the steamer to see another Priest openly reading Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor."

For gentlemen of this quality,—who would seem more nearly to resemble the Abbés of France before the Revolution, than the Savonarolas or Loyolas, who have vindicated monachism by their lives and acts,—Mülk is the very place. They have splendid rooms, a fine library—I doubt not a capital cook and cellar—a brilliant church, and a renowned organ. This last gave me occasion, too, to perceive that they have a most gorgeous garden. — had told me to look at the instrument; and while waiting for the Schoolmaster of the little town, who, in the absence of the musical Reverend, keeps the key, we strolled into this paradise of dainty devices and luscious fruits. Such pear-trees clipped into pyramids, with flushed bacchanal-looking fruit, pushing out their cheeks among the glossy leaves; such a wall thatched with loaded fig-trees! The hot-house, I am sorry to say, was filled with onions in place of pine-apples.—but then the ground round the fruit-trees was carpeted with mignonette and coreopsis; and an open door, which let one through into a grove of walnut-trees fringing a fish tank, crammed with gold fish, was barred on either side by some splendid plants of the *Datura Arborea*, and great glowing dahlias of choice sorts. I was never in precincts more richly cheerful.

Your musical taste does not go the way of the organ; so it will be enough to say, that I found the instrument of Mülk at least equal to its reputation, with a creamy sweetness of tone I never (or it is a fancy) hear in England. The Schoolmaster was not much of a player, and after exhibiting the forty stops, seemed glad to escape a couple of *gulden* the richer. He was about the only man I ever saw, who, having the run of so superb an organ, appeared to care little for it. It is all the beer! They drink, and drink, and drink, till they become human swill-tubs. These eyes saw at Wertheim one single throat swallow eight huge glasses; and if capacity keep pace with bulk, our Schoolmaster ought to have been good for eighteen.

But Mülk has its men, who are wide awake. The Principal of the Monastery is a redoubtable mineralogist—I was not worthy to see his cabinet of quartz and lias, etc.,—but we fell upon one of his familiars—a quarryman, the Sam Weller of the country side; and for threadbare garments, debt, and sociability, its Richard Swiveller too. He, too, came to The Ox, for his gossip, his beer, and his audience—well nigh as fantastic in his rags as Edgar in "King Lear." An old jacket, which had been of the gayest plaid cotton, was now shrunk, and stained, and patched with every colour. His feet were bare; but his battered sugar-loaf hat of straw was stuck round with sprigs of *Geum*

and barberry clusters; and that Tyrolean cockade of bristles, and a feather, which is so particularly smart and knowing looking. Up and down the yard and the *stube* he hopped with the gait of a lame raven, and the bird's shrewdness without its ill-nature—telling queer stories, singing odd songs, and dancing the most irregular of polkas. He had a handkerchief full of gunpowder, ready for some blast, which he flourished about so dangerously near the cigar my Panza gave him, that landlord, boots, and a bagman, who chanced to be also nooning at The Ox, had to plot to get it out of his harum-scarum hands. They told me, that while working one morning, he had found a treasure of old coins; whereupon he had bought a couple of cows, and announced free beef and beer to the *dorf*, till all his money was spent! Yet he is well accredited as being an acute and experienced miner; and when "the bee" could be got out of his bonnet, talked sensibly enough. But that was only for about one minute out of ten; and the rest were spent in that scaramouch merriment which becomes rather sad when the funny man is wrinkled and gray-haired, and, for poverty's sake, must needs go barefoot. His great desire seemed to be to treat every one to beer, and to get some one else to pay for it.—I grieve to add, that he himself, on the second day's visit, had drunk so much before he arrived, that he fell into sad disgrace.

We meant to have made a push for Aggstein—the Rose-Garden of Schreckenwald the Robber—early the next morning; but a terraced meadow by the side of the Monastery detained me, that I might get by heart the view it commands. It is a jewel in any man's picture-gallery; and the air had that same bracing and balmy feeling that our humid climate never gives us. * * * *

Taking to the water again, from Mülk down to Durrenstein, the river continues beautiful, and it has another good moment at Krems, where Kloster Güttenweil, another monkish palace, is seen on the top of a hill, two or three miles (guide books say four) from the stream. The rest is wide and willowy, rather desert-looking. By the way, I have not yet spoken of the pleasing intricacy given to the Danube by its multitude of islands. Far worse sport could be found by the dreamer than floating about among them in summer weather.—Well, then, suppose us at Nussdorf, the favourite landing-place for Vienna, with the most confusing and tidiest arrangements for disembarkation I ever saw; and suppose the cleanest of the particularly clean Vienna *fiares* picked out, and that we are rattling towards the gay City,—one of us to the tune of Strauss's "Gabrielen Walzen," doing his best to doff moodiness, and to don the "let-us-eat-and-drink" spirit, which makes the Austrian populace so fat, and with their fat so good-humoured. Here we are at the lines; and there are you at the end of your patience. I care little, so I have tempted you to stretch on to the Danube.

"EVERYBODY'S DUTY."

NAPOLÉON is reported to have said, "However little a man eats, he eats too much." This observation had reference, undoubtedly, to those only who have a superfluity of food always at command: it is a wise and useful remark; but like most other startling aphorisms, must be received with a qualification. If but a tithe of its truth be valuable, it is at the present era that we ought to be impressed with its importance:—at this alarming era, when Famine—that appalling monster—stares us in the face, bidding us listen to the groans of suffering millions, and prepare for our own share in her terrible visitation. Hitherto, this generation has

known Famine only as a matter of history; little dreaming that with our acknowledged skill in cultivation, Famine could ever be exhumed from her sepulchre, to stalk again among the nations, and immolate as many victims as have her fell sisters—War and Pestilence.

Of a truth, we in our pride have met with a rebuke, which ought to humble us to the very dust; but while we bow in meekness of spirit, let us receive the lesson like men, not worms; let us join heart and hand to abate the evils now pressing upon the more helpless of our compatriots, and still threatening all classes; while we give our whole energies—finite though they be—to ward off future evils of a like tremendous character.

Every man—of whatever grade—(and woman too) from the prince at the elbow of the throne, to the sturdy beggar who vows he “will not work,”—every member of the community, we repeat, has a solemn duty now imposed upon him by the force of circumstances, and that is, to use economy in the consumption of food. The reckless will scoff at this, and probably waste the more; the sensualist will demur; the unthinking may be arrested and induced to listen to reason; the good will thankfully heed us, and assist our earnest endeavours to carry out a meritorious design, by using their influence on every one within their sphere. To all who will listen, then, we say most impressively, that we each one ought to impose a check upon our own appetite; and to place a bar in the way of our inconsiderate dependants, to prevent any extravagant abuse of farinaceous food. In one respect, we could wish the whole community *catholicised*: a weekly abstinence would achieve considerable saving; and as men, alas! too often require a bribe, we promise to all who will restrain their love of eating,—an abundant increase of health, strength, good temper, and self-respect.

In order that similar calamities, from which we are now suffering, may be averted in future years, we entreat those who are connected with agriculture to make the best use of their common sense, and powers of observation; they will see the wide extended mischief that has come upon the nations, in consequence of this mysterious destruction of the potato; a destruction so decided, that it has been assigned to fifty different causes; thus proving that in many ways this esculent has been attacked, and that man has been in no degree the cause. One of the surviving parties of stout discoverers, is confident that an insect has effected the mischief; and the creature has been christened—its name actually changed—to render its claims to the destruction more forcible. The *Vastator* (devastator) is a long known aphid, that attacks the leaves of the potato. A second set of theorists, more potent than the former, are positive that fungi sprout in the heart of the tuber, and extending from the middle to the outer skin, expand on the outside. The third conclave are firm in their belief that the sole agent has been a peculiar electrical state of the atmosphere. We stop here; for three valid causes, “the least a death to nature,” are surely sufficient to warn our growers from incurring the risk of a third year of disappointment and rottenness.

Among the numerous succedanea for flour which exist, how surprising it is that our choice of esculents should be so circumscribed. Would it not be a healthy view to take of the present dispensation, that we are decidedly incited to extend our knowledge to other kinds of food, which have been till now, if not unknown, quite unappreciated? Might we not derive

(1) See Police Report from Lincolnshire. “A man taken up for begging was sent to jail, where he stated that he had begged for seventeen years, adding, ‘I never have worked, and never will work. I get three shillings a day, and each day have as much food given as would last me for a week. This I sell at the lodging-houses every night, and get spirits and coffee to make me comfortable.’”

information from the Chinese, who make use of a vast variety of nutritious vegetables in their daily sustenance, instead of restricting themselves, as we do, to two or three chief articles of vegetable consumption—bread and potatoes? In their densely populated country, who ever heard of famine? Scarcity at times they must have, for China is not exempt from the casualties of the seasons; but scarcity does not extend to all the productions of a country; so that if one of two of them fail, these thrifty people have many others in reserve. Their industry is proverbial—their economy admirable—their ingenuity in turning *everything* to account beyond all praise; and apparently beyond our apathetic natures to imitate.

In China every inch of ground is made available: in our redundantly peopled kingdom, there are miles of land lying waste, (we do not even allude to extensive plains, etc.) wayside strips, not affording pasturage to a donkey, a goose, or a pig: scraps, corners, banks, wide ditches, etc. etc., are to be seen on every side; where not only nothing is grown for the service of man or beast, but much does grow that is detrimental to both the one and the other—crops of noxious weeds, that flourish in rank luxuriance.

Most true is the old saw, “Wilful waste makes woeful want!” to an anxious and observant wayfarer, the sight of so much valuable soil entirely useless is very terrible. Can nothing rouse our law-makers, landlords, farmers, churchwardens, even overseers of the poor, so that they may be induced to bestir themselves in our exigency, and rescue these portions of soil for the use of those of the poor who *will* work?

To return to “Everybody’s duty.” It is imperative that we abate our consumption of food. The error committed by those who can afford to “indulge in the pleasures of the table,” is, that they tax the powers of the stomach too severely; and the result is, that medicine-vendors, regular and irregular, grow rich at our expense. It is a grave mistake, that we require all the nourishment which we consume; half the quantity would be more than sufficient to ensure robust health.

Millions of human beings in India subsist on rice alone, and on this spare diet perform every needful duty with vigour, and endure with ease the toils of warfare. Millions also in Africa and Asia find pleasure and sufficiency in dates and coffee; their almost incredible feats of horsemanship, and the hard discipline of the desert, are sustained on no more generous fare. Yet other millions in South America undergo fatigues that would annihilate an Englishman, upon the daily ration of a handful of cacao-nuts, and a calabash shell of water.

It is true, that these are all natives of southern latitudes, and that we who inhabit a colder zone require more “satisfying” food: granted; we do, but we do not need half as much as we mistakenly consider to be essential; for, be it remembered, these abstemious people whom we have cited taste no animal food, while whole hecatombs are daily offered up in holocausts, to appease our insatiate desire for the stimulating diet of animal food, in addition to undue quantities of farinaceous nourishment.

We are no advocates—Heaven forbid!—for that weak, niggardly, mistaken, ungrateful system, which teaches the unwary to abstain from enjoying the innumerable good things spread before us; we enjoin every one, on the contrary, to “eat, drink, and be merry;” emphatically we say “use—but do not abuse—the gifts of beneficence;” we must append the context, however, which is, “he best proves his gratitude for the (hitherto) abundant feast that is always awaiting him, who partakes of it—IN MODERATION.”

NOTE—The foregoing remarks have been delayed, until the subject (of famine), which then pressed heavily on every mind, has outworn itself; but the main object of the little paper is cogent as ever, namely, MODERATION in every species of enjoyment.

SUSAN LEE'S BIRTHDAY ADVENTURE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A TALE, BY EDWARD YOUL.

PART I.

A SPRING morning was never more welcome to any small but very very pleasing specimen of humanity than it was to little Susan Lee at daybreak, or about one hour after, of the twenty-second of March month, in the year for universal Christendom, 1846; a year which my readers will easily remember to have been very precocious in its vernal tendencies. By the twenty-second of that month, the hedges were in full leaf. Trees came out strongly in spring fashion. Daisies were up, and looking lively. Like other precocious things, however, such as genius, for instance, the maturity of that year did not realise the promise of its youth; at least, in fecundity: for it was almost unexampled in fair weather. But we must not speak lightly of the ordinations of the seasons.

Little Susan Lee had received paternal and maternal injunction to dress herself in her best—her very best apparel. Poor Susan! if clothes on the back be real indices, as the world will have it they are, of merit at the heart. Her apparel was new once, undoubtedly, but it must have been a weary while ago, though; and so, to state a very shocking truth, Susan was shabby. But there was not a cloud on that March morning; and there was no wind stirring, and really the air was warm, as if the year had been a month older. And a little neighbour had told her on the previous night, that there were primroses in the country,—as indeed there were, growing and blowing on banks that had a southerly aspect. Did her thoughts dwell then, for one moment dwell, upon her faded dress? No,—she thought only of her journey, of the grandfather she was going to visit, of the presents she was to carry him, of the fine morning, and of the primroses.

And she had thankfulness—this young child—in her heart of hearts for the fine morning. She did not express it in words, but it lay like a serene joy in her breast; and ever and anon found utterance in a warbled verse of song. On that March morning, Susan was twelve years old. Her grandfather would also say, "I am sixty-three years old to-day." Thus, childhood and age might exchange birthday compliments. Twelve and sixty-three. Prospect and retrospect.

Susan took her basket, which contained her present, and into her little pocket she thrust a purse of her own knitting, which contained her mother's present, eighteen shillings in hardest silver. Absalom Lee was as hard-working a nobleman as you could find in London, or in seven days' ride beyond it. Very coarse were his honest hands, that for eighteen years had been making bricks as fast as they could be made. And Agnes Lee, his wife, did jobbing, and charring, and washing; a much-toiling, manifold-deserving lady. A better couple never lived in God's sight religiously. These were Susan's parents; and with their consent, and even by their direction, did Susan undertake the journey to which she was now bending all her energies—even to Croydon. From Lewisham, where her home was, the distance was eleven miles. But she was likely to get a lift upon the road, would sleep at her grandfather's, and return the next day; again, it was probable, getting a ride that would ease her feet upon the homeward route.

Primroses on southern banks, and green hedges, and trees that nod to you in their first leafiness, with a dry, hard, gravelly road, that at every fresh turning bids you come on and welcome, alluring you with promise of

beauty hitherto undetected. Above all, the songs of birds, and the clear, invigorating atmosphere,—not forgetting the beautiful blue sky overhead,—are glorious attendants upon a spring journey into the country. The rays of the sun warm you, but are not oppressive. You can almost look at the great planet without winking. Susan was minded to do so, but on making the experiment she was forced to convert one of her hands into a verandah, and did not entirely succeed even then. However, in having to blink a great deal, and in getting dazzled, there was a zest given to the charms of the morning—a radiant morning. Merciful Heaven, make such mornings, or rather the enjoyment of them, very plentiful to poor children, and poor parents!

Her mother had said to her, "Don't talk, Susy, to trampers on the road; many of them are dishonest, and would rob you, if they found that you had money about you." Susan, of course, promised that she would not, and looked, in consequence, very shy upon a travelling tinker who overtook her, and who persisted in calling her his little sweetheart, his little wife, and other nonsense of that sort, until he became audaciously ridiculous, and addressed her as grandmother, and aunt Peg. The child did not know whether to laugh or cry. There could be no harm in the tinker she thought—he had such a merry face. And the young disciple of Lavater judged aright. There was no harm in the tinker—none at all.

For if ever honesty was written on man's brow, it was written on the brow of that tinker. Even the child could tell that it was no mask—no forgery of his own. When the writer is Divine, the caligraphy is too beautiful—too glorious to be forged.

He altered presently, and instead of the jovial, jocular fellow he had been, grew saturnine, with a slight leaning towards misanthropy. Indeed, before long, he became hypochondriacal, and averred that he regarded mankind as shams.

"Now," he said to Susan, "you wouldn't think that I was a sham, would you? But I am."

He said it earnestly, as if he meant it. Perhaps he did. But Susan replied, that she did not quite understand him.

"I mean," said the tinker, "that I am a fudge—that's my meaning,—a fudge,—and we are all fudges,—you are a fudge."

Susan was uncertain; she had never been called so before. After musing for a minute or two, she ventured (not forgetting her mother's injunction, by the bye, but she couldn't shake her companion off) to ask whether a fudge was to be considered good or bad?

"Why, that's as it happens," rejoined the tinker; "there are some good fudges, perhaps; I can't say I've known 'em, though. There was a man down in the country, where I was lately, who wanted to get into Parliament, and so he gave two hundred pounds towards a school for teaching poor children to read and write. Now, the folks in those parts called him good. I said—fudge. So putting that together, it makes good fudge, don't it? Oh, half the world is fudge," said the tinker, roundly.

"You said just now that all the world was," remarked Susan.

"Yes, all the world. O yes, all. The birds an't—the animals an't,—but we are—fudges all of us."

He became thoughtful after this, and did not speak until they came to a spot where two roads crossed each other at right angles.

"I am going this way," he then said, facing the left-hand road. "Good bye. Mind, you are a fudge—I am a fudge—we are all fudges."

He made a comical obeisance, and Susan went laughing on her way. She soon came to a public-house, the landlord of which knew her father, and undertook to get her "a lift" in the next cart or waggon that came

by. She had not to wait long. The driver was civil enough, but was not inclined to be affable, so she did not venture to ask him what a fudge meant, and whether he thought that appellation might justly belong to her. When she remembered that the tinker had exempted birds and animals, she hoped within her own mind that he had misjudged her, for in innocence and contentment she desired to resemble birds and animals.

Oh, that grandfather! Sixty-three years had dealt kindly with him. Fifty-three, you mean? No, threescore and three on that March morning; but wearing them as lustily as old Time himself: a decided hale, fresh, youthful old man. Ah, youth lingered in his heart, and then the face never grows old—never, but goes quite young, and even childlike, to heaven. Of course he was glad to see her, glad and surprised, for he had had no intimation of her intended visit conveyed to him. He would have had a pudding made, if he had, he said, and have boiled a rabbit. Oh, Susan laughed at that—a rabbit, of all things!

"Why, see, grandfather, what I have brought in my basket;—my present, mind, for I paid for it, though my mother made it, and I paid for the baking, too, all out of my own earnings. There—a rabbit pie. I called it my present, but it's like making myself a present, an't it? for I shall help you to eat it, grandfather."

She clapped her hands, and her merry laugh rang freshly out, at the old man's feigned astonishment.

"To think, grandfather," she said, "that you should have said 'rabbit,' and that it should be a rabbit pie. Now, if it had been mutton, it would not have been a joke, would it?"

Why, of course not; but, being rabbit, it was a Joe Miller, quite.

"And now for mother's present," she continued, and her little hand dived into the pocket for the purse containing the eighteen shillings—deeper—deeper: no, there was no purse there.

It was quite true; there was no purse there.

The tinker must have robbed her. She would never trust human countenance again. Oh, it is a sad hour for the heart of child or man; and worse, much worse must follow it, when the Lavater theory becomes suspected.

"Why, grandfather!" she cried, trembling.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked the old man, solicitously.

"Grandfather, will you tell me one thing? What does fudge mean?" the child inquired.

"Fudge! Bless the girl, what a question!"

"Am I a fudge, grandfather? Quick, please, and tell me."

"You a fudge, dearest! pray heaven not."

"Nor any of us, grandfather! Fudge is a bad thing, isn't it?"

"It isn't honesty, Sue, so it's bad. But who put such thoughts into your head?"

The sobbing child told the grandfather all. How she had broken—but against her will—her mother's commandment, and had discoursed with a tramping tinker, who had libelled—God forgive him!—all mankind.

"A grave sin, Susan, if he did so," said the old man. "But, perhaps, he didn't rob you; we won't judge him harshly. Don't cry, pet. And the purse was of your own knitting! I should have liked that purse. I would have put all my earnings in that purse."

Oh, the purse was nothing, she could make him another, and would set about it directly she got home; but the eighteen shillings—

Her grandfather grew very mysterious, and nodded and winked with great pleasantry.

"Come, pet," he said, "you must be hungry after your journey, and I could eat a bit myself. Rabbit pie

don't come every day; but it's our birthday, an't it, sweet? Here's many happy returns, Susy."

"The same to you, grandfather," said the child.

"No," he said, emphatically; "no, Susy."

"No, grandfather!"

"No, Susy. I mean it. You needn't look so astonished. I am sixty-three."

"But you don't want to die, grandfather?"

Heaven forbid, but to wait heaven's good time.

The pie was excellent, but Susan's appetite was spoilt by the affair of the purse. The grandfather's wasn't—not a whit. The old man had some secret to communicate: he was so mysterious and pleasant; he made minute inquiries about the tinker, bidding her describe his personal appearance; and being satisfied with her replies, he grew more mysterious than ever.

More mysterious! he became a riddle, and spoke in Sphinxian fashion, to his grandchild's great bewilderment. Her perplexity was at its height, when he told her, that, after all, there might be something in *fudge*.

"I don't go so far as the tinker," he said. "Thus, I don't think that you're a fudge, Susy. I don't think your mother is; nor your father; but I am. Yes, I am a fudge, very often, God help me."

"You, grandfather?"

"Yes, O yes, so are many people that I know! But come, I mean to give myself a half-holiday this afternoon, so put on your bonnet, and we'll take a walk through Croydon. Did you ever see the railway, Susy?"

"Very often, at New Cross," she said.

Proceeding to the station, they saw an engine, with a long train of carriages after it, go tearing away towards London.

"There's no fudge in that, Susy," said the old man.

She looked in his face, in mute mystification, for she was completely puzzled by this *fudge*.

"There's no fudge there," the old man went on. "That's real, that is; a fact—God help us—as real as life, almost as great. Twelve miles in half an hour; and they could do it in fifteen minutes, they say. Where shall we be in fifty years, eh, Susy?"

Fifty years—and the speaker sixty-three!

"For it's only in its infancy now," he continued, "not out of its cradle, as we may say. And, thinking of that, what shall we be doing in a hundred years' time, eh, Susy?"

A hundred years! What an old woman she would be! Her grandfather was very strange to-day.

"And, O God!" cried the old man, with devotional enthusiasm, "in five hundred years, if we go on as we have begun, where shall we have got to? There won't be much fudge left then, I'm thinking. If the heart keep pace with the head there won't be any. In five hundred years!"

He spoke as if he would be alive to see it; and he might, perhaps, though not in the body.

"But come, child," he said, presently, awakening from a reverie into which he had fallen, "I have a little errand to do down yonder. An older man than I am, bless you. Older!—My father in years. John Properjohn. It will be his birthday next week, if he lives. But I don't think he will. I don't think he'll see ninety-nine. He don't like railroads now."

"Don't he!" said Susan, vacantly, for her thoughts were with the tinker.

"You see, my dear, he's old," continued her grandfather; "and old people have old world notions. He used to have a deal to do with horses; and, one time, drove the Brighton coach on this road."

"Ah," said Susan, "so he don't like railroads."

"He thought they had taken his living away," her relation went on. "But how could that be? He was bedridden years before the first railroad was heard of."

A short but brisk walk—for sixty-three was as nimble a pedestrian as twelve, every bit—brought them to John

Properjohn's house. His daughter, a woman older by fifteen years than Susan's grandfather, met them on the threshold. In answer to his inquiry, she said he was much the same, only his eyesight was gone.

"Like enough, like enough," said the child's companion. "His eyes have done duty ninety-nine years, barring a week. But they will grow clearer," he added, "and will see—God help us!—such wonderful things."

"His eyes will!" cried the woman, in derision.

"Things that we in our ignorance have never dreamt of," continued the other. "But not in this world."

The ninety-nine-years-old man was asleep upon the bed that he had not quitted for many winters: but at the noise made by their entering, though they trod softly, he awoke, and recognized his friend by his footsteps.

"He's been anxious about his coming," whispered the daughter to Susan's relation. "I suppose we shall see him in a day or two."

"To-night, or in the morning, at the latest," replied the other. "The child here, my granddaughter, saw him on the road to-day, and talked with him. I came to tell you that."

"Ha!" said the woman, evidently relieved, "and he'll bring it safe, you think?"

"Safe!" echoed the grandfather. "Didn't he bring it safe before? I should have thought that you would have gone pawn for his honesty."

"Why, so I would," said the woman. "Father, here's Simon Buckwheat."

The old bedridden man made an effort to rouse himself.

"The tinker will be here to-night, or in the morning," she proceeded, placing her lips against her father's ear, and speaking very loud. "Simon's granddaughter saw him on the road."

"Neighbour, how is it with you?" queried Simon of the sick man.

The latter made a movement with his lips, but no sound issued from them.

"You see how it is with him," said the daughter. "He's been like that since yesterday."

"Ah!" said Simon, "'tis age, that's what it is. By the bye, Margaret, this is my birth-day, this is. I'm sixty-three."

"Many returns, and happy ones," said the woman.

"Thank'ee kindly. I hope so," answered Simon, to Susan's great astonishment.

For he had met the same wish with a negative, when she had fervently expressed it, about two hours before. But in the presence of ninety-nine, sixty-three had grown younger. She did not think of that. The old sick man again essayed to speak. Simon understood him, though no words were audible.

"You are going on before me," said Simon, interpreting aloud the old man's meaning. "Yes, friend, that's in the course of nature. A bright journey. I often think of it."

The ninety-nine-years-old man nodded, and his face acquired a sudden lustre.

"A journey we must ALL take, thank God. Oh, thank God for that!" continued Simon. "Neighbour, how many things that are dark now will grow clear then, eh?"

The sick man nodded this time faster than before; and his lips moved again.

"You will soon know," interpreted Simon. "Yes, it's in the course of nature; the oldest first, always."

The sick man shook his head, but Simon perseveringly looked in another direction. He soon took leave of his friends, and returned home with the child.

The next morning, Susan heard voices below stairs while she was dressing herself, and on descending to the sitting-room she found her grandfather talking—yes, to the tinker—talking in the friendliest manner, too; and

they were only waiting for her appearance to begin breakfast.

"What! my little fellow-traveller!" cried the tinker.

She was minded to ask him about her purse, but she did not. Of course, if he had taken it, it was in jest.

"I didn't know, when I talked with you yesterday, that you was a-coming to see my friend Simon here," continued the visitor, "or, may be, I should have given you a commission, though it's just the same, an't it, Simon?"

"Just," answered the grandfather. "If you had been two or three days later it wouldn't have troubled me; but you would have been welcomed yesterday at John Properjohn's. He's going fast. A bright journey—a bright journey."

"Ha!" ejaculated the tinker. "There's no fudge in that."

"No," said Simon, devoutly. "Praise Heaven, that's real."

"I often think of it," remarked the tinker, "when I see the sun setting on a fine evening. It looks as if the gates were opened, and all the glory came streaming out."

"A change so great—so joyful," said Simon, "that—God pardon our ignorance—we do but faintly estimate it."

Susan knew that they talked of death. The subject was properly familiar to her; for every Sunday, at chapel, the preacher dwelt upon the Great Translation: but he clothed it with terrors; and Susan had turned away in affright from the picture he had drawn, and could not bear to think thereon. But she listened gladly now, and thought that her grandfather had better knowledge than the preacher. Perhaps—shall we say, assuredly—he had.

"To come to your own business, friend Simon," said the tinker, presently, "I got, as I said, twelve pounds for the coins, twelve golden sovereigns."

Oh! how pleasantly the grandfather winked at Susan.

"Are there any more of them, d'ye think?" queried the tinker.

"No,—I've had a good search," replied Simon. "I was pulling down a shelf in the great cupboard there, when I heard something chink like money. And sure enough, there were the coins,—fifteen of them, bright gold guineas, of George the Second's time. It's an old house, and I suppose one of its tenants, that was dead and gone before I was born, hid them there for safety—that's how I take it to have been."

"Any how," observed the tinker, "I took them to London as you wished me, and sold them to a silversmith in Cheapside, that knew me when I was a boy, and didn't think I had stolen them. And there," he added, "is the money."

He drew an old leathern purse from his pocket, and counted twelve sovereigns into Simon's hand. Oh! how pleasantly that grandfather winked at Susan. Yet not a word about her purse. Not a word.

"I'm off now to John Properjohn's with the quarter's pension I drew for him," said the tinker, rising. "That's a kind gentleman, who allows him twenty-six pounds a year,—an't he, Simon?"

"That he is," replied Susan's grandfather, warmly.

"He an't a fudge,"

"That he an't," said the tinker, glancing at Susan.

"If he would make it payable in Croydon, it might be better for old John and his daughter; but it doesn't much matter, that I know. I can receive it for them. I am down here regular once a month; I am trustworthy, I hope!"

"I hope so," exclaimed Simon, readily.

"Wouldn't steal a purse, or run away with twelve pounds, or with old John's pension, eh?"

"I should say not," cried the grandfather.

"No one suspects me, I hope," the tinker went on, looking very hard at Susan. "Wouldn't I trounce them if I thought they did!"

Susan perceived that her grandfather had entrusted the tinker with her suspicions, and as the brow of that gentleman wore a severe expression, she shuddered in her shoes.

But it was all fudge. The tinker enjoyed it immensely, and wouldn't have "trounced her" as he said, or have harmed a hair of her head, for all the purses in the universe.

He withdrew for the purpose of carrying to John Properjohn the quarter's pension, which a gentleman residing in London allowed the bedridden old man, and which he had been deputed to receive, as the sick man's daughter could not leave him in his long illness. *He steal a purse!* He, who, though a tramping tinker, was entrusted with such errands! How greatly, in thought, had Susan wronged him!

He soon returned with the intelligence that the old man had been recalled that morning. A tear started to the grandfather's eye, but he brushed it hastily away, and said that old John had gone on a bright journey—a bright journey. He and the tinker were both thoughtful after that, and not a word was spoken for a long time.

"*She isn't much cast down,*" said the tinker, at last; "*she's old herself, and, may be, looks to follow him soon.*"

"He will have five great grandchildren come up from the country to his funeral," observed Simon. "They always said they would; and one of them will bring a child,—his great-great grandchild. Well, well, it was a great age,—ninety-nine."

But the death of his aged friend caused him—Susan could see that—no little trouble. In the course of the morning, he made the frequent remark that he was a hale man himself, and had many years of hearty life in him—many years, please God. Oh, it was a bright journey that old John had taken, and some day—but Susan would be a woman grown then—he would be called to take it, when, like old John, he grew decrepid, and had feeble, blear eyes, and failing faculties.

After an hour or so, the tinker took his leave. He must be getting on his way, he said. But before he went, being quite serious, for he had been with Death, he deprecated the universal application of the Fudge theory.

"Fudge is oftener than you would think," he said to Susan, "at men's elbows. But he an't always. If he were, there would be no hope for this world; and there is now, decidedly. Beware of Fudge yourself; say what you mean, my child,—do what is upright and honest,—act as your conscience bids you. Have no acquaintance with Fudge."

He took his portable smelting apparatus, and quitted the house, the sooty, dirty, honourable nobleman that he was.

And not a word about Susan's purse, not a word. It could not have been the tinker who had taken it, even in sport. Eighteen shillings! It was a sad loss, considering their poverty; for Susan's parents, of course, were poor people. A very poor lady was her mother; a very poor gentleman her father. Eighteen shillings; honourably got too, by the toil of her father's hands.

It was not the worst, even that loss. She accompanied the tinker a mile upon his road, and on her return her grandfather told her that the twelve sovereigns that he had received from the tinker had also disappeared. The old man was evidently troubled. On the foundation of those twelve sovereigns, he had mentally erected a fine superstructure. His nodding and winking, and Sphinxian demeanour, had reference to the twelve sovereigns.

LITTLE VIGGO.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

My little Viggo wilt thou ride on horseback?
Then seat thee on my knee, my first, my best;
I am, like thee, a child in soul and body,
Then let us play till thou must go to rest.

See, I will be thy playmate as thou wilt;
I will forget my tears, my heart-wrung sighs;
Let me upon thy rosy cheeks shower kisses,
And let me gaze into thy dear, brown eyes.

Now let me see how tall thou art, my jewel!
—And what a soft round little hand is thine!
Sweet smiles are nestling in each lovely dimple,
And O, thy mouth is sweet, thou dove of mine.

Each little flower thou lovest as thy brother,
And as a friend thou tell'st it that and this;
The whole wide world to thee is in thy mother,
And on her knee thou findest Eden's bliss.

Come, I will tell thee now a pretty story,
All in this twilight of the eventide,
Will sing a low, sweet song until thou slumberest,
My little Viggo, my delight and pride!

Perhaps when thou art older, my beloved,
And I have journeyed to the land of shade,
When the green sods are piled above my coffin,
Then thou may'st sing the low, sad songs I made—

May'st think of her who oft and oft has borne thee
Within her arms, as loving mothers do;—
The world it will forget me and my singing,
And how I loved! wilt thou forget them too?

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, ON THE STATE AND CONDITION OF IRELAND.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,—We presume to address you on this important subject because we conceive that we have, "each and all of us," a common interest in all that concerns our country or our race; and because we believe that we shall all be wanting in our moral and political duties if we remain apathetic when starvation and misery abound, or keep silent when justice is withheld, or wrong about to be perpetrated on any portion of our brethren.

And without undervaluing the exertions that have recently been made to mitigate the wretchedness of Ireland; and feeling a deep interest in the warm and generous sympathy that, from the hearths and homes of England, has been extended to relieve the starving people of that country; we, nevertheless, believe that justice is about to be withheld, and wrong perpetuated towards the millions in both the countries, UNLESS THE VOICE OF ENGLAND SHALL UNITE WITH THAT OF IRELAND IN A DEMAND FOR JUSTICE, AND NOT CHARITY.

Fellow countrymen, we have no disposition to lace-rate your feelings with the horrible details of starvation, outrage, and revenge, which years of oppression have engendered, and famine and despair recently aggra-

vated; but we would direct your attention to the necessity that exists for your thoughtful inquiry and earnest resolve, so as to prevent, if possible, an annual recurrence of this unparalleled misery.

You have seen that our rulers, instead of providing effective remedies to prevent a recurrence of these evils, are content in administering mere palliatives, or doles of charity; which are to be extracted from the industrial energies of the *many* to support the unjust privileges of the *few*. An additional burthen of eight millions is to be placed upon the back of industry—the blight of heaven, producing starvation to thousands, is to be made a pretence for improving the fortunes of absentee idlers, and maintaining domestic spoilers in their unjust possessions—the canker is still to be left to prey upon the heart of Ireland! English industry must continue to bear the burthens the disease engenders, and Parliament must again, session after session, be engaged in the old routine of *coercion* or *delusion* for Ireland.

Seeing then this system of injustice, and having so long felt its baneful results, is it not high time to demand from our rulers that those annual legislative tinkering for the evils of Ireland shall speedily be put an end to, by a measure that shall at once be just and comprehensive; a reform aiming at the *elevation and enlightenment of the people, the prosperity and happiness of the country*, instead of permitting the unjust privileges of *individuals* to stand in the way of all just reformation, and retard the improvement of a *nation*?

The *causes which have produced and which serve to perpetuate* destitution, periodical famine, and misery in Ireland, and the *means that can be devised for the improvement of that portion of our brethren*, are questions in the solution of which all are interested, physically and morally; from the poorest labourer in the kingdom, whose scanty wages are dependent on the causes which bring competitors from Ireland, to the possessors of wealth and affluence, whose capital is often wasted or rendered profitless by reason of the wrongs inflicted on that unhappy country.

Forming therefore a portion of those interested in the peace and prosperity of our Irish brethren, and urged by a sense of duty to endeavour to stimulate your inquiries and active interference in their behalf, we respectfully submit for your consideration *what we conceive to be the causes* which have mainly contributed to the deplorable condition of that country, and at the same time suggest such *remedies* as we conceive would greatly mitigate the misery of the people, and form the means of gradually elevating their social condition.

The primary cause of most of the evils which afflict Ireland we humbly conceive can be traced to the legislative and executive power having hitherto been vested in the *few* instead of the *many*; those few having legislated for and governed Ireland for their own individual interests and aggrandizement, instead of seeking to improve the country, and elevate her population.

That by virtue of this unjust power the few have gone on gradually extracting the wealth and productive capital of the country, too often to spend out of it, in supporting their extravagancies and debaucheries, till they have beggared and pauperized the greatest portion of the people.

That these evils have been greatly augmented by the *Established Church of Ireland*, to support which the people have been unjustly taxed and often cruelly treated; and which Church has only served to perpetuate religious feuds and animosities, instead of uniting the people in the bonds of charity and human brotherhood.

That this state of destitution, misery, and religious antagonism has naturally engendered strife, violence,

and frequent commotion; to subdue which Ireland has been still further drained and coerced till she is nearly converted into one great arsenal of *soldiers and policemen*.

That this turbulent state of things has gradually driven out the *trade and commerce of Ireland*, nearly annihilated her *manufacturing and trading classes*, and left few others than victims and their oppressors.

That instead of the resources afforded by *trade and commerce* to employ her continually increasing population, the greater portion of them have been thrown back upon the soil, for their miserable subsistence of potatoes; which has increased the competition for land to a degree to which no other country affords a parallel.

That this rife competition has been greatly augmented, and the evil extended, by the present rent and profit grinding system, with its land agents, underletting, minute divisions, short and uncertain tenures; which in their operation prevent farming from being carried on successfully, so as to employ labourers at decent wages, or to increase the capital of the country.

That this struggle for a subsistence out of the soil has placed the millions of Ireland, both farmers and cotters, in a state of wretched dependence on their landlords; too many of whom are regardless of every principle of humanity and justice, and who, when the people are likely to become burthensome or troublesome, scruple not to turn them out upon the world to starve and die.

That these conjoint evils have depressed the energies of the people, paralyzed the hand of improvement, which, joined to the neglect of education, have fostered feelings of enmity between the two countries, when sympathy and union are essential for the progress and emancipation of both.

Fellow countrymen, we have thus endeavoured to trace some of the prominent *causes* which we think have produced the present misery of Ireland; but whether we have traced them correctly or not, that misery exists, and in such as demands prompt and efficient redress. The evil of a destitute and famishing people, maddened by oppression, and filled with despair, is not to be depicted in all its naked hideousness; but our imaginations may form some conception of the mental and physical wretchedness that must be concealed, in secret and in sorrow, from the soul harrowing records which have recently been proclaimed through a thousand channels.

In venturing, fellow countrymen, to suggest such *remedies* as we deem necessary in the present state of Ireland, we do not conceal from ourselves the difficulties which stand in the way of such being rendered effective; nor do we expect to escape censure, from presuming on a task which has perplexed abler heads. But we put forth our suggestions, in the hope of leading your minds to the investigation of the subject, so that ere long still more effective measures may be devised, and your combined efforts force them on the attention of our rulers, as being far better means for securing the peace of Ireland, than wretched charities, or coercion bills: for it is to you, the industrious millions, that the people of Ireland must ultimately look for redress, and not to political parties or class interests.

The remedies we conceive should embrace:—

First, means to provide for the pressing and immediate wants of the destitute, the aged, and infirm.

Secondly, means to check the deteriorating process, by which farmers are converted into cotters, and cotters eventually turned out of their wretched holdings, to become mendicants or starve.

Thirdly, to open up other sources of employment than that of the present wretched system of agriculture; so as to prevent those contentions and crimes, which have their origin for the most part in the present competition for land.

Fourthly, to remove the chief cause of religious strife

and dissension, and provide for the general education and improvement of the people.

To provide for the pressing wants of the people, the landowners of Ireland, we respectfully conceive, should at once be made responsible to the claims of justice, by the enactment of a just and comprehensive poor law; a law, by which their property should be directly taxed, to meet the wants and necessities of their respective districts, and which law should be administered in a humane and just spirit, instead of being made exclusive and degrading.

To improve the present state of agriculture in Ireland, and to give the farmer some reasonable chance of increasing his capital, some legal enactment is necessary to do away with the present sub-letting system and its deteriorating evils; and, to compel landlords to grant leases, of not less than fourteen years, free from all unreasonable restrictions, and, at the same time, to secure for the tenant at the end of his term a fair equivalent for what improvement he may have made on his farm.

To provide for great numbers now dependent on casual labour, and often in extreme destitution, the waste and unreclaimed lands of Ireland, amounting to upwards of 5,000,000 of acres, now nearly profitless to the owners, and injurious to the country, should be appropriated by government, and improved and applied by them to meet the wants of the people.

That the superfluous wealth of the Established Church of Ireland, a lasting source of national contention, should be removed, its existence being as unjust in principle, as its tithe gleanings and merciless exactions have been anti-religious and criminal in practice; and its land and revenues, producing an annual income of nearly £2,000,000, should be applied to the improvement of the country: leaving only a suitable income to each clergyman, where there are actual congregations.

That the property and income tax should be extended to Ireland, and the revenue raised from that and the sources referred to be applied, for the next ten years at least, to the reclaiming of waste lands, the making of improved roads, the establishing of mines and fisheries, the improvement of harbours, the erecting of schools, and for promoting other national improvements.

That the reclamation of the waste lands and all other national improvements should, in our opinion, be placed under the superintendence and direction of a general board, in Dublin, and as many district boards as may be found necessary throughout Ireland. Such boards to be appointed by government, and composed of such competent persons, as have the confidence of the Irish people, without reference to their creeds, class, or political opinions.

In putting forth these suggestions, we shall probably be reminded of our proposed interference with "*the rights of property*." We may be told, that a poor law to relieve the destitution of Ireland would swallow up the landed revenues of that country,—that an appropriation of the waste lands of that country would be a monstrous and unjust confiscation,—and that the lands and revenues of the established Church should be held as sacred and inviolable as any other property in the kingdom.

To all such assertions we would reply, that all property originating in conventional arrangements, and founded on public utility, must be ever tested by that standard; and when the wants of starving millions and the luxuries of a selfish few are so tried and tested, justice and humanity will find little difficulty in settling the question. And as the rich and powerful have hitherto found, in their legislative appropriations of waste and common lands, no very formidable obstacles in the claims of the poor man to his share and property in the village green or common, we can discover no just obstacle in the way of legally appro-

priating the waste lands of Ireland, to relieve her famishing people. And as to the property of the Irish Church, that too must yield to the claims of utility and justice. It had its origin in cunning, fraud, and force, it has changed its possessors with the opinion of the times, or the power of rulers, and it must speedily yield its unjust accumulations to the better fulfilment of its mission, that of "*relieving the poor and binding up the broken hearted*."

In our proposals we have suggested, that for the next ten years the revenue raised from the sources referred to should be solely devoted to the improvement of Ireland, and applied under the direction of those who possess the confidence of the people, who, having means at their disposal, would doubtlessly seek to call forth new energies and improved habits among their present forlorn and destitute countrymen. Such an arrangement, we believe, would not only be advantageous to Ireland, but to the people of this country also; for the people of Ireland, on perceiving a just and comprehensive plan of reform being carried out under the direction of their friends and advisers, would, we believe, cordially co-operate with the government to render it effective; so that our labour market would soon have fewer competitors, our present expensive establishment of soldiers and police for the ruling of Ireland might be soon dispensed with, and all classes peacefully bent on the improvement of their country would soon cause capital, trades, and manufactures to take root there, which, with extended education and increased freedom, would speedily spread peace and happiness where contention, misery, and desolation dwell.

Trusting, fellow countrymen, that this our earnest appeal may stimulate you to make renewed exertions on behalf of our Irish brethren, and that your mental and moral efforts may compel our rulers to render them justice, is the sincere wish of your fellow countryman,

WILLIAM LOVETT.

FAREWELL TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

WHO SAILED FROM ENGLAND FOR AMERICA, APRIL 4TH, 1847,
EASTER SUNDAY.

BLESSINGS be with thee, Freedom's noble Son!
Thou leav'st thy Fatherland of Liberty,
Where thou hast dwelt as man should dwell with man,
To seek the cruel Stepdame's blood-stained soil,
Who gave thee for thy birthright stripes and chains,
Nor granted thee, secure, to tread her shores,
Until was paid a paltry sum of gold,
To stamp the patent of nobility
Which God's own hand had set upon thy brow!—
—Farewell! Thou'rt armed with a rich panoply
Of sympathy and love from English hearts,
And prayers that rise to heaven in thy behalf.
With this thou wilt not feel the darts of scorn,
Arrows from lying lips, weapons of rage,
That will assail thee. Nobly thou wilt stand
To fight the battle of thy injured race,
Armed with the Christian's weapons, faith and hope.
Go forth, our Friend and Brother! Cry aloud,
And with a voice America must hear,
Tell her of all her huge iniquity,
And bid her loose the bands of wickedness,¹
Set her oppress'd ones free, break every yoke,
Ere, without mockery, she can keep her fasts,
Or raise to heaven a pure and holy prayer.
And comfort thou thy people, for the Lord
Will, in His own good time, be glorified;—
They that delighted in their evil ways,²
That cast you out from men, that set their feet

(1) Isa. lviii.

(2) Isa. lvi.

Upon your necks, and e'en blasphemed the name
Of the Most High, to cover o'er their sin ;—
Their fears shall come upon them, and their shame
Shall sink them in the dust, beneath the glance
Of the offended nations.—Still hope on,
For Christ must yet subdue his enemies.

This day the churches ring the gladsome sound,
"The Lord of Life is risen!" He died to save
The world from its iniquity ;—he rose,
That, in sure prospect of immortal life,
We might be new in spirit. Come the day,
When a pure light shall beam upon thy race,
E'en from the rising Saviour ;—when the Sun
Of Righteousness shall melt their heavy chain,
When, with hearts full of joy and thankfulness,
Forgiving their oppressors, they shall join
The severed links of Nature's holy ties,
And taste the bliss of heaven, while yet on earth !
Oh, may'st thou see that day ;—and may the gifts
In mercy sent thee, of rich eloquence,
A fervent, truthful heart, warm, earnest zeal
That no repulse can cool, and patient trust
In the subduing power of truth and love,
Hasten its glorious coming !—Thus, farewell !
Bristol.

M. C.

The Child's Corner.

THE JOY OF ENGELE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WHAT Engèle's baptismal name was, I am sorry I cannot tell you. Her parents know, no doubt, and so did her grandmother, but I never heard of anybody else who did. Engèle she was called, and I'll tell you why. Her father was a painter, and his name was Paul ; he painted the most beautiful pictures that ever were seen ; he painted angels, and the Virgin Mary, and little Jesus, and all kinds of beautiful saints, with white lilies in their hands. He was a sort of strong, good angel himself : he had a grave, but loving countenance ; his hair, which was of a deep brown, hung down in rich waves on his shoulders, and he had a handsome short beard, and moustache. It was quite a picture to see him in his dark painting gown, and black velvet cap, standing before his easel, and working out some heavenly picture in which his wife and his child always made a part. I wish you could have seen Engèle's mother ! but as you cannot, I will tell you how she looked. She was young, and had more of the peasant in her than the lady ; she was not rich, you must understand ; both husband and wife were peasant born ; and though they had come to live in the city because he was a painter, they still both of them were as simple in their lives as when they were little children in the village together. The child was called Engèle, because almost ever since she was born she had served as the model for her father's angels. When she was a baby, swaddled up in baby clothes, she had served for the new-born Jesus on his mother's knee, the Virgin always being the sweet mother of Engèle ; as she grew older, she stood, and sat, and slept, for every kind of angel, and so she gained the name of *Engel* or *Angel*. They called her, however, Engèlein or little angel, and this they shortened in their old-fashioned dialect into Engèle—and that was the reason of her name.

Engèle was now seven ; she was quite too old for the new-born Jesus, or the infant Jesus. She would soon be a model for St. Catherine, and such like saints, now she was useful for young John the Baptists. Nothing pleased Engèle better than to be her father's model ;

she stood for hours and hours to him ; he always talked so cheerfully when he was painting, and her mother used mostly to sit at her work in the room, and often at her spinning. Often her mother sang ; and sometimes, when Engèle was very much tired, her father would take his violin out of its case, to play to her and her mother while she rested.

Engèle lived in a little German city ; I have forgotten its name, but you might find it on the map, because there is a university in it ; if I remember the name, I'll tell you. She had no companions except her parents and her old grandmother, and the student Berthold who lodged at her grandmother's. Berthold was a great friend of her father's, and used often to come to his studio, and that made her feel always at home with him.

One day Engèle heard her parents talking about her father's grand picture which he had been many years painting, and in which she herself had been the model of the new-born Jesus, and then, before the picture was finished, of the eldest of the little angels, as well as of the intermediate ones. She heard them talking about how this picture was gone somewhere, a long way off, for the king to see ; and perhaps it would get a gold medal ; and if the king bought it, then her father would be rich, and would be able to take them all to Italy for him to study beautiful pictures there. Engèle listened to all this, and because she saw that her parents were anxious about the picture, she prayed every night when she went to bed, that God would make the great people admire her father's picture ; but she prayed in such a low whisper, that nobody knew anything about it.

Another thing also she heard her father and mother talking of one day ; and of it she thought a great deal. She was lying as a sleeping angel for her father, and he thought she really was asleep, so he and her mother talked freely. "They said it was very inconvenient now Engèle was getting so big, because her father had no very young model to paint from. He wished so much that they had a baby for a model. The mother sighed, and the father sighed, and then they both were silent for some time, and nothing was heard but the clock ticking and the buzzing of the mother's wheel.

"It is a pity Engèle grows so tall," again said the father ; "she made such a beautiful model for a baby ; I always sold my pictures," said he, "when I had a baby to paint."

"Engèle does certainly grow very tall," said the mother ; and then all again was still.

This conversation, trifling as it was, made Engèle very sad ; she wished so much that she could turn herself into a baby again. At night she prayed that somehow or other a baby might come into the house for her father to make lovely pictures with.

The painter and his wife were very cheerful people ; there was a deal of love and joy in their house ; but for all that at the bottom of her heart Engèle was sad. She wished so much for a baby that her father might paint it. She was surprised, after what she had heard her father say, that he should still want her as much as ever for a model ; but though now he never painted her as a baby, still she came into every one of his pictures ; she was glad of that, glad that she could be useful in any way ; but still she was sorry that she could not be that which he wanted most.

Engèle had, as we said, a grandmother. She lived just at the other end of the little city, so that Engèle had to go from one city gate to the other to visit her. The only times that Engèle went out a-visiting was to her grandmother. Her grandmother was lame, and often had the toothache, so she walked with a stick, and always had a handkerchief tied under her chin and on the top of her head to keep her jaws warm. She was a very nice old woman for all that ; and she had such beautiful old-fashioned Dresden china in a cup-

board with a glass door, and brown squab mandarins that put out their tongues and nodded their heads, and always made Engèle laugh; and she had a cuckoo clock in her house. And the student Berthold, who lodged with her, and was a great friend of the painter, he used to play on the guitar and sing such funny songs! Engèle was always glad to go to her grandmother's.

Besides the student Berthold, who lodged at the old woman's, six of the oldest boys at the Gymnasium, which was just by, used to come in every day to have their dinners with her; so she had enough to do with cooking for them all, and with her rheumatism which made her so lame; and that was the reason why she did not very often go across the city to her son's.

One day, when Engèle was there, she heard the old woman say to the student Berthold: "Yes, and when the baby comes my son will do famously: he wants an infant-model very much; Engèle, you see, gets too big for that!"

The student was smoking with a long pipe, on the bole of which was painted a beautiful copy of one of Paul's most beautiful pictures—Mary and Jesus—the models of which had been his own wife and Engèle. Engèle's eyes were fixed on this as the grandmother spoke. The student said nothing, for he was in a pleasant dream over the fumes of his tobacco; but Engèle lost not a word. Was there really, then, a baby coming for her father to paint? It was a strange thought; she could not get it out of her head all day; but she said nothing to any one.

When she got home she could not help looking at all her father's pictures that had young children in them. Such an indescribable love sprang up in her heart for the baby that was coming, and that would be like these, that it seemed to her as if she were already possessed of a great treasure.

Her father had a very fine picture in hand; but as yet it was only an outline cartoon. He often said that that picture would establish his name; so said his wife, and so said the student Berthold. He only, however, worked at it now and then, on what he called his good days. One day he drew it forth; he seemed so happy, and the sun shone into the room, and fell upon his long hair, and made its brown tint almost golden. Engèle could not help looking at her father; she thought he looked so like something in his own picture. He had two beautiful white lilies in his hand.

"I shall get on gloriously with my picture," said he, "when the baby comes!" and then he stuck the two white lilies into his wife's hair, and kissed her, and said he would make a study of her head for his grand picture. She had only a grey woollen gown on of her own spinning, a black velvet bodice, which was in part the peasants' costume, a curiously worked leathern pocket outside her dress, and a little bunch of keys hung to a silver chain; but for all that she looked fit to be a great painter's wife.

Engèle dreamt that night about her father's grand picture, and about a baby which lay on her mother's knee, and which he was painting; it was such a lovely dream, that she was quite sorry when her father woke her. He woke her very early; he told her to get up and dress herself, and go to spend the day with the old grandmother; he helped her to dress; he plaited her long thick hair, and tied it like a coronet round her head; he put on her little old-fashioned grey woollen frock, with its long waist and full skirts, pinned a little red shawl over her shoulders, and, opening the door which led into the street, told her to go straight to her grandmother's, and he would fetch her in the evening.

Engèle had no bonnet on, because she never wore one; nobody but the rich did in that part of Germany, and her family were not rich, so neither she nor her mother wore bonnets. Engèle walked all through the city, wondering why she must go so early to her grand-

mother. It was so early in the morning, that the watchman was only just coming out of the church, in the tower of which he had been keeping watch all night. He nodded kindly to Engèle as she passed, and so did the country women, who were seating themselves in the street with their pitchers of sour milk, and their eggs and fruit, which they had brought, early as it was, into the town for sale.

Engèle's grandmother did not seem at all surprised to see her; and when Berthold, the student, came in to his breakfast, and saw her there, he went up to the old woman, and asked, in a whisper, but loud enough for Engèle to hear, if the baby were come.

The student never went to the University all that day; he played on his guitar, and showed her beautiful pictures in his books, and on his pipes, for he had a great many. Berthold was a rich student: he wore silver spurs, and rode upon a fine black horse. Engèle often saw him on horseback; and when he met her anywhere when he was riding, he always took off his cap, as if she were a great lady. She thought Berthold a perfect gentleman; and, besides, he was her father's great friend, and admired his pictures so much.

Berthold dined at an inn; and the six gymnasium boys dined with Engèle and her grandmother.

In the afternoon Berthold's fine horse was brought to the door for him to take a ride, and Engèle's father came in just at that moment; he looked so handsome and so happy; he kissed the old woman, and said, "Well, thank Heaven! I shall get on gloriously with my picture now. I have now such a baby for a model as never was seen!" Tears were in the old grandmother's eyes, and she said, "Thank God!"

Engèle was ready to cry for joy also; but she had no time: the student Berthold caught her in his arms, and kissed her, and said that she should ride before him on his fine black horse, and that he would set her down at her father's door as he went by.

I wish anybody could have seen Engèle's face, as she rode up the street sitting before the student!

Instead, however, of going direct to the painter's house, he went down some back streets, and stopped at the post-office. Here they gave him some letters—one only of which he opened.

"Here is good news for us, Engèle," said he; "brave good news, and thou shalt take it to thy father. The king has bought his picture—they have conferred a gold medal upon him—and all the world will now acknowledge that he is a great painter!"

BE PATIENT, POOR ONES OF OUR LAND!

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

No more despair! your mournful voice
Has raised a mighty band,
Whose spirits are abroad:—rejoice,
Ye poor ones of our land!

Great hearts are beating in your cause—
Be patient and be still;

Obeys, not brave, your country's laws—
God works out good from ill;
It is His doom, the few should be
Martyrs, to make the many free.

Bear yet awhile the piercing cold;

The pains with hunger fraught:
Before the young year hath grown old
Great wonders may be wrought.

Then struggle on, though famine sling
Her victims at your feet:

The driest desert hath its spring,
The brier its blossoms sweet;
And clouds, though dark to human view,
Hide not for long the sky's clear blue.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

Outrage to Frederick Douglass, and dishonour to the English name.—The whole country has heard, and with deepest indignation, of the reception of Frederick Douglass on board of the Cambria steam-packet. We have received a letter from an eye-witness of the fact. It says that Frederick Douglass seemed to feel severely the insult—not so much as it regarded the fact itself, but as its indicating what he had to expect when he reached America. Raising his hands, he exclaimed with deep dejection, "I am going to the land of proscription, and have been turned back on the very threshold. Oh! if these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry!"

But, we ask, what have we to do with the despicable prejudices of Americans? We call upon the whole nation to resent this disgrace to the English name! We call on the whole nation to demand of Government to take up the matter, and insist on the Line of Packets Company making a public apology for this surrender of the honour of the British nation. This company is a British company, or chiefly so. It represents the Government, by the chartered conveyance of its mails. By the Parliamentary Returns of July, 1846, we see that it receives from this country 80,000*l.* a year for this service, and next year it will receive 120,000*l.* From 1840, it has received upwards of 536,000*l.*—more than half a million of our money! and yet, in the person of Frederick Douglass, it has meanly betrayed the honour of the nation, and violated all our dear-bought pride of feeling on the subject of negro-emanicipation, at the nod of a few silly American passengers. The matter cannot rest. England will resent the abandonment of her honour in the hands of her commissioned servants, and against the person of a worthy and high-minded man, made free upon her own soil.

The Health of Towns Bill.—We rejoice to see Dr. Southwood Smith named so prominently by the introducer of this bill, as the man who originated the movement fifteen years ago; and who, at enormous sacrifices of health, practice, and exertion, has unweariedly devoted himself to its advancement. Dr. Smith will be unquestionably put officially at the head of this great sanitary reform, not only as conferring a due reward on one of the truest and most unassuming philanthropists, but as thereby giving to the country a guarantee for the steady, faithful, and thorough working of the measure throughout the country.

Next to Dr. Southwood Smith, allowing all praise to Lords Ashley, Morpeth, Normanby, and Ebrington, we must place in the scale of service in this cause, Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Toynbee. Mr. Toynbee has especially exerted himself to enlighten and stir up the working classes to a sense of what is due to themselves and the country in this matter. Through the exertions of himself and other public-spirited men, a "Metropolitan Working Classes' Association for the Improvement of the Public Health," has been established, the committee of which meets once a month at 29, Great Marlborough-street, and the sub-committee every fortnight at the house of Mr. Toynbee, 12, Argyll-place, Regent-street.

This Association is sending out penny tracts, very neatly printed, and well calculated to bind into a neat volume, on this great subject. We have now before us one on "Drainage and Sewerage (tenth thousand)," one on "The Ventilation of Rooms, Houses, and Workshops (twentieth thousand)," one on "Bathing and Personal Cleanliness (tenth thousand)," besides the "First Address of the Committee (twelfth thousand)." Some of the topics of these invaluable tracts we mean to deal with speedily; but at present we shall only add that these tracts are intended to include, Lighting, Food, Drink, Household Comforts, Clothing, Exercise, Recreation, Warming, Supply of Water, Cooking, Washing, Nursing of Children, etc.; topics which the committee, as practical, scientific, and medical men, are peculiarly qualified to handle. We now give the petition of this Association to Parliament, recommending that the working classes in all our large towns take it as a model, and send up one in support of it from every place in the kingdom; for we may rest assured that the powerful interests and vested wrongs

which this sweeping measure assails will run very speedily together, and raise a zealous opposition:—

"The petition of the Metropolitan Working Classes' Association for Improving the Public Health

"Humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioners earn their daily bread by daily labour, or daily service, and depend for their own support and that of their families on the continuance of their health: that disease and death press more heavily upon them than on the rest of their fellow-citizens, entailing heavy expenses and great embarrassments, and too often bringing them to utter destitution, and an unwilling dependence on the poor-rates.

"That your petitioners, with their small earnings, are unable to command the means by which their health and lives may be preserved; that they have no alternative but to live in unwholesome streets and houses; while such of them as are employed within doors are exposed during long hours of work to the impure air of shops and workshops, in which ventilation is altogether neglected.

"That your petitioners see no hope of escape from these evils, but in the interference of the Legislature. They therefore humbly, but earnestly, entreat you to take their case into immediate consideration, and to pass a law by which every house shall have a constant and unlimited supply of pure soft water, a water-closet, and a drain; and every street, court, and alley, a well-constructed sewer; and the owners of shops and workshops be compelled to adopt an efficient system of ventilation.

"That as the Report of the Health of Towns Commission has proved to demonstration that these improvements in the structural arrangement of streets, houses, shops, and workshops, are a gain to proprietors, and a great economy to rate-payers, as well as a means of saving many thousands of lives, preventing tens of thousands of attacks of sickness, and conducing to cleanliness, decency, and order; your petitioners trust that there is no longer any obstacle to their adoption. But should they lead to any increase of expense, your petitioners are quite willing that that expense should fall upon themselves, in the shape of a small weekly addition to the rents which they now pay; for they are fully persuaded that, besides an ample equivalent in money saved, they shall, for the first time, possess the means of cleanliness and decency, without which the mental and moral advancement they so much desire to secure for themselves cannot possibly be obtained.

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that you will be pleased to grant them a sound and comprehensive Health-bill, by which they may be shielded from the great physical and moral evils to which they are now exposed, and which, without legislative interference, they cannot hope to escape; and they further pray that, in order to ensure the due and uniform observance of any legislative Act that may be passed, an officer of health, and an inspector of nuisances, armed with adequate powers for the execution of the duties of their respective offices, may be appointed in districts throughout the country, in accordance with the express recommendation of Her Majesty's Commissioners.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

Sanitary Condition of Plymouth.—A correspondent informs us that the investigation into the sanitary condition of Plymouth having taken place, has been one cause of the formation of the Working Men's Mutual Improvement Society there, and the projection of a Building Society;—that it was discovered that 11,000 persons were living in single rooms, and in some cases six, and eight, and as many as sixteen, cooking, eating, and sleeping, and doing all the offices of life in one room. It was also ascertained, that great want of instruction existed among them; some of them not being able to read and write.

The "Christian Commonwealth" favourably entertained by the Pope.—We learn by letters from Rome that Mr. J. M. Morgan, the benevolent and indefatigable projector of the Christian Commonwealth, or self-supporting village of 300 families, has

been honoured by an interview with his Holiness the Pope, at which he was permitted to explain his plan for ameliorating the condition of the working classes. His Holiness was pleased to express the great interest which he felt in the design, and his approbation of its charitable purpose. He accepted copies of Mr. Morgan's work, the "Christian Commonwealth," in French and English, and a lithographic print illustrative of the proposed village: having previously allowed a transparent painting of the same to be placed in his apartment, and having devoted to it considerable attention. The most patient consideration has been given to the design by the different religious bodies of Rome, especially by the Scotch and Irish colleges; by the latter it was recognised as the most likely means, under Providence, of averting the evils which afflict the sister island. We learn, moreover, that the Pope has referred Mr. Morgan's proposal to the examination of the Agricultural Commission, of which the Cardinal Massimo is president; and that it is expected their report will be followed up by the establishment of a model village in the Campagna di Roma. Such a movement on the part of the head of the Catholic Church demands the utmost gratitude from Christians of all denominations; whom we trust it will excite to emulation in a work so noble and excellent, and so highly calculated to relieve the present and prevent the future sufferings of the industrious poor.

Foundation and Progress of Mechanics' Institutes, and Mutual Instruction Societies.—We have daily intelligence of the progress of the popular movement in self-education. *The Weston-super-Mare Mechanics' Institute* held its first annual meeting on February 24th, and we learn from one of its vice-presidents, the Rev. Joseph Hopkins, that its library already possesses 400 volumes, many of them presented by friends of the people; that it has its selection of cheap and liberal periodicals; its singing as well as other education classes; meetings for public discussion; and that during the past year lectures on various important and scientific topics have been delivered.

Sunderland Mechanics' and Apprentices' Schools and Library, established for the instruction of those that cannot attend day schools, where they are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, four nights in the week, two hours each night. No particular creed is advocated, so that let them be of what persuasion they will, they are made welcome to learn a business education, without interfering with the religious opinions they feel inclined to prefer. The above-named schools are taught by mechanics, and begun by them, who teach without reward. The establishments of these schools have no dependence but what they realize by labour, so their means were sadly stinted at first commencement; but now, after little more than four months, their success has far surpassed their expectations, for by donations received from well-wishers to such undertakings, they have been enabled to purchase a library for the use of the scholars. The library contains many of the most approved works of the day, and numbers about 700 volumes. Being so minute in the account of Sunderland Schools, is from the desire felt, that young men in other towns, seeing the description, may be induced to follow the example, and begin schools of the same kind. If such schools were to become general, then might the working men of England be as notified for their intellectual knowledge as they are for their unwearied industry. The highest praise is due to the young men adopting this mode of instructing the rising generation, and it is to be hoped they will live to see much that is good result from their laudable perseverance in a pursuit that is likely to produce the happiest effect in the advancement of society.

Newcastle and Gateshead Typographical Mutual Improvement Society.—This society is an example that is particularly deserving of the attention of other trades. "It has," says one of its members, "been in existence about six months. Its small library has been formed partly by purchase and partly by gifts. We hope soon to be able to purchase works more particularly connected with our profession, with the view of professional improvement." The leading employers in the town have become honorary members. Mr. G. Pringle, master printer, Gateshead, gave the first course of lectures, on "The Formation of Languages;" and Mr. Olive Moore, the president, overcarer of the Newcastle-Guardian, is at present delivering a series of lectures on "The Rise and Progress of the Art of Printing." We may add, that their Report is a beautiful specimen of their art.

Mutual Improvement Societies.—The rapid spread of these admirable institutions throughout Yorkshire, during the last

twelve months, is a noble feature of the working class progress of the age. There is scarcely now a town or village in the West Riding but can boast of one or more Mutual Improvement Societies. They are generally started by one or two active young men who gradually attract around them a few individuals of their class, and, without being dismayed by difficulties or looking to others for help, at once hire a room, start classes for instruction, give lectures, establish a reading room, and set about the formation of a library. Some combine all these objects, others are more limited; but being as yet only in their infancy, have not yet had time fully to develop themselves. We can easily perceive that these Mutual Improvement Societies are yet to prove the true Educational Institutes of the working men. Mechanics' Institutes have from the first failed in acting upon the working class. They commenced with a patronising manner, which was not much relished. They never seized hold of the people, but were almost exclusively supported by the middle class. They were for the aristocracy of the working men, rather than for the mass; and hence they have never been popular. But these Mutual Improvement Societies come amongst the people themselves, grow up amongst them, and are founded by them,—almost exclusively by self-educated men, than whom none relish more keenly the pleasures and the advantages of knowledge. In fact, they may be regarded as the *Educational Methodism* of our day, and in course of time cannot fail to exercise a most beneficial influence on the development of the great working mind of our country. Such societies, we need scarcely say, shall ever have our best wishes and commendations.

Leeds.

S. S.

Progress of the Co-operative Cause.—By the Herald of Co-operation, the organ of the Leeds Redemption Society, we learn with great gratification that that society is not only in active operation, but that numerous branches are springing up, as at Birstal, eight miles from Leeds, at North Cove near Howden; and that similar branches are in contemplation at Newport, Monmouthshire, at Cambridge, Barnsley, and Manchester. In London, the Bread League has commenced operations very spiritedly, and its doors are besieged with purchasers; and at Elgin, proposals have been issued for the establishment of a Working Men's Provision Association, the capital to be £1000, in shares of 20s. By purchasing for cash in the best markets, the promoters expect to supply meal, wheat, bread, and groceries, at prices below the current ones. A baking establishment is included in the proposals.

The National Alliance for promoting a thorough representation of the people signalized its public birth, by a meeting at the London Tavern, on Wednesday the 31st of March. It was one of the most crowded and spirited political demonstrations which have been witnessed in London for a long time. As the newspapers will inform our readers of its proceedings, we merely record the fact. William Howitt was in the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Thomas Cooper, Henry Vincent, Dr. Epps, Charles Gilpin, Ebenezer Clarke, etc. The speakers appeared all unusually animated by the subject, and the audience to respond enthusiastically. Let the whole country do the same.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street), Strand.—Saturday, April 17, 1847.



MORNING

FROM A PAINTING BY J. SANT. ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

MORNING, BY JAMES SANT.

Our illustration this week is from a beautiful picture exhibited this year in the gallery of the British Institution, by James Sant, a young artist of great promise, and growing reputation. It is called by him, *MORNING*, and has also its companion picture of *EVENING*. The sentiment of this picture is exquisite; it is *MORNING*; the morning of life, as well as of the day; it is the time of freshness and of hope; the dew lies sparkling on the flower; the lark springs upwards, and carols forth a hymn as he soars; a cool breeze comes over the hill-tops to meet the rising sun, and the pilgrim, in the fresh morning of life, journeys onward and upward towards the mountain-tops; he takes his staff for support in the weariness of the way, but he as yet has no idea of weariness; he needs no support; he carries his staff lightly in his hand, and with raised head, and eye full of joyous expectation, he journeys onward, and ever upward.

What a journey of hope, and love, and rejoicing, seems life to the young pilgrim of the morning! the lark sings, the mountain-breeze lifts the hair from his radiant brow, and onward and ever upward he goes, singing like the lark for gladness!

Very different to this is the companion picture. It is *Evening*,

"The shades of night are falling fast,"

and the pilgrim of life, who, in the morning, was full of strength and joy, climbing with untiring aspiration to the mountain-tops, is now descending, lower and lower, into the shadows of the valley beneath. With head depressed, feeble and uncertain footsteps, he totters onward, leaning heavily on the staff, which in the morning he carried so lightly.

The journey is nearly ended; the day's work is nearly done; a few steps onward, and he will have reached his resting place. It was morning, and now it is evening, and between the two, though to the backward glance only twelve hours seem to intervene, a long space of time and weary distance, lies in reality—the long, perilous, and suffering journey of a life.

The idea is a fine one, but Mr. Sant, in his picture of *Evening*, has not realized the greatness of his own conception. His *Morning* stands alone, and a more beautiful and suggestive illustration of the hour, we have never seen.

A BROTHER TO A BROTHER.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

Plough with thy strong arm the difficult furrow;
Sow the grain, not in vain, crops it shall yield thee;
Plant in thy boyhood the ship-giving acorn,

When thou growest old as an oak it shall shield thee;
Lie not supine on thy couch, like a sluggard;—
All men are working,—wilt thou be a laggard!

Tears are from Heaven; of much worth is sorrow.

Work thy best, do thy best, in shine or shadow.

Shun not calamity—ere the sun rises

Fog; wrap the mountain, and cover the meadow.

Never on earth is man freed from vexation;

Victory cometh through much tribulation.

Poor man, or rich man, or Christian, or Heathen,

Black of skin, white of skin, each is thy brother.

Bear about with thee the rule that is golden—

As to thyself do thou so to another.

Take thy first step not without a foreseeing;

An error, too often, will mar thy whole being.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

V. — DEPENDENCE OF LIFE ON LIGHT.

If we expose some spring water in a glass jar to the sunshine, though it may have been clear and transparent at first, it begins in no long time to assume a greenish tint; after a while, a film of green matter collects on the sides of the vessel in which it is contained; and on this film we observe, when the sun is shining, a multitude of minute bubbles of air. The green matter rapidly grows; its new parts, as they come into existence, being all day long covered with air-bells, which disappear as soon as the sun is set. The further stages of its growth can be better watched in slowly-running streams of water; and we then find that it is the early state of those long green thread-like filaments, which attach themselves to the stones that form the bed of the gurgling brook, or to the wooden framework of the sluices of the water-course. These fibres, forming what is popularly called "crown silk," and termed *confervæ* by botanists, become the food of various aquatic insects; and these, in their turn, fall a prey to the fishes that frequent such streams; which may themselves serve as food to animals still higher in the scale.

Now we have in this short history an example of the universal fact, that the *first Life owes its origin to Light*. Animals, as we shall see hereafter, are entirely dependant upon Plants for the substance of their bodies, for the food by which their strength is sustained, and for the combustible matter by which their warmth is kept up. These are formed by Plants out of materials which they draw from the air, the water, or the soil; but of these they can only make use under the influence of *Light*. Every green leaf that is unfolded to the sunshine is a Chemical Laboratory, in which numerous processes of a very complicated nature are taking place, so long at least as it is exposed to this wonderful agency. Let us place some fresh leaves of grass, cabbage, or any rapidly-growing plant, in a glass flask, fill it completely with water, then—having closed the mouth of the flask with the finger—turn it upside-down with the mouth in a cup of water, and expose the upper part of the flask to the sunshine; we shall soon see the surface of the leaves become studded with minute air-bells; and after a time, larger bubbles of gas will collect in the dome of the flask. Now these bubbles are not common air, but consist of almost pure *oxygen*,—the gas which was spoken of in the last paper as so essential to combustion, uniting with hydrogen to form water, and with carbon to form carbonic acid.

In both these cases,—the production of the simple green threads of *confervæ*, and the action of the leaves of the higher plants, by which the materials for the growth of its stem and roots are prepared,—the changes which take place under the influence of *Light* are essentially the same. We have seen that Animals are continually giving off carbonic acid to the atmosphere in the act of breathing; and that of every particle of coal, oil, tallow, spirit, etc., which is burned, a large portion is dispersed in this state. Owing to the immense extent of the atmosphere, the vast quantity of carbonic acid thus being continually mingled with it is spread so widely, that, where free ventilation exists, it does not form more than from four to six ten-thousandths of the whole. But from this state of dispersion, the carbon is being continually brought back again by the agency of *Vegetation*; for Plants have the wonderful power of *decomposing* carbonic acid, that is, of separating it again into its two elements, carbon and oxygen. The former they retain, and unite with water (by chemical processes peculiar to them), to form the solid

materials of their beautiful fabrics; the latter they set free. Now carbonic acid is readily absorbed or sucked in by water; so that when we placed our leaves in the flask of water, we did in reality give them a supply of carbon also; and the clear spring water, which was the subject of our first experiment, must have contained, with carbonic acid, the germs of the humble plants which soon begin to be developed in it. In both these cases, it is under the influence of Light, and of *Light alone*, that the elements of carbonic acid can be separated by the plant; and that the new compound of carbon and water can be formed, which is the foundation, as it were, of all the more complicated substances that are prepared by the Plant, for its own nutrition or for the support of Animal life.

How true, then, must be that history of Creation, which represents the Divine command "Let light be,"—with its immediate realization, "and light was,"—as preceding the first production of animated beings. "Without light," said the eminent French chemist, Lavoisier, "Nature was without life and without soul; a beneficent God, in shedding light over creation, strewed the surface of the earth with organization, with sensation, and with thought." Withdraw its lovely and benignant influence; and the earth would be again "void," if not now, as once, "without form;" and would float through space a lifeless corpse. Let the fixation of carbon from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, by the action of light upon plants, be once checked, and all Vegetable life speedily comes to an end; nothing then remains for the support of those Animals which derive their food immediately from the Vegetable kingdom; and their disappearance involves the speedy extinction of all those Carnivorous races which have been accustomed to make them their prey.

The whole of our globe would then be reduced to the condition of those ocean-depths, which have been recently explored by the persevering and laborious researches of Prof. E. Forbes. By means of the *dredge*, a sort of scoop or scraper with a net attached to it (resembling that by which Oysters are fished-up), the bottom of the sea may be surveyed at any moderate depth, almost as if we could look down upon it with a telescope; and its living inhabitants brought up for examination. Now it has been found that, as we descend below the surface of the water, Plants become fewer and fewer in number; until, at the depth of a hundred fathoms, or six hundred feet, they disappear altogether. Below this a few Animals are found, some of them ranging to the depth of three hundred fathoms; but beneath this level, the waters are altogether destitute of living inhabitants, their solitude being only broken by the occasional visit of a few deep-sea Fishes, straggling beyond their natural haunts, or by the plunging of a Whale which is diving to escape from its pursuers. It is impossible to avoid the idea, that this absence of all Life is due to the absence of Light. It is a fact well known to philosophers, that the rays of the sun, even when shining perpendicularly downwards, lose a great deal of their force as they pass through water; so that even at no greater depth than one hundred fathoms, there is never anything more than a mere twilight glimmering; whilst at double that depth, not even the feeblest ray that human vision could discern would penetrate the unbroken gloom. When we call to mind that a vast portion of our globe is covered by water many times deeper than the known limit of Light and Life, we cannot but be awe-struck with the thought, that by far the greater part of the present bed of the ocean has been for ages hidden in perpetual darkness, its loneliness undisturbed by the presence of any living thing, and only capable of being pictured by the eye of the imagination as a black and desolate expanse, not only uninhabited, but uninhabitable.

There is a beautiful adaptation between the constitu-

tions of different Plants, and the varying degrees of Light which the sun imparts in different situations; and this adaptation may be seen, not merely by comparing the vegetation of tropical and arctic regions, but by observing the situations in which the several plants of our own country respectively flourish best. Thus, generally speaking, we find the succulent thick-leaved Plants growing in exposed situations, where there is nothing to interfere with the full influence of the solar rays; whilst, on the other hand, plants with thinner and more delicate leaves usually find a more congenial home in sheltered situations; and there are some which can only develop themselves in full luxuriance in the deep shades of a plantation or a forest. By a still greater degree of this kind of adaptation, some species of Plants are enabled to live and to acquire a healthy green colour in what would be to our eyes total darkness; thus Humboldt met with Flowering-plants of various species in the depths of the mines at Freyberg; and he found a species of Sea-weed, possessing a bright green hue, at the depth of one hundred and ninety feet in the sea, near the Canary islands, at which depth it is computed that it could have received no more than 1-1500th part of the solar rays that fell upon the surface of the ocean. So, too, we may observe that many Ferns, Mosses, and Lichens seem as if they avoided the light, choosing the *northern* rather than the *southern* sides of hedges, buildings, etc., for their residence; so that the former often present a luxuriant growth of Cryptogamic vegetation, whilst the latter are comparatively bare. It must not be supposed, however, that such plants avoid the light altogether; they only shun what is to them an excessive degree of it.

Now when any Plant receives a smaller amount of Light than that which is natural to it, an unhealthy change soon takes place in its system. Its leaves no longer present a fresh green hue, but look pale and sickly; the stalk may increase in length, but it diminishes in firmness; its peculiar products, whether remarkable for their smell, their taste, or their colour, are no longer formed in their usual amount; and little or no firm woody tissue is produced, but the texture becomes dropsical, all its cavities being distended with water. Day by day, the weight of the *solid matter* of the plant diminishes rather than increases, even though it may have appeared to grow; because less carbon is fixed from the air than is given back to it by decay in the form of carbonic acid; and because the increase in the bulk of the plant is due only to the quantity of water which it has imbibed. Some plants are speedily killed by this process; whilst others live until they are quite *blanched*, and in this state become useful articles of food, although too rank to be eaten in their natural state. Such is the case, for example, with Celery and Sea Kale, which are grown by gardeners under cover, or with earth heaped up around their shoots.

It frequently happens in America, as in our own country, that clouds and rain obscure the light of the sun for many days together; and that during this time the buds of entire forests expand themselves into leaves. These leaves present a pale hue until the sun appears; and then are converted, under the influence of a clear sky and a bright sunshine for a few hours only, to a beautiful green. One writer mentions a forest on which the sun had not shone for twenty days. The leaves were expanded during this period to their full size, *but were almost white*. "One forenoon the sun began to shine in full brightness; the colour of the forest absolutely changed so fast that we could perceive its progress. By the middle of the afternoon the whole of this extensive forest, many miles in length, presented its usual summer dress."

Such are a few of the facts, which show the direct dependence of Vegetable Life on the Light of day.

Although the beneficial influence of Light upon the

healthy growth of Animals is not so obvious as it is upon the various processes of Vegetable Life, yet it is not less real. The most striking proof of its agency is drawn from observation of the processes of early development, as they occur under the two opposite conditions of light and darkness. Thus, if a quantity of Silk-worms' eggs be preserved in a dark room, and an equal number be exposed to common daylight, a much larger proportion of worms will be hatched from the latter than from the former. If we put any soft vegetable matter into a glass jar of water, and keep it moderately warm, at the same time exposing it freely to the light, it will be found in a few days crowded with vast numbers of Animalcules (or beings so minute as only to be seen through a powerful microscope) in constant and rapid motion. But if we cover the jar so as to exclude the light, treating it in every other respect in the same manner as before, the Animalcules do not make their appearance for a much longer time, and then in much less abundance. Most of our ponds, ditches, and pools, contain numerous minute insect-looking animals, just visible to the eye, and remarkable for their sudden and quick-darting movements, on account of which they are popularly known as Water-fleas. These creatures come forth from their eggs in a very different shape from that which they have when full-grown; and they pass from one to the other by a series of *metamorphoses*, or changes of form and structure, resembling those by which the grub is converted into a beetle or butterfly. Even when full-grown, they continue to cast off their outer horny casing every two or three days, a new one being formed within, just as a Crab or Lobster casts its shell once a year; and this change seems necessary for the continuance of their health, for if it does not take place their bodies become clothed with minute plants, which attach themselves to the surface, impeding their motions through the water, and preventing them from breathing with freedom. Now it has been found that, if these little animals be kept in the dark, they do not pass through the changes by which they attain their perfect form nearly so rapidly as when they are freely influenced by light; nor, when their growth is complete, are they able to renew their shells so frequently, and thus to free themselves, by casting off the old ones, from their troublesome incumbrances.

The most remarkable proof that has ever been obtained, of the influence of Light upon the growth of Animals, was given a few years since by some experiments which were conducted at Paris by Dr. W. F. Edwards. For the sake of such of our readers as may not be otherwise aware of the fact, we must premise that the Frog, an air-breathing Reptile having four legs but no tail, comes forth from the egg in the condition of a Fish, breathing water by gills which hang like fringes by the sides of the head, and having a long fin-like tail, without the least trace of legs. In this state, it is known as the Tadpole. After a time, however, one pair of legs begins to sprout, and then the other; the tail ceases to grow; the lungs come into play; the gills fall into disuse; and by a gradual series of changes, the Tadpole is converted into the Frog. Now it occurred to Dr. Edwards to ascertain if Light had any influence upon this metamorphosis; and to make this out, he enclosed a number of Tadpoles in boxes, and sank them deep in the water of the river Seine. These boxes were perforated by a great number of holes, not large enough to allow the Tadpoles to escape, but capable of allowing a free passage to a current of water, which would constantly renew that which the boxes contained, so as to supply the Tadpoles with the small particles of matter on which they feed, and also to renew that which was exhausted of its air by their breathing. The result of this experiment was, that, *instead of being changed from Tadpoles into Frogs at the proper time, they con-*

tinued to grow as large Tadpoles; but this unnatural condition could not be long kept up; and if kept in the boxes, instead of changing into Frogs, they died.

These facts leave no room for doubt as to the influence of Light upon the processes of Animal growth; and they serve, therefore, to confirm that idea of its healthful agency upon the Human frame, to which we should be led by a variety of circumstances,—each of them being capable, it must be admitted, of some other explanation. Thus it has been observed, that an unusual tendency to bodily deformity exists among children reared in cellars or mines, or in dark and narrow streets; the body rarely acquires its full development under such circumstances; and the mind cannot be expected to attain its due vigour. On the other hand, all travellers have noticed that a remarkable freedom from deformity exists among those nations which wear but very little clothing; and where other circumstances are favourable, it is among such that the person most generally acquires its greatest perfection,—as it is seen, for instance, among the Marquesan islanders. It is well known that in many of the deep valleys of the Alps, into which but very little sunlight finds its way, there are a large number of strangely-deformed beings, termed Cretins; most of whom are more or less idiotic, some indeed being the most degraded specimens of the human race that it is possible to conceive. Doubtless in this case, as in the preceding, other causes are in action besides the want of light; but there seems quite reason enough to believe that it is one of the chief, and probably (in the case of the Cretins) the most important of all. Again it has been noticed that Epidemic diseases rage with greater violence on the dark side of a street, than on the one whose aspect is sunny.

The most satisfactory proof of the influence of Light upon Human health, is, perhaps, that which is derived from the experience of large buildings, in which the condition of the dwellers in the different parts is on the average very much the same, except in this one particular. Thus it has been stated by Sir Andrew Wylie (who was for a long time at the head of the medical staff in the Russian army), that the cases of disease on the dark side of an extensive barrack at St. Petersburg have been uniformly, for many years, in the proportion of three to every one of those on the side exposed to strong light. And in one of the London Hospitals, with a long range of frontage looking nearly due north and south, it has been observed that the patients more rapidly recover on the sunny than on the shady side of the building.

A deficiency of Light has probably no slight influence, when combined with imperfect ventilation and other causes, in producing a disease which, in its various forms, is probably the most pernicious and widely-spread of human maladies. We refer to Scrofula. This complaint is well known to be more prevalent in crowded cities than in the open country,—in dark and narrow streets, than in those which are broad and well-ventilated. The condition of the body, in the early stages of this complaint, has such a striking resemblance to that of the plant which is rendered meagre and sickly for want of light, that we can scarcely doubt the action of the same cause in both instances.

Considerations like these ought to be of great weight with every one, who is capable of understanding the simple facts which have been stated. Daylight, like warmth, is not a *luxury*, but a *necessary* of Life; for the want of it, though it does not produce consequences as immediately destructive to life, has much share in occasioning those derangements of health, which not only tend to shorten life, but render it miserable whilst it lasts; and which are not confined to the individual, but are transmitted from parent to offspring through successive generations.

Any tax upon Daylight, therefore, is a direct tax upon Public Health and upon National Prosperity; and is consequently impolitic as regards revenue, whilst it tends in countless modes to retard that great work of social regeneration, the prospect of which is beginning to gladden the hearts of many who have long "sat in darkness and in the shadow of death." Let us not cease, then, to claim on religious grounds, as well as on economical, the removal of all prohibitions to the free enjoyment of the Creator's first blessing to the Universe. What God hath freely given, let not Man stop out.

THE THREE FUNERALS.

BY MISS PARDON.

I WAS once visiting in town, when in weak health and depressed spirits, and was slowly pacing to and fro on the broad pavement which extends in front of the proud line of lordly dwellings that overlook Hyde Park on its northern boundary, endeavouring to inhale new vigour from the keen air, and in the pale sunshine of a winter's noon, when my attention was attracted to a modest funeral, which, advancing up Park-lane, was, with less solemnity than is generally observed by such processions, approaching the burial-ground at the termination of St. George's-terrace. The death-bell was already tolling; the grave was awaiting its tenant; and I paused for an instant until the little train of death passed by.

There was a whole history of suffering, penury, and bereavement, beneath my eye. The single ill-clad undertaker who led the way, the coffin of unpollished wood, the faded pall which fluttered gloomily in the chill wind, the bowed and pale-browed man, whose mourning-cloak failed to conceal the labouring garb beneath it, as he led by either hand a little girl, to whose shapeless bonnets of rusty straw the charitable care of some kindly-hearted neighbour, perhaps as poor as themselves, had added a bow and a pair of strings of black—the one, a child of about eight years of age, weeping bitterly; and the other, still an infant of some three or four, gazing about her in mute but silent wonder, now looking earnestly towards the coffin, and then lifting her large blue eyes to the face of her father, as if to ask the meaning of so unwonted a ceremony. But the man made no reply to those earnest eyes, neither did he weep; it was easy to see that he was heart-broken; easy to understand that he had been poor before, very poor, but that he had struggled bravely on while he had one to help, and to cheer, and to support him; but that now the corner-stone of his energy and of his hope had been removed, and that the whole foundation of his moral energy had given way. That there, in that rude coffin, beneath that squalid pall, lay the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children; and that for him, and the two helpless ones whom he led along, there was no longer a hope of better days in this world.

I felt the tears gush over my heart as the pauper funeral passed me by; and it had scarcely done so when it was overtaken by a second death-train, consisting of a hearse without plumes, and a single mourning coach, so wretchedly appointed, that the struggle between narrow means, and a desire to escape the stigma of a "walking funeral," was clearly apparent. Strange! that human vanity should uprear its paltry crest even upon the death-path—but so it is; and I remarked that as this second funeral passed the one in which I had felt so sudden an interest, the drivers of the two sable vehicles cast a glance that was almost scornful upon the little band of mourners, and the coffin which they followed. It is probable that I alone marked that contemptuous glance, for the soul-stricken man, who was about to give up to the grave all that had been to him the staff and

the sunshine of his poor struggling existence, had no perception beyond that of his own misery, no pride with which to combat his despair.

The sad drama of life-in-death upon which I was then looking had not, however, yet reached its close, for the body which was dragged to the grave by a pair of black horses had scarcely left behind it that which was borne to its resting-place upon the shoulders of two of its fellow-men, when suddenly there appeared, round the corner turning from the Edgware-road, a mute, bearing a plateau of white plumes, and followed by a hearse drawn by four horses, all similarly decorated, and a couple of mourning-coaches, with the usual attendance of undertaker's hirelings. Vile mockery of Almighty God! to whom we cannot even be content to resign our dust, without flaunting—as if in defiance of His holy precepts, who bade us be meek and humble if we would gain heaven—our poor and sordid vanity at the grave-side; rendered in this instance the more revolting, from the fact that all the decorations of the funeral were grim with dirt, and tarnished by long use. Nevertheless, they produced their intended effect. Every foot-passenger paused by the grated entrance of the burial-place to await the halt of the procession. Children, who had pursued their walk or their sports, heedless of the bereaved husband, or the solitary coach, suddenly paused in astonishment and admiration; sauntering nursery-maids quickened their pace to participate in the spectacle; reckless butcher-boys pulled up their carts, and almost ceased to whistle as the imposing mockery moved towards them; and when the varnished coffin was followed to the grave-yard by the attendant mourners, the outlay which had been lavished upon the funeral was repaid to the survivors, by the earnest and curious stare of the idle mob that had hastily collected.

I asked the names of the dead. I might have spared the question. The smile with which the first reply was given—for I began with the widowed pauper—was one of pity, which implied some doubt of my perfect sanity: on the subject of the unplumed hearse, I was told to "look straight on'er'd, and I should see that it war nobody;" and so far my inquiries were unavailing: but, as I glanced towards the bustling officials, who were rapidly dismantling the more pretending *cortège*, and flinging plumes, staves, and pall-trappings into the lugubrious vehicle so lately tenanted by the early dead, I believed that I should be more successful. Not so, however; the undertaker and his myrmidons—and with these I had no desire to be forced into contact—were alone acquainted with the name of the deceased. The crowd, satisfied with the amusement of a moment, cared little to whom they were indebted for its enjoyment.

"Some young person," said a portly man, with a red nose, and a capacious figure.

"So I infer from what are meant for white plumes."

"You may well say so, ma'am," remarked a decent-looking woman, who stood beside me with a child—and that evidently *her own* child—in her arms. "Lord help us! here's a waste of money that would gladden many a hungry heart. Miss Some one, they tell me, a rich shopkeeper's daughter—poor thing! She's to have a grand tomb, they say, and of course her name 'll be on it; but till that's done, nobody but her own people knows who she is."

A grand tomb! A name graven upon stone! And the pauper-mother will have neither tomb nor name.—But, sleep peacefully in thy long rest, O stricken sister!—The marble that rests upon the breast of the proud, is so much more that parts them from their God; while thou hast upon thine unlettered grave the rain-drops from above for tears; the wind which rocks the heads of the rank weeds that wave over thy breast breathes thine ever-recurring requiem; and the deep blue vault of heaven is the ETERNAL MONUMENT raised above thee by thy Maker.

SUSAN LEE'S BIRTHDAY ADVENTURE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A TALE, BY EDWARD YOUL.

PART II.

To institute a strict search—to look high and low, far and near—was, of course, Susan's first proceeding. But it was to no purpose: the gold was missing. "It could not," as her grandfather remarked, "have gone of itself. There was a thief in Croydon." He spoke, gravely—Susan thought severely. Never before had he been robbed. "Grandfather," said the child, "have you left the house since I went out with the tinker?"

No—he said—no; nor had he quitted the room, even. He deposited the money on the mantel-shelf when the tinker gave it to him, and—he must take great shame to himself for his carelessness—he had forgotten to remove it to a place of greater security. Twelve sovereigns—he had piled them one upon the other—a small Trajan column of gold—undoubtedly a great temptation to an evil-disposed person. But he had never quitted the room—never once quitted it. Cross-legged on his shopboard he had sat, plying his needle (for he was a jobbing tailor by trade), and who could have entered and removed them, unseen, unheard by him? It was very strange—very strange, indeed.

The child was never so uneasy. The day was getting advanced, and it was necessary that she should think of returning home. She intimated this to the old man: he acquiesced by a nod of the head, but spoke not a word—did not raise his eyes from his work. Heaven! did he think that she— She could not bear the thought. She withdrew into the little garden, and seating herself upon an old stone bench, wept in agony.

The birds sang blithely, early in the season as it was. Susan sat and wept on the old bench. She could not endure to lie a moment longer under such an imputation. But perhaps, after all, her grandfather did not suspect her. She would clear her mind of doubt. So, starting eagerly from her seat and wiping her eyes, she returned to the room.

"Grandfather," she said, "do you think that I have taken those sovereigns? Oh, don't say you do—pray don't. Say you know me better than that." She held clasped hands towards him, and in breathless suspense awaited his reply.

"No, Susy," he said, presently; "I don't think you have taken them, for you could never rob your old grandfather—you never could. I intended to have given you six of those sovereigns, to pay for schooling for you. I fully intended to have done that. No, Susy; you didn't take them—at least, *I hope you didn't.*"

For all the sun streamed into the room, and shed garish light into nooks and recesses that were obscure at other times, she saw nothing the room contained, it grew so suddenly dark. She was seized with vertigo, and fell unconscious to the floor.

Reader, you are honest—of course you are. Were you ever charged with theft—openly, or by innuendo? Did the disgrace ever burn into your soul—the disgrace of being suspected? Oh, pity poor Susan Lee, who, hearing her grandfather speak those terrible words, "I hope you didn't," fell to the ground in her innocence, overtaken by syncope. To jump from his shopboard—to seize her in his arms, and carry her into the garden, that the fresh air might visit her brow healingly—were the first proceedings of Simon Buckwheat. Old man, thou art terrified. Be thy terror thy punishment, for thou hast grievously wronged a future angel.

How tenderly he hugged her in his arms, when her life returned again!—with wavering consciousness, for as yet she only faintly understood her position.

"Grandfather," she said, kissing the old man's cheek, "I have had a terrible dream—I thought I had robbed you; I haven't, have I?"

"No, sweet Susan; no, sweet, darling Susan; no, my pet, my lady-bird. Robbed me! Oh, no, no. Don't tremble so, my lamb."

She did tremble, and wept in renewed agony, as she recollected all.

"Grandfather, if you think that I took those twelve pounds, how mistaken you are!"

"You did not take them, my darling."

"But, grandfather, *who did take them then?*"

It was a question to which no reply could be given. Without the act of human appropriation, they seemed to have disappeared. Simon had never once, even for an instant, quitted the room.

Strange, most strange!

Could it be *THE TINKER*?

The affair of the purse came strongly back on Susan's recollection.

"If he did take them," cried Simon, "I will never —" But he left the sentence unfinished.

"You will never what, grandfather?" asked Susan.

"God forgive me!" said her relation; "I was about to say that I would never trust human being again—but I would, Susy, I would. Yes, though I knew the tinker to be dishonest, I would place the same confidence in my neighbours that I have hitherto placed. Oh, who am I, and what am I, that in my desperate ignorance I should dare for one moment to insist on the universal depravity of my fellow-mortals? God forgive me—I have libelled all mankind."—As many a black-gowned preacher does, with less excuse than thou, old man, couldst claim.

"Let us have another search, grandfather," said Susan. "You may be mistaken about the mantel-shelf."

No, he was sure of the mantel-shelf; but he aided in the renewed search, nevertheless. Nothing came of it. The money was not to be found. It was impossible to suspect any one but the tinker. On the other hand—and Simon knew it well from ten years' tried experience of his honesty—it was impossible to suspect the tinker.

Simon Buckwheat, thou didst not quit the room for one instant during thy grandchild's absence, when she saw the tinker a mile upon his road. Thou didst not. But didst thou sleep? Didst thou enter upon that mystery, albeit thou art now unconscious of it? Did the invisible world disclose its secrets to thee, and show thee a bright-winged angel with a serene and golden brow, whose features while on earth had been those of thy bedridden friend, deceased that morning?

Even so. Discourse unto us, grandfather of little Susan, how it affected thee. What! the heavens opened, and thou a witness! Reveal, reveal, that we too may adore.

He was clothed with eternal youth! Yes; that garment awaits us all. Beyond the terrene no angel grows old. Only on earth angels are born and die; age sometimes lies between.

Not always. Witness that mother following the coffin of her infant child.

And thou sawest him—sawest him in the Supernal—a white-robed spirit, with Intelligence glancing through the Immensities. Compared with him in his transformation, Shakspeare and Newton were oafs of the ploughed field.

But thy money was stolen whilst thou slept.

See—thy Susan has returned home—who now is at thy elbow? A gawky lad of eighteen—a poor, half-witted fellow, the sport and mock of the inconsiderate of Croydon.

"What, Archy, is it you?" cried Simon to the poor fellow, who had entered his room while he was busied with his work upon the shopboard.

"Ias, it's me, Simon, poor Archy Page."

"And what have you been doing, Archy?"

"Been a-looking for primroses," was the reply; "a-looking for them under hedges. They knows me, the primroses do."

"And did you find any, Archy?"

"Iss, Simon, and daisies; but the buttercups and cowslips are asleep. God haan't called them yet."

"He will soon, Archy."

"Iss, he will soon: so mother told me. But d'ye think, Simon—for I've been out in the fields a-listening to them—d'ye think the birds sing like they used to do?"

"Why not, Archy? Why shouldn't they—eh?"

"They don't," answered the idiot; "they don't, Simon."

"Wait another month, Archy. It's something early for them yet."

"They used to sing because old John liked to hear them," rejoined the idiot, "but he's gone to Heaven."

"Ha," cried Simon, "who told you that, Archy?"

"Daddy Frisk. He says it's a fine place to go to. I shall get my reason there, he says; and nobody there will cry 'poor fool' to Archy, when Archy peeps in at their doors."

"No, no, they won't," said Simon, thoughtfully.

"Simon," said Archy, presently, "if you had money, what would you do with it?"

"I!" cried the tailor, looking up from his work. "It depends, if it were a good round sum—But why do you ask, Archy?"

"There's something in having money, ain't there, Simon—something brave?" said the idiot, pursuing his own thoughts. "If I had money now, they wouldn't tell me I was a fool, would they?"

"Perhaps not—very likely not," replied Simon.

"So money must be a good thing, you know, Simon," continued the idiot. "Tell me, now, does God like money?"

"How?" exclaimed the tailor; "no, Archy, no; you mustn't ask such questions."

"Is it wicked?" said Archy. "Because the church is God's house, ain't it?"

"They say so," replied Simon. "Yes; what then?"

"Why," said the idiot, "when I go to church, they make me sit down anywhere, and they put poor people all by themselves; and if there ain't room, they must stand. But the rich people have the best places, and the best seats. So God must like money, for he likes those best who are well off, and have fine clothes."

"No, no, he don't, Archy. You must not talk like that. 'Tis the wickedness of man that puts the rich in one place, and the poor in another. Whenever you see the poor treated differently from the rich, in ever so slight a degree, in a church or in a chapel, you may know that God is not there, and does not hear their prayers, and is displeased at their worship."

"Is that true, now? Well, Archy is glad to hear it."

"But what put it into your head to talk about money?" asked the tailor, whose thoughts reverted to his recent loss.

The other did not reply; and when Simon turned his head to discover the reason, he found that his visitor had disappeared. He had stolen out of the room as quietly as he had entered it.

The idiot's mother was a very poor woman—a right noble, sunbright lady in honesty and virtue, but so very poor that there was none poorer in Croydon. Her husband was dead, and her son could not support himself, could contribute nothing towards household expenses; must be fed, clothed, warmed, and sheltered by a roof, nevertheless. Ah, he was her very life of life. Heaven! what a mother is! How loving! How expectant of good for her offspring at the hands of the great God! I find nothing in all nature to compare with a mother in multitude of worth. It is in a

righteous spirit that we call the earth our mother, lacking a holier name.

"Mother," cried the idiot, entering the house, "Archy won't walk any more; Archy will ride."

She smiled, sadly enough, at his pleasantry.

"Mother," continued the lad, "don't you wish we were rich? don't you wish we had money?"

She was thinking of it when he entered; thinking of their poverty—poor lady—and feeling it, for her landlord had threatened to distrain her goods for arrears of rent.

"Do you mind, mother," proceeded her son, "when I found the shilling on the road, and you said that I didn't steal it, because I found it?"

"Yes, Archy, yes," she answered.

"I have found more than that this time, mother; see these golden shillings."

He drew twelve sovereigns from his pocket.

"Where, where did you find them, Archy?" exclaimed his overjoyed parent. "But," she added quickly, "they can't be ours. The loser will print a bill, to get them again."

"Archy will ride with them, won't he, mother? The boys won't call Archy fool, now he has money," said the lad.

"But, Archy, where did you find them? So much money too!" again queried his mother anxiously, not without a misgiving.

"Archy has been out in the fields," replied the idiot.

"But you didn't find them in the fields—you could not," said his mother. "Don't tell me a lie, Archy. But you won't," she added: "you never do."

The idiot did not lie; she said truly.

"I found them, mother, at Simon Buckwheat's," he replied; "Simon was asleep."

"In his house?" screamed the woman. "Did you find them in his house?"

Yes—was the answer—yes.

She sank into a chair, and covered her face with her apron.

"Was it wrong to take them, mother?" asked the idiot, earnestly. "Wasn't it finding them?"

Her sobs resounded through the house, and were his answer. He gathered up the sovereigns.

"I'll take them back, mother. Don't ye cry; Archy's sorry it wasn't finding them."

"Stay," she said, rising and reaching her bonnet, "I will go with you."

Our story reverts to little Susan Lee.

Having taken leave of her grandfather, she went sadly on her way. The sun shone as brightly as on the preceding day; but how changed the scene she traversed! The heart is, next to the Creator, the great artist. It imparts to nature its brightest hues. Ah, how true it is that we make our own microcosm. Will that reflection assist us to infer the sublime probability that the world and the great universe are apparitional?

But a joy awaited Susan. When she reached the public-house at which she had previously halted, the landlord asked her whether she had lost anything; and when she replied that she had lost a purse, he said, "Was there much money in it?" And when she answered that it contained just eighteen shillings, and that it was a green purse—her own knitting too, he reached it from a shelf in the bar, and gave it to her, bidding her be more careful in future. He found it, he said, on the seat she had occupied, while she awaited the coming up of a vehicle that was going to Croydon. There was good fortune in the finding of the purse. If her grandfather's twelve pounds might be also found! She told the honest publican for whom the purse and its contents had been intended, and added that she was greatly minded to return with it, only it would be dark before she could reach home, if she did so; and the distance, she feared, by retracing her steps, would

become too great for her. But her joy was very great when a gentleman, who was standing at the bar, and whose gig and pony were outside, told her that he was going to Croydon, and would take her there, and bring her back to within a mile of Lewisham, all before the dusk of the evening. To tender her best thanks, and accept the kind offer, required small consideration; and in a few minutes—not in whizzing, railroad fashion, it is true, but at good pony speed—she was approaching the house of the youthful old grandfather.

On the road, the gentleman had extracted from Susan all her little history.

"I should like to see your grandfather," he said, when he drew up at Simon's door; and alighting with her, he entered the house.

Of course, her grandfather was glad to hear that she had found the purse. Of course he was. Ah, if his twelve sovereigns could be found!

"Your grandchild is an excellent girl," said the gentleman, when the little mission was accomplished. "I think that I can do something for her."

"You do, sir?" said Simon; "pray do it, and God bless you."

"I am connected with an establishment for educating children to become governesses. My little friend is a brickmaker's daughter; the world, hearing of my intention, would cry 'preposterous.' But, then, I don't care a snap for the haughty, misjudging people, who constitute the sneering portion of mankind, and who, in their own opinions, make the world."

Simon opened his mouth wide, and his eyes wider.

"A—a governess!" he cried—"a young ladies' governess!"

"She is already well-informed, for the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which she possesses," said the gentleman; "and I am persuaded that her capacities are excellent. Six years' tuition of a first-rate kind will do marvels. With her father's consent, she shall be a governess—a lady, a very little one, she is already."

O, that grandfather! How youthful he became in his joy and gratitude! Ah, if his twelve sovereigns were found, that he might buy her—little lady, as the gentleman said she was—a little lady's wardrobe!

Just at this point of interest, the widow entered with her idiot son. Simon was an old friend. She fell, weeping, on his arm.

Our story must end here. Archy, of course, was forgiven. And, credit me as a veracious chronicler, the gentleman, who heard the adventure, would not suffer the widow's furniture to be distrained. Indeed, she was remarkably easy with respect to pecuniary matters for a long time afterwards.

•BUCKHARDT READING ROBINSON CRUSOE TO HIS ARABS IN THE DESERT.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

SILENCE sat throned in darkness—not a sound broke the deep slumber of the starry night, Save that, at intervals, lost to the sight In the deep gloom that seemed to press around, Some courser neighing made yet more profound The stillness of the desert; fitful light Shot up from the red fire, and lit the white Enfolded tent at times; upon the ground Sat one who from a far off western land Had journeyed, and had donned—a Frank no more—The sheepskin and the turban; on the sand, Half-hidden, lay wild swarthy forms that wore The Bedouin's garb;—he read aloud the book, And the blaze streaming up, showed joy in each dark ook.

Greenwich.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "VIEWS A-FOOT."

Written in Germany.

We meet the sons of pilgrim sires,
Unchanged, where'er we roam,
Whilst gather round their happy fires
The happy bands of home.
And while across the far, blue wave,
Their prayers go up to God,
We pledge the faith our fathers gave—
The land by freemen trod.

The spirits of our fatherland
Their sacred trust still hold—
The freedom from a tyrant's hand
Wrenched by the men of old.
That lesson to the broad earth given
We pledge, beyond the sea;
The land from dark oppression riven!
A blessing on the free!

ANTI-CLIMAX.

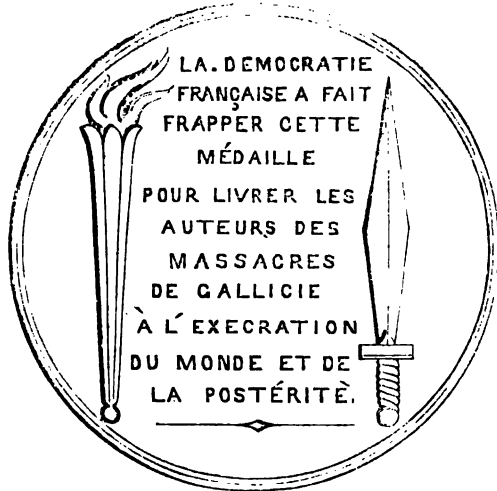
BY R. H. HORNE.

CERTAIN incongruities and mental outrages are often perpetrated by well-meaning people, from some defect or deficiency in the ordinary quality and degree of imagination. They unconsciously produce, in some instances, a greater effect of the absurd, or a greater shock to the natural course of the moral feelings, than the most laboured attempts at the grotesque, or the most outrageous surprises of melodramatic construction. Among the deaths recently recorded in the obituaries of the newspapers, appeared the following:—

"At Rome, Lieut.-General Sir Dugald Gilmour, on the 25th ult. He had fought at Quiberon, Copenhagen, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Nivelle, and Toulouse, and was Colonel of the 2nd Rifles. He lies with Keats and Shelley."

If all the graves of the world had been searched to discover two illustrious names of men who were the most unsuitable to the companionship of a military hero, in the grand and silent march towards eternity, certainly the names of the above martyr-poets might very well be those two. The poetry of Keats is rarefied and ethereal beyond the recognition of the existence of such horrible realities as battles and bloody glories; while Shelley has denounced all the wars and the warriors in the most unmeasured terms which his passionate earnestness and prodigal imagination could devise.

If by no means intend the slightest imputation on the personal character and conduct of the gallant officer in question, nor the least breath of disrespect to his memory (having no knowledge of him whatever beyond that conveyed in the above startling announcement of his last resting-place); but this I must say,—that if Dean Swift had lain in bed all the morning, in order to invent an anti-climax which should contain the most pungent epigrammatical satire upon John Bull's estimate of those whom he erroneously calls his poets, he could not have more perfectly succeeded. What possible need could there be, that those who framed the above record, with its list of battles, should mention the names of Keats and Shelley at all? It is one of the various illustrations that might be given of the saying, that "all colours are alike in the dark."



ENGRAVING OF A FRENCH MEDAL.

THE medal speaks for itself. On the converse, Liberty inscribes with the bayonet on the gallows the flagrant fact of the massacres of Galicia, and the chief scenes of them; on the reverse, between the dagger and the torch, symbols of violence and extinction, stands the inscription,—“The Democracy of France has caused

this medal to be struck to consign the authors of the Massacres of Galicia to the execration of the world and of posterity.”

This Engraving has been kindly presented to Howitt's Journal by W. J. LINTON.

A SKETCH OF FAMINE.

BY MRS. HOARE.

IRELAND—the Green Isle—our poor famine-stricken country!—it would be difficult to give an idea of her sorrows to those who do not witness them; but amply are they realized by those whose lot it is to sojourn in the midst of the perishing people. The peasantry, once so gay, so full of native fun and humour, that the phrase “a light-hearted Irishman” has become proverbial, now bowed down by famine and nakedness, gaunt and haggard, faint and spirit-worn, are but the shadows of their former selves. *The food of the land is destroyed.* These are words easily spoken, and perhaps excite no adequate idea of their fearful import; well is their significance felt in our country. In a parish of the south-west, there was lately seen a fainting mother, bending her tottering steps towards the churchyard, and bearing in her arms two infants, one dead, the other scarcely alive. She laid them on the sod, while with her hands she scooped a shallow grave, and placed in it the little form which, a few days since, was drawing life and nourishment from her bosom. She uttered no cry, no word of sorrow, but calmly seated herself beside the open hollow that held the uncoffined limbs of her youngest born, and taking her last remaining child on her feeble knees, waited helpless and hopeless of succour till the moment when the gasping breath should cease, the convulsive sob be stilled, and Death, in his now kindly visiting, should come for ever to assuage the fierce pangs of hunger.

“I waited,” she said, “to bury them both in one grave; I had nothing to give my darling, no strength to carry him away—better to stop and put him alongside his brother in the holy ground, than lay him down in the field for the rats to devour.”

She survived her children but a day or two; her husband had died the week before by the side of the road

where he was working. This is no isolated occurrence; while I write, such things, and worse if possible, are happening throughout our land.

Much has been done for our perishing people, much is doing still; and yet, in the remote districts, hundreds are dying; the columns of the local newspapers teem with incidents of horror, the least of which would in a work of fiction be deemed exaggerated. “*Death from starvation*” is now the usual finding at the wholesale coroners' inquests held in some places; for in the worst districts deaths are so numerous, that they excite neither surprise nor inquiry. “Death from starvation!” Let any one try to picture what it is. The darkly glowing pen of Dante has described it; but the horrors of his Ugolino's dungeon fade into nothingness before the every-day tragedies of our Irish cabins.

Hundreds, I have said, are dying; they would be thousands but for the liberality of our English brethren, who thus nobly silence the demagogue's senseless cry, and prove that the Saxon is Erin's best friend. Honour, too, to the Society of Friends! well do they merit their gentle name. Large has been their liberality, great and untiring their personal exertions. Their peaceful persevering industry, and laudable attachment to business, which have often drawn down the idle sneer of the proud and dissipated, now enable them to succour their fellow-creatures in the hour of need; while even the necessary calls of that business, and the wonted routine of that industry, are nobly disregarded when the voice of charity calls them to visit the hungry and naked in their dwellings.

In my own city, I know Quaker shopkeepers, who, at serious loss and inconvenience, leave their homes to visit remote districts, and dispense their society's bounty.

Often may a nicely-brushed brown coat or a spotless dove-coloured dress be seen entering squalid abodes of wretchedness, where the filth and offensive odours would seem well-fitted to disgust those whose personal habits are the perfection of cleanliness and purity. But

the spirit of Elizabeth Fry still survives amongst her gentle sisters, she "being dead, yet speaketh." The heroic benevolence which impelled her to travel like a ministering angel of mercy through the length and breadth of the land, may now be found throbbing in the bosom of many a fair Friend, who cheerfully denies herself all worldly luxuries that she may feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

From some of the touching incidents which have lately come to my knowledge, let me relate the following:—

Near the village of L—, in the south-west, there lived last year a widow named Sullivan, and her children. Her husband had been dead a year. He was a very honest industrious man, and possessed a small cabin and potato garden, the rent of which he paid in labour, giving his master, "a strong farmer," four days' work in the week, and having the remaining days at his own disposal. Returning one evening from the fields, he got a severe wetting, which brought on a "smothering of a cold." This, according to the custom of the country, he sought to expel by repeated draughts of strong whiskey punch; a beverage regarded by the Irish peasants as an unfailing panacea in all inflammatory diseases. Its effect, however, was to convert his illness into a raging fever, which shortly after ended in death. His widow, feeling the weight of care now thrown on her, laboured hard with her eldest child, a pretty, intelligent girl of twelve, to avert the fate which seemed to threaten them, of entering the dreaded workhouse. So the widow rose early, and lay down late, and nerved by the strong affections of her heart, worked with such energy, that she managed, as she said, "to keep the roof over their heads," and had at least two meals a day of potatoes and salt—seldom indeed accompanied by a bowl of thick milk. The two younger children regularly attended school, and the elder boy and girl were always busy; sometimes assisting their mother in making turf, a small quantity of which she had leave to cut in a neighbouring bog; sometimes collecting manure on the roads, and bringing it home to spread on the potato garden. Whilst the eldest girl, who had learned to knit very neatly, made some profit by selling the gloves and socks which she manufactured in the winter evenings.

But this scene of humble peaceful industry was soon interrupted. The long bright days of August, 1846, were darkened through our land by the shadow of approaching famine. The blight which had fallen the preceding year on the potato crop had caused much distress and consternation; but the buoyant hopefulness of the Irish nature prevailed, and a general impression seemed to exist that the potato harvest of 1846 would be abundant. Accordingly the roots were planted in the usual quantity, and in most places they sprang up with luxuriant promise. In the beginning of July, the fields were green and flourishing, and the peasant's eye, as he looked on them, sparkled with joy. Before the end of the month, a mysterious blight fell on them, in some places like a sudden stroke: the stalks drooped, the leaves were blackened, and the tubers ceased to grow. In August scarcely an uninjured plant was to be seen.

"What state, Jack, are your potatoes in?" said a gentleman to a poor man, about the middle of that month.

"Indeed, your honour, they're rotten and black, and there's none of them there. God Almighty help us; for unless He looks down upon us we'll all have to die."

"Indeed, ma'am," said a poor woman to me one day, showing a small heap of waxy potatoes about the size of walnuts, which she had just dug, "you'd be a long time looking at them when they're boiled, before you'd bring yourself to ate them." At length even this miserable resource failed; the gardens were exhausted, and the state of the poor became worse daily. As the

season advanced their sufferings from want of food were greatly aggravated by cold and nakedness.

No class of persons suffer more severely than widows and orphans; at all times more helpless than their neighbours, they were now ready to perish, finding themselves without their "provider," as the head of a family is often called in Ireland, to labour for them on the roads. Poor Mrs. Sullivan and her children now often went to bed without having broken their fast all day. One by one their little articles of furniture, and then their clothes, were parted with "to keep the life in them;" and one evening last December, when literally nothing was left in the house save a bundle of straw and a few sods of turf, they crouched round the hearth, foodless and almost naked, to try and warm their shivering limbs by the flame of a small fire. The eldest boy was not among them, but presently he came in, holding a small paper in his hand.

"Look, mother," he said, "what I got. I went among all the neighbours to try for a taste of turnip or cabbage for ye all, but no one had anything to give me—they're dying of the hunger as well as ourselves—till at last old Paddy Kelly said he'd share a grain of black pepper with me that he had for himself; and he told me to mix it in hot water and drink it lying down, and 't would be a fine thing agen the starvation."

This was accordingly done, and the hot mixture was divided among the family as their sole supper.

"Mother," said the eldest, "I heard some people saying to-day that there's fine sea-weed on the shore at Bantry. 'Tis no more than thirty miles off, and wouldn't it be better for us to go there and get some, than to die here; we could bile it and ate it, and it might keep us alive."

The mother sighed deeply. "God help us! 'tis all we have to do," said she. "In His name we'll set off to-morrow morning." They did so; their cabin was completely empty, and their blighted garden useless, so they had nothing to leave behind or to take with them. Slow and tottering were their steps, and often would they have fallen dead on the way, but for the occasional donations of bread and soup which they received at the few gentlemen's houses scattered through the country. The workhouse was no longer open; it held already more than double the number of inmates for which it was designed, and the deaths had daily increased to a frightful number.

At length they reached the sea-shore, and addressed themselves to collecting sea-weed. This, when boiled, becomes a sort of glutinous substance, on which it is possible to sustain life for a time. Oh! if our English brethren could only have seen the famishing eagerness with which they devoured this wretched substitute for food, having obtained leave from a kind cottager to boil it on his fire, they would not wonder at the importunate cries for help which reach their ears from starving Ireland.

We will not follow the miserable family through their wanderings during the bitter season of mid-winter. Before the end of January the two younger children were dead, and their mother, as she dug their graves, had scarcely power to weep. "Ye're happy now, darling," she said, "though the father that's before ye in heaven will hardly know the pale faces that looked so bright when he took the last look at ye."

"Mother," said Mary, "who knows but the angels will put their own beauty upon them while they're on the road with them to where father is. I don't think the little children's faces ever look pale in heaven."

In a day or two afterwards the mother was struck with fever, and the same disease began to gleam in the hollow eyes of her remaining children. They were travelling along a lonesome road, and just when their failing limbs refused to carry them further, they espied near them a half-ruined empty cabin. They crawled

into it, and lay down together on the wet mud floor. There they remained in burning fever, without strength to rise, or procure even a draught of water. After three days, the benevolent clergyman of the parish, whose purse, time, and energies are devoted to the task of rescuing from death the perishing population around him, was passing by. No sound proceeded from the cabin, yet he entered it, and what a spectacle met his eye! The mother and daughter lay dead on the ground, and a colony of rats had commenced their loathsome banquet on the flesh of both. The boy was yet alive, but in a state of stupor, and already the horrid animals were preparing to prey on him also; the clergyman drove them away, and raising the boy's head poured some drops of cordial down his throat. He revived, and his kind visitor, regardless of personal risk, bore him from the pestilential hole where he lay. With some difficulty he induced a neighbouring farmer to afford him shelter, and send a man to bury the dead. Mr. — took care to supply him with nourishment, and the boy is now recovering; but heart-rending were his tears and lamentations when he found himself alone in the world—who had loved him gone!

This is but a feeble outline of scenes which are now daily passing. "The mirth of the land is gone," and even the proverbial kindness of the peasantry begins to fail. When some of the inhabitants of a crowded district were asked lately why they had suffered several fellow-creatures to perish among them without making any effort for their relief, "Sure," they replied, turning their despairing eyes towards the speaker, "it will be our own turn next." May God in His infinite mercy withdraw the chastisement which threatens thus, to swallow up our miserable country!

Literary Notices.

The Irish Priest; or, What for Ireland? London: Longman and Co. 1847.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume, written in a beautiful spirit. It purports to be the work of a village doctor, who has seen much of the real life of the people in Ireland; or, rather, the autobiography of a priest published by the doctor. We are much mistaken if it be not the production of a lady. We think we feel throughout it the delicacy of a lady's touch—the pure and affectionate spirit of the woman. It is written in a nobly conciliatory spirit, and is a fervent appeal in the history of every-day life to union amongst all classes in Ireland, whether Protestant or Catholic. It presents a picture of the struggles of the Catholic priest with the unnatural position in which he finds himself; and the ordinary events of Irish existence, amid a poor and perishing mass; the hard landlord, who lives but to squeeze the soul out of all around him; the good landlord, who commences in the enthusiasm of his youth a career of improvement, and is murdered in the midst of beneficent deeds in mistake for the tyrant. There is the misery by day, and the attack of the proprietor's hall by night. The noble sentiment of this little volume, and the author's views of what is necessary on the part of the landlords for the regeneration of the country, may be seen by some extracts from the chapter called "The Labourer's Hope." A young landlord is speaking:—

"There shall be no such estate in Ireland," said he, "as mine. Never a child, however humble, but shall receive the most careful fostering. Perish the baseness that would lay prostrate the soul of man, and leave incult the principles of our common nature! There shall be schools, with every desirable accessory—food for both body and mind; for it would be brutal to expect

starving infants to learn. Clothing also to those in need of it, enforcing cleanliness and self-respect by every available means.

"Religious education, so termed, I would leave to the clergy; as to secular culture, it were essential that each child should be intimately acquainted with its mother-tongue; with natural science in all its branches—from the plant in the field to the pebble on the shore—astronomy, botany, mineralogy, natural history, natural philosophy, and designing; also with an insight into the structure of language, and into the constitution of the human mind.

"The meanest, poorest, most abortive essay should be carefully encouraged. Consider, it is the groundwork of an immortal soul. The utmost kindness and firmness should be used, associating toil with pleasure, till these children had been snatched from the bondage of apathy, ignorance, and want of thought, for ever. Competent, well-salaried teachers, male and female, should be appointed from the first; and, as soon as possible, assistants of both sexes, from the most deserving of the pupils.

"Each child should be impressed with the sacred claims of labour, and the incumbency under which he is born to be serviceable to his kind. Half his time would, therefore, be fitly devoted to study, half to industrial occupation. Exclusive of workshops, there should be attached to each school a farm and garden, effectually tilled; for manual dexterity opens fresh resources, and constitutes an important branch of mental development. Occasionally the young people, the teachers presiding, should have a little feast, the preparation of which, along with that of ordinary meals, would initiate the girls into the culinary art, winding up the whole with the graceful and humanizing dance.

"Select vocal music should be sedulously cultivated, while business should open and close with hymns of praise and thankfulness to God. The children should learn the compositions of the great masters—those so precious transcripts of the music of nature—God's music, that infinite solace and foretaste of Heaven. Loving sentiments, garbed in gracious melodies, are calculated to reform the world. Whom would they not benefit—for who is wholly free from the plague-spots of error and sin? It would recall the lullabies of infancy—the low, sweet voices on a mother's knee. The haven of rest, and of a blessed eternity, albeit dim and distant, would open again; while, swelling, gently swelling on the elemental air, floods of glorious harmony would waft the regenerate soul to Heaven once more!

"But should we neglect the parent, while we fostered the child? That were not well. For every peasant I would construct, and maintain in substantial repair, a well-built cottage. There should be poultry, a cow, and the peasant's wealth—a swine, with large enclosed garden, the whole at an acreable rental. I would supply each family with seeds, plants, cuttings, free of cost; and, further, allow one day in the week, without deduction of wages, for the culture of the little spot. I should, moreover, maintain a model farm and garden, accessible to all; and in cases of sickness or accident, send some one to look after the poor man's affairs.

"The estate should be drained and trenched at my own expense; while I advised the general adoption of spade labour, with house-fed cattle, my draught oxen should be at the service of the tenants in all agricultural straits. I would follow the best system of alternate husbandry, and, both by precept and example, do what I could to extend all the advantages that I enjoyed. Encouragement should be given to those who kept the neatest houses and most comfortably-attired families, as well as prizes for superior stock and corn. And every month my butcher should slaughter, by the humane and almost painless method of pithing, abundant sheep, swine, oxen, on which occasions well-cured joints and fresh meats should find their way to every householder.

"I would maintain decked vessels for the deep-sea fishery, and nets for drawing along the shore," etc.

Will there ever be a soul created under the ribs of death? Will the landlords of Ireland ever discern that this is the way to cure all the ills of that country?—that there is a more glorious scene than the club-house or the gaming-table—a more genuine happiness than in empty splendour and dissipation?—that to cultivate their estates, and to raise at the same time the condition of their neighbours, have in them sources of wealth and of enjoyment, to which all that they now know of has no comparison! As we have travelled in Ireland, how

often have we taken up on our car some poor ragged boy, trudging to some distant town or village, and become filled with wonder at the clear intellect—clear as a bell—the vivid feeling, and the very graceful and refined manner of this little tattered, barefooted urchin, who has been taught in some hedge-school. How often have we seen the boys and girls going to or returning from school, full of health and spirit, and often fine young creatures, and have sighed to think of the misery and hardship that would clog them through life; with a noble land as their birthright, and souls full of power to raise it into a paradise—now a desert, and the tomb of enterprise! How often have we thought, "There go the future countrymen of Goldsmith, of Grattan, of Burke, of Sheridan, and Moore, the future countrywomen of Mrs. Tighe, of Maria Edgeworth, of Lady Morgan, and Anna Maria Hall;" and yet, over them, and millions of them, how soon shall the bright morning, that looks not into the future, overcast; and the spirit of the patriot, the poet, and the happy household men and women, be trodden by contumely and oppression into something as barren as those black wastes of peat, or be roused into the sullen fire of murderous revenge.

Is this never to be changed? In the beautiful language of this little book,—

"Why should toiling, striving men be linked to misery for ever? Labour of head and hand, believe me, is man's best estate and earthly destiny; but it is at the bottom, instead of the top, of the scale. Yet the time is drawing nigh—a little bird whispers it in my ear—when the labourer, the working man, no longer ignorant, brutalized, debased, shall rise, without impeachment of the claims of any, to the highest, best elevation of nature's aristocracy. Shall he not dwell in palaces, who raises palaces? Shall he not go in rich attire, whose fingers wind the silk of the toiling worm? Shall the ruby, the diamond, and the red, red gold, not glitter on the miner's manly breast, or deck the fingers of his wife and child? Shall she not wear who spins?—he eat who sows? Shall the purple juice recruit no more the fainting vine-dresser? or pictures deck, or choicest harmony cheer, the dwellings of the poor? Yes, by the living God shall they! By the very Majesty of Heaven, man—man himself—shall waken from the trance of ages; and the producer and the consumer, the creator of enjoyments and he who revels in them, shall be one and indivisible once more. Nature's glad voices shall breathe out peacefully again. The carolling birds, the whispering winds, the gorgeous clouds, and perfumed flowers, the sunny earth, the mighty ocean, man's glorious beauty, speak seraph-toned his ineffable destiny, the faint foreshadowings of his final home!"

There is one other argument, besides its intrinsic beauty, for the purchase of this little volume—the profits of it are to be given to the relief of the Irish poor.

The Parlour Library. Vol. I.—The Black Prophet; a Tale of Irish Famine. By WILLIAM CARLETON, Author of *Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry*, etc. Belfast: Simms and Macintyre.

Messrs. SIMMS and MACINTYRE, the spirited publishers of Belfast, have chosen wisely by commencing their new serial publication with a work of such intense interest and great power, as William Carleton's "Black Prophet." A tale of Irish famine is well timed at this moment; and this story, though referring to a former period of distress, is equally applicable to this; for the sorrows of Ireland are not the growth of yesterday, they are the old festering wounds of oppression and misgovernment breaking out into plague spots of greater or less intensity, owing to the casualties of seasons or other temporary circumstances.

Of all men who have written of Irish life and manners, none have done it with so masterly a hand as William Carleton. A man of the people himself, he understands them thoroughly; he knows their feelings, their wants, and their miseries; and he depicts their

life and their character, because he is deeply familiar with both, and knows the causes, whether remote or immediate, which have made them what they are. Besides this, Carleton is a man of genius; his writings possess a dramatic power, and the plot of his story is always such as to rivet the reader's attention. He is possessed of every requisite for a master in fiction, for this simple and apparently paradoxical reason, that he never deals with anything but truth.

This tale of Irish famine is appropriately enough dedicated to Lord John Russell, because the writer says, "As it is the first tale of Irish famine that was ever dedicated to an English Prime Minister, he trusts that his lordship's enlarged and enlightened policy will put it out of the power of any succeeding author ever to write another." We hope it may.

Famine is not by any means a new thing in Ireland. Every year has seen something of it more or less; but the warnings were lost on landlords and governors, and it was not till a general desolation of that unhappy country roused the national heart of England, that the calamity was thought even real. Carleton's story refers to the year 1817.—

"The whole summer had been sunless and wet; one, in fact, of ceaseless rain, which fell day after day, week after week, and month after month, until the sorrowful consciousness had arrived that *any* change for the better must now come *too late*, and that nothing was certain but the terrible union of famine, disease, and death, which was to follow. The season, owing to the causes specified, was necessarily late, and such of the crops as were ripe had a sickly and unthriving look. * * * * * Low meadows were in a state of inundation, and on alluvial soils the ravages of the floods were visible in layers of sand and gravel that were deposited over many of the prostrate corn-fields. The peat-turf lay in oozy and neglected heaps, for there had not been sun enough to dry it sufficiently for use, so that the poor had want of fuel and cold to feel as well as want of food itself. Indeed the appearance of the country, in consequence of this wetness in the firing, was singularly dreary and depressing. Owing to the difficulty with which it burned, or rather wasted away, without light or heat, the eye, in addition to the sombre hue which the absence of the sun cast over all things, was forced to dwell upon the long black masses of smoke which trailed slowly over the whole country, or hung, during the thick, sweltering calms, in broad columns that gave to the face of nature an aspect strikingly dark and disastrous, when associated, as it was, with the destitution and suffering of the great body of the people. The general appearance of the crops was indeed deplorable. In some parts the grain was beaten down by the rain; in airier situations it lay cut, but unsaved, and scattered over the fields, awaiting an occasional glimpse of feeble sunshine; and in other and richer soils, whole fields, deplorably hedged, were green with the destructive exuberance of a second growth. The season, though wet, was warm; and it is unnecessary to say, that the luxuriance of all weeds and unprofitable productions was rank and strong, whilst an unhealthy fermentation pervaded every thing which was destined for food. A brooding stillness, too, lay over all nature; cheerfulness had disappeared, even the groves and hedges were silent, for the very birds had ceased to sing, and the earth seemed as if it mourned for the approaching calamity, as well as for that which had been already felt. The whole country, in fact, was weltering and surging with the wet formed by the incessant overflow of rivers; whilst the falling cataracts, joined to a low monotonous hiss, or what the Scotch term *sugh*, poured their faint but dismal murmurs on the gloomy silence which otherwise prevailed around."

Such is the scene of this melancholy story, in which the Black Prophet, an artful villain and murderer, who gained great influence over the people by his pretended gift of prophecy; and his daughter, a wild, passionate, but beautiful girl; and old Darby Skindred, the dealer in meal, the miser, the hypocrite, and the blood-sucker; and many another figure—some meek and patient, others driven into passionate despair; move to and fro, as in a dreary phantasmagoria. And, perhaps, the saddest and most appalling part of the whole is that it is true; that not a feeble skeleton, with shrivelled

skin and glassy eyes, and consuming fever at its heart, passes before us, but has its thousand-fold counterpart at this very moment, in that same land where it seems to have been the object of all who had power, no matter however obtained, to turn the blessings of God into a desolating curse.

We wish not only that Lord John Russell, but that every man who has a voice in making laws for Ireland, could read this book and deeply ponder on its momentous truths. Our space is very limited, but we must be permitted to make one extract more, for there is much in it.

"The whole country was in a state of dull but frantic tumult; and the wild crowds, as they came and went in the perpetration of their melancholy outrages, were worn down by such startling evidences of general poverty and suffering, as were enough to fill the heart with fear as well as pity. Their cadaverous and emaciated aspects had something in them so wild and wolfish, and the fire of famine blazed so savagely in their hollow eyes, that many of them looked like creatures changed from their very humanity by some judicial plague that had been sent down from Heaven to punish and desolate the land. And, in truth, there is no doubt whatever that the intensity of their sufferings, and the natural panic which was occasioned by the united ravages of disease and famine, had weakened the powers of their understanding, and impressed upon their bearing and features an expression which seemed partly the wild excitement of temporary frenzy, and partly the dull, hopeless apathy of fatuity—a state to which it is well known that misery, sickness, and hunger, all together, had brought down the strong intellect and reason of the famishing multitudes. * * * To no other principle than this can we attribute the wanton and irrational outrages of many of the people. Every one acquainted with such awful visitations must know that their terrific realities cause them, by wild influences that run through whole masses, to forget all the decencies and restraints of ordinary life; until fear, and shame, and the becoming respect for order, all of which constitute the moral safety of society, are thrown aside, or resolved into the great tyrannical instinct of self-preservation, which, when thus stimulated, becomes what may be termed the *insanity of desolation*."

In conclusion, we would remark that the *Parlour Library* appears to be the cheapest serial publication of the day. The extent of three ordinary volumes for one shilling! it is well got up, and is, in all respects, deserving of the public favour.

THE DEATH OF TIBERIUS.

Annal. Lib. vi. cap. 1.

BY NICHOLAS THIRNING MOILE. (AUTHOR OF STATE TRIALS.)

AND now life's lees to bitterness were drained:
Fast as the fading moon Tiberius waned;
His limbs forsook their load or scarce sustained;
The body 'gan depart; hypocrisy remained.
Still the same rigid soul: with brow intent,
And speech severe, from place to place he went;
Or forced at times a courtesy to screen
Those signs of failing, though he knew them seen;
Till lodged at length by Cape Misenum's cleft,
Where Marius built the house Lucullus left.
And here his coming end was thus descried:
A leech there was, in whom he dared confide,
So far as take advice, but medicine never,
Who now, pretending business bade them sever,
Kissed hands at parting, dutifully grieved,
And touched the Prince's pulse. Nor unperceived:
For, whether wroth, and so more self-possessed,
He cried, "Bring back the banquet!" made him guest,
And kept the feast beyond its wonted end;
To compliment, forsooth, a parting friend.
That leech to Macro sped, and told, amain,
"His days are numbered, and their tale is twain."

Then all was ferment: colloquies around,
And far expresses to the armies bound
And, in two days, his intercepted breath,
'Twas thought, had clos'd mortality in death.
With concourse great, and gratulations prone,
Caligula went forth to claim the throne,
When newson news—"He stirs—he breathes"—arrived;
"He speaks—wants food—Tiberius has revived!"
Panic seized all: the rest disperse aghast;
Each feigning grief, some ignorance what had past.
Young Cæsar, hurled from hope o'er earth elate,
Tranfix'd and silent stood, expecting fate.
Macro, intrepid, gives command: "Go straight,
Heap on him bed-clothes, heap to suffocate,
Then leave the old man's room, and no one near it wait."
Tiberius ended thus. His years were threescore, ten,
and eight.

HEALTH OF TOWNS ASSOCIATION.

THE committee of the Health of Towns Association held a meeting at the Statistical Society, 12, St James's-square, on Wednesday, April 7th; Lord Ashley in the chair; for the purpose of taking into consideration the "Bill for improving the Health of Towns in England," presented to Parliament by Her Majesty's Government; when it was resolved unanimously:—

1. That this bill is founded on the bill framed with great care and labour by the late Government, and presented to the House of Commons at the close of the session 1845, by the Earl of Lincoln and Sir James Graham.

2. That the main provisions of Lord Lincoln's bill are based on the recommendations of Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Health of Towns, being the conclusions at which they arrived after an investigation, seldom equalled in extent, and never exceeded by the fulness and completeness of the evidence collected.

3. That Lord Lincoln's bill possesses the great merit of having developed a definite and universally applicable principle, by which the recommendations of Her Majesty's Commissioners might be carried into practical operation, and a sound sanitary state be gradually extended to every city, town, and village of the United Kingdom.

4. That while both the former and the present Governments have earnestly laboured to mature a comprehensive and efficient sanitary measure, it must give confidence in the principle on which it is proposed to legislate, that the measure presented to Parliament by both administrations is essentially the same, differing merely in the mode in which it is proposed to carry the Act into operation.

5. That the bill prepared by Her Majesty's present Government proposes to place the general superintendence of the Act in a special authority created for this express purpose; to assign the local execution of the Act to bodies already constituted, and from time immemorial empowered, to perform service of this kind, namely, the town councils; extending the jurisdiction of those bodies, where this may be necessary, by the creation of new wards, and affording facilities for the formation of such bodies where none at present exist; to place the main expense of improvement (exercising everywhere a vigilant control over the expenditure) on the classes that will most profit by it—namely, occupiers of houses; to raise in each district the capital that may be required, either by loan, or by persons contracting for the execution of the works, on the security of a special rate, the repayment of principal and interest, to be spread over a series of years, being commuted into an annual rent charge; and in this manner to prevent the burden from being practically felt even by the poorest tenant, and at the same time to ENGAGE AND REGULATE THE SPIRIT OF COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE IN THE EXECUTION OF MEASURES OF SANITARY IMPROVEMENT: provisions which the whole tenor of the evidence shows to be absolutely necessary to secure the efficient, general, economical, and permanent working of the measure.

6. That the bills proposed, both by the late and the present Government, alike provide that the supply of water, the sewerage, the drainage, the cleansing and the paving of towns, should be under one and the same authority; that the existing separate, independent, and often conflicting trusts and boards,

being proved by experience to be uneconomical, often wasteful, and almost invariably inefficient, should be abolished; and that their duties and powers should be transferred to one single body; located, each in its assigned district; uniformly constituted, and always under supervision and control.

7. That, with regard to the metropolis, after the full and repeated investigations which have been made into the sanitary condition of this important part of the empire—first by Drs. Arnott, Kay, and Southwood Smith; secondly, in the following year, by Dr. Southwood Smith; thirdly, by the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the Health of Towns; fourthly, by Mr. Chadwick, as set forth in the Sanitary Report published in 1842; and, lastly, by the evidence of commissioners and officers of sewers, of engineers of water companies, and of large numbers of medical and other witnesses, collected under the Health of Towns Commission, constituting altogether a mass of unanswered and unanswerable facts, showing the enormous and deplorable defects and abuses in the management of the sewerage, the drainage, the supply of water, and the paving and cleansing of the metropolis—there can be no pretext on the part of these local authorities that they have been taken by surprise; that they have proved, by anything they have done in time past, or are likely to do in future, that they are better fitted for continuing in office than similar bodies in other parts of the country; or that there is the shadow of reason why a special exception should be made in their favour, from the operation of any general law.

8. That among the practical results of the progress of the nation in art, science, and wealth, one of the most remarkable is the improvement that has taken place in the comfort and healthfulness of dwelling-houses, and in the salubrity of the localities in which they are placed; that this, however, is true only of the houses and localities in which the higher and middle classes reside; that comparatively little of this improvement has descended to the class of shopkeepers; and still less to that of skilled artisans; while in general NO IMPROVEMENT WHATSOEVER has reached the dwellings of common or unskilled labourers, who form the bulk of the population, both of our town and rural districts; but that, on the contrary, in consequence of the increase of the population, without a corresponding increase of house accommodation, and without attention to the cleanliness of the districts into which the poorer classes have been driven, the sanitary condition of those districts is positively worse than it was half a century ago; because they are more crowded, because the sources of the pollution of the air have proportionately increased, and because the access of fresh air has every year become more and more difficult: whence it has happened that the classes in question have been compelled to spend their lives, from the moment of birth to that of death, in a poisoned atmosphere, in which not only has the attainment of physical and mental health and strength been impossible, but the deterioration of the body and the corruption of the mind have alike become inevitable.

9. That little or nothing of this state of things is known to the higher and wealthier classes, because no indications of it have been visible in our great squares, or our principal streets and common thoroughfares; but that, nevertheless, within a few paces of these spots, where everything marks improvement and indicates health and comfort, are the abodes of tens of thousands of the people, in a state which no one out of their own class can witness without a feeling of horror, and which people of all ranks, brought thither by curiosity or duty—statesmen, legislators, clergymen, medical men, and the officers of charitable institutions—all concur in declaring to be disgraceful to us, equally as a civilized and as a Christian nation.

10. That the consequences of this state of things are proclaimed to us daily by an indisputable and undisputed authority—though hitherto practically neglected,—the Tables and Reports of the Registrar General,—whose columns show, that in some of these places the mortality is double, and in others treble that of the wealthier districts; that the inhabitants of these neglected districts are deprived of one-third, and in many cases of one-half, of the natural term of their existence; that during the very last year 50,000 persons in a part only of England, living chiefly in these districts, perished, over and above the ordinary numbers that die yearly; and that, from calculations based on the Returns of the Registrar General, it appears that the numbers that perish in England alone, from removable causes of sickness and mortality, amount to no less than 136 persons every day.

11. That although the sickness and mortality from these causes press with peculiar severity on the poorer classes, yet the

wealthy are by no means exempt from similar suffering; that there is no boundary within which it is possible to confine the visitations of malaria, and no moment when it may not pass beyond its usual haunts; that it sometimes introduces fever and other painful and mortal diseases into the mansion as well as into the hovel, seizing upon young and old alike in both; and that the Returns uniformly show, that in those towns and cities which are remarkable for the early ages at which the poor die, the gentry also, as a class, are deprived of many years of their natural term of life.

12. That, according to the ordinary estimate, for every death there are twenty-eight persons sick; that the subjects of this excessive sickness and mortality are, exclusive of infants, persons in the prime of life, between the ages of twenty and forty—the period when life is of the greatest value to the individual and to society; when the poor have the largest number of children dependent on their labour for support; when sickness plunges entire families into temporary, and death into permanent destitution, and consequent dependence on parochial relief: that, from Returns obtained under the Poor Law Commission, it appears that there are in this way produced and pauperized yearly, in England and Wales alone, upwards of forty-seven thousand widows, and upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand orphans; that from calculations, based on Registration Returns from the several counties in England and Wales, it appears that the loss in money on the year's deaths is in round numbers, from the loss of the productive power of the labourer, thirteen millions (£12,988,874); from sickness, a million and a half (£1,599,337); and from funerals, nearly three hundred thousand pounds (£285,612), making a total loss to the country every year of nearly fifteen millions (£14,878,823) of money, by far the greater part of which enormous sum might and would be saved under proper sanitary regulations; that therefore the Fever tax, which is the Dirt tax, is more costly and oppressive than all the other taxes put together; and that after all this loss in money, sickness, and premature death, the population is not in the least degree diminished; a puny, sickly, suffering, and short-lived race invariably and most rapidly springing up to supply the place of those that perish, and thus preparing every year, "an unripe harvest for the scythe of death!"

13. That when large masses of the people are thus allowed to perish from known and removable causes, and when the certain means of removing these causes are within our power, it is an immolation, in the guilt of which every individual participates who might help to put an end to it, but does nothing; that no efforts to remove or even materially to mitigate its consequences by CHARITY or by LEGAL RELIEF ever have been or can be effectual, and that nothing will be so, but the substitution of the charity of prevention for that of alleviation.

14. That from the whole of the preceding statements, it is clear that there is a definite line at which the improvement of the people has stopped; beyond which the advantages of the progress of the nation in civilization have not descended; and that below this line the physical causes of disease and mortality, removed or counteracted in the ordinary progress of civilization, continue to operate with their full force; the shortness of the duration of life, among the classes exposed to them, being universally and invariably the result and the measure of the prevalence and intensity of these causes.

15. That the General Sanitary Measure now presented to Parliament by Her Majesty's Government is calculated to remove from the classes in question the most prevalent and powerful of these causes, and to bring the very lowest of the people within the influence of that physical and moral improvement which is the necessary consequence of advancing civilization, and in the inestimable benefits of which the higher and middle classes have long participated.

16. That this Measure, involving no political distinction, and influencing no party object, but tending to promote the prosperity and happiness of every class without exception, is one which all parties in both Houses of Parliament may cordially co-operate in perfecting, and all classes out of Parliament unite in securing; its happy distinction being, that while it is capable of effecting a certain amount of good, without the admixture, or even the danger, of any countervailing evil of any kind or degree, immediate or remote, it will at the same time lay the foundation for obtaining other and higher good, absolutely unattainable without it—the advancement (through the improvement of their physical well-being) of the intellectual, the moral, and the religious progress of the people.

On behalf of the Committee,

ASHLEY, *Chairman*.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

Frederick Douglass and the Steam Press.—The hint thrown out in our Journal of the 10th of April, has been acted upon. Everywhere the recent outrage to this noble-minded man, to the whole coloured race, and to the law and public feeling of England, on board the Cambria, has roused the friends of Freedom. Lists for subscriptions are already made out, and in process of distribution. They are for subscriptions of from one shilling upwards. Let every friend of liberty put down his offering, and such a monument of infamy to the oppressor and the scorner of coloured men, and of support to a true champion of his brethren's cause, will be raised, as will send a terror into the very heart of the slavery system. By this means, Frederick Douglass would be placed in a situation free from care, to devote his whole life and energies to the Anti-Slavery cause. *A list will lie at our office for signatures.*

Monthly Illustrations of American Slavery.—A series of papers under this head is issued by the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in Newcastle. They abound with the most striking facts. We direct particular attention to them, and shall extract from them, when the less crowded state of our Record will admit of it.

Anti-Slavery League and Temperance Societies.—Mr. J. P. Parker, on the 19th of this month, delivered a lecture on this subject at the Star of Temperance Hall. A Remonstrance will lie for signatures at every Temperance meeting throughout London. The address issued in announcing these lectures is so admirable that we give it entire:—

"To the Members of Temperance Societies in the United States of America.

"Dear Friends, and Fellow Workers in the cause of Temperance. — We, the undersigned members of Temperance Societies in London, respectfully address you on a most important subject. We have long laboured in our respective hemispheres in the promulgation of our excellent and self-denying principles. We have exerted ourselves on behalf of those who were ready to perish, and for whom no man seemed to care. We have brought liberty to the captive, and we have opened the prison doors of those who were bound. Thousands have been made to rejoice, who once were sad and sorrowing. Thousands have become respectable and respected members of society, who once were outcasts, the offscouring of all things.

"We have stood forward firmly and fearlessly, in the face of difficulty and danger, boldly and zealously seeking to emancipate the White Slave—the self-made bondman. In the pursuit of our noble object, we have 'known no man after the flesh,' but have sacrificed time, money, and even reputation, in the calm confidence of a conscience void of offence in the sight of God. We have been rewarded for all our pains and privations. Almighty God has blessed our exertions, and crowned them with abundant success; and we are at this time looking forward, with a hope that is sure and steadfast, that our principles will ultimately be universally acknowledged, and universally reduced to practice.

"We were favoured with the presence of a large body of American citizens, who, in your name, appeared at our World's Temperance Convention as your delegates and representatives. We rejoiced to meet them in our fatherland, and we doubt not that they on their return informed you that we received and parted from them as dear friends and brethren.

"But we have been informed that a large body of Americans, who with ourselves have long practised the healthy and invigorating system of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, did not avail themselves of that opportunity to unite with us in presenting a great moral spectacle to the world; and we have been told that these were not represented at our Temperance Convention, because they feared lest, the colour of their skin being different to ours, we should not have received them as dear brethren. We regret that such should have been the case; we should have hailed their appearance with joyful acclamation; we should have received them with fraternal

affection, and have listened to their statements or suggestions with profound respect. With us there is no respect of persons, whether white, or black, or red, or yellow; all men with us are brethren, children of the same Almighty Parent, the offspring of the same common Father.

"There came with one of the delegates from your highly-favoured land a man who had been, as we were informed, a slave in one of your southern states—his name Frederick Douglass. He stood on our Temperance platforms at our largest places of assembly, and we rejoiced to hear him speak of what our principles had done for his coloured brethren. We recognised in him a triumphant refutation of that vile calumny which had declared the negro to be an unintellectual and inferior being. He stood, a man distinguished by his talents and eloquence, among men long acknowledged by us as talented and eloquent, and from them and from as he received the respectfully and cordially offered right hand of fellowship and affection.

"Our ministers, our statesmen, our men of literature and learning, our merchants and mechanics, men of every class and grade in society, came around that noble specimen of coloured humanity, and with united voice declared him to be one of nature's aristocracy.

"And now, dear brethren, we have a friendly controversy with you. We are told that in your land, the land of liberty as we have often called it, there are thousands of such men held in the bonds of slavery. Men created in the image of God, but treated as the brutes that perish. Men whose birthright is freedom, but whose natural rights have been forcibly torn from them. Men who have hearts to love, but whose hearts' affections have been sported with and heightened. Men who have been taught that for them the Saviour died, and who have been placed upon the auction block with this commendation to enhance their value—that they were Christians.

"Brethren, are these things true? Are men and women united together among you in the holy bands of matrimony, and then, at the caprice of their fellow men, torn from each other, never to meet again? Are men and women to be found among you, whose backs have been torn and lacerated by the whip—whose faces have been branded by the burning iron—whose limbs have been hacked and maimed? Brethren, are these things true? Is the husband torn from the wife—the child from the parent—the suckling from the mother's breast—and sold like cattle in the public market? Dear brethren, are these things true, and have you not the power to alter this? If you have not, we feel that you have a right to our deepest sympathies; we sincerely regret your inability.

"But if you have the means, if you have the power, to crush this system of iniquity, we beg you to employ those means with all the energy and earnestness that the case demands.

"As Englishmen, our boast is this:—Our fathers sanctioned slavery; our fathers trafficked in human flesh and blood; our fathers bought and sold their sable brethren;—but we, thank God, are wiser than our fathers; we, thank God, have seen our duty clearly; and we rejoice to say that he who plants his foot on British ground remains a slave no longer.

"Brethren, will you not join with us in one loud cry of 'Perish Slavery—let all men be free?' Will you not unite with us to carry out that heavenly precept, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them?'

"Brethren, let us hear from you that, while the drunkard or the moderate drinker may be base enough to hold his fellow man in slavery's bonds, with you the name of Temperance is synonymous with freedom—freedom from strong drink—freedom from the degrading traffic in human beings, God's dear children equally with ourselves.

"We are, most affectionately,

"Yours in the Temperance cause,

"J. P. PARKER, 4, Mercer-street, Long Acree;

"A. F. PRIDGON, 44, Gt. St. Andrew-street, Bloomsbury;

"Honorary Secretaries."

What is doing at Kilbarchan.—**SIR.**—It may not be uninteresting to you to know that we have in Kilbarchan a public library, containing upwards of 1500 volumes, among which are three works of your own, namely, *Colonization and Christianity*, *History of Priestcraft*, and *Howitt's Book of the Seasons*. I think our library is established on a very excellent footing; any person can become a member by paying two shillings, which gives the privilege of a vote in the selection of books, etc. It is open every Saturday evening from seven to nine, when any person, (whether a member or not,) by paying one penny, is entitled to draw two volumes. There is also a pretty extensive library in connexion with the Relief Church; I may also state, that cheap periodicals of a useful kind are extensively read; several copies of your excellent *Journal* come to the village, but I cannot just say how many. We have four schools in the village, there being (besides the parish school) two independent schools, which are well attended, (the children attending the parish school are comparatively few,) and a free school (supported by a gentleman of the neighbourhood) for female children, where, in addition to reading, they are taught the useful art of sewing; we have also two Sunday-schools.

Although the people of Kilbarchan are mostly hand-loom weavers, a class of workmen who are generally considered the worst paid of any, yet, upon a Sunday or holiday, they generally manage to make a very respectable appearance.

Owing to the very high price of provisions, times have gone rather hard with us during the by-past winter, but we hope for better days; and if direct taxation were substituted for indirect, if trade were thrown entirely free, and all restrictive laws abolished, so as to give free scope to our industry, putting down, as it undoubtedly would do, the spirit of war which is abroad in the world, I have no doubt but we should yet attain to a height of substantial and permanent prosperity far above any which we have ever yet seen.

Wishing you and Mrs. Howitt every success with your *Journal*, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

J. P.

New Athenaeum and Mechanics' Library at Wolverhampton.—This institution has just commenced under the auspices of the highest and most influential people of the place.

Wakefield Mutual Improvement Society.—This society was started a few months ago, its founders being anxious to occupy another of the situations so long occupied by vice and ignorance. It progresses satisfactorily; but its members feel that it would progress much faster if its existence were more fully known. "We hope," says the writer, "to effect this through your *Journal*. The society was opened by an essay, written and delivered by the treasurer, on *Utility of Knowledge in every Branch of Life*, which was heard with great interest. We have now lectures and essays on the Monday evening, and grammar and arithmetic classes on Thursday and Friday evenings. We are attempting to form a library, but as yet with small success, owing to the state of our financial matters. We should, moreover, be exceedingly glad to receive presents of a few books from gentlemen who may have any to spare. As it is, in the classes especially, a little progress appears to be made; and we have no doubt that, when the confusion, etc. attendant upon making the rules and regulations shall have subsided, a great increase of members will take place.

"Owing to your goodness, sir, in allowing the use of your *Journal* to such records as these, we have written this plain statement, and remain,

"Yours obediently,

"*The Members and Officers of the Wakefield Mutual Improvement Society.*"

Ninth Grand Concert of the Euterpean Society.—This Society was founded in 1843, entirely by working-men, and has been carried on by their own exertions, and at their own expense, never having asked for patronage, or receiving one farthing towards its expenses from any person but its own members. The committee and officers act gratuitously, and a class for teaching singing meet every Wednesday at the low charge of 5s. for thirty lessons for gentlemen, and 3s. for thirty lessons for ladies. The public concerts have been numerously attended, principally by the friends of the members, who have the privilege of purchasing tickets at half price. After an existence of three years and a half, the Society numbers nearly 100 members; and its terms of membership are, the payment of 10s. per annum for gentlemen, 2s. per quarter for ladies, with no extra charges for music. One great object which the founders of this society had in view, was not only to create a taste for pure and exalted music amongst

the working-classes, but to draw them off from the indulgence, especially on holiday occasions, of intoxicating liquors.

We need not say how important we regard such movements on the part of the working-classes. They are of incalculable benefit. We, therefore, attended the ninth grand concert, held in the City Lecture Theatre, Milton-street, on the 6th of this month; and have seldom been more gratified on such an occasion. With the exception of Miss Sara Flower, and two or three other professional singers, the whole of the singing and music was by members of the society; and had a degree of excellence about them which was most creditable. The large orchestra of well-dressed musicians, and the singers, both young men and young women, might have presented themselves on any public occasion, sure of high approbation. There was a precision of execution in the band peculiarly striking. The selection of the pieces too marked a genuine taste for excellence,—the *Seasons* from Haydn, the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, with glees, and songs, from Balfe, Barnett, Donizetti, etc., and Locke's celebrated *Music to Macbeth*.

The concert was crowded, and the whole reminded us strongly of those musical meetings of the people in Germany to which we have so often, and with so much pleasure, alluded. We trust that such refining pleasures will grow amongst our population; and if there was one thing more than another that strengthened this wish on this occasion it was the contrast of the happy scene within, and the miserable and revolting one opposite, as we came out, of a gin-shop, with its wretched victims, jamming its crowded doorway, and the loud clamour of drunken voices within.

Manchester Friendly Mutual Improvement Society.—**DEAR SIR.**—On Easter Monday the members of the Manchester Friendly Mutual Improvement class held their first Annual Ball in Tame-street Academy, which was numerously attended, the room being thronged in all parts during the evening. Several recitations were given by the members, which highly gratified the lovers of Shaksperian harmony. An excellent poetical address was written for the occasion by the Secretary, Mr. Henry Green, and delivered by Mr. Thomas Haynes in a manner which won him the admiration of all present, and was most enthusiastically greeted. Dancing was kept up till a late hour.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that, by the voluntary kindness of

W. J. FOX,

HIS

LECTURE ON THE GREAT QUESTION

OR

NATIONAL EDUCATION

Will appear in our next Number, being the only authorized report.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Bread Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, April 24, 1847.



WERTHER'S CHARLOTTE.

FROM A PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

WERTHER'S CHARLOTTE.

"In a late letter I told you how I had become acquainted with Bailiff S—, and that he had besought me to visit him in his hermitage, or rather in his kingdom. I neglected to do so, and probably never might, had not accident discovered to me the jewel which was hidden in this quiet region.

The young men about here had got up a ball, in which I consented to take part. I invited a young girl of our neighbourhood, a kind-hearted and pretty, but otherwise insignificant, girl, to be my partner; and it was arranged that I should hire a carriage, and take my partner and her aunt to the ball, and that on our way we should call on Charlotte S—, and take her with us.

"You will make the acquaintance of a lovely young lady," said my partner, as we drove down the broad road which had been opened through the wood on our way to the hunting-lodge.

"Take care," said the aunt, "that you don't fall in love with her!"

"How so?" said I.

"She is already engaged," returned the other, "to a very excellent man, who is now away from here in order to look after his affairs, as his father is lately dead, and has left him a handsome property."

All this was a perfect matter of indifference to me.

The sun was still about a quarter of an hour from the mountains, as we drove up to the gate. The air was very sultry, and the ladies were full of anxiety lest we should have a storm, as the heavy grey clouds which were gathering on the horizon seemed to threaten. I pacified their alarm by prognosticating fair weather, although I must confess that I myself began to fear that our merriment would have to experience a shock.

I alighted from the carriage, and a maid-servant who came from the door begged us to wait a moment, and Ma'amsele Lottchen would come immediately. I walked through the court towards the handsome house; and when I had ascended the steps and looked in at the open door, I saw the most charming scene I ever beheld. In the entrance hall a throng of six children, of from two to eleven years old, were crowding around a young lady of about middle size, but of most graceful figure, who was dressed in white, with bows of pink ribbon on her sleeves and breast. She held a loaf of brown bread, and was cutting from it for the little ones around her, each one his piece proportioned to his age and appetite. These she distributed, with an inexpressible air of affection, and each one received, with such an artless "Thank you," his share into his little hands, which had been long held up to receive the gift while it was cutting, and then bounded joyfully away with his evening meal; or else, if his quiet disposition inclined him that way, stole softly to the gate to see the strangers and the carriage which was to carry off their Lotte.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "for giving you so much trouble, and for keeping the ladies waiting. In dressing, and making the needful household arrangements, I had forgotten to give my little ones their supper, and they will not allow any one to cut their bread but myself."

I paid her some insignificant sort of compliment; my whole soul was arrested by her figure, her voice, and her manner; and I had just time to recover myself as she went into the parlour to fetch her fan and gloves. The little ones looked askance at me from a distance. I went up to the youngest of them, who was a child with the most lovely countenance, but he drew himself back.

"Louis, give his cousin a hand!" said Charlotte, who that moment re-entered the hall; and the little fellow

did it willingly, in return for which I gave him a hearty kiss.

"Cousin?" said I, as I offered her my hand—"Do you think that I have the happiness of being related to you?"

"Oh," said she, with a merry laugh, "our cousins are very numerous, and I should be very sorry if you were the worst of them."

In going out, she charged Sophie, the eldest sister after herself, a girl probably of eleven, to have oversight of the children, and to greet papa from her, when he came home after his ride. To the little ones she said that they must obey their sister Sophie all the same as if it were herself; and this several of them promised. A little wilful, fair girl, however, of about six, said, "But she is not thou, Lottchen! We love thee a deal better."

The two eldest boys had mounted upon the carriage, and at my request she allowed them to go with us till we came to the wood, on condition that they sat still, and held fast.

Nothing can be more beautiful than this simple and characteristic scene, which contains in it so much of national manners. Of the Sorrows of the Young Werther we are not now intending to speak; the work, with all its faults, is one of the most extraordinary Goethe ever wrote; and, as a work of art, it is perfect. The effect of its publication, not only in Germany, but in England, was wonderful; it seemed to electrify the whole of society. Nothing was for the moment thought of or talked of but the Sorrows of Werther. We have heard old people describe it, and have seen them weep even over the remembrance of the sentimental sorrows which had thrilled them so in their youth. Magazines and pocket-books were filled with pictures from Werther; and many a one was framed and glazed, and may be found even now in parlours and bed-rooms of country houses. The manners of the book were also in some instances adopted, and that to the great sorrow of all parties; one imitation of it, however, remains to this day, although the origin of the custom has long been forgotten. It was the fascination of this very scene, which we have here given both from the work itself and from the truthful pencil of Kaulbach, which first introduced the loaf to the English tea-table. Till that time the bread and butter had been cut out of the room; Charlotte, however, cutting bread and butter for the children, had produced such a fascinating effect, not only on Werther, but on the English reader, that it immediately became the fashion, and all young ladies of England cut bread and butter for the family.

Of Kaulbach, one of the greatest, and unquestionably the most beautiful, painters of Germany, we will now say a word or two, as we wish particularly to recommend him to the favourable attention of our readers. In 1842 we ourselves visited his atelier, and of this visit we will speak. His painting-rooms—how unlike those of a world-renowned artist in London!—are in a large, half-neglected-looking building, standing in a wild sort of field, by which flows the river Isar, in the suburb of St. Anna at Munich. Here was the artist, in the midst of all those objects which render an artist's studio so interesting. We entered a large room, in which stood the works in progress, and the original sketches of those which are completed; amongst others were various portraits painted by him in Italy: a full-length of a fine-looking young noble, in the costume of the middle ages; and the portrait of an artist, in a masking dress. But the most attractive object of all was the cartoon of his great picture of The

Destruction of Jerusalem, now purchased by the King of Bavaria. His magnificent picture, now at Berlin, called the Battle of the Huns, had prepared us for what we might expect in this second great work. It is of vast size, and the bold genius of the artist is at once visible in the characters and actions which it comprehends. Titus ascends into Jerusalem over its ruins; the abomination of desolation is in the Holy Place; terror and despair seize the women; frantic fury the leaders of the people; and demons drive the wandering Jew forth on his long pilgrimage through the world. Angels conduct the Christians safely out of the devoted place; other angels of vengeance descend with fiery swords from Heaven, to execute the long-menaced wrath of God; while the five great prophets of the Old Testament, who have been for ages the proclaimers of this judgment, behold from above the fulfilment of their words. One little touch in the subordinate part of the picture is extremely beautiful. As the angels escort the Christians forth, the Christian children, who, childlike, in the midst of public calamity have been playing in the streets, are collected, as they go on, from the children of the unbelievers. One child of this class, however, pleads powerfully with the angel near him to be taken with those of the Christians, and you see by the face of the angel that he will not plead in vain.

Hans Christian Andersen, speaking of this wonderful picture, says, "This was the first time, during my residence in Munich, that I felt myself really happy and penetrated by great and powerful thoughts; and it was this picture which diffused such a sunshine over my soul. Everything which I had lately seen, the works of other young painters, appeared to me now as mere sketches in comparison with this work. I had that sort of feeling which one has when, after having been occupied with some little farce, poem, or novel of everyday life, one turns to Dante's *Divina Comedia*, or to Goethe's *Faust*. And yet it was only in cartoon, and not at all finished, that I saw this great work, which assuredly in the end will have such a place assigned to it as the world has given to Michael Angelo's Last Judgment."

In the inner room, on an easel that a pupil might copy it, was his picture of Anacreon reading his poems to his mistress. The beauty of the figures, and the glow of the colouring, were perfectly astonishing, and justly place Kaulbach in the first rank of his art as a master of the expression of beauty, and for colouring which rivals that of Titian.

In this room were also pencil sketches of his inimitable illustrations of Reynard the Fox. On a door leading into a third room were painted a boy and girl, as if done in the very exuberance of fancy, of such loveliness that they would enrich the walls of any house whatever. In this room we heard one of his pupils amusing a leisure hour with singing and playing on the guitar, in a very superior style.

Kaulbach himself is very interesting in appearance; scarcely yet of middle age, he is of delicate constitution, and bears traces in his countenance of his frequent suffering. His great modesty and gentlemanly politeness were very attractive. He spoke with much enthusiasm of his sojourn in Italy; regretted that he had not time for more travelling; and when we asked whether he spoke English, he replied, "No; I speak no language but German, and—that!" said he, pointing to his painting; and, indeed, what more eloquent and universal language need he speak? The language of the arts is the language of the highest and purest civilization.

ON THE DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF SOCIETY, AS TO EDUCATION.

[REPORT OF A LECTURE BY W. J. FOX.]

THE duties and rights of society as to education will perhaps be more distinctly perceived from first adverting to the duties and the rights of parents. A purer morality has long since taught the world that the child is not the absolute property of the earthly authors of its being; that there is on them a responsibility; that they hold a trust from God and nature. They are no longer allowed by law to maim the child, to take its life, or to sell it into slavery;—privileges once thought essential to the parental character. The moral sense of humanity has prohibited actions which—once deemed perfectly within their rights—would now be justly stigmatized as crimes. Moral rights belong to all human beings: to the child in relation to its parents, to the child, and the parents also, in relation to society. The very helplessness of the child, its dependence on those who are most fitted to minister to its wants, is a source of moral obligation. And, accordingly, it will be generally admitted, that amongst the duties of the parental relation are those of taking care that the child shall have intellectual life, as well as physical life,—supplies for the food of the spirit, as well as for the food of the body;—that what parents can do, shall be done, towards developing its powers, strengthening its faculties, cherishing and expanding its affections, and forming the complete human being, ready, when it arrives at the season of self-dependence, to start fair, and act well its part upon the world's great stage.

And if these are the duties of parents, of course there are corresponding rights,—rights essential to the fulfilment of these duties. They should be unobstructed in the choice of what they regard as the best means of realising all such advantages. There should be no interposing authority, to tell them they shall not train the child in this way or that; the result being secured, and they deeming such mode the fittest, in their circumstances, for arriving at it. With obligation and responsibility, they have also the right—as all have, under similar circumstances—of pleasing themselves as to the mode in which they deem that the duty will be best discharged.

Now, here they come, both with their rights and their duties, into contact with society. It is the duty of the parent to society, not to turn a wild savage, a being of untrained mind and unregulated passions, loose upon that society,—a nuisance and a pest, instead of a useful member. It is the duty and the interest of society to enable the parent to realise this desirable object. Poverty is the cause that most commonly comes in the way. The children of thousands and millions present the difficulty of finding them bread, as a preliminary want to that of finding them instruction. But the poor have their rights, as members of a community, of a society, of a people, of a nation; and where the requisite power to discharge their duty fails them, and yet the discharge is essential to the well-being of society, there is the point for society to interpose—to give the help without invading the rights—to secure what is a duty to itself—to exercise what is a right essential to its own continuance and prosperous existence.

But this may be done, it is said, by society, without invoking the power of law, the agency of legislation, or the interference of government. Leave it to be done by voluntary kindness. But what says experience? How is it in the best educated countries? Where do we find the greatest number of persons who have some hold upon

the commonest key of knowledge? Do we find them anywhere but where the combined power of society has been brought to bear upon the instruction of society? It is eminently in this country that voluntary agency has been tried as to the education of the people. It is now three quarters of a century since the benevolent Raikes, of Gloucester, started one of his Sunday-schools. It is now within a year of half a century since Joseph Lancaster opened his day-school in the Borough-road. Forty years ago, I heard that single-minded and earnest man lecturing in different parts of the country, and showing a zeal which was speedily matched by the movement of Dr Bell, in connexion with the church establishment. The country was excited on the subject through its length and breadth; the voluntary system of education was set afloat with every advantage; and the experiment has been since made under the most favourable circumstances. It has been made in connexion with a zealous, and, sometimes, a fierce competition between rival bodies of religionists; the establishment on the one hand, and dissent on the other, have been competing as to which should do the most,—which should boast the most largely of the number of its schools and pupils, the results of its plans, and the magnificence of its contributions. It has been tried under favourable circumstances so far as there is any spirit of nationality in us: for we have seen other nations attend to the same subject, and pass us; notwithstanding our ancient boast of “teaching the nations how to live,” we have seen ourselves left only sixth or seventh in the scale of educated countries. We have been excelled in this matter by all forms of government, and in almost all modes of society. We have been beaten, as instructors of the people, with our spontaneous charity, by governmental arrangements in Europe, and in America,—in large empires, and in little cantons,—in military states, and in constitutional states,—in those where despotism is the most absolute, and those where republicanism is the most free. They have all passed us; and we may look for the highest stage of education to some of the American states, where it is part and parcel of their constitution; we may find there whole districts in which not above one in five hundred is unable to write his name; and in our own country, with all its spontaneous benevolence, we may find counties where one out of every two is unable to write his name. Can there be a more clear demonstration than the observation of any intelligent member of society will afford him, that the plan of leaving education to rest on spontaneous contributions is a failure, a dark and miserable failure?

And even were it less so, there are exceptions to be taken to it which belong to its very nature. In the present condition of society in this country, education by spontaneous benevolence is, for the most part,—not absolutely to the exclusion of all other, but for the most part,—sectarian education. There is upon it the taint of narrowness and bigotry. The great impulse here to education has not been the simple and truthful desire of having a universally-instructed people: Proselytism has been the mainspring of the voluntary educational movement; proselytism the paramount object, and education only the secondary consideration. We may see this fact in the form which the schools have taken; in their general connexion either with parish churches or dissenting chapels; in the religious conditions at different times forced upon the government; in the exclusion of Catholic schools, which still exists; and in the limitation of government aid to schools which have daily reading of the Scriptures in the authorized version,—a restriction transferred to the treasury minutes from the constitution of the British and Foreign School Society. The sectarian character spreads itself over the whole of our voluntary educational movement. And what is the too common feeling of religionists? With the exception of here and there an heretical sect,

scanty in numbers and limited in influence, almost all believe that faith in certain dogmas is essential to salvation. Their first object is, not to cherish the reasoning faculty, not to enlarge indefinitely the stores of knowledge; but to hammer into the child's mind certain doctrines, by the belief of which, according to their notion, the child's soul is to be saved, and without the belief in which his soul is sure to be damned eternally. Here is a power which perverts all other powers, and is the source of many of the perplexing phenomena exhibited by our educational history. For it is the fact, that, while in one department of religionists education has been extending, in another it has been diminishing. And why? Because the proselyting spirit, which was the source of the educational exertions, has more direct and more brilliant means of evincing itself. Look at the immense sums spontaneously contributed every year to Bible and missionary societies, to societies for planting the gospel in the East Indies, in the West Indies, in China, among savages of every description, and in the remote islands of the South Sea. Why, it is more splendid to baptize a Chinese or a Hindoo, than it is to simply teach his letters, reading, writing, and arithmetic, to a poor boy out of a street in our own neighbourhood; and, accordingly, these grand achievements have drawn off the dissenting contributions to education towards the more direct and conspicuous species of proselytism; for proselytism is the source whence they originally flowed.

Now, I object to sectarianism in education. What is called religious—by which is meant, not religious, but theological, dogmatical—education, is a perversion of the educational power, whether in the hands of priests episcopally ordained, or not ordained at all, when they are thoroughly imbued with the professional and priestly character. Look at our religious sects. They are, at this moment, almost all at war with science; they look askance and bitterly on the progress of geological research, for the sake of Moses; they are at war with charity; they are almost all opposed to the intermixture of different forms of faith, so far as for boys to sit on the same bench, and receive the same lessons. They are opposed to individual independence; they call out that they belong to this or that church or society; they repeat this or that creed. There runs through their whole system that demarcation, broad and deep, so long existing, and so fatal to all union and co-operation in social institutions. William Hazlitt says, he went one day into a bookseller's shop to ask for “The Excursion,” and the shopman inquired, “Into what county, sir?” so, if you go into any part of Great Britain, and ask after the educated, the answer might be, “In what sect or denomination?” The commissioners of inquiry into the state of education in the manufacturing districts found persons who could remember, many years after they left school, that they were “Particular Baptists,” or some other sect, while their confused memories placed Moses and Nebuchadnezzar among the apostles of Christ; in fact, they had forgotten every truth of importance, every moral principle of living interest.

Education from voluntary contributions must always be felt as almsgiving, a charity to the poor. Now, a human being, entering upon the common rights of human beings, having a mind expanding for the reception of knowledge and truth, from nature and from literature, ought not to have the charity-jacket put upon it, or to pass under those narrow portals where even the lowest child must stoop its head and crawl in, instead of advancing with the dignity of a human being. The love of knowledge is one of our natural instincts; the right to gratify that love belongs to us as a natural heritage. We have, in our social union, our existence as a civilized nation, a solemn pledge that no one shall be condemned to spend his days in that dark and

cheerless ignorance, the victims of which grope and lose their way in endeavouring to obtain the commonest footing on which human nature is able to stand. Let us come, at least, with as much dignity to the supply of mental food, as to that of bodily food. The law says a man shall not starve; it gives him a supply, by legal right, in the time of his unavoidable necessity, not on any degrading condition, but as a result of that community which the very existence of a nation implies between the rich and the poor. So should it be with the acquisition of knowledge. There are certain things common to all our countrymen: we all have the enjoyment of the free air of heaven; we all have the sight of nature's loveliness; the island is ours; England is for the English; private property is but a trust, and that trust does not extend to the exclusion of the means of physical support for all, nor, by analogy, to the exclusion of the means of intellectual and of moral life. People are too apt to look at national education as a thing that only concerns the poor, as a kind of hospital to be set up for their mental and moral infirmities, as a something to be done for them; and not as a common, a social, a national right and blessing. When we contemplate our immense resources, the wonderful power which this nation possesses of springing up by a rebound, as it were, from the very lowest depression, the treasures that we have in our educational endowments, which ought to be rendered efficient, and in the tenth of the produce of the country—which, as it has been assigned for the spiritual good of the whole nation, ought never to have been monopolized by a sect—we see in these the means of national education without levying a single tax, although there is ample power in the country to bear such taxation, if its levying were needful. We might surely meet a tax as heavy as the cost of crimes, which are multiplied in the country through the grovelling condition in which millions are left. We might support a taxation as heavy as the cost of the sanguinary wars which we have so often waged against the rights and liberties of other nations. We might meet a taxation as heavy as that which supports unnecessary pomp and splendour, or that which is abused by the various modes in which legislation is perverted to the interests of individuals and of classes. All this we can bear, and should bear, rather than degrade the means of development for the human mind into a mere matter of charity, a form of almsgiving.

It is not the education of the poor, merely, that is wanted; it is the education of *the people*,—of the entire people. What nonsense it is to graduate instruction according to rank in society; as if it was fitting that, with the limit to a man's property, there should be a limit to his mental enlightenment; and, that with so much more wealth, there should be a title to so much more intellectual light! Why, knowledge in its own nature has relation to the common powers, principles, and tendencies of humanity; not to the conventional distinctions which originate in social arrangements, and are only upheld by them. A good education for the poor, is a good education for the rich. There need be no fear lest you give a man an education above his station. How can you do that, if you have any faith in the declaration continually made, that every man is the son of God,—that every child born into the world is, or may be, an heir of the kingdom of heaven? You cannot train him with an education above *that* station—at least as honourable a one as being the child of a duke, or a Prince of Wales, heir to the crown of Great Britain. The prospects, the destination of the human soul, if we have any faith in language which is universally employed, are far too dignified for any education to be too much, for any training to be too lofty. That should be done for all, so that the national schools may be the best schools for all, whether rich or poor; and it would not be difficult to accomplish that

object, were the national power once honestly applied to its realization.

There being, then, all these objections to private charity in the matter, what follows, but that society, in its combined character,—in its unity of existence as a nation,—should do justice to itself as a nation?

"We speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held; in every thing, are sprung
Of earth's best blood; have titles manifold;"

and there need be no fear that we should raise the aspirations of the people to an undue height, with regard to this glorious intellectual heritage. It would sufficiently task the power of the nation to do as much as ought to be done under such circumstances; and only by funds so ample as those which the state possesses, can the appropriate buildings be raised, the requisite apparatus furnished, and all the means and appliances taken care for, which should act as the material for wholesome, complete, and ever extending and rising instruction. Only the state can take care that there is the gradation of advance from inferior schools to higher, and from these to colleges and universities, whose honours ought to be open to universal competition, where the child of the poorest might assert his mental nobility, and obtain his patent, if he wished, for intellectual and learned dignity. Only the state can overcome the monopolies of classes, and that consequent grasping on the part of wealth, which is, at this very moment, appropriating to itself most of the splendid educational charities that have been handed down to us from our forefathers. Only the state can ensure a supply of competent teachers—of teachers well trained and practised in their art—of teachers who have proved their efficiency in raising the intellectual character of the pupils entrusted to their charge. Only national acts and national authority can put down quackery in education; and in no department of society whatever, perhaps, is there anything like the amount of quackery which exists at this time under the name—the much-abused name—of education. We do not tolerate quacks in other things; people will not entrust the title-deeds of their estates to lawyers who cannot produce certificates of their competency. In medicine, we endeavour, by various precautions, to obstruct those who have not the requisite knowledge of the means of dealing with the human frame, and of restoring it from a state of sickness to a state of health. But, in that which is of more importance than the practice of either law or medicine, we tolerate the universal access of unqualified practitioners.

In what way do not schools and teachers succeed? In the majority of cases, what connexion is there between the reputation of a school, and the requisite qualifications of those who undertake to teach? Sometimes a charity school is raised, in order that a gentleman may provide for a worn-out servant, whom he does not know what in the world to do with, so he makes him a schoolmaster; the parishioners are induced to subscribe, the school is established. In other cases, schools succeed—as bad goods are got rid of—by a good deal of puffing and advertising in the newspapers. I have heard of one instance—there are probably a great many such—where a most flourishing school was formed by the influence of the very capital champagne which the schoolmaster gave, at his dinners, to the parents whose children he wished to get into his establishment. Schools have been preferred sometimes for the sake of "connexion." There are those who boast in their announcements that no child of a tradesman is admitted into their establishment; and thus they lay hold of those who aspire to have their children the early friends and associates of members of the aristocracy. Others rest upon a

cheapness which can scarcely afford a cat's meat dietary, to say nothing of intellectual food.

Now, the world really needs some check upon all this. Those who aspire to teach should be called on, before some impartial tribunal,—as they are in most continental nations, with the very best results,—to prove that they have the ability to teach; and only on that condition should they be allowed to exercise their vocation. This, again, requires the interposition of authority. I do not mean that a cabinet council should be held on the abilities of a schoolmaster; but there are bodies, such as the lately formed London University, which, being invested with the distribution of literary honours, might, beyond all question as to impartiality or competency, be worthily trusted with the decision of such matters. Then the rights of individuals and localities would come into operation. There being only properly qualified teachers in the market, each place might be allowed, and should be encouraged, to choose its own teacher,—to have the man of their heart at the school-desk, if they cannot have him in the parish pulpit,—and so place their children under the care of one whom they are thoroughly convinced is honest, truthful, and upright in life, and competent to the high task to which he is appointed.

In discharging thus its duties to itself, it becomes, I apprehend, one of the rights of society to keep itself pure from the intrusion of ignorance, and of that brutality which is connected with the want of all the most ordinary means of knowledge. I know there is a word at which it is English to start back in abhorrence, and to be in a great passion; and that is "*compulsion*." "Would you *compel* the children to school?" is asked as a question that only admits of one answer; and images arise to the mind of a corporal's guard, and soldiers with bayonets fixed, coming to the cottage, seizing the child, and marching him off like a deserter to his punishment, against the remonstrances of the parent, besides his own kicking and crying. I do not think compulsion is at all necessary; but in providing the means of education, society has certainly a right to expect from the parent that the child shall be actually taught. Let the parent, if he pleases or prefers, send his child to a private school, instead of the school provided by the nation; or, let him employ a duly-qualified private teacher in his own house; or, let the father or mother, or both, undertake the task themselves, and be the authors of the spiritual, as well as of the physical life of their offspring. To all these, efficiently performed, the rights of parentage extend; but the rights of society require that the result shall be arrived at, by whatever mode; and that, allowing for exceptional cases, arising from ill health, or mental incompetency, the child shall have attained, by a certain age, that degree of knowledge, that point of ability, which will satisfy the common requirements, and will ensure society that it is not about to be overwhelmed by a deluge of ignorance and darkness.

Such are the views of the rights and duties of society, which I have very often propounded on former occasions, both in this place and through the press, of which I certainly am not about to modify one iota on the present occasion. It will be expected that I should say something of the existing controversy on this matter; and I have no disposition to flinch from so doing; but I think I have said something upon it already,—something that bears upon it pretty clearly and strongly,—which, though often said before, yet may advantageously now be said again; or which, if I had not repeated it, would have furnished my contribution towards the common stock of facts and opinions, to be considered in this public discussion.

But, to come to particulars. The minutes of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, which have occasioned the present outbreak, seem to me chiefly

objectionable because they are so poor and petty, so narrow and confined. They are a mixture,—a mixture of the good and the bad, of the useful and of the objectionable. In the good, I should rank the system of inspection and its extension. That this was a good, might have been inferred from the hostility which was evinced against it when it was introduced. There are patrons of schools who do not wish them to be inspected very critically; and it is for that very reason that inspectors should be sent, to see what they are doing, and to tell what they are doing,—that it may be known where is reality and where mere pretence, where efficiency, and where only inefficiency. And here, I think, is one great blunder, in the way in which the inspectors are chosen. The Church of England is indulged with inspectors only of its own community; the schools of the British and Foreign School Society are only to have inspectors approved by the committee of that society; the Methodists are only to have inspectors who are Methodists; the Church of Scotland only Presbyterian inspectors; and so on. So that, in every case, there is a sectarian affinity with the inspector. I would rather have changed them over from one sect to another; and then we should have known all their faults. I would send the Methodist inspector to the Roman Catholic schools, a Catholic inspector to the Church of England schools, an Episcopalian inspector to the Independent schools; and then we should hear of all their short-comings, and should see what a wide field of improvement yet remained to be cultivated. However, under any circumstances, this system of inspection is in itself good; it has worked well; and pity it is, that it is not more frequent and general than is contemplated by the plan.

The next good is the training of apprenticed teachers. Education is not only a science, but an art,—an art for which many, whose learning is very extensive, are very little fitted. As a practical art, it requires dexterity, like any other art, which should be cultivated early in life; and for this, there will be abundant opportunities and advantages. So far, the treasury minutes, in this matter, promise to the world, in a few years, a better supply of competent schoolmasters than this country has ever yet enjoyed. A third good in these minutes is the addition to the salary of schoolmasters, and the provision, in certain cases, of a small pension for them when they are worn out. The independence of schoolmasters is what the state alone, as yet, is able to secure;—independence of individual interference and caprice,—independence of the browbeating or the bribes of local patronage. The schoolmaster should not be at the mercy of the squire or parson of the parish; he should not be the tool of the deacons of a dissenting congregation. He should be a man knowing what is right and just in his own department, and able to fulfil it to the utmost extent of his ability, without the interruption of local tyrants, who, in so many cases, would bring down humanity to a mere subservient and crawling creature. The evil will be avoided which is seen, and glaringly seen very often, in the case of dissenting ministers. There will be no fear of offending those who live in the large house; there will be no fear of adopting a course which is not smiled upon by those whose pecuniary condition renders them very important where a school is supported by voluntary efforts alone. Every step towards the independence of the schoolmaster,—reserving his responsibility,—is an advance to the cause of education of inestimable worth. These three points,—the inspection, the training of apprenticed teachers, and the raising of the condition of the schoolmaster,—I hold to be the great advantages of the treasury minutes; and it is a very desirable thing for the nation that they should be realised and extended.

The objectionable parts are,—that there is a minuteness of superintendence in some particulars, for which

a committee of the privy council is very little qualified, and which should be rather left, either to the teachers, or to some better qualified authority. There is a meddlesome spirit that endeavours to regulate things beyond its sphere, in which it must be guided by some one individual, and that person not more qualified, perhaps, than most of the schoolmasters all over the country,—of whom the nation might say, as King Henry said of Percy,—“I trust I have within my realm ten thousand good as he.”

Another objection is, there is too much of gratuity and patronage in the plan; donations are to be made on certain conditions and under particular circumstances; and there is an air of that charity which is so offensive in connexion with voluntary sectarian contributions, and which it is eminently incumbent on the national authority to avoid in its greater and more majestic movements. The third evil is, the continued exclusive recognition of the two great school societies, both being, as they are, sectarian societies,—a continued attempt to govern the nation through the agency of these theological bodies. The state should disregard them altogether; it should not know them; it should know nothing of them, of their theologies and their dogmas, in connexion with the national education of the people. Of a similar description is the restriction of the grants to the schools using the authorised version of the scriptures, which at once, and directly, shuts out the whole Roman Catholic body from any participation in these advantages; and with them, perhaps, shuts out many other schools, that are formed or might be formed, and where a great deal of wholesome tuition is given, without reading the authorised version daily, or any other version of the sacred scriptures,—or making them a school-book at all. And most of all, I think, is objectionable, the exceedingly limited sphere within which it is proposed to operate, and the contingency of even that operation on voluntary contribution, after it has already been proved so inefficient. Mr. Baines objects loudly to the expense of the Government plan; he says, that, when fully carried out, it will cost the country 1,742,500*l.* a year. True, reply the defenders of the minutes; but in order to carry it out fully, and incur this cost to the country, there must be voluntary contributions to the amount of 1,880,000*l.* Now, to make the national advances contingent upon voluntary contributions, after they have so entirely broken down, is no better than to embark in a crazy vessel that has already suffered wreck. It is to unite indissolubly what should be a wise and good scheme with one that has proved its inefficiency and complete failure. In fact, this contingency is enough to prevent any strong hope of extensive good to the nation, from these minutes of council.

Though, therefore, I have no sympathy with the principle—now first advocated—that a nation, a state, ought not to interfere with education, yet I cannot but deeply regret the limits within which the Government measure has been restricted. True, there is this to be considered: we have here the recognition, though it be but a poor and contemptible recognition, of a great principle. It allows the duties of a state; it claims the rights of a state; and for that alone, a certain degree—a high degree of importance and worth attaches to the procedure. The state now comes forward and confesses that it has obligations,—obligations to the entire community; that it has for ages neglected its duties; that the intellectual and moral development of the people is an aim of the first importance; that its business is not merely to keep up a police, not merely to oversee the gaol and the gibbet, but to do something for the school as well; in its aspect, as a preventative of crime, and in its general bearing on the condition of the community. By this movement, government at once makes confession as to the past, and gives promise as to the future; it tells us

that men are united in society for higher aims and objects than have been commonly understood,—that their powers are capable of application to better purposes than those for which they have, hitherto wrought,—that the end of institutions is the amelioration, physical, intellectual, and moral, of the poorest and most numerous class,—and that something may and must be thus done towards promoting “the greatest happiness of the greatest number.” For more, and not for less, should the friends of education have agitated; for the extension of the grant, and not for its abrogation; for raising up more schools, and not for letting those fall into ruin which already exist; for going beyond the boundary of sectarianism, instead of regarding it as hallowed land, which government itself must not touch. They should have agitated for embracing the entire community; for raising and applying such funds as should make us an instructed people, able to assume our ancient pre-eminence, and to go forward with accelerated swiftness in the career of progress.

For this should they have striven, and not for the reverse. They should have striven to establish that interposition by which alone the great mass of the community can possibly be elevated. In such an agitation I should have joined heart and soul; I should have said, “Give us more schools; increase Catholic, Methodist, Chartist, Factory schools; increase voluntary and individual schools; look at everything, and wherever help can advance the cause of education, there let help flow; wherever light can be let in upon the darkness, there guide the pure and holy stream until it shall overspread the whole surface of the country.” And when we have a people thus trained, will not the interest, the prosperity, the freedom, the virtue, the well-being of the country, be indefinitely advanced? Oh, it will be a glorious triumph, the victory which is obtained thereby for society! The victory of knowledge over ignorance, of moral light over the dense darkness which to such an extent fearfully prevails. It will be a victory,—I will not say more glorious than Trafalgar or Waterloo,—it will be more glorious than triumphs which far surpassed these. It will be better than Parliamentary reform, or the emancipation of slaves; for it will be the reform of society, and the emancipation of mind.

THE EARLIEST FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

BY WILLIAM HINCKS, F. L. S.

No. IV.—THE HYACINTH.

THE flower to which we shall next invite attention, is not only beautiful and fragrant, it is a domestic pet, as well as a florist's favourite and a garden ornament. Hyacinth glasses are a part of the furniture of our parlours. The gradual development of the root, leaves, and flowers, and the little attentions necessary for complete success, afford familiar lessons in vegetable physiology; whilst the oriental splendour of the gorgeous colours, and the rich perfume which breathes around, adorn and enliven the humblest home, as well as the luxurious halls of grandeur and wealth.

The plants we have hitherto examined all belong to the great *Exogenous* class, so that with the hyacinth we enter on a new field, and are led to the contemplation of plants differing, in the structure of the seed, of the stem, of the leaf, and of the flower, as well as in their general aspect and habit, from any that have yet come before us. We enter on the *Endogenous* division of the vegetable kingdom, characterized by the single seed-leaf, the absence of any distinction between bark

and wood, the parallelism of the venation of the leaves, and the tendency to the number three in the circles of parts forming the flower. In the hyacinth the true stem is reduced to a mere plate, from which, underneath, the roots proceed, and on the upper surface of which is a bud, known as the bulb, and popularly, though very erroneously, regarded as the root. The coatings of the bulb are transformed leaves. When duly stimulated by moisture and warmth, it sends forth leaves, and a flower-stalk. Each separate flower is, properly speaking, produced in the axil of a leaf, but the leaves accompanying flowers are commonly reduced to a very small size, and transformed in appearance. Botanists give the name of bractes to these and all other leaves which are changed in form or appearance by their connexion with the flower, but do not form parts of the floral circles. The hyacinth flower seems to be a bell, consisting of one piece divided into six radiating and reflexed parts towards the extremity, six stamens growing out of the interior of the bell, and a seed-vessel standing in the midst. Careful inspection will, however, make it manifest that three of the divisions of the flower lie within the other three; and a comparison with other flowers of similar structure shows that we have here, in fact, five successive circles of three parts each, of which the four outermost are combined together. The exterior circle may be recognised by its tendency to produce nectariferous tails, something resembling that of a violet, which may be seen in strongly-grown hyacinths. This is, properly speaking, a calyx of three united sepals. Alternating with them, are the three petals of the corolla, so combined with the outer circle as to form with it but one bell. Then follow two circles of stamens, alternating with each other, but forced by pressure into a complete union with the parts already described. Very little observation is necessary to ascertain that the seed-vessel is formed by the union of three carpellary leaves, whose edges meet in the axis, and whose mid ribs are as strongly marked as the lines of junction, producing the appearance of six parts. On the young seed-vessel are said to be found nectariferous pores, the presence of which is part of Linnæus's technical character of *Hyacinthus*, but which nevertheless are not often found in the plant we are describing, and not at all, we believe, in the other species which Linnæus included in the family; so that the mention of them is only an embarrassment to the student. The natural colour of the hyacinth is the rich dark blue which is so often seen in it; but numerous varieties are common, as various shades of blue, from almost black to very pale, pink and flesh colour, pale yellow, and white. Each colour is also occasionally produced double. Florists value the flowers for the clearness and brilliancy of their colours, the number, size, and regularity of the bells. The double ones are very rich and splendid; yet the single, if good in colour, size, and growth, are not accounted much inferior. The number of distinct named varieties which are increased by offsets from the bulbs, and retain their separate characteristics, is very great; but many of them are scarcely different, being similar seedlings raised and named by different persons, and a collection of twenty-five or thirty sorts would exhibit all that are really worth notice. The hyacinth is very successfully cultivated in Holland, from which country the bulbs are imported to satisfy the demand amongst us.

The hyacinth of the ancient fabulists appears to have been the cornflag, (*Gladiolus communis* of botanists,) but the name was applied vaguely, and had been early referred both to the great larkspur, (*Delphinium Ajacis*), on account of the similar spots on the petals, supposed to represent the Greek exclamation of lamentation, *Ai, ai*, and to the hyacinth of modern times. To the latter it was in the progress of time exclusively appropriated. The hyacinth was already in our gardens in

old Gerarde's time, and has continued ever since to enjoy the highest favour, nor does it seem exposed to much risk of being superseded, many as are the attractive novelties which solicit our attention. In order to trace it to its place in a general system, we will first set aside from the rest of the *Exogæna* all the *glumaceous* plants, which have alternate leafy bractes, instead of proper flowers, and which are known as the grasses and sedges. We may next separate all those with the flowers attached to a peculiar organ, termed a spadix; the palm tribe, and the endogenous water-plants. The rest may be divided according as the calyx adheres upon the seed-vessel so as to place it under the flower, or is free so as to enclose the seed-vessel within the flower, to which latter division our plant belongs. Excluding successively all the *tripetaloid* flowers in which the appearance of the calyx is distinct from that of the petals, all those with separate carpels, and those whose flowers have the green herbaceous character of the rushes, we have only left the group which forms Dr. Lindley's alliance of *Liliales*, which contains four natural orders. One is characterized by additional exterior circles of parts. Another may be known by the anthers opening outwards, or being turned from, instead of towards, the centre of the flower. Another, easily known by its habit, but which we have not much opportunity of bringing into comparison, is distinguished by the fading pieces of the flower rolling themselves up something in the manner of a young fern leaf, instead of lying flat, and the albumen of the seed being mealy. Setting these aside, the subject of our examination is found to belong to the great order, *Liliaceæ*, the lily tribe. Among the numerous sections of this extensive order, some of which have been, and probably may again be, raised to the rank of orders, but whose true limits are as yet very little understood, we easily fix on the *Scilleæ* of Lindley as the immediate connexions of *Hyacinthus*, and among these the generic character is sufficient to guide us.

Our wild hyacinth, which contributes so much to the beauty of our woodland scenery during the spring, may be regarded as a transition species between *Scilla* and *Hyacinthus*: the form and drooping habit of its flower connecting it with the latter, whilst the six pieces that form the two outer circles being separate to the base, gives it the technical character of the former. It is still called by some *Hyacinthus non-scriptus*—hyacinth without those marks on the petals which the fable represents as the lamentations of Apollo. Since, however, the true hyacinth equally wants the inscription, this name is singularly inappropriate; and since the coherence of the parts of the flower is strictly the distinctive peculiarity of the hyacinth genus, Sir James E. Smith was right in referring the wild plant to *Scilla*, and calling it *Scilla nutans*, to express the graceful bend of the flower-stalk, which is one of its distinctions. Mr. Babington adopts the genus *Agraphis* for the intermediate species; but this plan of burdening science with new names for mere transition species is highly objectionable, and it will hardly be pretended that *Agraphis* is in itself a natural genus. While acknowledging, then, that the English name, wild hyacinth, is founded on a very close real affinity, we must decide in favour of *Scilla* as the systematic name for this sweet and lovely flower.

The grape, or starch hyacinths, now form the genus *Muscari*, distinguished by the six pieces of the two exterior circles cohering almost to their extremity into a globular or cylindrical flower, contracted at the mouth, with the points like teeth. The botanical name of the hyacinth is *Hyacinthus orientalis*, which applies equally to all the varieties of colour, size, and fullness.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT—MAY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

GIVE me a dark, a stern, and wintry day,
That by the fire-light, and with wine and wassail,
I may collect around me all my friends,
And be right merry; knowing that the time
Flies fast, and I must die!

Give me a May-day, that amid the fields,
Treading on flowers, and in the odorous air,
I may roam on o'er mountains and through woods;
And as the tender memories of the dead
Stream o'er me from the things they loved so once,
And from the flowers that decked their early biers,
I—feeling saddest love within my soul—
May feel my soul, and know I am immortal.

W. H.

It is once more May! Once more Nature has opened her house to all her guests. She has hung forth her richest draperies; she has re-painted, re-burnished, re-gilded; she has drawn the veil from before her most magnificent pictures, and all earth is her garden, in which the trees are white with blossom, and the ground is carpeted with myriads of flowers. The soft breezes diffuse most delicate odours; and the sun, spreading from mountain to mountain, looks down into the narrowest vales, the densest clefts of the hills and thickets of the forest, into rushing rivers and serene lakes, and bids the lowliest creatures awake from their long slumbers, and come forth to the festival of May. The nightingale is come from the south; "the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" the swallow comes from the shores and the gardens of China, on whose sea-cliffs she has built her nest of the purest sea foam, or has hung it beneath the flapping ornaments of the tall pagoda's eaves, amid the scent of tea-trees, and above the heads of quaint companies sitting to admire the plum blossom and the vernal willows, and to hear the newest strains of the poets on their beaty.

The cuckoo, is come too, and the pea-bird, and scores of other feathery creatures, that spread themselves over all the fields of England—by solitary meres and tarns, on the loneliest and most arid heaths, in dells and copses, where they sing their songs from year to year, but refuse to breathe in them one syllable of the mysteries of their life, of the lands which they visit, or the signs that guide their stated pilgrimages.

Who shall tell all the flowers in garden and in field—all the birds and insects that are now flitting and fluttering amongst them? They would fill a book. The

great stag-beetle comes forth, and soars booming through the air. The cockchafer is humming about every fresh-leaved sycamore. The dragon-flies, of all sizes and hues, skim and dart along the margins of rivers; and on the very waters walk, with long, skate-like motions, or whirl in rapid dance, insect creatures that seem full of happiness.

All the guests of Nature are assembled, and in holiday trim. Bird and beast, and man at the head of all, revel in this glorious season of flowers, greenness, and freshness. The primroses are ageing, and look dimly out of their woodland abodes; but the cowslips star the green and delicate grass, on mead and upland, with a joyous beauty.

It is the same! it is the very scent—
That bland, yet luscious, meadow-breathing sweet,
Which I remember when my childish feet,
With a new life's rejoicing spirit, went
Through the deep grass with wild flowers richly blent,
That smiled to high Heaven from their verdant seat.
But it brings not to thee such joy complete:
Thou canst not see, as I do, how we spent
In blessedness, in sunshine, and in flowers,
The beautiful noon; and then how, seated round
The odorous pile upon the shady ground—
A boyish group—we laughed away the hours;
Plucking the yellow blooms for future wine,
While o'er us played a mother's smile divine.

W. H.

Instead of describing the progressive features of this lovely month, I shall rather say to every one that can, go out into the country and see them. See the village greens, where the May-poles once collected about them all the population of the place to rejoice. See the woods, to which the young people used to go out before daylight, a-Maying. See the fields, deep with richest grass and flowers, where children in this beautiful holiday of Nature have from age to age run and gathered pinafores full of perishable beauty and fragrance. Pace the river sides, where poets have walked, and mused on songs in honour of May. Sit on stiles, where lovers have sate, and dreamed that life was a May-month, to be followed by no autumn of care, no winter of death. Gaze on the clear sky, where, spite of death and care, the word—Immortality—is written in the crystal dome of God. Enjoy that beauty which can come only from an eternal

source of beauty ; listen to that joy ringing from the throats of birds and the hum of insect wings—joy that must come from an eternal source of joy ; and let the holiday heart strengthen itself in the assurance that all this scene of enjoyment is meant to be enjoyed, and not in vain. Look at the gorgeous blossoms of the chestnut tree ; see the lavish snow, which weighs down the hawthorn bough ; gaze on the glory of the mountain-ash, the laburnum, the guelder-rose, and, at the latter end of the month, on the broad white flowers of the elder and the wayfaring tree ; and feel that May comes but once a year, and will not give an hour more than is in her commission—no, not at the command of all the kings on earth.

May is come, and May is flying ;
Spring is here, and Spring is dying ;
Shout a welcome, frank and flowing ;
Say Farewell ! for she is going.

'Tis the hour when life is deepest ;
'Tis the time when most thou weepest ;
'Tis the day when flowers in numbers
Strew the sainted in their slumbers.

Buds are breaking ; love is waking ;
Time our very breath is taking.
We are jocund ; we are drooping ;
Summer comes, for Spring is stooping.

Love her ! bless her ! as she goeth,
Ere the grass the mower moweth ;
Ere the cowslip hath departed,
Kiss sweet May, all tearful-hearted.

For she goes to all the perished ;
Goes to all the dearly cherished ;
Sails the sea, and climbs the mountain,
Seeking Spring's eternal fountain.

May is come, and May is flying ;
Spring is here, and Spring is dying ;
Shout a welcome, frank and flowing ;
Say Farewell ! for she is going.

W. H.

FAREWELL TO LONDON.

BY WILLIAM THOM, THE POET OF INVERURY.

I'm sick o' this Babel, sae heartless an' cauld,
Its din winna suit wi' my nature ava ;
We canna graff branches when withered an' auld ;
It's time, gentle friends, I were todlin awa.
I fain would be hame, I would fain be alane
In my cotter house, tramping my treadles again.

I'm no made for mingling in fashion's gay thrang,
I'm out o' my element acting the part ;
Far better I lo'e to be crooning a sang
By the blithe chimney-cheek 'mang the friends o' my heart ;
Whiles blowing a cloud, and whiles blowing a note,
As the cutty or flute comes the first in my thought.

I'll no be a lion, for ennuyed rank ;
I winna be trotted nor roar any more ;
I scorn Mr. Pelf as he rolls to his bank ;
The weaver is sterling, and proud at the core.
My thoughts are my own, I can beck not nor boo,
Duke Supple may cringe, but the weaver is true.

I ne'er see the sun in this dull foggy town,
Tho' I whiles get a glimpse o' the calm Liddy Meen'—
Bless, bless her sweet face—blinkin' coothly down
On my ain canny, ain bonny, dear Aberdeen.
O when shall I greet thee, again shall I see
Thy saft light reflected in clear flowing Dee !

Fareweel to thee, Caudle ! and weel may ye thrive
Who raised me to fame with a dash o' thy pen ;
A better mate to thee, when next thou shalt wive ;
A blessin' be aye on thy *but* and thy *ben*.
Frae auld Aristarchus to Jeffrey the 'cute,
Come show me the critic can stand in thy boot !

Success to thee, Caudle ! success to the crew
Round Punch's guffawing, but sovereign board,
Determined that all shall have fairly their due,—
Now raising a weaver, now roasting a lord ;
Now snubbing a Jenkins, now higher they go
To clatter a steenie² at Albert's chapeau.

And fareweel Knockhespock, my patron and chief,
Mecænas, Glencairn, and father to me ;
My heart-strings may crack, but I'll get nae relief
Till the tears fa' in showers in our ain bonny Dee.
What pillow sae saft that can lull to repose
As the green velvet banks where my dear river flows !

Then hyne o'er the water, for noo I'm awa.
To breathe caller air by my Ury again ;
Tho' Jeanie nae langer can answer my ca',
I pant for my hame, I am weary and fain.
Come rouse ye, my merry men, bend ye the sail,
And let us away on the wings of the gale.

FREE TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

No. V.—THE GREEKS.

If a people be not *brutalised* by despotism, there is no ground for despair. I never despaired of Greece. In the elasticity and activity of the Hellenic intellect, there was always a source of hopeful trust and expectation. True, they drank of the bitterest draught of slavery ! True, they—the intellectual—were trampled upon by the coarse and brutish ! but in that fertility of device which was called craftiness and cunning—in that subtlety and readiness which so often trencched on, and not unfrequently passed over, the barriers of truth and honesty—some resource was found against tyranny that would have been otherwise intolerable. But when the Turkish yoke was removed, with what a spring the old commercial spirit of the Greek islanders burst into energetic action ! Even before the last successful Hellenic insurrection, the maritime passion of the inhabitants of the Cyclades was exhibited in a thousand shapes. The best sailors who manned the Turkish fleets were Greeks. That noble race of boatmen who ply through the Dardanelles, and about the Bosphorus, are mostly Greeks. There was scarcely a port in the Mediterranean where the Greek mariner, in his national costume, did not add something to the charms of the scene. The Hydriote there might be found in those plain-coloured garments, which the sumptuary laws of his island imposed upon him. There the Sciote and the Spetziote, the Candiote and the man of Cyprus, the Rhodian and Eubean, were to be seen in the grotesque varieties of their distinguishing habiliments ; and the Greeks have of late been more

(1) Provincialism for Moon. (2) Diminutive for stone.

than ever faithful to their trading traditions. Within the last twenty years they have nearly monopolized the commerce of the Levant. There is not a port nor a place in Europe, where business is carried on to any extent, in which Greek merchants are wanting. Every trading city around the Mediterranean Sea is crowded with them. Through Egypt they have penetrated into Nubia, Soudan, and down to the confluence of the blue and white Nile. They hover about the Red Sea, and trade with Abyssinia on the one side, and Arabia on the other. By Aleppo and Damascus they carry on their barter with the two sides of the Euphrates. They have invaded Georgia, Armenia, and Persia, by the Caspian; and at this moment the Greeks reckon among their number some of the most opulent and enterprising merchants of the world.

Their written language has adapted itself to the necessities of rapid communication. It is no longer written as of old, in separate characters, as in the ancient Greek manuscripts—every letter standing alone, apart from every other. A rapid running hand has been universally adopted, in which the letters of every word are so linked together that the pen is not taken from the paper till the word is completed. And this is an improvement upon our style of writing; for the dots on our *i*'s, and the crosses on our *t*'s, are a great impediment to our progress; and still more impediments do the accents create which are used by many of the continental nations. In addition to the current style of writing, abbreviations are much employed; and there is now no European tongue better suited than the Greek to commercial intercourse; and it is almost universally used by the Greek merchants among themselves. It would be a curious inquiry, how many Greek letters are constantly in transit from one part of the world to another. The number, compared with the number of persons who speak the Greek, would be discovered to be very great. And the language itself is becoming purer and purer. It is ceasing to be Romaic—it is verging towards the Hellenic; and is now an instrument of epistolary exchanges through regions undreamt of in classical days.

In the Greek nation, as now constituted, there will, no doubt, be found a blending of the various races which from time to time have occupied the Hellenic soil; and there are spots where an intrusive tongue has domineered over and almost ejected the Romaic. The Hydriotes, for example, speak Illyrian; but it is only among the very lowest classes even of the Hydriotes that the Greek is unknown; and the emancipation of Greece is again giving ascendancy to the language of Greece. Many of the ancient characteristics of Hellas may be found existing at the present hour;—not only national, but even provincial characteristics. There are specimens of the antique type, even in its most beautiful physical forms. Among the youths who, during Lord Byron's visit to the Morea, were sent for education to England, there was one, Stamos Nakos by name, the son of an Archon of Livadia, in whom the line of beauty—straight down from the forehead to the point of the nose, without the slightest indentation between the eyes—was completely exhibited. He might have been a model for a bust of Phidias—was the very personification of the equestrians on the friezes of the Parthenon. And the women of Greece—what country can exhibit diviner specimens of womanly loveliness! As a race, I know of none comparable to them in grace and beauty. Among groups of Andalusian ladies, you will be struck with the surpassing charms of some—with the small, pretty feet, with the laughing coquetry, with the ready repartee, of most, or all. But you will see nothing comparable, upon the whole, to an assemblage of Grecian damsels. As a race, I repeat, they are the most beautiful women of Europe. Go forth at evening on the banks of the Bosphorus—visit any of the Greek

villages, either on its eastern or its western banks—ramble on a holiday to the valley of the sweet waters, to Therapia, Arnaout Kêe, or Buyukdere—and you will see forms and figures gliding by, such as the eye of admiration would be never weary of contemplating, and the memory be delighted to dwell upon. Visit any of the European ports where the Greek “merchants most do congregate,” and in the evening gatherings, the balls, or *conversazioni*, in which you observe circles of ladies more charming than the rest, you may safely pronounce them to be the wives and daughters of the ambulatory and adventurous traffickers who, from Scio and Syra, from the islands of the Archipelago, or the harbours of the Peloponnesus, have there established themselves.

Not long since the Greek merchants, settled in London, gave a splendid dinner at the London Tavern, to celebrate the Revolution of September. (It is sad to think how few and fleeting have been the fruits of that most worthy movement!) There were present most of the Greek ladies residing in our capital—each fairer than the others, and all surpassingly fair.

How truthfully and well did Byron sing, scarcely dreaming of the redemption, the not distant redemption, of Greece,—

“On Soli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exist the remnants of a line
Such as their Doric mothers bore;
And there perhaps some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.”

And how natural the feeling of a high-minded Greek, in the days of his country's degradation,—

“Our virgins dance beneath the shade;
I see their glorious black eyes shine;—
But gazing on each glowing maid,
Mine own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves!”

Most touchingly said; and “it is something” for a patriot Greek to feel that he has now entered on a better era than that of “blushes for Greeks,” and “tears for Greece.” The sounds which had passed from Scio and Teos to “the farthest west,” have already returned harmonious to “their place of birth.”

Greece has great resources, agricultural and commercial. Her present population amounts to nearly a million; of which about one half comprises the Peloponnesus, about a quarter of a million are distributed among the islands, the remainder in Eastern and Western Greece. But the million of inhabitants who are included in the kingdom of Greece comprise less than half of those who call themselves Greeks, and who speak the Romaic tongue. Of these, Macedonia alone—still subject to the Ottoman sway—is inhabited by three quarters of a million of Greeks. The area of King Otho's dominions is about sixteen thousand miles. Its geographical position is admirably adapted to trading enterprise. It has multitudinous inlets and superior harbours; its islands stud the Egean; its coasts furnish an abundant supply of able and practised mariners; the spirit of the people is generally adventurous, and the ocean may truly be called the home of a large portion of the Greek community. Its fisheries employ great numbers of hands, who are trained on the shores to a wider field of maritime exertion. Rivers are not wanting, though better known to the muse than the merchant. But the soil is fertile and various, adapted to the production of many of the articles most in demand in the great markets of Europe. Of some, Greece and the Ionian islands have an absolute monopoly; currants, for example, which take their name from the city of Corinth, and which, encouraged by the lowering of duties in England and the security of pro-

perty in Greece, have been cultivated of late to an enormously increasing extent. Generally, the fruits of Greece are excellent. She could furnish a large supply of figs, oranges, grapes, and olives, and, of course, of oil and wine. The last especially claims the attention of her inhabitants. That of Tenedos is excellent, and is the wine most commonly used in the Levant. The price is low; and hence, perhaps, too little care has been given to its improvement; but in these days of free communication, a better article will infallibly make its way to a better price. Olive oil is very largely produced, especially in the island of Crete, which provides very considerable supplies for the soap manufactories of Marseilles. Sugar, cotton, indigo, rice, and opium, are among the important articles to which the soil and climate of Greece are well adapted; almost every species of corn and maize can be produced abundantly; but the aptitudes and resources of the country remain to be developed: little has been done for the cultivation of the soil. The active genius of the Greeks has naturally enough been diverted to pursuits where they found themselves half emancipated from Ottoman tyranny. The herdsman on the hills, the sailor on the ocean, were the representatives of the two classes who had shaken off a portion of the fetters imposed upon them by the Mussulmans.

When the independence of Greece was recognized, and "the Great Powers," as they called themselves, presented a king to the Greeks, they made a most unhappy choice. Deformed in body, Otho was sent to govern a land in which, more than any other, the influence of personal comeliness is universally felt and recognized—a most natural state of things among a people distinguished for physical beauty. There stood the sovereign, singularly ill-featured, in the midst of a nobly-fashioned race. A man of intellectual sagacity was wanting, to exercise a becoming authority in a nation of wonderful quickness; but Otho came, endowed with a mean capacity, and wholly unable to secure the esteem of the thoughtful, or the respect of the observant. A sovereign was required who, if trained by early education to a religion other than that of Greece, should have had the wisdom to mould his prejudices to the opinions, or even the prejudices, that were to surround him; but Otho, destined to an ecclesiastical career, and filled with the narrow views of an almost monastic education, was specially unfitted for the task he was called on to fulfil, and for the discharge of the duties imposed upon him. But, last and worst of all, Otho was not a Greek, but a Bavarian. The place of his birth, indeed, mattered little, would he have identified himself with the interests, and the feelings, and the liberties of Greece—had he consented that Greece should be for the Greeks, and his government a truly Greek government. To accomplish this was his first, his paramount, his peremptory obligation. Such an obligation never seems to have presented itself to his mind. Into Greece he sought to transplant Bavaria. Bavarian purposes, Bavarian projects, Bavarian prejudices, ruled despotically in Athens. The Revolution of 1843 ought to have aroused him from his strange hallucinations. It failed to do so. The Bavarian incubus was indeed got rid of; but nothing to represent the true policy of Greece was substituted in its stead. A Constitution was proclaimed, but the old hankering after despotic and irresponsible authority has made that Constitution little better than "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." It may, perhaps, have been the intention of the protecting powers to hand over Greece to a weak-minded prince, obstinate in resistance to all that is progressive, jealous of popular control, and falling back by habit and affection upon those notions of arbitrary government so acceptable to the powers that be. Happily, however, the dynasty is likely to find in the person of Otho its first and last representative. He has no

descendant, nor is it probable he will ever have a descendant. Are the Greeks to be meddled with in their choice of a governor, or a form of government? Is the wretched experiment which has so signally failed again to be repeated? Are Russians and Frenchmen, Austrians and Englishmen, to decide whom the Greeks shall have for their king? It is abhorrent to every sense of right, to every claim of freedom.

But notwithstanding the incapacity of the sovereign, whom foreign sovereigns imposed upon the Greek people,—notwithstanding the absence of every quality that could afford to Greece the bare chances which her newly acquired emancipation from Turkey opened to her,—notwithstanding that resistance to the progress of her institutions,—that hankering after every thing despotic which has characterised the rule of King Otho,—Greece has progressed. Her trade has brought with it much prosperity; and the advancement of that prosperity, under circumstances so unfavourable, shows that, under the generous impulse of liberal institutions, a bright futurity may still await her. Many of her treasures remain yet to be explored; there is no reason to believe that her ancient mines of the richest metals are exhausted. Lead, copper, manganese, sulphur, and asphalt, may be found in abundance. As yet little encouragement has been given in any shape to internal industry. Restriction and interference are the groundwork of her fiscal and commercial legislation. The whole theory of the government is erroneous. It seeks not to emancipate, but to fetter the merchant. It meddles with everything. When not strong enough to be oppressive, it is busy enough to be mischievous and vexatious. Macgregor says, and with much truth, that the customs law of Greece is founded on the principle, that "*Fraud is the basis of all trade!*"—a somewhat natural prejudice for *Khlephthai*, whom circumstances had brought into power,—but certainly not exhibiting much knowledge of either the history or the philosophy of commerce. The monarchy of Otho has undone much that was sound and liberal, which had been effected by the provisional government of Greece. The officers, too, of the administration have been as bad as the system they administer. They have helped to strengthen the natural antipathies against the tax-gatherer, and the custom-house officer. They have associated the public treasury with ideas of exaction, oppression, and corruption. It is thus that governments come to be regarded not as the protectors, but the despoilers of nations,—not the friends, but the foes of the common weal.

But the Greek is of a buoyant and elastic nature; and whether in the activity and craftiness by which he made the Mahomedan yoke almost tolerable,—or in that enterprising and adventurous spirit which characterises her present history,—the same distinguishing traits may be observed. Eager and apt to learn, especially in the field of trading rivalry, the Greeks are now outdoing the Hollanders, and taking rank among the foremost of commercial nations. There were four Greek houses in London previous to the Greek revolution. In the provinces not one. Every year has added to their number, and there are, at this moment, thirty Greek commercial establishments in London,—nearly as many at Manchester,—they have spread to Liverpool and Glasgow, to say nothing of their natural positions on the Levant,—they have crossed the Atlantic,—they have fixed themselves in the Baltic,—and far from concealing that little pittance which they possessed during the rapacious rule of Mussulman Pachas, they are in many parts of the world, profuse and even ostentatious in their opulence,—occupying the highest ranks in commercial and civil society. I heard an intelligent Greek merchant respond to the inquiry of an Englishman who, he feared, might look with some jealousy on the success of the Greek capitalists in this country. "Do not grudge us our prosperity. If we have been

well taught, you have been the teachers; and complain not if we have turned to good account the excellent lessons you have given."

The Greeks have adopted a decimal coinage. They have followed the example of the French. It is not to the credit of England that we exhibit so much backwardness in monetary reform. The absurd and singular division of the pound sterling into twenty shillings, of the shilling into twelve pence, and the penny into four farthings, represents rude combinations and a barbarous age. The drachma is the unit, representing about 8½d. sterling, and is divided into 100 liras. In these two moneys, all accounts are kept.

One cannot despair of Greece. High aptitudes are there. There are the materials out of which great men and great nations are moulded. True, Misrule has but altered its name, not its nature, in Greece. The Turkish extortioner is departed, but a Greek functionary occupies his place. Instead of a few oppressing Pachas, and Cadis, and Agas, a swarm of employés live upon the public revenue. The representative government, which was looked to as some security for order, prosperity, and liberty, is little better than the mockery, instead of the organ of public opinion. If a deputy be distasteful to the executive, that is a sufficient reason for denying him a seat in the national assembly. Elections are controlled, vitiated, or superseded, as may please the monarch or his ministers. Still the leaven of reform is moving the whole mass—the germ of good is fructifying—the national mind is improving—schools are spreading—books are read—men talk about public affairs, and, by talking, begin to influence them.

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

Athens slept for ages at the foot of the Parthenon—at the foot of the Parthenon she wakes.

Literary Notices.

Home Influence. A Tale for Mothers and Daughters.
By GRACE AGUILAR. 2 vols. London: Groombridge.

THE works of Grace Aguilar prove of how little vital consequence are the differences of creed, where the heart is influenced by the spirit of true religion. In this spirit, the Jew and the Christian are one. Earnest faith in one God, the universal Father, makes us all brethren, and true brotherhood is love. In this spirit are the works of this young Jewish lady conceived; and we unhesitatingly recommend them to every Christian, be he young or old.

The work now before us is the first which Miss Aguilar has written not immediately intended for "her own" people. To quote her preface—in this simple, domestic story, the characters are all Christians, believing in and practising the Christian religion; all doctrinal points, therefore, have been avoided, and the author has sought only to illustrate the spirit of true piety, and the virtues always designated as the Christian virtues thence proceeding. Her sole aim with regard to religion has been to incite a train of serious and loving thoughts towards God and man, especially towards those with whom he has linked us in the precious ties of parent and child, brother and sister, master and pupil.

The work, as addressed to mothers, is intended to inculcate and illustrate sound principles of education; and while there is no moral obtruded upon the reader,

the story simply and forcibly elaborates its own principles. The mother and the children, be they sons or daughters, who may read this work, cannot fail of being improved by it. The object of the writer is to enforce truth, obedience, and love, as the three great principles, not only of education, but as the foundation of noble and worthy character, either in man or woman.

Something in the manner of *The Home* by Miss Bremer, though there is not the slightest trace of imitation. The work is the history of a family whose circumstances outwardly and inwardly are favourable to a fine development of character, and into which two orphans are adopted. It commences with the earliest childhood of the young actors, and concludes by leaving them on the very verge of man and womanhood. Out of these simple materials a story of such deep interest is made up, that if we were inclined to find one little fault with the work, it would be that there are parts of the second volume, where the plot is deepest—if that may be called plot which is in itself so simple—which are almost too painful and exciting.

The mother is a noble and beautiful character, and by no means overdrawn. Such mothers would, indeed, enrich the world, by the transmission of imperishable virtues through their children to all posterity; and to all mothers, therefore, we recommend these sound and interesting volumes.

Miss Aguilar holds out a half promise of continuing the story, by following the children of this earlier story into their after-life, and showing the effect of their youthful training upon their more independent action. Such a work, we have no hesitation in saying, would be welcome to the public.

The Autobiography of an Artizan. Parts I. II. & III.
By CHRISTOPHER THOMSON. London: J. Chapman.

SOME years ago, and the lives of artizans, soldiers, and sailors were written by gentlemen and ladies, as pleasant and amusing works of fiction; knowing at the same time but little of what they wrote. Now times are changed: the artizan, the weaver, the common soldier, read, and write, and think, and a new class of literature has sprung up amongst us, valuable as truth itself, because it is the simple genuine reflex of truth. One of these works now lies before us, and we know not when we have read anything with a deeper interest. Time was,—as writes to us a genuine man of the people, whose life, if written, would be as strange and interesting as Christopher Thomson's,—time was, when the village in which Christopher Thomson is writing his life was presided over by a very different genius. Then it was, that the man who, on some holiday occasion, challenged and beat all who stood against him as wrestler, runner, or climber of greasy poles, was the one most honoured and admired. Now, however, another hero has sprung up even there, in the person of Christopher Thomson. Let us look at him a little nearer. He has risen through all the gradations of a hewer of wood and drawer of water, has been a sawyer, a Greenland fisher, a strolling player, a painter, and last of all, is an author.

He found it hard work to make the proper training of a family consist with the life of a wanderer; and by the way, what mere work of fiction ever gave us scenes more deeply steeped in the spirit of a sorrowful and struggling humanity than many a one in this record of a wanderer! Resolved therefore to settle down for life, he arrives at one of the villages of Sherwood Forest, goes to nature for instruction, compounds his own materials, and, imitating her forms, comes out an artist. His life may emphatically be said to be an example of Lindley Murray's definition of a verb, "to be, to do, and to suffer."

Settled down then for life, he establishes a business,

foundns Odd-Fellows' Lodges, Artizans' Libraries, and other social and intellectual institutions; obtains something beyond a local reputation, and lastly, comes before the world with his printed book in his hand, inviting all men to lead a life as good, and better, if possible.

What more need be said of an author, to recommend him to the readers of *Howitt's Journal*?

It is true, however, that there are many passages in his life which might have been advantageously, we think, written differently; but first-rate literary polish is not to be expected from such a work, and looking beneath these, which are but as the occasional garb of the work, we find its heart sound, and throbbing with a healthy life-stream. Rough scenes may sometimes be roughly described, but we find everywhere true artistic touches, glimpses of a sound philosophy, whilst almost every page manifests a humane spirit, that will render the work a boon to the down-fallen, or up-struggling, into whose hands chance may direct it. In our small space much extract is impossible, but the work itself is cheap, and can easily be obtained by almost *any family that chooses to form itself into a book club*, a plan which we would everywhere recommend among the reading and thinking people, when more comprehensive means of literary supply are not at hand.

But we have not the heart to lay our brief task aside without a quotation, which discloses one of those facts which none have better opportunity of ascertaining than men like Christopher Thomson. He is with a strolling company in Leicestershire, and they have just removed from one village, where they had endured a month of hunger and suffering, to another, at only four miles' distance, when the tables were at once turned.

To a traveller at home, nothing is more surprising than the difference of taste and of manners in the inhabitants of adjoining villages. Sometimes I have observed this marked difference in the short space of two miles. Without any outward circumstance whereby to indicate the cause, you might find the people at one place seeking their pleasure in the ale-house, and making bets upon the next prize-fight, while they had to pledge their coat, or hat, "to fasten the stakes;" in another corner, a group might be found playing at cards for a quart, and laughing at having bilked the policeman so nicely, by each pocketing his hand of cards as the limb of the law entered the door; others would be earnestly debating the age and qualities of a bull-dog, or quarrelling over the bets upon a cock-fight; while in one corner, propped up by the chimney piece, a solitary one, nearly drunk, with closed eyes, his head fallen upon his breast, is grunting out a filthy ballad, not one of the company present caring to notice him. In such places the inhabitants generally show an utter contempt for every thing associated with literature, and they find amusement in coarse oaths, and in insulting and harassing anybody who professes to love literary refinement or science.

In a neighbouring village or hamlet, on the other hand, you may find the bulk of the inhabitants fond of reading and conversant with the poets—panting to gain a better acquaintance with our Shakspeare, and quoting his writings—singing out the songs of the M'oughman Bard,

"A man's a man for a' that!"

having their occasional music-meetings, and taking pleasure in the theatre, because they can appreciate the author's work, and can find religion beaming in the soulfulness of his expressions. True, that in such places a reckless few may be found; but they are the pitted outcasts, whose education was too often furnished in a prison, where, for certain offences, they had been at once punished and refitted for the next depredation. It is not less true, that where the people are better informed, there they are generally honest—there they are more independent in every sense of the word; there, too, they are better fed and clothed, seldom troubling the workhouse, and always spoken well of by their employers. If it be desirable to have a happy and contented people, begin to act upon the Christian precept, "do unto them as ye would they should do unto you," and the people will respect you.

1. *O'Halloran*. By Dr. M'HENRY. Belfast: John Henderson.

2. *Hearts of Steel*. By Dr. M'HENRY. Belfast: John Henderson.

Two cheap and neat reprints of Dr. M'Henry's popular novels. These are interesting, as illustrating the insurrectionary movements in the North of Ireland during the time of the Irish Revolutionary Wars; the combinations called the Hearts of Steel and the United Irishmen figure in them, and are depicted with vigour and fidelity. They are very different to other Irish stories, as they relate to the population of Ulster, a Scotch population, still retaining their Scotch names and dialect. As matters of history, independent of their own attractions as stories, they are deserving of attentive perusal, and could not possibly be presented in a cheaper or more compact form—three ordinary volumes in one, and for one shilling cost.

1. *Wiley and Putnam's Emigrant's Guide to the United States of America*.

2. *The Farmer's and Emigrant's Handbook*. By JOSIAH T. MARSHALL. New York: Appleton and Co.

WITH these two volumes every emigrant to the United States should furnish himself. The one gives him all the information that he needs for the voyage, for his journey into the country, when there; and the other, all that which he will require for choosing his location, and for living on it. It contains ample and practical directions for the selection of land; purchasing and clearing timber tracts; prairie farming; on the general management of a farm; on erecting farm-buildings, and constructing fences; for the dairy, the household department, including all kind of cookery; recipes for the cure of the complaints of cattle, horses, etc.; household medicine, with directions for maintaining the health; for the management of the garden and orchard; for the curing of provisions for the English market; in short, for all circumstances and occasions. The book must be a perfect treasure in a solitary station in the back woods; and even to an English family, the receipts for cakes, puddings, and the like, are tempting, by their display of simple domestic luxuries.

Comprehensive Tune Book; edited by H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.; consisting of *Hymn and Psalm Tunes, Anthems and Choir Music, Sacred Harmony Pieces for private use, Organ and Pianoforte Themes, with the Singer's Instructor and Musical Primer*. To be continued monthly. London: Houlston and Stoneman; and Whittemore.

Handel's Songs, Duets, Trios, etc., selected from the Oratorios of this celebrated Composer; with the Pianoforte Accompaniments. Newly arranged by H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. No. I. London: Whittemore; and Houlston.

THE reputation of Dr. Gauntlett will of itself recommend these very cheap and desirable publications. We trust that they will be widely circulated.

A Classification of the Leading Branches of Human Knowledge. Manchester: W. Irwin; London: C. Gilpin.

THIS is a most useful table, by which students can at once see the leading authorities to consult under each head of educational inquiry.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

Early Closing.—We give two letters out of a great number which have reached us on this subject, because they are from the class who are suffering from the present system, and in their good sense and sound reasonable spirit do, more than a thousand arguments from other parties, afford the most confident promise that the boon sought to be conferred on a large body of our countrymen and countrywomen will be both appreciated and well used. We beg also to call the attention of our readers to an admirable address delivered before the members of the Lincoln Early Closing Association, by George Boole, one of the vice-presidents, on the Right Use of Leisure. It may be procured at Nisbet's, Berners-street, or Simpkin and Marshall's; and is well worthy of perusal, pointing out the vast literary and intellectual resources which are open to persons of this class, when once they have the time granted them for self-improvement.

London, April 12, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have no idea with what joy I, and I may venture to say thousands of others, read the article on Early Closing in the last number of your *Journal*, by Silverpen. That this subject has been taken up by a writer of such influence, and circulated in a *Journal* whose opinions command universal respect, is an event that cannot fail to have its due effect in bringing the public mind to recognise the right of the Early Closing Movement.

It appears to me that quite an inadequate result has yet accrued to the exertions on behalf of this cause. Meetings have been held at Covent-garden and at Hanover-square; yet I think the reports of these meetings by the public press have, upon the whole, more effectually served the cause than the meetings themselves; for it is easy to conceive that a class of people who imagine their interests to be in danger, should feel no very decided anxiety to become auditors; while there are thousands of habitual meeting-goers, delighted perhaps at having the opportunity of hearing a speech from some celebrated public character, and who will at once yield their utmost sympathies; but, unfortunately, these are not the people who have the power to bring about this great reformation.

I write in the name of myself and fellow-apprentice, who feels with me the wrongs of the system under which we at present suffer. We are not linendrapers; but I question whether the business in which we are engaged (the manufacturing and furnishing ironmongery) is not, upon the whole, more fatiguing, both in a mental and physical point of view, than any trade in London. This may seem contrary to passing observation, but experience can corroborate its truth.

At present we commence business at six in the morning, and close at half-past eight; in a few days it will be nine, and this arrangement will extend to November. In winter the hours are shorter. We have, both of us, the keenest taste for intellectual cultivation, and had formed, some short time since, a plan of study which was to embrace French and mathematics. Such studies, as everybody is aware, require the mind to be in an active and vigorous state; but I leave you to judge how far our minds can answer to this qualification, after the exertions of the previous fifteen hours; for, as I before said, our occupation involves a great deal of mental exertion, without taking into account the physical action which of course has its effect upon the mind. We soon found ourselves unable to carry out this plan, at least with that degree of pleasure which is necessary for any profit to result. So we were reluctantly compelled to give it up. Not to be deprived, however, of the advantages of a regular plan of study, we have decided upon going over modern European history, as a branch of study not so abstruse, and infinitely more captivating; still we are not insensible of the advantages we lose in not being able to prosecute the two former. We have a wish to include all, but our means are not equal to our desires.

You will not be offended at my dealing in such individual details; you will not scorn the rising ambition of youth. I believe you have a sympathy with the whole human race, that

in any way suffer. I have believed so ever since reading your eloquent lament over the city pent child, contrasting the misery of the one, "shut out from the free and glorious face of nature!" with the freedom of its rural brother. That passage touched a chord in my heart. I am passionately fond of the country—a fondness heightened by long imprisonment in town. But, to resume, I think I have not calculated wrongly upon your sympathy to our cause, and it is therefore that I am encouraged to address you.

Our business is in a leading West-end thoroughfare, surrounded by squares, the inhabitants of which, as you are aware, generally transact business through their butlers or footmen. The latter class, as everybody knows, are not by any means hard worked, and it would be as easy for them to manage their business affairs during the day as at night. Now I question whether one of these individuals ever heard, or, having heard, gave a moment's thought to the object of the Early Closing Association; but supposing they had a perfect knowledge of the matter, not one in a hundred would think it of consequence enough to require any consideration on their part. Now, in such cases, such persons ought not to be considered: the evil is this, that masters, knowing their influence, do pay them too much attention by half. But, on the other hand, I believe they would make no objection to an earlier closing; it would be to them a matter of perfect indifference. Such being the facts of the case, the masters alone (under these peculiar circumstances) are the persons with whom the remedy lies. They have already acceded to public opinion in a certain degree. A year ago, the shops in this neighbourhood were open till nine all the year round—some till ten; an agreement, however, was made to close one hour earlier for the winter months only; but the rest of the year still remains subject to the old regulations. Thus, at the time when an extra hour of liberty would be most sweet, in the beautiful summer evenings!—when almost everybody seems able to enjoy a little fresh air and exercise—are the shopmen and apprentices of London debarred from this innocent pleasure, at least until an hour when any pleasure or benefit, that might otherwise be enjoyed, is not attainable.

Thus the study of Nature without, and the study of books within, are both shut out from those unfortunate individuals, in whom has been implanted the desire, but not the opportunity, of gratifying the wants of their moral and intellectual natures. But excuse the length of my letter. I have been anxious to give you a few practical hints as to the actual state of affairs, and to prove to you that the class for whom you are labouring are not altogether devoid of gratitude. To yourself, your talented lady, and to Silverpen, I desire to express my unfeigned gratitude, for your united services in our behalf.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

J. W. B.

April 13th, 1847.

SIR,—With what sincere satisfaction did I read that excellent article of Silverpen's! I am sure you feel a deep interest in, and a desire to alleviate, the distresses of the shopmen and shopwomen of England. To those who have a desire to cultivate their intellectual and moral capacities, the system of late closing of shops offers an almost insupportable barrier, and I have myself felt, on that account, sometimes so wretched and indignant at the positive slavery which we suffer, that I have with impetuosity wished the Government would take up the case, and compel employers, and more particularly the shop-going public, to some sense of duty. But how much easier might such a consummation be brought about if the glorious system of co-operation was carried to the extent it ought to be—if the public would but abstain from late purchases—if employers would but one and all shut up their shops at a seasonable hour; and if this is not the case, it must and will be done, as Silverpen states, "by an appeal to Parliament."

Religion—the full enjoyment of which is so very, very much

to be desired—is, I fear, by the majority of young men who are kept so late at business, but seldom thought of and never studied. On Sunday, after being confined in a close shop for a week, with hardly any change, it is natural that they should seek first after physical enjoyment; and the affairs of the soul are laid aside and forgotten. Upon whom does this sin lie—the young men, the employers, or the public? Upon all, but upon the sufferers least of all.

I have often wondered that the clergymen of the land have not taken up the subject with *enthusiasm*. Surely they might do much good, by appealing from the pulpit to the hearts of their hearers; and would it not amply repay their endeavours, if they found their words had taken effect, and they had been the means of even partially bringing about such a desideratum?

Oh! I hope and trust ere long to see such a co-operative spirit spread over all the land, that this emancipation will soon take place, and that the shopmen and shopwomen will then show that they know how to make a proper use of their leisure time—to the intellectual and *religious* extension of their capacities.

I will not trespass further upon your time than by mentioning that I myself am a sufferer, and speak from practical experience. Hoping for the success of your philanthropic *Journal*,

I remain, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

G. A.

To Wm. Howitt, Esq.

Co-operative attempts by working men.—The writer of this, along with many others of his "order," has long entertained the idea, that the antagonistic position assumed towards each other by employers and employed, might be changed for one more in accordance with the better part of our nature; and, I might add, as a consequence, more calculated to produce permanent satisfaction to both parties. What I mean is, that for the present grating ties by which the traders in cheap labour and their victims are bound together, should be substituted a direct, palpable, and common interest in the result of their united labour, which the humblest in capacity could not fail fully to appreciate. I confess, however, that I am not so sanguine as to imagine, that the master class, whose love of gold and of power is unquestionable, will voluntarily surrender the advantages which capital and an overcrowded labour market thrust upon them, and join in a league with the working men, to sap the foundation of that system by which they thrive. My only hope and consolation is, that the working men of themselves, aided by the philanthropic of the other classes, will, by co-operation, eventually free themselves from the social bondage in which they live, move, and have their being. In order to hasten in some measure so desirable a consummation, I am induced to offer a few remarks, which experience enables me to make, on some of the causes which have proved the failure of many of the co-operative stores, and manufacturing establishments, set on foot by the working classes during the last few years, in most of our large towns, a few of which have only partially succeeded; while the greater part becoming speedily extinguished, has been the source of grief, not unmingled with wonder, to the friends of popular progress.

In the first place, then, I may state, that the parties who set on foot co-operative stores, with the view of supplying themselves with the necessaries, and, it may be, some of the luxuries of life, at a cheaper rate than the retail trader either can or will supply them at, frequently base their calculation of profits upon an erroneous data; the almost unflinching consequence of which is, that they feel dissatisfied at the smallness of the dividends; and either withdraw altogether from the concern, where that course is permitted them, or else slacken in their endeavours to uphold it; in either case it becomes paralysed. This is a mistake, it will be said, that might by a little care be avoided;—the co-operators ought to endeavour to acquire accurate information regarding every scheme that is submitted to them, previous to embarking in it. And this is no doubt true; but it unfortunately happens that they allow themselves to be deluded by the fallacious statements of one or more individuals in whom they repose confidence, and who generally take the initiative in such undertakings. Another cause of failure is the small amount of capital with which these stores are commenced; this, added to want of experience, it is easy to see, must subject the parties interested to many annoyances. The first few purchases being of necessity effected in the locality in which the store is situated, often at a cost considerably beyond what they might have been acquired for in the best markets, in the majority of cases absorbs the entire stock of cash; and hence, when the

goods come to be retailed, they are found to be either higher priced, or of worse quality, than those offered by other traders; and hence, too, the reason why, apart from the shareholders, these stores meet with so little public patronage. To this catalogue of errors I must add the frequent disagreements of the managers, caused by the ignorance, obstinacy, and conceit of some of them; together with the incompetency and knavishness of salesmen, whose principal recommendation occasionally consists in their willingness to undertake the duties of the office at a low salary. At other times it happens, that they are appointed to their office, and maintained in it, through the personal favour of some leading committee-man; or they will, by a course of intrigues, succeed in extorting the support of a majority of the shareholders; the other portion, being displeased, say all manner of evil things against him, and plot his removal, in order to make room for a favourite of their own. Under such circumstances, the harmonious working of the concern might well be deemed miraculous.

In opposition to this picture of unworthy salesmen, another and better one as often presents itself, of men who take a heartfelt interest in the prosperity of the undertaking, and labour most sedulously to accomplish it; but whose endeavours are frustrated by the inconsiderate folly of those whom they have to serve, who, instead of ascribing want of success to its true cause, rail at them, as if, cramped and fettered as they usually are, it was in their power greatly to mend matters.

In manufacturing establishments, started by companies of operative shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, and other handicraftsmen, failure has resulted principally from lack of sufficient capital, and from the intemperate and unsteady habits of many of them, which caused bickerings and strife, and ended in a speedy break up. In many of these undertakings, I am persuaded, that, could the men have gone on labouring steadily, and industriously, for a length of time—cheerfully submitting to some difficulties and privations, for the sake of the principle involved—ultimate success would in all probability have accrued. But not finding the advantages immediate, and tangible,—to use a vulgarism, it was "No go" with the parties concerned.

In alluding thus prominently to the errors which working men, in their co-operative attempts, are prone to fall into, my object, as hinted at before, has been, not to weaken their desire to effect their emancipation through such agency, but rather that, being known and avoided, co-operation may receive fair play; and in that case, I doubt not, it will bring forth good fruit, and in abundance.

A LABOURER IN THE CO-OPERATIVE VINEYARD.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, May 1, 1847.



WILLIAM LOVETT.

DRAWN BY ANELAY. ENGRAVED BY ALFRED HARRAL.

WILLIAM LOVETT.

WILLIAM LOVETT may be taken as one of the most sterling specimens of the English working man now living. By his long and patient industry—unceasing efforts at self-cultivation and improvement—courage and honesty in the pursuit of truth, and fearlessness in proclaiming it when found—generous self-sacrifice in the cause of human brotherhood—conscientious and unflinching perseverance in the path of conceived duty—he has earned the title of *WORKER* far more truly than those to whom such title is accorded by the usages of society in these modern times; and were there such a thing among us as an Order of Merit for the reward of popular services, assuredly William Lovett would be entitled to take rank as one of the first and worthiest members of such an Order.

The following very brief outline of his life and career, while it affords an admirable example for the imitation of the working class, cannot fail to prove instructive to all who take an interest, or are engaged, in the work of self-development, and the formation of individual character.

William Lovett was born in the year 1800, in the little fishing village of Newlyn, situated about a mile westward of Penzance, in the county of Cornwall. His mother was descended from a family well known in the west of the county for their skill as blacksmiths, and their strength and dexterity as wrestlers; and she was living at Falmouth, in service there, when she first became acquainted with his father, who was master of a small trading vessel frequently entering that port. The father was drowned at sea before William was born, and his poor mother was suddenly thrown upon her own resources for a living. Being a woman of vigorous constitution, and of a persevering spirit, she was enabled, by labouring in the usual vocations of a fishing town, to bring up her child in some degree of comfort, as well as to support her own mother, who had now become dependent on her. William was first taught to read by his great-grandmother, and subsequently acquired the rudiments of writing and arithmetic at the village-school, this forming the sum total of his scholastic acquirement. His mother, being a member of the Wesleyan Methodists, brought him up according to the rigid moral discipline of that sect.

At the age of eleven he was put apprentice to a ropemaker, thus early, like most of his class, commencing his encounter with the harsh and stern realities of life. The rope-walk in which he laboured being uncovered, and adjoining the edge of the cliff, was exposed to the sea winds at all weathers, and his constitution, which was always delicate, was thus severely tried; added to which, his master, after a hard day's work, would send him with heavy loads of rope to the adjoining towns, from which he usually returned exhausted and prostrate. Worse, however, than the mere toil, were felt to be those lonely walks at night, through and by places which popular credulity had peopled with ghosts and demons, the belief in which had been inculcated by tales related to him in childhood, and reiterated in after years. The belief in these agencies is to this day extremely prevalent in Cornwall, and the printing-press has still much to do in rooting up the cruel and degrading superstition of that and other districts similarly "haunted."

During his boyhood, Lovett displayed a considerable taste for mechanical art and contrivance. He was fond of drawing, with such rude colours as he could pick up, such as different coloured stones, which he dug out of the beach when the tide was out, and ground down so as to produce the colours he required; and with these he executed drawings of birds, flowers, etc., rather more brilliant than natural, which met with a ready sale

among the fishers' wives, whose walls they were used to ornament, and may do to this day. He also became an adept in the making of birdcages, boxes, and, as his grandmother designated them, "gimcracks of every kind." He succeeded also in making a machine for the spinning of twine, which his master was so much pleased with as to adopt in his rope-yard. To please some straw-bonnet makers of his acquaintance, he also contrived for their use some steel straw splitters, for the purpose of splitting the reed into equal divisions. But as these were found to be of less value than those generally used, in consequence of the stocks being only of wood instead of ivory, he turned his attention to the making of a turning-lathe, in order to supply the defect. Having met with a description of one in a fragment of an old book which fell in his way, after a great deal of scheming and contriving he effected his purpose. He then not only succeeded in furnishing his straw splitters with bone stocks, turned out of the nicely bleached bone which he picked up on the beach, but in a short time he acquired some skill in the art of common turning. His female friends were soon supplied with mills for pressing their plat, with hat blocks, and tools of every description in their business. He also turned spinning-wheels for domestic purposes, and for spinning the fishermen's lines, besides occasionally doing some plain turning for the carpenters of the village, whose shops he frequented at his leisure hours, and, by dint of application, acquired some proficiency in the use of their tools.

Towards the expiration of his apprenticeship, the trade of rope-making had become so bad, in consequence of the introduction of chain as a substitute for rope, that Lovett found great difficulty in obtaining employment in his native village, unless it were occasionally in the winter months when vessels sometimes came into the bay disabled. He, therefore, sought out for some other employment, and turned his attention to the fishery as a means of subsistence for himself and grandmother, with whom he had been keeping house during the last years of his apprenticeship (his mother having married),—and this on the scanty pittance of from five to eight shillings a week. This new occupation of a fisherman he pursued for some months, and in all probability would have continued at it, had he not been afflicted with violent sea-sickness when the weather was in the least rough. At the end of the fishing season, therefore, he cast about for some other occupation. His previous knowledge of carpentry suggested to him that trade, and he soon found work. But three or four young men of the neighbourhood, who were serving their apprenticeship to the business, were so enraged to find that a ropemaker should be thus employed, that they threatened his master with legal consequences; and he, ignorant of the law and very much alarmed at the threats, reluctantly broke off the engagement, and the young man was again thrown destitute.

An old naval officer, whom he by chance met at the carpenter's shop, advised him to go up to London and try his chances there, suggesting that if he failed in finding employment in a rope-yard, there would be abundant opportunities of getting a berth as ropemaker on board a ship. Lovett acted on the advice, and at once scraped together what means he could for the purpose of undertaking the journey. He expended the few shillings he had in mahogany veneers and other requisites for making a ladies' work-box and a pair of tea caddies. These he finished and succeeded in selling, together with a few other articles in his possession, by which he realised a capital of fifty shillings. He set to work upon a second work-box, which, when he had finished, he offered to the captain of the ship which was to convey him to London, as part payment of his passage, and the captain agreed to accept it. Fur-

nished with letters of recommendation to two master ropemakers in London, he set out on his voyage, and after four days' passage reached the great metropolis; alone, amidst a million and a half of strangers; to fight his own stout battle for a subsistence and an honourable name; backed by twenty-one years of previous hard struggling under poverty and toil, and with only thirty shillings of clear capital as a defence against destitution and want.

With a stout heart, and big with hope, he set out next morning to deliver his letters. But the ropemaking trade was as bad in London as in the country; and for two weeks he canvassed among all the ropeways in London without success, but still he did not despair. His slender knowledge of carpentry now stood him in good stead. On returning to his humble lodgings one evening, he found three of his countrymen, carpenters by trade, who, on entering into conversation with him, found him possessed of some slight acquaintance with their business, and that he was out of work like themselves. It was agreed that Lovett should join them in their canvass for work, and that, if they succeeded in getting a job, he was to do the rough work, and, in consideration of his not having served his time to the business, he was to pay each of them half-a-crown a week. To this proposal, under the circumstances, he readily assented; and on the following day they commenced their canvass. Two out of the four got work in a few days; but it was some weeks before Lovett and his companion succeeded, by which time he was reduced almost to an empty purse,—having lived on a penny loaf a day, and a drink from the nearest pump, for several weeks in succession.

At last, one day, going down Drury-lane, they saw some carpenters at work in a building; and Lovett, entering and going up to the person who seemed to be foreman, asked for a job, and to his great joy was informed that as some flooring was required to be laid in a hurry, he would employ him for the purpose. His companion, however, on being introduced, seemed such a stripling, that the foreman refused to employ him; and Lovett, who had never seen any flooring laid, and knew nothing about the process, felt in a very uncomfortable dilemma. But a low purse, and the near prospect of want, urged him on; and he determined to try his hand. Borrowing a few of the requisite tools, he proceeded next morning, with a fluttering heart, to his work; and by dint of closely observing all the movements of his partner, and following his example, he soon got hold of the method of laying flooring, and was fortunate enough to continue at this place until the job was finished; when he found his stock again replenished to the extent of fifty shillings.

Emboldened by this first success, he went round by himself to seek another job; and in a few days was offered some small staircases to make by the piece, provided he could find a partner to assist him. He succeeded in finding one, in the person of a countryman who had just reached London; but, after a fortnight's labour, the person got sick of London, and went home again, leaving Lovett just in the middle of the job. This being one of the most difficult departments of the trade for an inexperienced hand, he was reluctantly obliged to abandon it, at no inconsiderable sacrifice to himself, situated as he then was.

Several weeks passed by in a fruitless search for work, and being at the time in a half-starved state, Lovett at last saw no other resource left but going to sea, provided he could find a berth as a ropemaker. A prospect of such soon opened to him, in an Indian man; but, before going finally to engage himself as a sailor, he paid a visit to two of his countrymen, then working for a cabinet-maker, who dissuaded him, by all the arguments they could use, against going to sea. The master of the shop, overhearing their conversation, and ascer-

taining that Lovett knew something of cabinet-work, offered him employment in his shop, which was at once accepted; and from that happy turning-point in his fortune, seemingly when everything was at the darkest, Lovett's progress was steady. It is true, when work failed him at this place, which it did through the insolvency of his master, he was again reduced to great want: but he had a good trade at his fingers' ends, and was less dependent on fortuitous circumstances than before. He had serious obstacles to encounter from the working men in the trade, in consequence of not having served a regular apprenticeship to the business. He was mulcted in heavy penalties by his fellow workmen, exacted chiefly in contributions for drink, fines, and shop-scores, which would have disheartened and demoralized any character less courageous and manly than his. But he ultimately overcame these difficulties, and, after having worked the required time at the trade, was enabled to enter the Cabinet Makers' Society, by the payment of an extra admission fee; and thereafter took his standing as one of the most expert and skilful workmen of his class.

During the early part of William Lovett's career, he had been so exclusively occupied in providing for himself the merest indispensable of daily bread, that he had neither time nor desire to apply himself to the cultivation of his mental faculties. How large a part of the time of the great mass of the labouring class is so absorbed; rendering their moral and intellectual culture, in a large majority of cases, almost a moral and intellectual impossibility! They are so engrossed with anxieties as to the means of a bare subsistence—so constantly beset by those carking cares and miseries which tread so closely upon the heels of poverty—that the profitable culture of the mind, which requires rest, leisure, and means, is scarcely to be expected. The great wonder is, not that the working class are ignorant, but that so large a number of them should rise above, and conquer, the adverse circumstances of their condition, and exhibit evidences of a nobility of character, and strength and cultivation of mind, which would do honour to men in the very highest spheres of life. But when Lovett's anxieties as to a means of bodily sustenance were well-nigh at rest, and he was in the receipt of a good weekly wage, his mind began to set up its claims for satisfaction.

Politics were then stirring up all thinking men to active efforts in the cause of progress. Heretofore, in England, all political movements had been conducted by the middle and the upper classes; for, throughout the long war, brought to a close in 1815, the working classes had scarcely ever made any political appearance, except as loyal mobs, huzzaing for Church and King, and the glorious victories gained over "Boney" at sea and on the continent. But the peace brought sober thoughts with it; and the nation felt something like a drunken man after a night's debauch. The reckoning was now to come; and the governing classes were to be brought to book. These long wars and glorious victories had issued in rags and misery, low wages and scanty employment, for the mass of the people. The aristocracy had triumphed; but the industrious classes felt in the condition of a routed and discomfited host. Things were felt to be wrong somewhere; the working people found themselves living in the midst of civilization and wealth a degraded and oppressed class. Dim visions of political right floated through their minds. And they began to ask themselves questions—why these things should be. The Press sprung, at this time, into renewed activity. Topics of engrossing public interest were freely discussed. Cobbett, with his hearty English hatred of oppression, was working away in his *Register*, and, with a pen of fire, was exposing the manifold iniquities of our political system. There has been no more thorough and successful educator of the English

people, during the last century, than that strong-minded, earnest, and honest, though often vehemently prejudiced man, William Cobbett. Writings such as these were circulated by millions, and were greedily devoured by the working classes, and indeed by all who could read. Society was stirred as from a long death-sleep. Then men began to combine, and to plan, and to devise measures of progress. They met in clubs, in societies, in classes,—read books, newspapers, and pamphlets; and probed all questions alike, boldly and fearlessly discussing them.

One of these working men's clubs, called "The Liberals," William Lovett joined; and this circumstance it was, as he himself states, which first stimulated him to anything like intellectual inquiry, and laid the foundations of what knowledge he now possesses. A small library of select works was attached to the club, which he read with much interest, stimulated by the discussions which the members held among themselves, some two or three times a week. It was here that Lovett heard impromptu speaking for the first time out of the pulpit. He was no less surprised than delighted at the power which it conferred; and he, too, by and by, joined in the debates. His mind was awakened to a sense of existence, as it were, for the first time. New feelings and desires sprang up; and every spare moment was devoted to the acquisition of some kind of useful knowledge. He also studied grammar and the art of composition; and several pieces of his appeared in the small periodicals and papers of the day. In the midst of these pursuits, he was arrested by a new and interesting object—the person of the woman who was afterwards united to him for life, and who has since cheered and solaced him in all his struggles. As soon as they were married, they started together a course of self-instruction: Lovett devoting his evenings to the purpose, reading and conversing on such subjects as he felt an interest in, and thus creating in her mind an appreciation of his literary and political pursuits.

It would occupy too much space to detail the numerous political movements of the working classes in which William Lovett has during the last twenty years been engaged, very often as a leader, always as an ardent and zealous coadjutor. The first political society to which he belonged, was one established by the friends of Mr. Hunt, in the year 1827, and he was united with that gentleman and others in getting up the great public meeting which was held in the Eagle-gardens, City-road, in the year 1830, when Mr. O'Connell for the first time addressed the English Radicals. He was also elected one of the Council of the Society, formed at that meeting, entitled "The Metropolitan Political Union," for the recovery and protection of public rights. About the same period, he took a very active part among the "Co-operative Trading Association," intended to benefit the working classes by a system of trading and manufacturing for and by themselves for their mutual benefit. Many of these associations were then formed, and began manufactures on a small scale; but they were most of them broken up in a few years, chiefly because of the want of some legal security to protect small capital—an obstacle now happily removed. A society was formed in London for diffusing knowledge on the subject of co-operative production, of which Lovett was the secretary. He also took an active part in "The National Union of the Working Classes," which was formed in 1831; and was one of the chief directors of the society during its existence.

About this time a circumstance occurred which strikingly exemplifies Lovett's moral courage and conscientious firmness of purpose; and it is, in all respects, so thoroughly characteristic of the man, that we shall briefly detail it. A person of his acquaintance having been drawn for the Militia, the authorities refused

to take a very able substitute who was willing to serve for him; they insisted on his paying a sum of money instead. This circumstance directed Lovett's attention to the monstrous injustice of those constant drawings for the militia, by which a number of poor men were periodically fleeced, frightened, and in many ways put to great inconvenience. When, therefore, he heard of the next schedules being distributed, he sent a letter to *Carpenter's Political Letters*, suggesting that the filling up of those papers afforded the people of England a good opportunity for recording their protest against the present system of unjust representation;—that they should assign as grounds for exemption, "that they had neither voice nor vote in the making of the laws,—that, as their labour, their only property, was not protected, they should not be called upon to arm for the protection of other property,—and, as they had no enemies but those who enslaved them, they were not disposed to take up arms against their friends and brothers." A number of persons filled up their militia papers as suggested, and, whether fairly or unfairly, Lovett was among the number of those who were drawn. He refused to serve, and when summoned before two different magistrates, he assigned reasons for his refusal similar to those stated; which, as might be supposed, had little effect with them. A number of constables were then sent to his house, and stripped him of all his goods, to the value of nearly forty pounds. Public feeling, however, prevented them from being then exposed for public sale; but they were kept for some months, and then sold at Foster's auction mart as goods seized for taxes. This serious loss to Lovett and his wife, who bore the affliction resolutely, (and the furniture was the more prized, as it was, for the most part, of his own manufacture previous to their marriage,) was, nevertheless, of much advantage to the public. Lovett petitioned Parliament on the subject; speeches were made there strongly condemnatory of the militia system; public opinion was thus directed to the subject; and no drawing for the militia has taken place since that period.

Another arduous and honourable enterprise in which Lovett engaged about the same time, was the war which the unstamped periodicals carried on against the heavy stamp duty on newspapers; and which was justly conceived to operate as a most injurious restriction on the free circulation of knowledge. When Hetherington, the publisher of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, was thrown into prison, Lovett organized the "Victim Fund," for the purpose of assisting all who might be prosecuted for selling the *Guardian*; and he formed one of a large committee to supply the public with the paper at their own houses. The warfare lasted four years, during which not fewer than 500 persons were imprisoned for selling unstamped periodicals. But, in the end, public opinion prevailed; and Lord Brougham in the Lords, and Mr. Roebuck and others in the Commons, taking up the question with spirit, government was ultimately compelled to substitute the penny in place of the four-penny stamp. Few can adequately estimate the amount of good that sprang out of that struggle; for the host of cheap publications that now weekly teem from the press, and the number of which increases from day to day, may be said to date their origin from that event.

The next great public movement in connexion with which Mr. Lovett appeared, and of which he was the originator, in 1836, was the "Working Men's Association," which issued in the still more extensive movement for what is known by the name of the "People's Charter." Lovett was from the first the active spirit of the Association; he drew up its numerous admirable and truly eloquent addresses, which were circulated in immense numbers throughout the country. A few of the titles of these may be given; for instance, "The Address of the working men of England to the Belgian

people," (this produced an excellent reply from the working men of Belgium)—"To the Canadians," (this also produced a response)—"To the people of Europe, and especially the Polish people"—"To the working classes on National Education," (a tract which deserves an extensive reprint at the present day)—"To the Irish people," etc. etc. These addresses were characterised by earnest and manly eloquence, by large and liberal views, and a warm-hearted sympathy for the well-being of mankind, of whatever creed, race, or colour they might be.

Lovett next officiated as Secretary to the Trades of London, in their contest with the government, which commenced an investigation into Trades' Societies in 1838, with the view, it was supposed, of enacting some legal restrictions respecting them. Lovett ably conducted the case on the part of the Trades, successfully rebutted the charges made against the societies, and the examination was speedily brought to a close.

It would be foreign to our purpose, in this hasty sketch, to give an account of Lovett's career in connexion with that great and absorbing movement of the working classes of England and Scotland, known as the Chartist agitation. It was, from the first, a thoroughly working-class movement, though a few individuals connected with the other classes identified themselves with it, and ultimately obtained the leadership in it. The agitation for the Charter was a great effort on the part of the working men of this country to elevate themselves in the social scale, to acquire the rank and privileges of citizenship; and it was the inevitable consequence of that reading and discussion, that extensive and searching inquiry into political subjects, which had been going on ever since the close of the war. They felt themselves to be excluded from the pale of the constitution; and they were impressed with the conviction that, so long as they were held in the position of a "slave class," they had no reason to expect those practical benefits from government, or that amount of protection and enjoyment of the fruits of their labour, which they considered themselves entitled to, in common with the men of every other class.

The National Convention of the Working Classes met in London, in 1839, to watch over the National Petition, (drawn up by Mr. Douglass, of Birmingham,) and to obtain by all legal and constitutional means the enactment of the "People's Charter." Lovett was elected their secretary. This Convention sat in London for some months, during the Parliamentary Session; and then, at the instigation of one of the leading members, went down to Birmingham to hold their sittings. The working classes of the town and the public authorities having disputed about the right of publicly meeting in the Bull-ring, the latter sent to London for a strong posse of police, who, on their arrival, made an indiscriminate onslaught on men, women, and children. The people of Birmingham wished the Convention to put forth their opinion of this conduct. Lovett, as secretary, wrote three resolutions, which were published. They were declared a libel on the police, and he was arrested for the offence of writing and publishing them, John Collins being arrested at the same time for taking them to the printer. They were both sent to Warwick gaol on July 7th, 1839—stripped naked by the turnkeys, to see the marks on their bodies—had their hair cropped by a common felon—were made to bathe in the same bath with a number of the prisoners—together with other indignities,—and all this before they were found guilty! They petitioned against this treatment, and were allowed to go out on a bail of 1,000*l.* each—an immense sum for working men. Their trial came on at the Warwick Summer Sessions, when Lovett defended himself with an ability which commanded general admiration. But the result was, that they were both condemned to be imprisoned for one year in the com-

mon gaol. Their treatment in prison was most horrible, and produced a disease which reduced Lovett to death's door, from which he was rescued by the Member for Warwick, who interposed to save him, and succeeded in rendering his treatment less cruel and injurious. While in Warwick gaol, Lovett and Collins wrote their memorable work, entitled "Chartism; a Plan for the Education and Improvement of the People." This is an exceedingly able and comprehensive plan of education and infant training, embodying the best and most enlightened views on the subject. It also includes a plan for the organization of the people, in order to the promotion of their social and political improvement. This work breathes throughout the most truthful and ennobling sentiments; and there is no reader but will rise from its perusal with a greatly increased feeling of respect for its true-hearted authors.

Lovett was at length liberated from prison, with an injured constitution, but with a heart still beating warmly for his kind. He exerted himself to set on foot a "National Association" for the advancement of the working classes, according to the plan described in his "Chartism;" and, in connexion with the Association, wrote and published several admirable addresses, in which the great doctrine of Peace was eloquently enforced. He succeeded in erecting a Hall for the use of the London working classes in Holborn, which is now in almost daily use for many excellent purposes. He also took part in the Complete Suffrage movement, which was set on foot by Joseph Sturge in 1842; but he has since that period appeared less frequently in public than formerly, though he feels no less warmly for the cause of human progress and improvement. Though necessitated by a shattered frame to abandon his former trade, he is no less honourably than usefully employed, as an agent of that weekly literature which his strenuous efforts mainly contributed to cheapen, and bring within the reach of all classes. As the publisher of *Howitt's Journal*, William Lovett is in his true place, as the distributor of free thoughts, which carry abroad with them joy, and hope, and intellectual life to tens of thousands, and are the harbingers of freedom and emancipation to all.

CASPAR HAUSER, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF BADEN.

SUCH is the startling title of a little book, professing to be published at Paris, but supposed to be printed in Switzerland, and to this hour most rigorously proscribed in Baden. Thereby hangs a tale, and a most strange tale, yet little known, and never published in England.

Our readers will well recollect the Life of Caspar Hauser, published in London by Simpkin and Marshall in 1833. It was a translation of the account drawn up from legal documents by Anselm von Feuerbach, the criminal judge, and one of the very commissioners appointed in Bavaria to inquire into the facts connected with the life, the discovery, and the murder of Hauser. There was also a little book published about him by the Earl Stanhope, who patronized and adopted Hauser while alive, but after his death, having been on a visit to the court of Baden, professed to have discovered that Hauser was an imposter. So far, however, from Hauser having been discovered to be an impostor, all the circumstances of his life are utterly opposed to such a possibility; and the circumstances of both his life and death, the more they are reflected upon by the German public, the more firmly do they fix themselves in its mind, as connected with some great state mystery and crime. The very fact, that this youth was for seventeen years shut up in

a hidden cell; that he was tended by a man in disguise; that when he was supposed to have lost all recollection of his origin, and all power of communicating about respecting his life except one long and great blank, he was sent out into the world, with a letter in his hand, purporting him to be the son of a poor girl; but, when it was found that, having acquired the power of speech, he began to put one thing to another, and to draw forth from the strange mystery of his life indications which might eventually furnish a clue to his real origin, that then "The Man," as Hanser always called him—the man in disguise who had kept him prisoner, should suddenly appear, and attempt his life: should again appear, and stab him to death. These circumstances were to the German public convincing proofs that no poor girl was the mother, no priest, as asserted, the father, of this youth; but that more wealthy, more powerful, and more worldly exalted personages were implicated in the parentage, and in the crimes perpetrated on this unfortunate person.

These things have made Caspar Hauser the very Perkin Warbeck of Germany. That he had, however, a more real claim to a lofty origin is strongly attested by the secret firmness which the faith in his right to the title indicated in the heading of our article, is held by a vast body, not only of the people, but of the most intelligent classes in Germany; and still more so by the active and rigid vigilance with which all publications, all talk, and even all whispers of this faith in Baden are suppressed. Let but a copy of the book or pamphlet be sent in the most secret manner into any town of Baden, and the police is instantly on the track of it; letters are intercepted in the post that mention it, and questions on the subject in ordinary conversation are touched with alarm.

Before going into the singular details which we mean now to give, in order to put the reader on the true ground for fully comprehending their bearings, it will be as well to give a concise history of Caspar Hauser, from the publications already referred to, and well known in England.

Kaspar, or Caspar Hauser, the Nuremberg foundling, was observed in the evening of Whit-Monday, the 26th of May, 1828, standing against the wall in the Unschlitt market-place. The citizen, an inhabitant of the market-place, who first observed him, was struck by his singular appearance. It was that of a peasant youth, clad in the peasant costume, and holding in his hand a letter addressed to the captain of the fourth squadron of the sixth regiment of light horse, lying there. Being conducted to him by this good citizen, and questioned by him who and what he was, it became evident that he was almost wholly incapable of speech, was thoroughly ignorant of everything in life, and strange in his behaviour. To all questions he answered, "From Regensburg," or "*Joh woa is nit*," in the dialect of Bavaria, "I don't know;" and yet on pen and ink being put before him, he wrote in a tolerably legible hand, his name, "Kaspar Hauser." All endeavours to draw from him, however, whence he came, where he had lived, or any other matter connected with himself, were vain. He appeared to be from sixteen to seventeen years of age. He was of middle size, broad-shouldered, and of a perfect regularity of build. His skin was white and fine, his limbs were delicately moulded, his hands small and beautifully formed; and his feet, which were as soft in texture and finely shaped as his hands, bore not the slightest trace of having been compressed in shoes. He showed the utmost abhorrence of all food or drink, except dry bread and water. His speech was confined to a very few words or sentences in the old Bavarian dialect, as "*Reuta wahn, wie met Yotta Wahn is*:" "I wish to be a trooper, as my father was." He exhibited the most utter unacquaintance with the commonest objects and most daily appearances of nature, and a total indiffer-

ence to the comforts and necessities of life. In his wretched dress was found a handkerchief marked K. H.; and he had also in his pocket a manuscript Catholic prayer-book. The writer of the letter which he had brought in his hand professed to be a poor labourer, and the father of ten children, and said that the boy had been left by his unknown mother at his door; that he had taken him in, and brought him up secretly, teaching him reading, writing, and Christianity. The letter was dated 1828, from the Bavarian frontiers, but the place not named. Within it was another letter, purporting to be from the mother, and written in Roman characters, saying that the boy was born on the 30th of April, 1812; that his mother was a poor maiden, who could not support him, and his father a soldier in the 6th regiment of light horse, now dead. That she requested the labourer to keep him till he was seventeen, and then send him to the regiment.

The whole of the story was soon felt to hang very badly together. It was not likely that a mother, determining to expose her child, would lay it at the door of a poor labourer with ten children, and expect him to keep it seventeen years. It was less likely that any poor labourer in such circumstances could or would so faithfully support a burden of this kind for so many years, and then so punctually convey him to the place appointed. Besides, what motive could the man have for concealment? The mother might have, but what could the poor labourer have? If he had received the child, he would most likely have let him run about with his own ten. But to shut him up in a dark den, and there for seventeen years feed and visit him, was a piece of labour and mystery which no common labourer would subject himself to. There was evidently a nobler parentage, and another story, for which this was but a clumsy substitute.

He was handed over by the captain of horse to the police the very evening that he was found, and he was treated by them as a helpless person from some unknown place. The greatest curiosity was excited regarding him, as soon as the case was known, and the Bürgermeister Binder especially exerted himself to penetrate the mystery which surrounded him. The result of much inquiry, partly from himself, and partly from circumstantial evidence, was, that he had been kept from his childhood in a dark, subterranean place, where he could not once stretch himself properly, it was so small, and there he had remained, clad only in a shirt and trousers, and fed on bread and water. Occasionally he found himself attacked with very heavy sleep, and on awaking from these peculiar sleeps he found that his clothes had been changed, his nails cut, and the place had been cleaned out. His only amusement was playing with two wooden horses. For some time, however, before he was carried off to Nuremberg, the man who tended him, but whose face he never saw, had come frequently into his cell, had guided his hand in writing with a pencil on paper, which had delighted him very much, and had taught him to say he would be a soldier as his father had been; that he was from Regensburg; and "I don't know." At length "the man," as he always called him, came one night, carried him out of his dungeon, made him try to walk, on which he fainted, and at last brought him to the gate of Nuremberg.

Every circumstance testified to the truth of these facts. He stumbled slowly forward in attempting to walk. He appeared to have no guidance or control of his limbs. His feet, which had never been used to boots, were now thrust into them, and evidently gave him the greatest torture. Walking occasioned him to groan and weep. His eyes could not bear the light, but became inflamed; and the formation of the bones and muscles of his legs demonstrated that he had sat all his life long. At first he had no idea whatever of the qualities of things; nor of distances. He was delighted

with the flame of a candle, and put his finger into it. At the police office he exhibited no symptoms of interest in anything, of confusion, or of alarm. Feigned cuts were made at him, and thrusts, but he did not even wink in consequence. The sound of bells made no impression on him; but on drums beating near him he was thrown into convulsions.

From the police-office he was removed to the prison for vagabonds and beggars. Here the keeper at first regarded him as an impostor, but soon found him actually to be in the state of a little child; and the jailer's children played with him, and taught him to speak.

The public curiosity regarding him and his story grew, and numbers flocked from all sides to see him. They brought him toys. Von Feuerbach visited him after he had been considerably more than a month in Nuremberg, and found his room stuck all over with prints and pictures which had been given him, and money, playthings, and clothes lying about in regular order, which every night he packed up, and unpacked and arranged every morning. He complained that the people teased him; that he had head-aches, which he had never known in his cell.

On the 18th of July he was released from the prison, and given into the care of Professor Daumer, who undertook to bring him up and educate him; and an order was issued by the magistrates that he should not be interrupted by any more visitors. Here being shown a beautiful prospect from a window, he drew back in terror; and when afterwards he had learned to speak, and was asked why he did so, he said it was because a wooden shutter seemed to have been put close before his eyes, spattered all over with different colours. His sense of smell was most acute, and often gave him great agony. He could not bear to pass through or near a churchyard, because the effluvia, unperceived by others, affected him with horror. He was extremely amiable, and attached himself with the utmost affection to Professor and Mrs. Daumer.

On the 17th of October he was found bleeding, and insensible, from a dreadful wound in the forehead, in a cellar. He was supposed to be dead; but he finally recovered, and stated that "the man" had entered the house in the absence of the family, having his face blacked, and had wounded him; how he got into the cellar he could not tell. In his delirium he had often said, "Man come—don't kill me. I love all men—do no one anything. Man, I love you too. Don't kill—why man kill?"

Strict official inquiry was made into the circumstances, but no further light was thrown upon them. It was evident, however, that some diabolical mystery hung over him. There were powerful enemies somewhere, and it was now evident that they had taken alarm. The public curiosity had spread far and wide the fame of this strange youth, and it was evident that he might yet recollect things which might lead to a detection of his origin. Amongst those who now became deeply interested in him was Lord Stanhope, who undertook the whole charge of his education, and removed him to Anspach. Here he was placed for awhile as clerk in the registrar's office of the Court of Appeal; and he was quietly performing his duties when Lord Stanhope began to talk of adopting him and bringing him to England. This most probably sealed his fate; for one evening, December 14, 1833, as he was returning from the office, a stranger accosted him in the street, and on pretence of giving him news from Lord Stanhope, and intelligence regarding his origin, induced him to accompany him into the castle gardens, where he suddenly stabbed him in the left side. Hauser had strength enough to reach home, and to utter a few indistinct words, when he fainted. The police were instantly summoned, but before they arrived Kaspar Hauser was dead. No trace of the murderer could be found.

It is no wonder that a fate so melancholy upon a life so strange should rouse the public mind to an extraordinary degree. It was felt that the eyes of those who, for some unknown purpose, but as clearly from most important grounds, had thus treated this unfortunate youth—who had inflicted on him a treatment which Professor Feuerbach styled "a crime against the life of a soul"—had never been removed from him. It was evident that no ordinary persons, and no ordinary fears, were concerned. It became the subject of deep popular inquiry; and the public knowledge of certain strange events in a certain high quarter led gradually to a conviction which now exists with a wide and deep effect on the popular mind in Germany. We will proceed to state what this conviction is, and on what it rests, from a little volume entitled, "*Einige Beiträge Zur Geschichte Caspar Hausers, nebst einer dramaturgischen Einleitung von Joseph Heinrich Garnier.*"

CASPAR HAUSER.

"The first prince was a murderer, and introduced the purple to conceal the stains of his deed in this blood colour."—SCHILLER'S *Fiesco*.

[The author, after glancing at some of the many rumours of the crimes of palaces which, spite of the censorship of the press and the swarming of police, still circulate in Germany, proceeds as follows:—]

To these princely family-histories I add, as no unfitting topstone, the singular fate of Caspar Hauser. In the territory of Baden the story runs from end to end, that the unfortunate Hauser was the true heir of the throne of Baden, a son of the Grand-Duke Karl and the adopted daughter of Napoleon, Stephanie Tascher. If this rumour stood nakedly and alone, we should hesitate to make it public; but it stands linked with such a train of facts, which we produce for our justification, that we entertain at least a doubt—a bitter doubt.

In the time of the French Revolution, in Baden ruled the Margrave Karl Frederick, a brave and able man, and one of the few sovereigns whom the public could honestly praise. At an already advanced age, he made a left-handed marriage with a lady of the court, Fräulein Geyer von Geyersberg. The fruit of this marriage were the three Margraves, formerly the Counts von Hochberg, of whom the eldest, through a singular concurrence of circumstances, yet sits on the grand-ducal throne.

(To be continued.)

THE SOLDIER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

To the sound of the muffled drum they throng.
The place is still far off! The way is long!
Oh! would he were dead and all was past!
—I think it will break my heart at last!

—No other friend in the world had I—
None other but him who is doomed to die.
—We were all called forth to see the show,
And even I was obliged to go.

—For the last time now he lifts his sight
To the joyful beams of the noonday light!
—Now they bind his eyes—no man he sees!—
May God unto thee give eternal peace!

—The nine have taken aim with care.
Eight useless bullets cut through the air;
They trembled all, their aim was untrue;
—But I—I struck his kind heart through!

EARTH'S WORST TRAGEDY.

BY SILVERPEN.

I HAVE often thought, amongst many other things, that the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, though hackneyed to satiety as far as parrot words from parrot lips go, is pervaded by a philosophy, sublime and touching, because speaking great universal truth, whose harmony is only limited by the capacity of him who listens. Gray knew, as most great natures know as if by intuition, how much of universal power flows on to waste and to decay; and how little has yet been done to conserve all the great elements fashioned and given for the exaltation and happiness of man both spiritually and materially. But the divine part of progress is, that it is and will be one grand conservation of all that is good and beautiful! How many sunsets there have been that, sinking on the mountain-tops and on the ocean pathway, have been lost to thousand eyes; how many summer winds have been one great breath of flowers, and yet have wasted under the great sweep of heaven, lost to the sense of man; how many summer days have passed away in all their glory unenjoyed by million men; how many flowers have drooped to earth unreverenced by the eyes of man; how many fruits, luscious, grateful, and tempting, have rotted from the clustering branch and weltered on the ground; how many an acre wide of indigenous fruitfulness has grown sear and rustled in the autumn winds, uncropped and unregarded; how many fountains have flowed on and yet untasted; how many rivers have for ages swept onward to the ocean, bearing on their bosoms green pastoral slips of islands, winding through rich savannahs, and darkened here with sylvan roof of broad branched trees, and yet all lost to man; how many leagues of earth, savannah, prairie, mountain and forest, are yet waste, uninhabited, and drear; and in their soil how much force of nature perishes and is latent—and yet what are all these to the great tragedy of what is lost and waste of man! Man, the greatest wonder-work of nature! How many elements of his divinity have sunk to earth unknown; how much of his great poetry of heart, how much of noble honesty, how much of truth, how much disregard of self, how much of charity, how much of angel-service, gone, unknown, and all without a sign—unless it be that heaven keeps register of excellence! And yet—and yet—these are not so much tragedy, as that man, with capacity for thought, with capacity for knowledge, with capacity for truth, should sink with these sublime elements to earth *untaught*. *This is indeed EARTH'S WORST TRAGEDY!*

Of all the baby children in a far off country village, none was ruddier, or had a braver heart, than little Joe Beech, the child of a poor clod-hopping ploughman. In fact all were clod-hoppers in this district, which was a genuine English agricultural one, made up of a few large farms, one great estate belonging to an absent country squire, and about five hundred acres of the richest arable land in the county, called the "school-gift," given years before by some old yeoman, that the children of this, his parish, should be taught grace towards God and man; and the residue, if there were any, to become the right of a certain great college, as a reward for "their clerkly care and trusteeship of this land." But by some odd sort of management or another, these five hundred broad acres, though they now produced tenfold what they did in the days of the testator, were only just profitable enough to prop up and thatch every dozen years or so the old school-house, allow a few buns every Easter to the breeched and unbreeched urchins, give twenty pounds a year to the schoolmaster, who for the last century had been usually some outworn servant or dependant of the squire, and

allow the churchwardens once a year, at what was called the "school dinner," to get roaring drunk at the village ale-house. But possibly this was right, for the certain college above mentioned had through this century sent forth editions of the most learned of the Greek fathers, correct in flexion and voice; whilst the clodhoppers, scant in A B C, progressed nevertheless in the arts of poaching, drunkenness, and other prophanity, that met with due record in the rural magistrates' books. The Greek fathers gloried in vellum and gold: the people of this district perished to God and man!

Well, with all the drunkenness and immorality peculiar to this district, Joe Beech's father was a decent man, though nothing more than a poor ploughman on the "school-gift," receiving, as the case might be, his nine or ten shillings every Saturday night from one of the churchwardens. His garden was the most thriving in the village; for he dug, and cropped, and worked, whilst many of his neighbours roared round the smithy fire, or brawled in the ale-house; and he had a cow, and kept a few ducks and geese in the village pool. But then there were seven young children, and these made the loaf a scanty one. So as soon as little Joe, for he was the eldest, could take care of himself, he was off all summer-time with the cow in the lanes, letting it pasture under the broad hedgerows, whilst he cut for fodder the grass above its reach, and filled an old bag which his father fetched at night.

Many a summer morning, whilst the ploughman trod the "school acres," thinking of the large harvests they yielded for that great "place of learning" far away, there would be sure to come up some thought about little Joe as well. So as soon as the next little lad was able to herd the cow, and fill the bag, Joe was put down in the churchwarden's books, and sent to school. For the first week he did not like school a bit; all was so dull and irksome there; but by chance hearing a travelling pedlar read some scrap of news out of an old newspaper to his father, he took to the old thumbed schoolbook, and in a week was up at the top of the A B C class. It was observable that most of the village lads got on pretty sharply, till they reached the Testament-class. In that they all stuck fast, for the truth was, the Testament was the fullest extent of the master's learning; and over this he so hesitated, droned, and often fell asleep, that as sure as a boy began to spell out the Gospel of St. Matthew, or St. John, he took to playing the truant out of school, or the tyrant in it. However, Joe got on so sharply, that by harvest he could spell words of two syllables, and might soon have reached the sticking-fast place of the Testament, but that his father met with a severe accident, was confined to his bed, and little Joe, after a six weeks' schooling, had to help the common funds by herding cattle for a farmer. It was a sad sorrow to the little lad; he had hoped by winter time to read as well as the pedlar. So from day to day he was solitary on the uplands with his cattle, and time seemed very weary, and the hours very long. One day as he was herding within range of a coppice, his eyes wearily ranging round the horizon, sometimes following the flight of a bird or the shadows of the sun, he saw a bunch of hazel-nuts dipping from their leaves. He looked, and looked again—not caring to pluck, but rather seeing beauty in their shape and hue. Next day he brought a piece of old wood, and carved a rude copy of the bunch. Then on another piece of wood he carved it with its foliage; very rude to be sure, but this was better than idleness. So on from the hazel-nuts to other things, a bird, a cow, a dog, till Joe Beech's "knife work" was quite in request among the village lads. After a long illness, that made a heavy doctor's bill, Joe's father got to work again; and when in a year or two the few debts were lessened, the lad went back to school. His narrow earnings could be ill spared; but then Joe had been so good, that his father could not

keep from his wish of letting Joe read as well as the pedlar, or even cipher as well as the exciseman. So Joe went back to school, and into the A B C class; for what little he had learnt had been long forgotten. Yet he went on bravely now, till the Testament was begun; then, like the others, he stuck fast, for what the master could not teach, the scholars could not learn; and this the lad, ignorant as he was, pretty soon knew. So he played truant with the rest, and of this the old man never complained, he could sleep the longer. One day the exciseman coming his rounds, crossed the church-yard, and stopped at the school-house.

"Well, schoolmaster," says he, putting his head in at the door, "how dost thee get on, and how the lads?"

"Why, I'm pretty sharp," he answers, "considering the times. And the lads, why, bless ye, they get on surprising. Hallo, boys, you fourth class, get up and show Mr. Tapp your learning. Now—be quiet—spell goose—goose I say."

"G—G—G—u—s—e," spelt a boy.

"Very good, Jack, go to the top of the class. I see you'll know goose when you taste it. Now you third boy, spell apple-pudding." And the old man rubbed his hands and looked triumphantly at the exciseman.

"H—s—"

"Hallo you there, Ned," Ned was abashed, so the expert boy took up the word.

"Ap-el," very good, "p—u—ed—en—pudding."

"Very good boy, very good boy.¹ Well Mr. Tapp, getting on nicely, ain't they?"

"Well, I don't know," roared the exciseman, till he was red in the face, "in my time, they spelt goose and apple-pudding differently."

"Ay! ay!" interrupted the old man, "people's got a new way for most things, and for spelling in the bargain, I reckon."

The exciseman roared himself out of the school-house, and the whole way up the village street. And the wrong spelling and the right spelling were matter for gossip that night by the smithy fire, and on the ale-house bench. And here the exciseman went so far as to expostulate with the churchwardens.

"Why, after all," they argued, "what do lads want with larning? They're bad enough already, maister. And it don't do to say a word agin the squire's and the college people's pinions."

Whether Joe would have played the truant and blotted paper after this I do not know; for his father getting wet, had a relapse, and died a few weeks after this circumstance. Here was an end to all Joe's prospects of learning, even had there been teachers; for he went forthwith to the plough, and to farm drudgery; it was the only chance there was of saving his mother from the parish. As he boarded at home, there was the patch of garden ground and the cow to see after, even when the day's work was over; still, with all this, there was often a spare half-hour that might have been better spent than in the village street, or by the smithy fire, had there been a school one degree above insult to common sense, or one individual, recognising the lofty destinies of man, willing to raise this miserable population out of its brutishness and ignorance.

It was a hard and dreary winter after the poor ploughman's death, and want and sorrow were in his widow's household. One night of it, as young Joe was returning home late from helping to plough a distant field of the "school gift," a wealthy farmer of the neighbourhood overtook him. He was so intoxicated that he could hardly guide his horse, and evidently without exactly recognising the lad he stopped him, and bid him return up the lane half a mile or so as he had dropped his purse.

(1) A literal and unexaggerated fact, known in a certain village of Shropshire, that must be nameless.

"And mind, my lad," he roared, "thee pick'st it all up, for though I dunna know how much there war in't, some on't may 'a dropped out."

Back young Joe trudged, carefully exploring the miry road as he went on, and found the canvass bag, just where the farmer had reckoned. No money could have dropped out, for a string was tied tightly round it; but it felt heavy, and Joe's first impulse was to open it, just as any one of the village boys would have done. "But no," thought the lad, "I won't even untie the string, I won't even look, for that'll be half way to stealing, and I'll be all honest." So he grasped the purse tight in his hand, and trudged his way back, thinking, however, as he went along, how one of the pounds within would save the pig at home from being sold to pay the rent, and make his poor mother's wan face look glad. Joe's reward for the safe delivery of the purse was a lump of bread and cheese; but better was his lightness of heart all that week, ay, and many weeks after.—The temptation withstood was a great lesson learnt—these lessons are always our divinest and most lasting ones!

The very next Sunday, instead of casting down his eyes abashed upon the ground, he looked straight up into the squire's lady's face as she walked haughtily up the church aisle; for the squire had lately returned to England, bringing with him several sons older than the plough lad. These boys, as village gossip said, "were mighty learned;" though the squire himself, as the exciseman had reported, intended to vote, when he got into parliament, against the nation educating clod-hoppers, but if it would like to grant a million or two to the colleges, he'd say something.

Be this as it may, one of these youths, said to be the most learned of the squire's sons, and the one he destined for his three sinecure livings, was usually he who spoke roughest and haughtiest to poor lads like Joe.

One glorious spring morning, as Joe was ploughing a lonely upland field, the young squire rode up to a gate, by which the lad was turning his plough, and shouted out, "Hallo you fellow, throw open the gate;" and before the lad could move round his plough, there came a threat that the whip should be laid about him if he did not make haste. Joe obeyed, for it had been part of his servile teaching, to reverence all belonging to the parson or the squire; but once more alone, he stood in moody silence by his plough, for nature taught him that his was the nobler spirit, crushed by what?—the want of learning. For say what you will, nature never yet endowed with her nobility, without consciousness of the investiture. And in that minute as he stood, the lowlands stretching far away in all their beauty, the power of words, from that great scorn, seemed to have birth; and the daisy at his feet, the skylark above, the river like a silver thread winding round the landscape, were things that filled his heart, and not with sadness. And from this hour, the new want of book learning, the circumstances to bestow it, could not close wholly the ever fresh book of nature. He was a poet, and could tell of the daisy in verse though he could not have read its little history.

A dull round of years went by, chequered for the poor ploughboy with many cares and sorrows. Even great faculties like his were paralyzed by daily intercourse with one monotony of ignorance; whereas had there been the least cherishing power to act upon what nature had so kindly given, these same faculties might have broadened out, not merely into possible meditation, but into action humanitarian and divine. Noble honesty thus perished; noble faculties were negative, and why?—because knowledge was denied. The beer-shop and the smithy were the only schools! As for the parson of the parish he only came now and then to preach; few of the farmers around could read; and the only learned people, those up at the hall, considered the

parish schoolmaster, then enjoying the fruits of his sinecure office, quite equal to the intellectual necessities of "clod-hoppers."

Yet with all these drawbacks, Joe was known to be a clever fellow by the villagers. He could make them up a song on any occasion of a wedding, a christening, or a burial; could carve the head of a spinning wheel, or grandame's chair, and even outrival the fine oak corbels and spandrels in the village church; for nothing so pleased him, on such rare holidays as he had, as sitting in the old vestry to carve out angel's wings, or knots of drooping corn, or groups of leaves on pieces of old oak, whilst eager village children clustered round. The circumstance, however, above all others, which preserved these great faculties through the deadening influence of surrounding ignorance, was his love for a village girl, for whom he carved a choice work-box, and the head of her spinning-wheel, and repeated, so that she might remember it, all his best poetry, about daisies and birds and flowers; and this was very beautiful, for nature was its largest element.

Well, with all this natural ability, Joe's learning got on slowly enough; not exactly because he could not read—for he now and then picked up a stray lesson from a travelling pedlar, or the exciseman as he came his rounds—but because he had no books; and out of his scanty wages, with his mother dependent on him, it was impossible to save. He had tried, but it was useless. All this too, whilst golden harvests waved upon the "school-gift," whilst the Fathers rested in gold and vellum, whilst inflexions and voices were weighed in the grammarian's fractional scale; all this injustice and greatest of earth's wrongs, that human faculties should rust untaught.

One summer day, when Joe Beech was about eighteen, some errand took him up to the hall. As he was returning, he stopped before an open window to look into the old library, filled with books, but empty of all readers. Some one spoke hastily, for the window looked on to the garden terrace, and turning round, Joe to his consternation beheld the squire's lady and one of her sons; he who had called Joe "fellow" the very day his heart had been first filled with the music of God—poetry—and its first harmony had rung round the petals of the daisy.

"Well! what are you doing?" was the lady's question.

Poor Joe stammered out something about the "mighty lot of books."

"*And what should you know about books, my fellow?*" asked the young squire, with a grin; "I should think a rasher of bacon rather more in your way, eh? Ha! ha!"

Joe moved onward and made no answer, though when he thought of all his ignorance, and this bitter scorn of it, the tears rained down upon his horny hands. Yet one good effect arose out of it;—it set him to think; and after several days' meditation, he resolved to carve a choice bit of wood he had at home, so that whenever he had a holiday, he could carry it to the far off town and try to sell it. This exquisite piece of work was accomplished sooner than the holiday came, which was not before Christmas; and then with it tied in his pocket handkerchief he set off on his great journey. After much bargaining, the labour of weeks was sold for a dozen shillings to a picture-dealer; and Joe, after purchasing a few second-hand books that the exciseman long before had noted down for him, took his way home very proud and happy, with his bundle tucked beneath his smock frock. After his long day's walk the night came on dark, rainy, and tempestuous, so that he could hardly find his way along the well-known miry lanes. Still he got on so bravely that scarcely a mile of his journey remained, though there yet lay between him and the village a broad and rapid brook, passed over by a narrow hand-bridge, whilst a few yards further down was a ford for waggons and horses. When Joe reached

the bridge, he found her who knew his songs so well waiting for him with a lantern; and he had just stopped to speak and take her hand, and tell her of the joy of his heart, and how, presently, on the bright hearth they would untie the wondrous bundle, when some one rode rapidly down to the ford, and spurred the unwilling horse into the rapid water. In a moment there was a man's wild cry, the floundering and snortings of the horse, and the girl's scream that it was the young squire. And what did Joe, untaught "eater of bacon" and "clod-hopper" as he was? he disengaged himself from the clinging and terrified girl, forgot the precious bundle, which dropped from the narrow bridge into the rapid stream below, and, though he could not swim, plunged in. The horse was out of its depth, and the young man having lost his seat, had fallen with his foot entangled in the stirrup, and dragged by the horse, was rapidly sinking. Joe clutched him, bore him up, and clinging to the branch of an overarching tree, held on, till some people from a few neighbouring cottages came rushing to the spot, and rescued both from their perilous position. The young squire was insensible; but Joe it was that could not stand upright when they lifted him on to the steep and slippery bank. The horse, in its fearful plunges, had kicked him fatally; and Joe, instead of carrying home with buoyant heart his little mine of happiness and knowledge, was borne to a bed of death, though a lingering one of weeks, long hours of which he knew not a face around him. But in that interval haughty pride knelt by that bed remorsefully subdued; for here lay perishing those grand and noble elements that had prompted the magnificent heart of nature to save her child. *Who, despising ignorance, can know the angel nature it despises?* And pray God give me power to tell mankind this truth; and ever make it one great hymn sovereign in the ears of humanity! By that poor bed knelt pitying villagers, telling some story of his kindly heart; by that poor bed knelt little children, telling of vestry-hours when leaves were carved, and sheaves of drooping corn; by that poor bed knelt his broken-hearted mother, telling of love and duty and years of sufferance for her sake; and by that poor bed knelt the village girl, long loved, and to astonishing and listening ears whispered, soft and low, the rude but natural poetry of a heart so magnificent and divine by its great qualities. *That such a nature perished untaught, this was indeed "EARTH'S WORST TRAGEDY,"* for here were elements of nature waste and lost!

The hand of the poor ploughboy rested in that of the young squire before he died. "Oh, sir," he said, "never despise ignorance, however lowly, for all of us have something of beauty and good within to be made better by merciful words and gentle teaching."

The grass waves long over the grave of the ploughboy, though pathways are made to it by many feet, the lightest and oftenest of which are children's, who now in the young squire's new, well-taught school, learn poor Joe's poetry of the daisy and the cowslip, and in the summer evenings, when the angels in the tinted church window look glowingly on them, they say it over soft and slow, and think perhaps the waving grass keeps time with the recital. And travellers come, too, to see the grave of one, who, had he been taught, would have equalled Grinling Gibbons. — As time goes on, and justice is done by Government in these matters, this "school-gift," with thousand others like it in broad England, will become what it is, the heritage of the people. And when this justice is done, when all qualities of good are conserved by education, when the national elements of a great people are not allowed to waste, then crime shall sink into sempiternal abeyance; but till then, every capacity for truth and knowledge left untaught makes up indeed the worst of all earth's tragedies!

A CRY FOR NATIONAL EDUCATION.

Ye perfect flowers—why not perfect men?

I ASKED the purple bloom whose velvet round
Orbed the rich sweetness of the o'erripened plum,
Where it the glory of its robing found—
Whence did the treasures of its sweetness come.
And straight it with reply my questioning met,
"My primal germ of beauty, mortal, know,
Within the untended sloe did nature set—
Man's art its rare enrichment did bestow."

I lay me down in golden summer where
The velvet pansy waned in the sun,
And questioned it from whence the treasures rare
Of its entangling beauty it had won;
And straight this low reply my questioning met,
"Its germ the cunning of man's art did find
Hid deep within the wayside violet,
And gave it glory through the might of mind."

I stood beside the swiftness of the horse,
And questioned whence it drew its unmatched grace,
The windy speed that through the shouting course
Bore off from all the glory of the race;
Then to my questioning came the like reply,
"Not vainly hath the might of man's wit striven
An added grace and swiftness to supply,
That ne'er to me by nature's self were given."

I asked the stony marvel of a form
That in its rare perfection distanced life,—
White wonder, with the charmed power to warm
My soul to worship, how becom'st thou life?
And the fair shape did answer me the same,
"My marble flesh the quarried earth bestowed,
But from the sculptor's dream life on me came,
And to his shaping hand my beauty's owed."

Then from the face of all did I depart
Into the thoughtful haunts of solitude,
And there companioned by my pulsing heart
Over their speech in painful thought did brood;
Then said I,—Shall the might of mortal power,
That gives the fruit a sweetness not its own,
Wonder to stone and glory to the flower,
Deny perfection unto man alone?

Ah that the human will's all mighty force,
That with an alien gracefulness doth gift
The lower nature of the unreasoning horse,
Would man but to a higher nature lift!
Ah that the shaping care of man would mould
To higher grace the marble of the mind—
That all the charms we hunger to behold
In coming souls its power would bid us find!

For when through all creation's orb'd round
With searching eyes the winged thought hath ran,
What in its circling journey hath it found
More worth man's culture than the mind of man?
Oh what an unknown glory then would wear
The coming years the future towards us leads,
If man to store the unnurtured mind would care
With the perfection of the soul's culture breeds!

Then were the terror of the exiling sword
From the lost Eden banished once again,
Then bliss within creation's heart were cored,
And souls for love no more were made in vain;
Shall not these golden days to man be brought?
Towards this goal do not the ages tend?
Yea, take thou heart—not idly dreamst thou,
thought—

Culture shall perfect souls too in the end.

Greenwich.

W. C. BENNETT.

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY ABEL PAYNTER.

No. III.—Popular Sports at Vienna.

Vienna, Monday Morning, Sept. 1844.

To ———

How we should laugh, dear ———, at an Austrian who should write letters from London in September! and profess to have seen it:—and laugh, too, with reason. Well, then, I hope clever Herr Saphir, the humorous journalist of the Austrian city, will do as much for a broken-down Artist, who ventures to take a sketch or two in Vienna, when it is empty of all its Rank and Fashion.

But will *you* care for this omission? Does any one know better than your witty self, that fine gentlemen and fine ladies are the same all the world over? Why, at our Coronation-show, when every capital sent out its extraordinary beauties, the noble dames of Vienna were only distinguished from ours by their professing to ride in the Park, and all but falling off their horses. Even the marvellous Russian Beauty, whose alabaster fairness we used to admire so at the opera, was but to be known as *not* English by those behind the screen, who happened to be aware that she was left in pawn at a West-end hotel, while her lord and master departed to St. Petersburg, in search of money to set her free, and to pay her milliner's bill!—Here you would find tighter waists among the gentlemen, and more universal allowance of *crinoline* among the ladies, than at home,—strange to add, less stiffness of manner, possibly, and Mrs. Trollope says, less learning. And ——— would, of course, be able to discriminate between a Prater and a Park turn-out. For the rest, had I spirits to keep up the ball, and opportunity to enter the whirl, I should hardly regret the absence of all the gay world from Vienna at this juncture,—if I could only, by the same token, clear it of the travelling English.—They tread very hard upon my tender feet, I assure you.

Will you ever forget the scene which took place at Milan, when we met there so pleasantly?—how a *he* and a *she* of our country chose to exhibit their extraordinary acuteness at the expense of foreign nobility.—"There was an English Lady in the house who had married one of those Italian counts,—poor thing!—and they dared say it was only a sham title. Such people were always sham!"—and when they were awakened up to their enormity, by some one addressing the nobleman so justly appreciated by his name, how the lady came round and apologized,—"*and wouldn't have said what she did, had she known they were at table!*" I am made as sore by fragrances like these, as the Americans at attacks against themselves;—since what accusations can be so severe as those brought against ourselves by our *own* folk? I have been obliged to change my seat at table in this very hotel, owing to an offence of the kind. Does the obtuseness, the folly, the immorality of such an utter disregard of propriety, never strike the perpetrators?—or, if not this, the wrong they do their country? It is not very easy to tell our foreign friends that these are of the Tomkins order—well nigh as unpleasant at home as abroad—since the reply would be, "Look at our Jenkinsons!" And the Jenkinsons of Vienna, happily, still swarm in its streets, though Wasas and Schwartzzenbergs, Festetics and Esterhazys, be

"Bathing east, or bathing west,
Or in court-waiting at Trieste."

You don't like the Germans, I know: but the life of the streets, and the coffee-houses, and the tea-gardens here would amuse you: or you have not the kind heart, as well as the keen wit, we wot of. I could divert myself,

like the Honourable Mr. Danvers, in "Tynney Hall," by "looking on" for weeks; if even I had not with me a capital interpreter of all the frolic speeches of the folk, who lets me into things my solemn, rude, self-satisfied countrymen never dream of. We had not got within the lines a yard, when he presented me with a flower of speech from our hackney-coach driver, worth laying at your feet.—A wagon was blocking up the way,—“Can't you get on?” cried our Jehu, “you hump-backed May-beetle!” I have not a doubt that the rejoinder was something as poetical.

The evening of our arrival, Strauss gave a grand *fête* at The Universum—one of the many Vauxhalls perpetually open here—and we fared forth to see. The garden in itself is well enough; and, without any extravagance of oil, the illumination was so complete, as to give the trees that intense emerald green, with which there is nothing comparable in the way of decoration. Four orchestras were stationed in different places. As you care more about dancing than music, you will be sorry to hear that the opportunities for the former sport were bounded by one very small and stuffy saloon, which was little gayer than a people's ball-room I went into at Antwerp during the Kirmesse, where the *beaux* Belgians quadrilled to admiration with their hats on.—The Viennese, however, are better dressed than the Belgians: meaning, like the Belgians, (I may add the Americans,) to be ultra-French, but missing it, somehow. I suspected an unusual quantity of rouge, which my next morning's walk confirmed; every lady's fixed idea, too, of figure seems to be a bell-shaped wine glass. The sound of voices was very pleasant, but not in the least noisy. Nay, having heard so much of the merriment of the Viennese, my first impression was one of surprise at the quietness of so large a company. It has not yet been corrected; yet, from one cause or other, I have lived in a mob ever since my arrival.

But I had no idea, till now, how grown people may amuse themselves—still less, how middle-aged gentlemen can play alone, nor need the stimulus and sympathy of playfellows.—There were swings of all sorts—cruel sorts of rotatory cages, and terrifically shallow phaetons that soared high and sunk low;—I noticed that the last were in particular request among the ladies with pink scarfs. Not being addicted to that wearable, I think you would have declined these—though you were so courageous on the spire of the Duomo!—But there was a large choice of diversions besides. You might throw a ball into a cup at the top of a pillar, and watch the same run down a spiral channel, till it stopped in a numbered hole on a large trencher beneath;—or you might try to poise a ring so truly that it should just catch the hook which stuck out of a Lion's mouth; or you might fire at a target, supported by two painted Victories with bare legs, and red robes *à la Grecque*; or you might admire the adroitness of a juggler in a *fez*, who—with John Bull's true disposition to fancy humbug—I suspect may have come from a house of call hard by here, where an assortment of Turks, Athenians, and Jews, is always on hand;—on you might stop!!! Never saw I such stupendous preparations for that interesting meal!—If one, there must have been five hundred tables spread: and what German man or woman—the Austrians the same—ever resisted a chair by a spread table?—So pray—as you don't understand the language—nor care for Strauss, save you could dance to him—and as you are not old enough for the pastimes I have numbered, which were principally indeed recurred to by elderly gentlemen—suppose you sit down and take . . . a slice of sausage and a glass of beer! Do not look so indignant; you were never at White Conduit House—but “Boz” will tell you how the world entertains itself there—so that I won't have our pleasant Austrian neighbours sneezed at.

Miss Jenny's habit of “never being strange in a strange place,” is only to be got by turning a deaf ear to all those creatures called *valets de place*: giving half an hour to the map, and sallying forth on foot alone. Thus, the next morning I made my way down to the Cathedral—the darkest, most solemn building I ever entered—with a spire by its side of a rare and light beauty, tapering in most exquisite harmony, and broided with tracery from root to dizzy pinnacle, which surpasses either Antwerp or Strasburg. But it was the congregation I wanted to speak of: numerous, earnestly devout, as childishly absorbed in prayer as they had been in pleasure. The same thought came over me as I must have expressed to you, when we saw Father Mathew's very striking ministrations;—a profound and affectionate sadness. You, I recollect, rejoiced over the effect; I could not disembarass myself of some pain at the means of its production. That any one could imagine the possibility of manufacturing human beings into virtuous courses, seemed to me melancholy. Here the gravity was less deep—for there must have been more reason and habit in the faith—and the pomp of the scene must subjugate the senses of any bystander short of a Mause Headrigg; but something there was, which linked the pastime of the past night with the prayer of the morning:—shall I say, a certain *vacancy* on every comely countenance! And what it suggested you will guess

Some one was wondering, on Saturday, where the Strauss band was to play yesterday evening.—“It was not to play at all, there was to be no dancing,” was the immediate answer, it being the festival of the Madonna;—and I was bid to go out into the Graben—a sort of Bond-street of Vienna—early in the morning, when I was promised a procession and a ceremony. It was a roasting day: one of those, when being jostled in the street would irritate the most placid, and all Vienna was abroad: the most expensively dressed population as a body I have ever seen. The very hackney coachmen, lolling by their neat carriages, had spruce hats, and fresh coats, and spotless pantaloons—how unlike those disrespectful compounds of gin and rags, the London hackney coachmen that were! The ladies were more spread round about than ever—of a more delicate pink—the men more implicitly pinched in. The one untidy group I saw was a set of Lancers, who came to clear the way for the procession:—to say nothing of a few devout and snuffy old women, hawking the prayers of the day, who represent in Catholic countries that admirable lover of pickled salmon and Mrs. Harris—Mrs. Gamp, the immortal.

Midway down the Graben stands what they call a Trinity column—being a sort of pillar of smoke or cloud, done in stone, from the sides of which cherubim are bursting, and the summit whereof is crowned with holy images. At the foot of this an altar had been set up, set round with ghastly, half-blackened wax-candles, and oleanders, and laurustinuses, and chrysanthemums in tubs: a little Rag-fair-ish, I must say. After waiting an unaccountable time, the procession wound from the neighbouring church of St. Peter. Alack! the banners were sorely tawdry, and the canopy disrespectably like an old “property” I remember at Covent Garden. The officiating priests were richly dressed; and the crowd was attentive, as the company slowly moved round the Graben to the altar where mass was performed. But to see the military preceding the sacrament with their swords drawn, and to hear the splendid band performing “God save the Emperor,” with drum and trumpet, as it had done for the Archduke Charles in Linz—was new to me. Or is it, that, as one gets older, one becomes the more observant of inconsistencies? The children who walked in procession, singing hymns to the Virgin, (their shrill childish voices having a sort of artless

solemnity,) pleased me better. There should have been no trumpet and drum, no jingling spurs, or flashing steel on such a day. How strangely has the description of worship men have agreed to pay to Our Lady symbolized their opinion of her sex! Cajoled into being the patroness of crime, on the plea of her gentleness—besieged to get profligate sinners better bargains for their souls, and longer time for the indulgence of every vicious passion—tricked, if one dare say so, with prayers, and paid with gew-gaws and fine clothes—can you wonder that the world in which such a demi-divinity has been so adored, has produced its Lucrezia Borgia? A woman's love for the Mother of the Prince of Peace, is a different thing! One hardly knows how to blame it, when it is the most superstitious!

Yesterday afternoon I walked into the Prater, to see the every-day world of Vienna holidaying it. — had warned me I should not at this time of year find the carriages which make this Hyde Park of Austria so splendid, with their Chasseurs, and Heiducks, and a thousand other forms of "following" we are not worth in England. But I was not abroad to seek for such; and, at all events, the smell of sausages and beer, and the drumming, and tinkling, and fifing, which I followed when once out of the Leopoldstadt, conducted me to far other (we won't say purer) pleasures. Never before knew I that, though a dance is a sin, a merry-go-round is permitted on a Saint's Day. The Viennese have a passion for these vertiginous machines; *carroussels* they call them. We must have seen twenty, if one, built up in solid wooden houses, and bravely decorated; every one largely accustomed. In some was added the pleasure of "riding at the ring." You would never have forgotten one Amazon we saw—a huge woman, six feet high, sitting calmly on her wooden horse, according to the stage notions of a throned queen—with heavy rose-red cheeks, and a round hat with wide brim, and a physiognomy of grave grandeur, (she was young, too,) not to be put into words. Mostly, the riders were collected, but silent. A few bystanders might laugh, and venture a criticism; but with the bestriders of giraffes, ostriches, ounces, and fiery dragons, it was a grave business. Some smoked the pipe of peace, while on the way. I remarked one youth, about twenty, with a toilette which would have qualified him for Almack's, mounted *solus* on something meant to imitate a high-mettled racer, and jogging so industriously as to make his ride as excitingly like life as possible, with a long calumet which rested between the patient ears of his horse! He must have been pretty well tired ere his *kreuzers* were taken out in pleasure! Others delighted to follow a mimic Locomotive, which emitted hideous noises, calculated to inspire terrors of explosion and peril. But how different was their orderly quietude from the *lazzi* of those popular crowds I used to love to see in Venice! Polichinello himself hardly got a laugh. A swing was more productive; and there was card-playing, and *kugel*-playing (a sort of bowls), and a puppet theatre, and a menagerie for those who wished to instruct their olive branches:—but none could be in want of a game! Crossing from the popular to the aristocratic Prater, I came upon two several old gentlemen, who were beguiling solitude by trying to balance their umbrellas (Austrian ones are stout, and often red) on their fingers!

Tuesday.—I could not close this with anything like propriety, and net tell you of the grand ball at the Sperl, which we outwatched last night. Who has not heard of Vienna balls and Vienna waltzing; and that Strauss is three times the man here he was in London, or in Paris? The last is a truth. For once you will hear the name of Metternich (we don't speak of such august personages as Emperors and Empresses) this archimage of German dancing will be discussed one thousand times! His newest waltz stands here for the newest bill before the House; and his "Roses without

Thorns," I take leave to assure you, is fifty times a more popular measure than the Income Tax or the Penny Postage. Well does the minister (and the musician) know his public—I had written mob, but, all the world knows, on Mrs. Trollope's assurance, that there is no mob in Vienna! This same Sperl ball was to be something extraordinary; so the bidding thereunto was decked out with a conundrum, which sent all Vienna into the street corners, to guess and to unravel—for this is the city of conundrums. Two more, it was promised, and of first water, should be propounded at the ball aforesaid. Then,—after having fasted from dancing on cock-horse-back, in honour of the Virgin,—it was calculated that all feet would be particularly in order for last evening's festivity. At least, in the world we move in, there was no small fuss made about the matter.

We went about half-past eight o'clock. By good hap it was a heavenly night, so that the lights among the acacia trees in the garden, and the white-robed damsels and white-gloved cavaliers wandering about, or sitting at supper, to the number of some two thousand, made a pretty, laughing picture. Then there was music bursting out from every corner, to tempt impatient feet. "Moral suitability's self" must have felt exhilarated, and, like the old maid in the farce, "disposed to unbend." This tolerably large party, too, stood the test of close examination: one-tenth of the women were very pretty,—the rest had resolved to be so, and that did as well. But I could write for your long-meditated essay on costume, a treatise on Vienna hair-dressing. The material is abundant, but the forms into which it is wrought are unique. What think you of some forty herrings' tails coiled up so as to look like a fringe of little watches bobbing all round on the neck? This was not unusual.

Well: the supping had set in before we arrived; and now the dancing began, fast and furiously. The room in which the world waltzed is a narrow oblong, prettily decorated, and admirably lighted. I did not understand the gentlemen keeping on their hats, and smoking till the last moment—(N.B. If you are economical, you may put out your cigar on the heel of your boot!)—still less did I understand the manner of waltzing; which is now done with a *four-in-a-bar* step, not to be effected without a thorough romp being the result, let the dancers be ever so graceful.—And a romp, with a vengeance, was made of it! Bystanders were in some peril:—and I assure you, that a blow on rheumatic, middle-aged shins, from a revolving *crinoline*, is rather too sharp! One gentlewoman, in blue, became, early in the evening, the cynosure of all eyes, for the frantic speed at which she whirled round. More than one couple was thrown down by her intemperate zeal; several considerably rumpled and battered. It ended in her being outrageously cheered, theatre-gallerywise, whenever she was seen,—and we all know to what lengths a good joke, when adopted by a public, can go. Doubtless, the whole style of her enjoyment was very impudent; but, to my formality, the reception of it seemed a *little* brutal and gross, from a party in which I was assured there was a sprinkling of "good company." The strife ended only when the damsel's limbs would bear her no further—somewhere about half-past one in the morning! You would have been diverted by my Panza, who thought it necessary to keep apologizing to us for the strange want of selectness, and roughness of this ball.—"It would not be becoming," said he, "to dance at it." And every one we have since talked with cannot imagine what has made that particular festival so coarsely riotous! I must be forgiven, or set down as impudently presumptuous, but these very apologies and other sayings which I have cited conspire in producing the impression, that the "*high spirits*" of the blue lady were not so utterly exceptional as people have asserted.

Have you enough, and more than enough, of this place? and do you wish to come and see? Depend upon it, you would find it as utterly unlike my description as possible. In delicate matters, like the above, "it is the soul that sees." And possibly you might have found, as did Mrs. Trollope, the quintessence of covet-able happiness, and cheerful elegance, in the above passages; somewhat childish though they appeared to you, etc. etc.

Literary Notices.

Baron Dercsenyi's Researches for a Philanthropic Remedy against Communism; or a System of Philanthropy applied to National Economy, National Education, and the Political Life of the People. Translated from the German. London: Shillinglaw, 4, Newman-street.

BARON DERCSENYI, for a man of aristocratical and handed stamp, is a very clear-sighted and liberal man. His system of political economy is based rather on Jesus Christ than on Adam Smith. He recognises moral, and religious, and humane principles, as the true checks upon the power of capital, as much as upon any other power. He sees that the maxims of "Buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market," and that every man has a right to do the best he can to increase his capital, have brought the greater part of Europe, and especially England, to a pass that he says is very much like living on the side of a volcano, very agreeable and blooming to-day, but to-morrow!—under the red-hot lava, very likely. He sees, as we all see, that, after all the vaunts of the system, our ministers—Whig ministers—are obliged in a hurry to be swallowing their words every now and then, and to be restricting the power of the manufacturers over their work-people, and looking earnestly into the real condition of the population, which their Poor Laws have not made the self-dependent population they were to be made,—just because self-dependent, in the people's case, meant dependent on nothing; which was impossible.

To obviate the other extreme of the old restrictive aristocratical system—communism, the remedy of Baron Dercsenyi is to make the people land-owners; to abolish or regulate entails; to encourage emigration, where population is too numerous; to colonize all waste lands, and invite colonists where the population is too thin; in a word, to give the people something to live upon, and to cultivate also: as he shows by the examples of France, Germany, and Hungary, his own country, they will soon take good care of themselves.

That sad feature of the manufacturing system so pal-able to our eyes, and pointed out in "The Letters on Labour," has not escaped the keen glance of our Hun-garian baron.

"Steam and machinery are now so extensively and variously employed, that the position of the manufacturer, and more especially the artisan, with respect to their assistants, is much changed in its most important character; they no longer depend, as formerly, almost entirely on the skill and industry of their workmen: and the natural consequence is that they trouble themselves little about the welfare or misfortunes of that class. This is generally the case, though there may be some honourable exceptions.

"The masters of factories and trades, animated no longer by a patriarchal spirit, have only one interest in regard to their labourers, viz. to pay them the least possible wages, but not so little as to produce injurious effects by a partial or general strike of the men employed. The workmen, on their part, appre-ciating this interested conduct, regard their employers and

masters with a cool, if not a hostile, feeling; and in want of benevolent guidance and sympathy, are easily led away by the temptations of folly and vice."

He shows that the same evils affect the manufacturing system all the world over—in France, Belgium, Silesia, etc. In one manufactory, in the circle Düren, on the Rhine, the workmen, consisting principally of Walloons, have not received their wages in money for upwards of twelve years. The truck system is there carried to such an extent, that the manufacturer finds them lodgings and all necessary utensils, and they find work.

The baron turns, however, again to scenes in our own country, and mentions one which, as we know it to be real, we give, and leave the question with which he follows it to present itself to the minds of our readers:—

"Between Spitalfields and Bethnal-green there is a child-market every Monday and Tuesday. It is an open space, where children of both sexes, from the age of seven and upwards, are to be found, who hire themselves by the week, or month, to those who require their services.

"When business is slack, there are often 300 present; when, however, it is more active, there are not more than 50 or 60 assembled. The persons who hire these children are mostly weavers, who employ the boys as winders, or as assistants, or in the place of apprentices, and the girls as servants or housemaids.

"I seized an opportunity," says Hickson, in his valuable report on the condition of the silk-weavers, 'of visiting this market, to judge more particularly of what I had heard. I found about 70 children assembled, of whom the greater part were accompanied by their parents. I had scarcely arrived when I was stormed on all sides by offers—"Do you want a boy, sir?" "A little girl as housemaid?" etc. Among the children I found there were certainly not more than six or seven who had received the slightest school education; for when I made them understand that it was useless to apply to me if they could not read or write, I was left almost alone. Many of the parents did not appear to me to be exactly poor,' etc.

"To where such a state of things," says the baron, "may, nay, must lead, I leave the reader to judge for himself."

Slavery Immoral. By JAMES HAUGHTON. Dublin: M'Glashan.

A COMPLETE reply to a letter declaring slavery not immoral. The author of the said letter vindicating slavery must be a very foolish fellow, and could not complain if any one was to kidnap him, put him in a dungeon, and compel him to beat hemp, or pound rancid bones in the Andover style. It is a pity such arguers cannot have a little taste of the *argumentum ad hominem*.

PEACE AND WAR.

BY AN UNLETTERED YOUTH.

WAR.

Town deserted; burning village;
Murder; rape; destruction; pillage;
Man compelled man's blood to shed;
Weeping; wailing; want of bread;
Commerce checked; grave citizens
Armed with swords instead of pens;
Harvests trampled; homesteads burned;
This is War! why is't not spurned?

PEACE.

Busy town and happy village;
Fruitful fields by careful tillage;
Smiling wife and children gay;
Labour singing through the day;
Bounteous harvests; busy farms;
Rusty swords, disused fire-arms;
War's vain-glory set at naught;
This is Peace! why is't not sought?

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

Operative Bakers' Early Closing Movement.—Nothing is more needed than a reform of the baking system. The case of the working Bakers is, if possible, worse than that of the Needlewomen. They are compelled by the demands of society to work from eighteen to twenty hours per day, in hot bake-houses, and before ovens, that are enough to exhaust any constitution. When people are eating their hot bread to breakfast, they should reflect on what it has cost to the journeyman bakers. To them it is very hot bread indeed. It is a great satisfaction to have seen so crowded a public meeting as was that at the Crown and Anchor, on Saturday evening week. Lord Robert Grosvenor did himself great honour by presiding, and presiding in the manly way which he did on such an occasion; and equally satisfactory was it to see so many master bakers there, and some of them speaking out heartily. This matter must be forced on the public.

Early Closing Advocate.—We are glad to see that on the 1st of June, the Early Closing Association is about to have its own Journal, "The Emancipator." Success to it.

Co-operative Brick-making.—A society bearing this title has been established in Lincoln, and is progressing favourably; it is with pleasure we perceive that the working classes of Lincoln are beginning to discover the advantages of union and co-operation, and are taking measures to raise themselves in the social scale.

Trowbridge.—*The Fast and the Famine.*—A few lovers of truth having noticed in the "Star," of Saturday, April 3rd, an article entitled, "The Fast and the Famine," by William Howitt, and approving of the same, had a great number of copies printed thereof, and distributed.

A public meeting was held on Friday evening, April 16th, to take into consideration the cause of the present distress, when the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

"That this meeting is of opinion that the distress now existing in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is caused by monopoly, and not by famine."

"That a vote of thanks is hereby given to William Howitt, Esq., for his able and patriotic exposure of the late sham Fast and monopolizing Famine."

"That a vote of thanks be given to the Editor of the 'Northern Star,' for republishing the article entitled, 'The Fast and the Famine.'"

Hints for Reformers.—It would be well that society knew what are the most pressing laws to petition against,—and how to move, so as not to render their efforts useless. Possibly your society would be well employed in pointing out the evils that most call for petitioning against. Persons talk of repealing the game laws; that may be well enough, if it can be done, but I suspect it would be more likely to produce effect on the House of Commons, if petitioning took place against the laws of commitment and its barbarity, and the cruelty which takes place in consequence, and *all for a poor hare*. Whenever there is a movement against capital punishments, it should include a movement against cruel and barbarous punishments and laws at the same time, which send a man to jail for months, for carrying home a hare, and that on the evidence of hired persons, and without having the trial of Englishmen, and which every year send thousands to jail, separate families, and demoralize them, and I believe the public rate pays for their imprisonment, and not those persons who get them imprisoned.

What appears should be petitioned against:—

First.—All is not as it should be, with regard to the franchise.

Next.—The game laws are a nuisance, but I suspect that petitioning against the cruel, unconstitutional laws by which they are upheld, and comparing them with the old Saxon laws, would have more effect on the House of Commons, than perhaps petitioning against them as a whole. Then, that the upholders of the game laws throw the expense of imprisoning their victims on the country, instead of paying the charge themselves;

that would be personal, and annoying to many. Possibly were a great many to touch on that string at once, it would not be without effect.

The window-tax should be petitioned against, for it is a tax upon good taste in building, interferes with the size of houses, and number of windows, which is hurtful to health, and interferes with the skilled labour of the country. That it calls for a league among builders, masons, carpenters, carvers, etc., of the country, to get it repealed, or changed for a house-tax as less objectionable. Then the penny newspaper stamp should be petitioned against, and the tax upon paper. If Government can venture to burthen us to the extent of a million and a half a year for their education measure, surely they can do without the newspaper and paper duty, if we trust to the voluntary system of education. Then agricultural self-supporting schools should be called for, and some of the glebe and common land should be at the service of the country, for that purpose.

You talk against the law of primogeniture; knowledge and virtue give power; could not an institution be established for buying large estates, and selling them? Are there not one hundred thousand persons that would join a pound each, and trust a commission with the money to purchase large estates and sell them in lots to render the land more divided? A lucky purchase or two might give them great power, and enable them to divide large estates into small. There should be no stamp duty on the conveyance of small properties, which is an obstacle against the man of small wealth, and, like the duty on newspapers, it falls harder upon him than the man of great wealth.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

April 10th, 1847.

CADOGAN WILLIAMS.

A Printer's Phonetic Alphabet.—9, Narrow Wine-street, Bristol, Feb. 18, 1847.—RESPECTED SIR,—In your valuable Journal (No. 7) I observe some interesting remarks on the subject of Phonography; on this subject I take the liberty to address you.

The Messrs. Pitman have been indefatigable in the work of bringing about a reform in our orthography, but their system has been subject to continual change, so that one who taught the Phonography of 1840-1 can scarcely read that of 1846-7; and as change is not a good for its own sake—mutation implying imperfection—hence I assume that their theory of vowel arrangement, in which most of the changes have been made, is incorrect. An analysis will prove my position. In the table given in your Journal, the vowels are divided (according to their intensity, I presume) into flat and sharp. In vowel 2, we have as the flat sound, *a*, as in mate; for the sharp sound, a new element—*e*, as in met—is introduced. In vowel 3 we have as the flat sound, *a*, as in father; as the sharp sound, *a*, as in fat; for the last, there being no radical change, they have a common element, the only difference being in their duration; here then is really, though not ostensibly, a cross-division, which, from being hidden, is the more likely to lead to confusion. We have, then, to seek another principle of division, the members of which shall be mutually opposed. And, "The first distinction of sound that seems to obtrude itself upon us when we utter the vowels, is a long and a short sound, according to the greater or less duration of time taken up in pronouncing them. This distinction is so obvious as to have been adopted in all languages, and is that to which we annex clearer ideas than to any other." (1) But, "if we choose to be directed by the ear in denominating vowels long or short, we must certainly give these appellations to those sounds only which have exactly the same radical tone, and differ only in the long or short emission of that

(1) Walker's "Principles of English Pronunciation," paragraph 63.

tone." (1) Hence we inquire what are these radical sounds or vowel elements: in the English language there are ten, viz.—

1. sound of *ee* in *peel*.
2. " *i* " *pill*.
3. " *e* " *pale*.
4. " *a* " *pell-mell*.
5. " *a* " *palisade*.
6. " *u* " *pulse*.
7. " *o* " *poll*.
8. " *o* " *pole*.
9. " *u* " *pull*.
10. " *oo* " *pool*.

Each of these, like notes in music, may be indefinitely prolonged or shortened.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of this arrangement is, that it can be adopted for printing without the expense of new types—a recommendation of some importance; for there are in the united kingdom about 22,500 tons of printing types; this number divided by 75, the average number of *sorts* (characters) in each fount (this is counting the three alphabets as one), gives 300 tons as the average quantity of each *sort* (character). The average price is about 200*l.* per ton, so that the universal adoption of one additional character would be at an expense of about 60,000*l.*

In conclusion, Sir, I beg to say, that if you consider the subject of sufficient interest, I shall be happy to lay before you a plan for a phonetic alphabet, by, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

M. MATHEWS,
Compositor.

W. HOWITT, Esq.

9, Narrow Wine-street, Bristol, March 2, 1847.—RESPECTED SIR,—I received your obliging note of Feb. 21, and should have been most happy to comply immediately, but was unable to put the phonetic alphabet in type, as the most convenient form, till to-day. I herewith inclose a few copies.

A PRINTER'S PHONETIC ALPHABET.

1. A	a	sound of	a	in	patch	(Pato)
2. B	b	"	b	"	bob	(Bob)
3. C	c	"	sh	"	show	(Cow)
4. D	d	"	d	"	dead	(Ded)
5. E	e	"	e	"	debt	(D-t)
6. F	f	"	f	"	file	(Fayt)
7. G	g	"	g	"	gag	(Gag)
8. H	h	"	h	"	hut	(Hut)
9. I	i	"	i	"	knit	(Nit)
10. J	j	"	zh	"	azure	(Ajur)
11. K	k	"	k	"	coko	(Kock)
12. L	l	"	l	"	lull	(Lul)
13. M	m	"	m	"	maim	(Meym)
14. N	n	"	n	"	nino	(Nayn)
15. O	o	"	o	"	cot	(Kot)
16. P	p	"	p	"	peep	(Py)
17. Q	q	"	u	"	bull	(Bul)
18. R	r	"	r	"	rare	(Rar)
19. S	s	"	s	"	ocase	(Sys)
20. T	t	"	t	"	tight	(Tnyt)
21. U	u	"	u	"	judge	(Djudj)
22. V	v	"	v	"	valve	(Valv)
23. W	w	"	oo	"	pool	(Pwl)
24. X	x	"	th	"	thief	(Xyf)
25. Y	y	"	ca	"	eat	(Yt)
26. Z	z	"	z	"	zones	(Zonz)
27. ʒ	ʒ	"	th	"	thither	(ʒfour)
28. ʒe	ʒe	"	a	"	mate	(Met)
29. ʒe	ʒe	"	o	"	note	(Nert)
30. ʒ	ʒ	"	ng	"	sing	(Sig)

The first column of "caps," and "lower-case" are the proposed characters to represent the sounds of the second column as heard in the words of the third column; the last column shows the same words, as spelt by this arrangement.

I beg to add that this arrangement can be applied to all the languages: thus the French nasal vowels might be expressed by a tilde, as in the Portuguese, so that loco would be leçõ; the French *n* by the diæresis, thus—*u*, etc.; the circumflex being used to denote the duration of the vowels.

Your obedient servant,

W. HOWITT, Esq.

M. MATHEWS.

(1) Walker's "Principles of English Pronunciation," paragraph 66.

Woodhouse Temperance Literary Institution.—This society held its first anniversary on the 6th of April. It has been in existence about ten months. It is open to the membership of persons of both sexes, above the age of seventeen, and already numbers nearly a hundred members. The teachers are about twelve labouring men, and besides the various branches of an English education, letter writing and methods of taking brief notes of speeches, etc. are taught. They have already a library of about 330 volumes; and on Saturday evenings the school-room becomes a news and reading-room. The progress already made by the scholars is most satisfactory.

ODD NOTIONS.

To hear some prate of noble birth,
Of their high lineage boast,
You'd think they came not of the pair
Who lovely Eden lost;—
That Eve, in *their* parents' home,
Was just a servant maid;
And Adam was by them employed,
A gardener with his spade.

The struggling tradesman thou may'st rob;
Seduce thy neighbour's wife;
May work some hapless maiden's fall,
Then take her brother's life:
And "high society" will not
On thee e'er set its ban;
A cheat, seducer, murderer, thou,
And still—a gentleman.

SAMUEL LANGLEY.

Fast and Famine.—DEAR SIR,—Are you aware how extensively the article on the Fast and Famine has been reprinted in various parts of the country? I send you copies of these reprints, issued at Trowbridge, at Wigan, and at Wisbeach; the last of which is printed in silver for framing. It has been most extensively circulated also in Ayrshire, Dumfriesshire, Galloway, and other counties of Scotland.

Yours, truly,

J. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We beg once more respectfully and gratefully to state that such are the quantities of manuscripts offered for the *Journal*, that we are compelled to adopt the following plan:—all articles sent are carefully read, and so far as our space, the need of variety, and their merit, will allow, are accepted without favour; but we cannot undertake to return articles unless the requisite number of stamps is inclosed, or the authors will send for them to our office, where long articles, properly sealed and addressed, lie for them. *All* authors of manuscripts accepted, will be immediately informed of the fact by letter. Those who do not hear within a fortnight will understand that we have not been able to avail ourselves of their favours. *But in no case can we undertake to correspond respecting them.*—EDS.

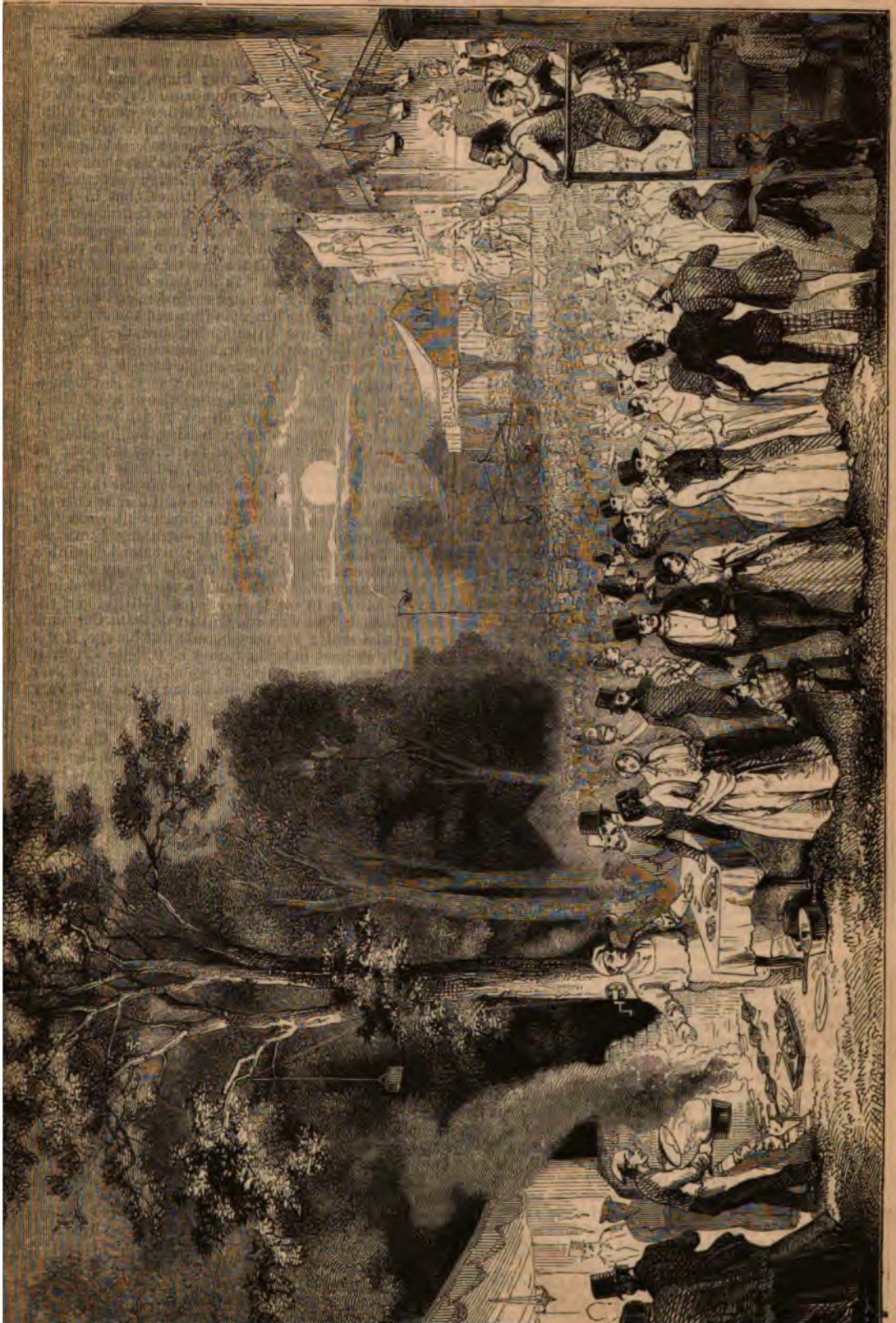
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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Bread Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, May 8, 1847.



FÊTE AT ST. GERMAIN'S.

SAINT GERMAIN'S, AND ITS FÊTE.

BY H. T. RYDE.

THE environs of Paris are very picturesque, in every direction, and situated as is that city in the centre of a vast basin, and environed by an amphitheatre of hills, it presents from every "coin of vantage" beautiful views and admirable sites, especially immediately adjacent to the Seine. It has been the flippant mode with many writers, to detract from the merits of this river, and describe it as a paltry stream, because perhaps at Paris it has only the breadth of the Thames at Richmond.

The Seine, which is in many parts wide, deep, rapid, and clear, washes in its singularly devious course many a vale of verdure, and height of beauty; and no mile is unmarked by some spot of interest rich in natural charm, in the memory of the past, or heightened in attraction by some historic recollection or well-preserved legend. But in its whole progress from Paris to Havre-de-grace, there is no nook, no palace, more replete with attraction, or better known in record or romance, than the chateau and town of Saint Germain-en-Laye, which took its name from a monastery built by King Robert, at the entreaty of Germain, bishop of Auxerre.

One approach from Paris by Nanterre is a wide and agreeable road, lined with fine and umbrageous trees; another route is by the village of Marly, where once stood a sumptuous palace of Louis XIV., demolished during the revolution of '89, when the popular fury was roused to the belief that new ideas were best propagated by the destruction of mansions and palaces; as though they were accountable for, or their demolition could avenge, the follies and injuries, insults and crimes, of their sometime possessors. Experience has taught mankind better, and now in France revolutions are carried on by protocols and protests, in less space of time, and with more efficacious results. The Frenchmen of the present century merely expel their rulers by the power of opinion expressed through the pen; they leave their palaces standing. However, on the site of the old palace of Marly (which Louis XIV. called "a simple hermitage," and which cost, by the way, more than 100,000,000 of francs, [4,000,000,] somewhat dear for a hermitage!) stands now a cotton mill, a very significant substitute,—but as if all token of bygone grandeur should not be eradicated, there is here at the bank of the river a vast water wheel, worked by steam, which supplies the aqueduct of Marly, and drives the requisite volume of water to the reservoirs of Versailles, whenever the splendid fountains of that palace exhibit their wondrous play on gala days, a spectacle certainly unequalled in Europe.

The third route to St. Germain's is by railroad,—that vast modern leveller of inequalities—that rival of Time itself. The St. Germain terminus is on the Paris side of the river, at a village called Pecq. The bridge being crossed, the ascent to the town is by a steep and tortuous road, at every turn of which there is to be seen a more striking, expansive, and varied view in the enchanting valley below; and half way up, there is an old wall, with sculptured garlands, and half defaced armorial bearings, which is all that now remains of the chateau, built by Henry IV. St. Germain is four leagues W. N. W. from Paris by the nearest road, and derives its name of Laye from the forest so called, at one extremity of which the town is built. It is of great antiquity, and the palace now standing is used as a barrack, though its predecessors were appropriated by the early monarchs as a hunting seat, when they enjoyed this sport in the vast forests adjacent; that of St. Laye alone, computed at nearly 6,000 acres, was the largest and finest in the kingdom.

One of the earliest of the kings who took delight in this town and forest was Louis le Gros, who was a keen sportsman, and had built himself a hunting box close

to the chapel of St. Germain, which was kept up and much frequented by succeeding kings, from its easy distance from Paris, and the abundance of sport yielded by its extensive woodlands. Thither came Philip Augustus, the ambitious and successful warrior, and Louis IX. the pious and simple-hearted. Philippe le Bel, the great opponent of the Knights Templars, there made his court. Subsequently the chateau was destroyed by fire, by Edward the Black Prince, but in 1315 speedily rebuilt. In those rude ages the destruction and rebuilding of castles was a very common occupation; whilst in our time, what becomes a ruin is left a ruin.

King Charles V. rebuilt the chateau, destroyed in the reign of Philippe le Bel. In the time of Charles VI. France was in a state of utter confusion, and war and discord distracted the kingdom from end to end; under Charles VII. it was little better, and the pleasant palace of St. Germain's was transformed into a fortress; and, thanks to its buttresses, high terraces, and river bank, was a stronghold of security, as it had been a haunt of enjoyment. Then came the wily, faithless, able Louis XI., who, with an eye to the useful and serviceable, took little pleasure in dainty hunting lodges. What to him was the flow of the river, the song of the bird, the verdure of the valley, the lofty trees, the clear skies, the extensive landscape,—his was the crafty policy, the deep-laid treachery, the ambition to outwit; he cared not for the deer of the forest,—his chase was the acquisition of broad lands—Brittany, Provence, Anjou, Maine, Flanders, Burgundy; to extend dominion over men, and acquire heaps of gold to buy what he could not conquer. So little did he value St. Germain's, that he gave it to his leech, Jacques Coittier, and the leech became Sire Jacques Coittier de Saint Germain-en-Laye! Coittier was the Abernethy of his age, if not in skill, at least in that equality of manner which, if not rudeness, was very like it; which treated alike peer and peasant, master and menial; and it was this very Coittier who said to his fickle and treacherous master these words, which Sir Walter Scott, in his splendid romance of Quentin Durward, attributes to the Astrologer Galeotti, "I know very well, that some fine day you will send me to where so many of your servants have been sent; but, *mort Dieu!* eight days after me you yourself will die." And the king, weak in his superstition as he was unscrupulous in his purposes, flattered and took care of Coittier, a low-bred bourgeois of Paligny, in Franche Comté; raised his salary to 10,000 crowns a month, and gave him the Seignories of Rouvrai, Saint Jean de Brussay, Saint Germain-en-Laye, and Triél; but when the king died the parliament called Jacques Coittier to account, and compelled him to surrender Saint Germain amongst the rest, and then it again became a royal residence.

Francis the First, who did so much for the royal abodes of France, and whose taste is still evident at Fontainebleau, Chambord, Chénouvaux, etc. etc., rebuilt the chateau of St. Germain. Then was raised the celebrated tower of Charles V., of which not one fragment remains; and then was created the high platform or terrace, still the glory of St. Germain, with its stone balustrades, its lengthened avenue, its chateau, curious and pillared, with the Salamander (which was his emblem) carved in all directions, and which the destroying hand of the Revolution has not yet wholly obliterated, as if to bear out its accompanying legend of "*Extinguo et nutresco*," "I die and I revive!" and then the cypher of two F's, which interlace and seem to guard the crown—the hall of this brave and gallant prince, now a guard-room—the chimney, built by giants for giants—then the lilies mingling with the Salamander, all conjuring up recollections of past dynasties, and lost empire; whilst each nook, and emblem,

—and corner-stone,
Plead haughtily for glories gone."

Our space will not allow us to detail or even allude to one in a hundred of the romances of history, and histories of romances, which St. Germain could tell if stones could speak, or legends be listened to; but on one or two events we may lightly touch.

Here did Catharine de Medicis and her son, Charles IX., arrive on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the murders they instigated and began were perpetrated with unsparing and remorseless hand by the Duke de Guise and the Catholics, against the Protestants, and when Henry IV. escaped so hardly with his life, protected by Providence alone.

The race of Valois disappeared in blood, in which it was so deeply steeped; and Henry IV. being king, and a passionate lover of the chase, was often at St. Germain, and in its gardens first saw the *belle Gabrielle*, for whom he built a pavilion, still existing, though, alas for romance and sentiment! now converted into a *restaurant*—admirable of its kind, it is true, but very little in unison with feudal days: the old and lofty hall being replaced by snug dining-rooms, "with every accommodation for large or small parties;" "the pikes and guns and bows" being now represented by knives and forks and spoons; the tattered banners "won in battle-field" by the clean damask napery, *mangled* without a crease; the fluttering pennons by *La Carte*; and the armed or liveried grim retainers transformed into smug and pacific waiters, with sallow faces, white aprons, stiff cravats, and round blue jackets. Occasionally, the change may be for the better, as producing ampler supplies, more peaceable banquets, greater equality at table: and the greatest horror that may ensue being the payment of the reckoning; but *huitres d'Ostende*, *purée Orcey*, *anguilles à la Tartare*, a *poulet à la Marengo*, and an *omelette à l'ananas*—prologue by a bottle of *Chablis*, accompanied by a bottle of *champagne de Moët frappé*, and epilogued by a bottle of *Romanée gelée*—are eminently calculated to war with the visions of fancy, and to replace the melancholy memories of the past with an alderman's appetite for the present. In this age, matter has the better in the contest with mind; and mankind, however inclined to be romantic, rarely leaves the substance for the shadow.

However, we must return for a moment to Henry IV., who died too soon for all he loved, and all who loved him. Of the *New Chateau* which he built, the old wall only remains. In this chateau, and they say at St. Germain's now, in the very pavilion to which we have alluded, and which still remains, was born, on the 5th September, 1638, Louis XIV. afterwards called *le Grand Monarque*, and who reigned seventy-two years. He was baptized there by the Cardinal Mazarin, who afterwards is said to have wedded his mother, Anne of Austria. During the stormy period of the Fronde, from 1645 to 1655, St. Germain proved a secure retreat to the Queen Regent, then in her widowhood, with her two sons; the second, the Duc d'Anjou, being born a year after his brother.

In this chateau the unhappy Henrietta, wife of Charles I. of England, found a refuge with her infant daughter; and here Christina of Sweden, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, came, after her favourite Monaldeschi had been stabbed by her commands in the palace at Fontainebleau.

Here Louis XIV. first loved the interesting and faithful La Vallière, and to the curious visitor who gains admittance to this chateau is shown her bed-chamber, and the trap-door by which the amorous and adventurous king obtained access to his "ladye love," when his careful mother had caused the door of the back stair to be walled up, in order to prevent these clandestine meetings. But

'Over the mountains and under the waves,
Over the fountains and under the caves,
Over floods that are deepest and Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.'

And we may well conceive that Louis XIV. did not lack ready ministers to aid or conceal his *escapades*. When he grew tired of La Vallière, and quitted the gentle and attached mistress for the haughty and selfish Madame de Montespan, he left to the neglected first love St. Germain's for her abode, although she soon forsook it for the Abbaye des Carmelites, to "wash her sin away" in prayer, in penance. It has been said, and with much probability, that Louis became tired of St. Germain's because from its wide terrace he saw daily, hourly—in broad day or by the moon's beam—the high spire of St. Denis, where his ashes were to repose at his decease, in silent and all-levell'd fellowship with his predecessors, from Clovis and Pepin le Bref; and that this perpetual "*memento mori*" was displeasing to the selfish and disdainful Grand Monarque! This is very possible; but his apologists add that "it was not the fear of death that annoyed the king, but the knowledge that death, when it did come, would level him with the meanest beggar." That kings' bones, and limbs, and flesh,

"Like common earth must rot."

When James II. of England fled from his throne to France, the chateau of St. Germain's, as it now exists, was assigned to him as a dwelling, with an allowance, (not too large in amount, nor too regular in payment,) and his oratory is still shown in the old red brick and balconied building; and his tomb in the small church adjacent; and a neat monument was erected to his memory by George IV., bearing an inscription recounting his history and misfortunes.

The illustration of our present number refers to the fair held at this town. There are two fêtes at St. Germain's in the year. The first, called the *Fête de St. Louis*, is held at the entrance to the forest, near the gate of Poissy, on the Sunday after the 25th of August, and lasts three days. The second, called *Fête des Loges*,¹ also continues three days, beginning on the first Sunday after the 30th of August, and is greatly frequented by the Parisians and strangers. Being held in the very heart of the beautiful forest, before the autumn blasts have torn the leaves from the trees, or the wild flowers from the hedgerows, it adds to its *fairy* attractions those of its sylvan scenery, shade, shelter, and perfume. Around on every side are booths, with dolls, toys, gingerbread, and the millions of fancy cakes and pastry, the fabrication of which the French so well comprehend, they being, like Nell Batchelor of Oxford, especially cunning;

"In the arts
Of pies, puddings, and tarts,
And know every use of the oven."

Roundabouts, turnabouts, wheelabouts, wooden horses, swings, and targets of every kind of shape and proportion, some of which are Moors, "as large as life," who gaze fiercely in painted and tinselled grandeur, and who, being hit at a certain point in the breast, collapse

(1) Tradition informs us that there was, during the reign of Louis III., about a league from St. Germain, in the forest, an ancient monastery, dedicated to Saint Fiacre, whose fête-day is on the 30th of August; and here a hermit had established himself,

"Prayer all his business, all his pleasure 'praise,'"

in a small cell or *loge*. One day the king, in hunting, passed the spot, and was so much pleased with the simple life led by the hermit, that he acceded to his desire to have one, then two, then three, companions, until a community was formed, called *Les Frères des Loges*; and on St. Fiacre's day in every year a great concourse of people assembled, and this was the origin of the *Foire des Loges*. The monks were driven away in 1793. The fair is still kept up. The ruins of the *Prieuré* still exist, and hither Madame Dubarry was sent during the last illness of Louis XV.

and fall suddenly at the feet of the skilful marksman. Dancing booths, fat women, gigantic men, infant Hercules, minimum dwarfs, wrestlers, actors, singers, musicians, liquor merchants, cigar vendors, and pick-pockets, are there in legions; and there, too, are the large temporary kitchens, or rather furnaces, which, made of clay, roast chickens, turkeys, geese, pigeons, etc., on long spits, regaling the noses and exciting the appetites of the visitors to that "gay and festive scene;" whilst the attendant cooks, with white caps and jackets, and long forks and ladles, look like the *marmitons* at Camacho's wedding, and invite the throng to stop and eat, proffering a bill of fare, temptingly drawn up; and the *cuisine* must be profitable, if one may judge from the numbers who follow the craft, and the heap of provisions, cooked and uncooked, which present themselves for selection and consumption.

In the evening there are balls, and the dancing is incessant and joyous, for in France nothing is complete without a ball, from the saloon of the duchess to the guinguette of the peasant; and then there is a grand display of fireworks, of which the terminating *bouquet* invariably calls forth the loud plaudits of the enraptured crowd.

This has the greatest attraction to the real Parisian, whose applause of art certainly overcomes his admiration of nature; and who prefers a drama in fifteen tableaux to all the beauties of the most magnificent landscape, where hill and dale, wood and water, ravine and rock, vie in their combination of the sublime and beautiful; to him

"Day's garish eye"

is most pleasing; but we say,

"If thou wouldst view St. Germain's right,
Go visit her terrace by pale moonlight,"

that extends many hundred feet above the level of the river for more than a mile; and in the panorama may be seen the heights of wood-crowned Meudon, the windings of the Seine resembling a silvery snake, seeking to escape the grasp; the aqueduct of Marly, like the remains of a Roman viaduct; the chateau of Maisons; the Arc de Triomphe; the spires of St. Denis; the eminence of Mont Martre; the steep of Mont Valerian, etc. etc.

There may be many scenes more bold, more striking, more extensive; but there can be none which combine greater beauty and variety of landscape, or are more richly associated with the progress of the present day, and the recollections of the past.

SONNET TO W. L. GARRISON.

O'ER thee, O Garrison, through many a storm
Of wild detraction ploughing thy brave course,
Tempests may burst, and spend their deafening force,
Yet, in thy breast, with heavenly virtue warm,
Beats not one pulse of languor or alarm:
For in thine holy cause thou hast a source
Of life, and hope, and joy; and faint, and hoarse
Clamour may bawl herself, or spite deform
Thy noble deeds with slander's foulest slime;
And thou, unscathed and innocent, the while,
Canst view their doings with a pleasant smile,
Fixed in thy purpose, solemn, true, sublime.
Behold, thou'rt building up a glorious pile
Shall mock the thunderous war-blasts of all time.

Wendover, Bucks.

J. S.

ASSOCIATED HOMES FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS.

BY MARY GILLIES.

THE middle class is a term representing so large a number in this country, that it is difficult to define its meaning, so great a variety of circumstances and conditions are included in it, which become confounded with the aristocracy at one end, and with the working class at the other. The majority of those who belong to it are indeed hard workers, with whom the struggle for the means to live is so great, that they cannot maintain their position without a degree of toil which too often embitters life. Even among those whose lot is more fortunate, the pressure of the cost of living on the means of living is so heavy, and the standard of comfort is placed so high, and requires such an outlay to maintain it, that few are exempt from anxiety, and overwork. Few merchants can spend an hour of any day, except Sunday, with their families. They go to their counting-houses early, and remain till late. Medical men scarcely know how to be sure of a leisure hour day or night. Artists work at their easels during every minute of daylight, and it is very common to see their windows lighted up by their lamps at night. To burn the "midnight oil" is so usual, as to have become proverbial among literary men. It is the same with the majority of the members of all trades, businesses, or professions. A certain number attain the highest places in all, and these form what is called the "aristocracy of wealth;" all the rest have been properly designated "the uneasy classes" working hard and long; seldom free from care; enjoying little leisure, and, in short, wasting life in acquiring the means to live.

In this description, the money-makers only are included, and these are generally men, though not always. Many women of the middle class work hard to make money. Still the majority are men; husbands and fathers of families. But these do not suffer alone. They carry two other classes along with them in their drudgery. These are the clerks or other assistants required in their business, trade, or profession, and their own wives and daughters. The case of the former of these is too obvious to require comment, and is also attracting much public attention at present, but that of the latter is too little thought of.

The fatigues and cares of women of the middle class are not understood or appreciated as they ought to be. The mother of a family, with a scanty income, has frequently equal labour and anxiety in the task of "making it do" as the father has in earning it; and if it is precarious, or if the domestic economy has been begun on too expensive a scale, so that debts and arrears press on her, the situation becomes one of wretched discomfort. Scarcely any women have been trained to manage well. Nearly all have to learn, after marriage, how to order a whole set of circumstances into which they are thrown unprepared, together with the delicate health attendant on the fact of becoming mothers. Many a marriage that began in love has ended in discord, because the husband could not understand nor forgive the change which all this has made on the woman he had chosen. Added to all, there is in their life no time for reading or mental improvement, while in the contact with the world men learn and progress in the midst of their business and struggle for money. Women, therefore, become narrow-minded, and unfit companions for their husbands, and in these details we have the secret of many an unhappy marriage.

There is such an appearance of wealth and comfort about the middle class of England, that at first view it appears an anomaly to assert the existence of these evils. Yet thousands would bear witness to them, were

they questioned on the subject. The cost of living in this highly-taxed country is so great, that care and struggle are nearly universal, except among the very rich; and even among them it is very common to find the income exceeded by the expenditure, so great is the taste for luxury, and so heavy the expenses it entails.

In such a state of things it is most desirable to find out how to live at less cost, without lowering the established standard of comfort; and the clubs already in existence clearly indicate the way to this end. A judicious combination of the club-system with the plan of including separate sets of chambers in the same building, would, under proper arrangements, produce a most beneficial alteration in our domestic economy, and in all our social arrangements.

When anything resembling Associated Homes is mentioned, the idea of living in public is apt to occur; but this is quite erroneous. Were it otherwise, it would be fatal to the attempt to introduce them, for English habits are formed on the very contrary basis. The English enjoy the family circle, the power of privacy, quiet, and seclusion; and any scheme of living that failed in securing these would at once fall to the ground. Associated Homes, however, need interfere with none of these habits. The outer walls of the building, the kitchens, store-rooms, and other offices, are all that need be in common. Every man's house might be as exclusively his own, as completely "his castle," though under the same roof with fifty others, as if it stood on one side of a street, in a row with fifty others. In truth, it would probably be much more secluded in the former than in the latter case. In a street, the opposite houses overlook each other in front, and the gardens or yards at the back are overlooked by the whole row. The walls also of the common description of houses are thin enough to transmit noises, the sound of musical instruments, etc., and much annoyance is frequently suffered by one neighbour from another in consequence. All this might be avoided by proper architectural plans and substantial building. It is desired, then, earnestly to recommend to the middle classes a combination to form Associated Homes; each home being separate and complete in itself, but contained within one building, or associated in a range of buildings, having a common kitchen and other offices, a common store of all kinds of provisions, and other articles essential to housekeeping, and an establishment of the needful number of domestic servants; the whole under the control of a certain appointed body, or of a capitalist who may choose to embark in such an undertaking; and every department under efficient superintendence.

The advantages of such a plan would be best understood by observing the various deficiencies of our present arrangements. Let us picture to ourselves a street containing fifty houses, rented at about fifty pounds a year. Here is a rental of 2,500*l.* a year, for which these fifty families have each a house, which, with all its comforts, has many faults. The drainage is very commonly defective, and there is a bad smell at times; the water is not conveyed above the ground-floor; the sunk story is damp and unhealthy for the servants; the rooms are small; they generally admit draughts when doors are opened, and are close when shut up; and the walls being thin, they are cold in winter, and hot in summer. Less than such a rental as this would command the erection of fifty houses of much superior description and convenience, if built in combination.

These houses have each their kitchen range. Fifty kitchen ranges, each of which, with the necessary utensils for cooking, must have cost, on a moderate computation, twenty pounds. Here is an outlay of a thousand pounds. The most complete and excellent apparatus, capable of cooking in a far superior manner for the same number of individuals, might be had for a fraction of such a sum. In these ranges are fifty kitchen fires,

burning away fuel in a way so wasteful, that it would be very difficult to calculate to how great a degree the heat thus produced might be economised. Then there are fifty cooks, each performing her office very imperfectly, with imperfect knowledge and defective utensils, so that the waste in cooking is very great; while their wages and cost in living cannot be computed at a lower sum than seventeen hundred and fifty pounds,—they are probably nearly two thousand. An accomplished "artist," with a full staff of under-cooks, might be maintained for much less; but no such expensive service is required. A well instructed upper-cook, with the proper number of assistants, would perform all the duties of the kitchen in a way which no private family of the middle class can now command, at a wonderfully reduced cost. Lastly, there are fifty housekeepers, many of them inexperienced, some careless, a few expert, but nearly all "careful and troubled about many things." The expenditure of these homes is in general supplied by much bodily and mental exertion; it is hard, therefore, that it should not be economised and managed to the best advantage. But with the best intentions, and even the best skill, this is impossible. The single item of fuel, already noticed, is a type of all the rest. Few who have not tried it are aware of the extraordinary difference in the price of nearly all provisions bought wholesale, and in small quantities. It is a fact within the experience of the writer, that the cost of the bread for a family is diminished one-third by buying flour by the sack, and baking at home; and this difference would be increased if the ovens and other conveniences were well constructed. As to the loss by waste, ignorance, and imperfect apparatus in cooking, let any one only see a dinner prepared in a common kitchen, and then in the kitchen of the Reform Club, or the future kitchen of the Whittington Club, and no more need be said.

A combination then to form Associated Homes, would, if successful, obtain for the middle classes advantages so great that it is difficult to understand why it has been so long delayed. It is not enough to say that every family living in them would find their expenditure diminished by one-third, and their comfort increased by two-thirds; but if this proved all, the anticipation should be sufficient to rouse them to make the effort.

The plan is not new. It has been frequently proposed, and it was ably advocated in the "Monthly Repository" nearly thirteen years ago, in a paper entitled "Housebuilding and Housekeeping," which appeared in the number for August, 1834. The writer there developed the details of a plan for accommodating sixty families, averaging five persons each, and belonging to that class whose incomes are from three to four hundred a year. He proposed a public dining hall in this plan. But it is of course quite evident that the whole might be modified so as to suit incomes of any amount, varying from less than a hundred up to thousands; and to accommodate single persons, or married persons without children, as well as families; and that there is no necessity for a public table, an arrangement which would be distasteful to the majority of families of the class in question.

The scheme proposed by the writer in the "Monthly Repository," was contrived on the plan of separate dwelling houses, all entering from the two sides of a covered gallery resembling the Burlington or Lowther arcades. Each of these dwellings, he proposed, should contain from four to six or eight rooms; a number quite sufficient, when it is recollected that neither kitchens nor servants' rooms would be required in them. To each he allotted a small garden and greenhouse. All the dwellings to be warmed, ventilated lighted with gas, supplied with baths warm and cold, and having water conveyed into every bed-room. All,

to be ready furnished also. This would be in some respects advantageous, because the furniture might be all chosen in good taste, and suitable to the dimensions of the rooms; it would also be most convenient to people setting out in life, but to others who are already provided with furniture, it would be the reverse. It would be best to furnish some dwellings and not others. In the centre of the range of dwellings was to be, on one side of the gallery, a building containing the kitchens, larders, store-rooms, washhouses, laundries, etc. This was to contain a small steam-engine, which would of-course prove an untiring and most useful servant to the whole establishment, in a wonderful variety of ways. The kitchen to be furnished with the most approved modern inventions, for good and economical cookery. The servants' rooms to be also in this building; but a far better plan would be to allot to them the upper rooms of the opposite one, in which he has placed his public dining-hall, library, music-room, etc.

With regard to public rooms, it would certainly be a great good to have them. A library and reading-room, and music-room, there should be, and other large rooms in which members of the establishment might give parties, or hold concerts, or have dancing, if they pleased, and in which a *table d'hôte* might be held at stated hours for all who chose to go to it, which unmarried individuals would be very likely to do. As to the mode of arranging the meals of the families in each house, it might be done something on the plan of which we hear in Paris, where carts drive up to people's doors and leave a dinner ready cooked and kept hot on the way, by a stove or steaming apparatus. The difficulty in the establishments in question would be much diminished by the short distance to go from the kitchens to the dwellings; and if there was a steam-engine on the premises it would be quite easy to work small covered carts along the gallery on rails, accompanied by a servant to stop them at the doors where they were wanted, and carry in their cargo of breakfast, dinner, or whatever it might be. A fixed rate of charge might be made for every individual supplied, according to the kind of living, whether plain or luxurious, of each, and the dishes chosen. There would therefore be no difficulty about inviting company. In short, in this matter the clubs furnish examples of the way to arrange. A bill of fare might be posted up every day, and each householder would then simply have to order whatever was agreeable to him or her, and to give directions as to time, numbers to be served, etc. The servants would all belong to the establishment; but if any residents wished to keep a private servant it might be done. It must be evident that the drudgery of household service would be very much diminished by all the conveniences of such a plan as this, and by the various operations performed by the steam-engine; among these washing would be comprised, and might be done with great ease and completeness.

On the subject of the mode of arranging the various services required, the writer in the Repository says:—"Every different department of labour could be committed to a single individual as a responsible contractor, giving security for the fulfilment of his undertaking. For instance, the cook or restaurateur, after certificates of his competency, should be chosen for the superior cheapness of his offers. He would, of course, be answerable for the quality of his provisions; and he would find and control his own waiters. The baker should have the same terms. The washerwoman the same; the shoe-cleaner the same; the clothes-maker the same; the gardener the same; the bathman the same. And it might be worth while to have a chambermaid, with bed and table linen, towels, etc. on the same terms. All these people should be under the control of the proprietor, as to their dealings with the purveyors of food, in order to supply a good quality; but they should be

liable to be dismissed on a committee of the inhabitants expressing their dissatisfaction. An engineer and a carpenter would, of course, be maintained on the establishment by the proprietor, in order to keep all in repair." These details might probably be improved, and in this instance also the experience of the clubs might furnish the means. Some ideas on the best mode of arranging the domestic economy of Associated Homes, and of turning their advantages to the best account, will form the subject of another paper.

With regard to probable expense, the writer already quoted has calculated as follows. He does not profess to do more than approximate to the fact, but he is probably a good authority on the matter. "The rents of the dwellings would of course vary with their size and embellishments, but we can take an average of the sixty-two separate buildings connected by the gallery, including the two public erections. The expensive fittings of chimney pieces and kitchens being avoided, as well as cellars and all such appurtenances, would make up nearly for the furniture," (it will be remembered the calculation is made for *furnished* houses); "and the needful warming and lighting apparatus. I should think that, one with another, these dwellings might be completed, ready for occupancy, for about three hundred pounds each; and allowing amply for the erection of the engine and the working gear belonging to it, the whole might be completed for about twenty-four thousand pounds. Allowing ten per cent. interest for the capital employed, in order to cover wear and tear—and this would be a most handsome allowance—the proprietor could afford to let these dwellings at forty pounds per annum each. But we will allow fifty." This is on an average, some would be more, some less; and if unfurnished, of course the rent would be considerably less. "If the families were all living separate, each would be supposed to maintain a servant, whose annual expense would be from thirty-five to forty pounds. With the machinery, twenty servants would do all the work in a far more efficient manner, and the average annual expense of servants to each family would thus be reduced to about fifteen pounds. Lighting and warming, with an abundant supply of hot and cold water, would be performed much under twenty pounds, without any labour to the inmates. The price of washing would be reduced at least one half. The price of provisions would be reduced probably to something like two-thirds," (it will be observed, that this accords with the experience of the present writer as to the cost of bread,) "and variety would be attained without trouble; and, moreover, cold meats and unwholesome food would not need to be eaten to prevent waste. Thus, from eighty to one hundred pounds per annum would amply pay for lodging, domestic service, lighting, warming, and washing, for a family of five persons, and such perfect accommodation as no private dwelling ever yet attained at double the expense. One hundred per annum would suffice to secure an ample supply of wholesome food in great variety; and a man with an income of three hundred pounds would have a third left for clothing and other expenses; and all this would be absolutely without the time of any member of the family being taken up with any duty of drudgery."

It is difficult to estimate the importance of this diminution of expense, with increase of comfort and refinement, and decrease of domestic drudgery. The time thus set free might produce effects so great and beneficial that we cannot see where they would end. The great duties of mothers, the great duties of wives, the true mission of women in the world, would then all have a chance to develop themselves. When the time comes, may women see and take advantage of their golden opportunity. May they have a due sense of their great responsibilities, and shun the temptation which may assail them to waste that great boon of peaceful leisure in frivolity or indolence. The women of the middle

class have not, like those of the aristocracy, formed habits of luxury, ease, and the necessity of seeking excitement in society. They have been trained to industry, and to much self-command, self-denial, and patience. No conventional morality comes in to shield them and permit them any license. They have much to learn, but in many respects little to subdue; and may therefore be said to have a clear field before them, if the evils of their circumstances could be removed.

Opportunities for education, from the age of infancy upwards, would open in such establishments such as we cannot command now. This would be one of their great advantages. The numbers collected would form classes sufficient to pay the best teachers. This mode of education is common in Edinburgh for the daughters as well as the sons of the middle classes and gentry, who go out to classes taught by competent masters. In London the distances and the impossibility of walking about the streets without attendance prevents it; but Associated Homes would render it easy.

As to the mode of setting on foot such homes, we may again quote from the "Monthly Repository":—"There are two modes of bringing the plan in question to bear. One is by means of subscription amongst the members, as the club-houses were originally founded; the next is as a speculation of profit, or of good investment, to the moneyed capitalist." Whichever mode may be adopted, it is obvious that the experiment might be tried on a large or a small scale; also, that buildings of a much simpler construction, and much cheaper mode of management than that here detailed, might be made, comprising, for example, sets of chambers in one building, instead of separate dwellings, and altogether made to suit incomes of a hundred a year or less.

There can be no doubt that, by combination upon a scale of expense suited to these small incomes, a degree of comfort could be attained such as would raise into comparative opulence a whole class who are now cut off from the blessings of a home, and all its domestic ties, by want of means to support a family. Riches and poverty are only relative terms. The power to live within our incomes in such a mode as our habits render agreeable to us, constitutes us *rich*; and if a man with a hundred a year can manage this, he is richer than one who has a thousand, and is running into debt.

The spirit of the time tends more and more to combination. The mode of applying this principle here recommended is earnestly pressed on public attention, in the belief that there is none which offers fewer difficulties, or gives a fairer prospect of good results.

WHICH IS THE MAN?

BY EDWARD YOUL.

I.

I see its pins, and chains, and rings,
Its eyeglass, and its trumpery things;—
I see its whiskers—they are fine
Ornaments in the hairy line;
I see its coat; I see its hat;
I see its boots, and its cravat.—
If such a thing you chance to meet,
Sauntering up Regent Street,
The tailor praise who makes such suits,
And praise the artist of such boots.

II.

I do not see his shabby dress:—
I see him in his manliness;
I see his axe; I see his spade;
I see a man that God has made:—
If such a man before you stand,
Give him your heart, give him your hand,
And praise your Maker for such men:—
They make this old earth young again.

CASPAR HAUSER, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF BADEN.

(Continued from p. 259.)

THE heir apparent to the throne, namely, the eldest son of the Margrave Frederick, died (during the lifetime of his father) a violent death, while on a journey to the north, in the year 1801. The carriage was upset, and his neck was broken. He left, however, a son, Karl, who succeeded on the death of his grandfather in 1811. This was the husband of Stephanie, whom he married in 1806. Stephanie, now in advanced age, is esteemed a lady of fascinating manners, full of intellect and goodness of heart; but in the flower of her youth she united in herself all which constitutes the perfect charm of a young Frenchwoman. Notwithstanding, for a long time she deigned not to confer on her husband a word or look. An evil demon appeared to stand between them, and it did stand between them; who it was we shall anon see. Sound sense and natural goodness, however, finally triumphed; the married pair discovered the truth, and became attached to each other. Their eldest child was the Princess Louise, who was born in 1811. Their marriage seemed to promise to become one of the happiest in the world, but the evil demon again presented itself. Karl was amiable, but weak; a knot of dissipated people acquired an influence over him; he was regularly ruined, and died of exhaustion in the thirtieth year of his life. He had had in the whole five children: three princesses, who still live; and two princes, one born in September, 1812, who died (?) in a few weeks; the other born in 1816, who died in the following year. Karl, therefore, left no male heir; and, at his death, who succeeded to the throne?—The evil genius of his father—his father's brother Ludwig, and that after the next elder brother, the Margrave Frederick, had died in the preceding year 1817, and died, too, of a sudden death.

Since, then, this Grand-Duke Ludwig, the predecessor of the present reigning grand-duke, is the principal figure in the infernal picture that we now unroll, it is necessary in a few words to denote his character. Possessing a powerful constitution, he was full of vehement and contradictory passions. He was dissolute to the highest degree, irreconcilable in his hatred, constant in friendship—or more properly, grateful for personal services rendered him, which were truly of a very dubious kind, consisting in procuration and base adulation—arbitrary and despotic, and yet, so able, that perhaps never was there a prince who could rely so unconditionally on the devotion of his soldiers; at a signal from him they would have fired on father and mother. He was, moreover, persevering and determined in his resolves and opinions, and, finally, not wanting in personal courage, to which he added tolerable knowledge of military affairs.

Let us now take a retrospective review of the whole succession of deaths which must happen, in order to open to him the way to the throne; and we find his eldest brother, who was killed by the overturning of his carriage; his next elder brother, who also died a sudden death; his brother's son, who died in the bloom of his years; and the two male children of this nephew, who both perished in their infancy.

Without allowing ourselves to speculate how far these circumstances were ordered or effected by a human hand, since the inquiry is impossible, so much is certain, he was the murderer of his nephew, the murderer of Karl.

At the time of the Congress of Vienna, a rumour was abroad that he had procured poison to be given him in Vienna; and the suicide of Karl's valet which took place in that city, and the cause of which never could be

discovered, was soon connected with it in the public mind, and regarded as the consequence of the stings of conscience. Yet Karl died not till 1818: it did, indeed, appear as if his health had suffered a shock since his sojourn in Vienna; yet we willingly admit that Karl died in direct consequence of his debaucheries; but, if we cast a glance at the loose companions who seduced him into these disgraceful excesses, we at once discover none but people who, after the death of the nephew, became the particular favourites of the uncle.

One of these, Von Gensau, colonel of the guards, led a life of constant scandal, contracted false debts, embezzled even fees belonging to the war-office, for which a poor devil of the name of Bernauer, who served both gentlemen as secretary, soon after the accession of the present grand-duke, was arrested, and for two years continued under trial at Karlsruhe. But Ludwig was too shrewd, and too zealous an observer—for he acquainted himself with the whole gossip of the city, and knew it all—for the debaucheries of his colonel of guards to escape him, which the very children in the streets were familiar with, and yet he never brought him to account for them. Was there a criminal secret between the two—the cement of this enduring connexion? The reward for having ministered diligently to the excesses of the nephew, which exhausted his strength? Was there a secret between them? Probably there was more than one!

Another favourite of the Grand-Duke Ludwig was the Major Hennehofer, in whom many believe that they see the murderer of Caspar Hauser. This man has, indeed, talent, but unrestrained by principle, and capable of anything. He made a strikingly rapid career in Germany. The war of 1813 found him a commissary, if I mistake not, at Gernsbach. He was about the person of Karl, as a ranger; but under Ludwig he rose speedily to the rank of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Those must have been important services which were rewarded with so rapid an advancement. Was he also in the secret?

The grand-duke openly took from the theatre a dancer, Mademoiselle Werner: he had two children by her, and afterwards created her Countess of Langenstein. Extensive and various as were his intrigues, to this lady he showed an unvarying constancy: he visited her every day, reposed in her the most unbounded confidence, and left her at his death the bulk of his private property, which was considerable. Near the residence of this Mademoiselle Werner was that of the park-ranger Hauser, who had earlier been chamberlain to Ludwig of Baden, still stood in high favour with him, and whose daughter daily visited her neighbour, where she often saw the grand-duke too. Both Mademoiselle Werner and the daughter of the park-ranger are good, plain, unpretending women, of the middle class, to whom people willingly listen when they talk out of their own heads, or become the echoes of persons of fashion. In this way, on one occasion came flying to me a feather, which once hung in the pinion of one of the Hauser family.

The conversation was of Hennehofer; of his brilliant career; and whether, in case of a change in the government, he might not be a loser. "By no means," was the answer, "*he knows too much.*" That much could not have grown in her garden; it was evidently the observation of the ruler, who had let it fall in confidential talk with his mistress. I could well comprehend on what occasion the grand-duke might have dropped this expression. Major Hennehofer stood in connexion with Mademoiselle Werner, he was even about to marry her sister; he had no private property; nothing but his pay. In the intimate conversations concerning this marriage, in which the grand-duke took a lively interest, and which he particularly desired, it was quite in character that the princely favourite or her sister, who was looking for a secure provision, should observe to the

duke that the future bridegroom depended entirely on his pay, and might lose it under a successor. To which the reply was the requisite consolation, "*He is indispensable to the successor—he knows too much.*" But what did he know?

Perhaps it was how both the heirs male had perished so speedily while the sisters all remained alive. The people from the first regarded the affair as very striking, and said all sorts of things about it: the deaths were also attended with truly extraordinary circumstances.

Before the death of each of the princes appeared the white lady. This white lady, as every one knows, bestowed formerly, and for ages, her visits on many of the great families of Germany, and each appearance was the herald of death. In the Castle of Blankenburg in the Hartz country, you may see a very striking full-length portrait of her. The white lady appeared at the cradle of the princes successively, bowed herself in grief over it, and the terrified nurses fled away.

I have read with much pleasure the stories of the white lady and of the banshee, in the Irish popular legends; but as all these bore an ancient date, I had drawn the conclusion that the white lady had long since vanished, and appeared no more. I deduce, therefore, from this present fact, another meaning, one which certain persons in Karlsruhe adopted, that the white lady was no other than the Reichsgräfin, formerly maid of honour, Geyer von Geyersberg, the mother of the present grand-duke, and that she destroyed the children.

This woman must have been an unnatural monster towards her own children. She was recklessly extravagant and irregular in her life; credit, she had none amongst the rich, to whom she was too well known; her agents went continually about amongst the dwellings of the poor, and exacted from them, under menaces and the most deceitful promises, their little savings for their own necessities.—She is dead, but curses and imprecations on her memory daily resound around her grave, from thousands of those whose families she reduced to poverty, or whose poverty she aggravated to ruin. Her eldest son is now Grand-Duke of Baden; her two other sons are Margraves of Baden, and all three are very rich; yet it has occurred to none of them to rescue the memory of their mother! They left her, during the latter years of her life, in a condition of indigence and destitution, which she endeavoured to escape by compelling from widows and orphans their last mites: and now that she is in her grave, they will not, by a small part of their superfluous wealth, purchase her an exemption from the curses of these unhappy ones! When the mother appears so infamous to her own children, what shall we think of her? We must believe everything, the moment that we can be shown what interest she could have to become the accursed work-tool of the murder in question.

We have already said, that the Margraf Karl Frederick, at an advanced age, contracted a left-handed marriage with the maid of honour, Mademoiselle Geyer von Geyersberg, who was very young, and she bore the margraf particularly strong and healthy children. The courtiers made remarks thereon, and plenty of people set it down to their own satisfaction, that the real father of these children was no other than their own half-brother, the evil demon of our history, Ludwig of Baden; and certainly he who could seduce his father's wife to a crime of this kind, could easily lead her to the infinitely lesser sins of stealing or smothering other people's children. But if, indeed, these partly worn-out rumours were based on fact, there are other mysterious circumstances in the history of Ludwig, which can only be explained by the intimate relation between father and son, between a man and his successor.

When Ludwig ascended the throne, he was yet a vigorous man. He had two healthy and strong children

by his mistress the Gräfin Langenstein; he was not a man to be dreaming of dying soon; he was ambitious to the highest degree; why then did it never occur to him to marry, that he might be able to leave his throne to his own children—that throne, which, according to all appearances, he had grasped only by a whole series of crimes? The most powerful reasons of state must indeed urge upon him the policy of hastening such a marriage.

Between the courts of Bavaria and Baden, there existed and still exist the most serious and earnestly contested claims to the possession of the Pfalz, the richest and most beautiful portion of Baden. After the death of the Grand-Duke Ludwig, there remained none of the family of the Margrave Karl Frederick, except the children of the Reichsgräfin von Hochberg, i. e. Madam Geyer von Geyersberg, who had been so created. But these were the fruit of a left-handed marriage, i. e. of a marriage in which the children inherited the quality, not of the father, but of the mother only. Thus the ruling family legally expired with Ludwig of Baden; and Bavaria might now make good its claims on the Pfalz, and Austria its claims on the Breisgau, which, in consequence of the French Revolution, had been given to Baden, at the expense of Bavaria. It became doubtful even whether the Reichsgräfin Hochberg could establish the claims of her children to the old hereditary portion of Baden which had for centuries belonged to the house.

There were stupendous difficulties in these respects to surmount. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle must declare the Graf von Hochberg capable of succeeding; and the whole influence of Alexander, the Emperor of Russia, who had married a princess of Baden, was necessary to elicit this declaration; which, however, after all, could not be elicited further than that the Hochberg family, if entitled to succeed at all, was entitled to succeed only to the original hereditary lands of the Margrave of Baden. It became necessary to make many journeys to all the courts of Europe; the Margrave Wilhelm, brother of the present grand-duke, engaged in the time of Charles X. to support the French court, and continued some months in Paris. There was a mass of memorials written and dispersed amongst the ruling powers. The Baden Chamber of Deputies was called on time after time to declare that the whole Grand Duchy of Baden was one and indivisible. A thousand other things were done and attempted; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the Court of Bavaria has never resigned its claims to the Pfalz, and these affairs at the present hour are by no means decided.

Now all these difficulties were at once at an end, had Ludwig early married, and had legitimate male heirs. Why then did he not marry immediately on coming to the throne? Why did he not marry long before, as the creeping disease of his nephew had for years plainly opened to his view the certainty of his succession?

Could it be that he had brought the Reichsgräfin to act the white lady, and to the pitch of infanticide, by the promise of setting her own children—*his own children*—on the throne? If he gave such a promise, he was the man to keep it. But if he gave no such promise, or were no such man, was he not in the hands of the participator of his crime, and could she not come forward with this menace: "Remember the Bohemian Forest! keep faith with us, or we will discover all!" Should he free himself from this by fresh murders? He was weary of murder, and in his wild doings towards the end of his life, many saw only his violent efforts to drown the irrepressible reproaches of his conscience.

But if he did not revolt from recent murder, were not

the confidants perhaps too many? Could not these hold, in preparation for the worst chance, a written disclosure for foreign countries? It is certainly true that Ludwig of Baden never appeared to regard his heir to the throne but with a degree of aversion; but the case is very common, that the reigning father does not love his successor, who seems to await his end, and every day to pray for his life to be shortened. Ludwig was, moreover, sagacious, and must thoroughly perceive the pitiful want of character and the intellectual insignificance of his successor, who was not the man for him. Or was there engraven in his expressionless countenance, palpable to his eye, a train of crimes which made his hair stand on end, his blood run ice-cold?

But did he really feel the pangs of an evil conscience? In his last years he had about him a dissolute, but at the same time bigoted and ignorant priest of the name of Engesser, who possessed an unlimited influence over him, an influence which he shared only with the aforesaid Hennehofer. These two understood each other admirably. Engesser, at the time that he contrived to attract the eye of Ludwig, was simply a parish priest. In little more than the space of a year, he rose to be the head of a ministerial department; but, in fact, he was prime minister, at whose nod everything gave way. Besides this, the grand-duke, who was otherwise avaricious, lavished upon him houses and money. Did the Protestant but aged prince feel a necessity to shrive himself before the Catholic priest? Spite of his stupidity he was Jesuit enough to appease the conscience of the ruler with Catholic grounds of consolation. The priest still lives, and is become a rich man.

To all these rumours there is a consideration on the other side to be weighed, and it is important. If these rumours could spread themselves, and maintain themselves till now, had it been only in a confined circle, how did it happen that Karl of Baden, and his intellectual wife, against whom, and whose children, these hellish plans were directed, had no suspicion of them? Who knows? perhaps they had more—perhaps they had certainty.

LUDWIG WAS BANISHED AT THE COMMAND OF THE GRAND-DUKE KARL TO HIS ESTATE, AND A GOOD MANY OTHER PERSONS AT THE SAME TIME.

Nothing more precise ever reached the public regarding this measure, than that a political crime was laid to his charge, a conspiracy to hurl Karl from the throne, to which, in fact, Ludwig climbed out of his very banishment. The crime, and cause of abhorrence, must have been of no ordinary dye, which induced the nephew, for the honour of the family, to conceal it in a mysterious darkness. And if injustice were on this occasion done to Ludwig, why have none of the participators in it complained of it; Ludwig being upon the throne, and having raised them every one into places of high trust around him? They continued dumb, as before.

But of whatever kind these crimes were, how do they connect themselves with the history of Hauser?

His apparent age tallied exactly with the elder of the young princes who perished or were conveyed away, who was born at the end of 1812, and his first appearance with the termination of the reign of Ludwig.

His birth occurred at an agitated period. His father made the campaign in 1813 in France; afterwards he went to Vienna; and his absence gave to his enemies opportunity enough to carry off the child, and to take the necessary measures for its concealment, when the white lady brought under her veil a dead child to exchange for the living one, which, according to the rumour, was strangled.

At the ascension of Leopold, the present grand-duke, to the throne, there was again a strange but general report through Carlsruhe, that the ghost of a murdered prince had appeared to him as he went through the

(1) See Schiller's "Robbers."

vaults of the palace. Did some one of those in the secret blab in this shape? In a censor-ridden country this is the only way in which a weary conscience can relieve itself. It cannot speak out, but it can half speak.

But if Hauser was the son of Karl of Baden, and Ludwig of Baden, the uncle, was the cause of his incarceration, who was then the cause of his murder? God knows! I know only this,—that the present Grand-Duke Leopold, in whose time the murder happened, is called the friend of the middle class, and is universally beloved by his subjects—for so we read very often in the Carlsruhe Court Journal.

After Leopold's accession to the government, Engesser and Hennehofer retained for a while their posts. Certain passages in the "*Hochwächter*," to which I alluded in my preface, made, however, such a scandal regarding the doings of these two gentlemen, that they were both removed; but it was done very gently, and Hennehofer, it is said, will one day be reinstated.—*He knows too much!*

Well, I have related only *surmises*, and made thence only dubious deductions: *they of whom I have spoken are answerable to no tribunal which can put these surmises to the proof.*

These words are not mine. My passions as a republican might have led me wrong, and have given an importance to these matters which they might not deserve. But the words are those of an unimpassioned man; of a sober criminal judge, Feuerbach, to whom the king of Bavaria deputed the inquiry concerning Caspar Hauser, and who printed them in the report of the inquiry thus:—"There are circles of human society into which the arm of justice dares not penetrate."

As the result of my material towards the history of Baden, the following important queries particularly present themselves:—

1. Did Karl actually begin to sicken at the Congress of Vienna?
2. Does the murder of his chamberlain stand connected with that circumstance, or with that of the murder of the former prince, which had occurred before?
3. Have people seen the white lady, who are yet still living?
4. Had the ranger Hennehofer already been connected with the successor of Ludwig?
5. Why did he make so rapid a career of advancement?
6. How great is the sum which Engesser received from Ludwig? and how can such an endowment be explained?
7. Why was Ludwig banished to his estate? and what were those who were banished with him charged with?
8. In the features of Caspar Hauser is there not an obvious likeness to Karl of Baden, especially in the lower part of the face?
9. For some time before the appearance of Caspar Hauser there came every five days a man into his cell, who taught him to write and read. Did any confidant of Ludwig of Baden,—for instance, Hennehofer,—make such regular journeys?

To these there might be added another query, out of the political circumstances which arose on Caspar's death:—

10. Was the Ritter von Lange, who is by no means an ass in other respects, and who asserts in the public prints that Caspar Hauser destroyed himself on speculation,—was this man before in debt and difficulties—and is he so no longer?—or has his property since then received a remarkable augmentation?

The answer to these queries would solve a multitude of mysteries.

To this little book is added this:—

POSTSCRIPT.

I wrote the above in a kind of compulsory solitude, without books or other means of assistance than a copy of Schiller's "Robbers," and a little table of the genealogy of the House of Baden, which I owed to the care of an acquaintance. In other circumstances my details might have been richer. At this moment, the printing being finished, there comes to my hands something, which, for the sake of completeness, I add. The *Frankfort Journal* of the 4th of February states that:—

"A certain Herr Cuno, Royal Economy Counsellor of Prussia, writes from Ratibor to the Magdeburg Gazette of the 9th of February, 1834, a letter, in which he says, that in the Vossich Gazette of November the 16th, 1816, No. 138, stands this communication:—

"Paris, 6th Nov. 1816.

"A boatman of Gross-Kempe found, on the 23rd of October, a bottle swimming in the Rhine, containing a paper with this passage in Latin:—*Cuicunque qui hanc epistolam inveniet. Sum captivus in carcere apud Lauffenburg juncta Rheni flumen; meum carcer est subterraneum, nec novit locum ille qui nunc solio meo potitus est. Non plus possum scribere, quia sedulo et crudeliter custoditus sum.*

"S. Hanes Sprancid."

To him who shall find this letter. I lie in a dungeon at Lauffenburg, on the Rhine; my subterranean prison is unknown to him who now sits on my throne. I can write no more because I am strictly and severely watched.

(To be continued.)

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

VI. — DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON AIR.

THE life of every organized being, from the simplest Plant to the most complicated Animal, is dependent upon a constant supply of Air. This statement may seem strange to those, who call to mind the fact that many Plants and a large number of Animals pass their whole lives immersed in water, without ever approaching its surface; and who are not aware that they are enabled to do so by means of the air which the water contains, dissolved (as it were) in it. That all ordinary water contains air, is very easily shown. If we fill a glass flask with water from a well, a cistern, a running stream, or a stagnant pool, and place it over a lamp, we shall soon see minute bubbles adhering to its sides; these enlarge as the heat of the water increases, and detaching themselves one after another, they rise to the surface. Now the first of these bubbles are not formed by steam, for they begin to appear long before any of the water itself has been turned into vapour; they are composed of the *air* which was dissolved in the water, and which is caused to expand or increase in bulk by the heat, and thus to show itself in the form of distinct bubbles. As the water increases in warmth, however, the air is gradually set free from it; and the bubbles which we then see rising to the surface partly consist of watery vapour, as we may know by the issue of steam which then begins to take place. When we have *boiled* the water for a little time, all the air which it previously contained is expelled; and if we keep it in a bottle closely stopped, we may prevent it from again absorbing (or sucking in) a fresh supply. But if we expose it again to the atmosphere, it gradually draws in the same quantity of air which was previously dissolved in it; and this the more rapidly, in proportion as it is exposed to it by a larger surface. Thus, if spread out in a flat dish, it would absorb air faster than if kept in an open jar; whilst if it be made to fill a

narrow-necked bottle, the replacement of the air which it contained will take place much more slowly.

Those who are possessed of an air-pump may satisfy themselves still more completely of the presence of air in all ordinary water; for by placing a vessel of water under the receiver, and then exhausting the air around it, the air contained in the water will gradually escape in the form of minute bubbles,—as when the water was heated,—and may thus be completely removed, if the vacuum formed by the air-pump be perfect, and be kept up for some little time.

Now in Water which has thus been completely deprived of its Air, and which has not been allowed the opportunity of absorbing a fresh supply, no Plant or Animal can long exist. We may expose it in vain to the sun's light, without perceiving those green flocks which were described in the last paper as the lowest forms of Vegetable life; and if we place in it any of the species which we find completely immersed in our streams or pools, they speedily lose their freshness of appearance, become sickly, and die. The death of Animals in such water is more speedy. If we place in it some small Fishes, they show in a few minutes that they are in a state of suffering, analogous to the *suffocation* of a man who has fallen into the water; and in a few minutes more they cease to live. But if the water which we have boiled, or which we have placed in the vacuum of the air-pump, be allowed to absorb air freely, before we try its influence upon vegetable or animal life, we find that it becomes as capable of supporting them as it originally was.

Thus, then, we have completely disposed of the apparent exception to the universality of our statement, that all Life is dependent upon Air; since this has been now shown to be as true of Plants and Animals whose natural habitation is in Water, as it is well known to be of those which are constantly surrounded by the Atmosphere. We shall now inquire into the causes of this dependence; which are not the same in the Vegetable kingdom as they are in the Animal; nor are they precisely the same in all Animals.

It is from the Air, either as it exists in the Atmosphere, or as it is dissolved in Water, that Plants derive a large portion of their *food*; that is, of the material of their growth. The greatest part of their substance consists of Carbon united with Oxygen and Hydrogen; the last two of these elements are supplied by Water, which we have seen to be composed of them; whilst the first is obtained from the small quantity of Carbonic Acid, which is mingled with all ordinary Air. Under the influence of Light, as explained in the last paper, the green surfaces of Plants are continually separating this Carbonic Acid into its elements, Carbon and Oxygen; the former is *fixed* or retained in the solid tissue of the Plant, being united with the elements of Water into a new compound of a gummy nature, at the expense of which the Vegetable fabric is built up; whilst the latter is set free, or given back to the Atmosphere, which is thus rendered (as we shall presently see) better fitted for the support of Animal life. It is a marvellous thought, but not the less true, that nearly all the matter which gives solidity to the Vegetable fabric,—as it exists not merely in the tender herbage of our meadows, and in the bright but perishable flowers of our gardens, but in the massive trunks and branches of our forest trees, in the timber of our houses and our ships, and in the vast beds of coal which now represent the luxuriant vegetation that flourished on the earth during vast successions of years in ages long since gone by,—that nearly all this should be derived from the Atmosphere, which constantly surrounds us without its presence being made known to us by any of our senses; invisible, inaudible, to be neither smelled, tasted, or touched, unless when charged with impurities foreign to its nature, or put in motion by forces which

have nothing to do with its essential character. Yet such is unquestionably the fact; as we shall more clearly see when the subject of Food is brought under consideration. The Carbon derived from the atmosphere, united with the elements of water, gives origin first to gum and starch; these form the materials of the soft and succulent tissues of the leaves; by their agency more carbon is fixed from the air, and blended with the watery part of the sap; and the material is thus prepared for the growth of the woody structure, the most solid and permanent portion of the whole Vegetable fabric.

No change of this kind is effected by the Animal. However abundantly supplied with Water and Carbonic Acid, however powerfully acted-on by Light, it cannot unite these into the materials requisite for its support; it cannot make use of any which have not been previously elaborated by the Plant; and the Animal world is thus entirely dependent upon the Vegetable for its means of continued existence.

So far, then, as *food* is concerned, it is the Vegetable kingdom alone to which a constant supply of Air is requisite; and it is not from either of the ingredients of which we commonly speak as the components of the Atmosphere—namely, Oxygen and Nitrogen gases—that this food is obtained; but from the minute quantity of Carbonic Acid diffused through it, in the proportion of only from *four to six* parts in every *ten thousand*, and therefore almost appearing like an accidental ingredient, foreign to its proper composition. And yet this quantity, which seems so minute when considered with reference to that of the other constituents of the atmosphere, is in itself so vast, (owing to its universal presence, and the almost inconceivable amount of air which surrounds our globe,) that it has been calculated that the proportion would not undergo any perceptible change, if all the beings at present living on the surface of the globe were to die and decay without being replaced, so as to give back to the atmosphere all the Carbon which they have fixed from it in the solid structure of their own bodies. But if long successions of years should elapse, during which one generation of trees should flourish after another, and those which have ceased to live and grow should not decay, but should preserve their solidity, then would a gradual diminution take place in the proportion of Carbonic Acid in the atmosphere, until it should be all exhausted, and no further Vegetation could take place. This can never occur, however, so long as Animal and Vegetable Life are dependent upon their present conditions; for as fast as the quantity of Carbonic Acid in the atmosphere would be diminished by the supply of food drawn from it by Plants, and prepared by them for Animals, so fast is the amount restored by the decay of the bodies of those beings whose term of life is expired, and still more by the decay which is always going on during life, and is a necessary condition of its continuance,—independently of that which is produced by the various processes of *combustion*, as explained in a former paper, which evolve carbonic acid in large quantities from our furnaces and fire-places, our lamps and candles, and even from our own lungs and those of other animals.

Between these two sets of changes, then, such a constant balance is maintained, that the proportion of Carbonic Acid in the Atmosphere remains always the same. By the continual restoration of that which has been withdrawn by the processes of Vegetation, a never-failing supply of the solid element of the food of Plants is kept up for their use; whilst the constant withdrawal of it by their agency prevents its accumulation to such a degree as to become deleterious to Animal life. This is one out of the many instances of that grand harmony between changes of the most opposite kind, which speaks so strongly of a Designing Mind, to whose compre-

hensive view all Nature is constantly open, and of whose will all its countless changes are but so many expressions.

An increase in the small quantity of Carbonic Acid which the atmosphere contains, might take place without any detriment to Vegetable life, so long as this is carried on under the influence of Light. It has been found by experiment that Plants surrounded by an atmosphere containing from four to six parts of Carbonic Acid in every hundred, (instead of every ten thousand,) grew with rapidity, and maintained a flourishing aspect, so long as they enjoyed a continuance of sunshine; and in climates where this influence is more constant than in our own, there is proof that such may occur from natural causes. Thus, the lake Solfatara in Italy, whose water contains a large quantity of carbonic acid that is constantly bubbling up through chinks in its bottom, is remarkable for the *floating islands* which are found upon its surface, and which are continually being formed afresh. These are chiefly composed of a sort of matting of *Confervæ* and other aquatic plants, which grow with the greatest luxuriance in this water, owing to the copious supply of nourishment which they are constantly receiving, and of which the brilliancy of the Italian climate allows them to make full use. It has been observed, too, that the vegetation around the springs in the valley of Göttingen, which abound in carbonic acid, and give it out to the atmosphere, is very rich and luxuriant; appearing several weeks earlier in spring, and continuing much later in autumn, than at other spots in the same district. Such facts as these lend much weight to the idea entertained by many Geologists, that at the time when those primeval forests flourished, which supplied the materials of our vast Coal-beds, the atmosphere was more highly charged with carbonic acid, as well as with moisture, than at present; whilst the higher temperature, derived from the interior of the earth, preserved it free from mists and clouds, and enabled the sun to exert its full influence on the processes of Vegetation, to which the internal heat would give an additional stimulus. In this way it has been supposed that those gigantic Ferns, Club-mosses, Equisetums, and Pines were produced, of which even the largest tropical species at present existing are but insignificant representatives. And it is further imagined that, by the growth of successive generations of these forests, and by the progressive fixation of the carbon which they drew from the atmosphere—which carbon now forms a portion of the crust of the earth, that probably exceeds in amount by many times the quantity contained in all the living beings now existing upon its surface—the proportion of carbonic acid in the air became gradually reduced to an amount consistent with the existence of the higher races of animals, which can be fully proved not to have made their appearance on the earth until after the epoch of the great Coal-formation. The speculation is too interesting to be passed over, in any inquiry into the comparative effects of Plants and Animals upon the Atmosphere; although we are now, it must be admitted, entirely shut off from obtaining the evidence necessary either to prove or disprove it.

But notwithstanding that the *principal* change which Plants exert upon the atmosphere is the withdrawal of its carbon, by the separation of that element from the carbonic acid diffused through it, they are not without an influence of the opposite kind; for, in common with Animals, they are continually restoring to the air a portion of the carbon which they have derived from it. When a plant dies and decays, the chief part of its carbon gradually unites with the oxygen of the air, and is carried off in the form of carbonic acid. This change is slowly taking place in the vegetable matter which forms part of ordinary mould or soil; and it is only when the solid part of this matter has been

thus re-converted into carbonic acid, that it can aid in the growth of the plants which grow in it. In all forms of vegetable manure, too, this change is the chief source of the fertilizing influence. It is not only by the death and decay of entire plants, however, that a portion of the carbon drawn from the atmosphere by the vegetable kingdom is restored to it again. The life of every fabric as a whole can only be long maintained by the death of certain parts of it. The leaves, which are the organs most concerned in preparing the nutriment for the more permanent portions, have only a very limited term of existence: either falling off and being renewed together, as in most of the trees of our own climate; or being subject to successive death and replacement, as in what are commonly termed *evergreens* trees and shrubs, whose old leaves are retained until after the new have appeared, and are cast off at various times. In this manner, during the long life of a forest-tree, numerous annual crops of leaves are produced and shed; whose solid portions, if they could be all collected together, would probably be found to exceed considerably the quantity contained in the woody stem with its roots and branches. With every "fall of the leaf," however, a large proportion undergoes immediate decay, and is restored to the atmosphere in the form of carbonic acid, whilst the remainder becomes mingled with the soil, to undergo a slower transformation, the effect of which, however, is ultimately the same. Thus the continued life of the permanent part of the Vegetable fabric can only be maintained by the continual death and reproduction of its more transitory portions—a fact which we shall hereafter see to be true of the Animal also; and this continual death and decay restores to the atmosphere a part of the carbon, which has been drawn from it by the first process of Vegetable life.

But even without any evident decay—in fact, in the midst of health and activity—Plants are constantly giving back to the atmosphere a portion of the carbon they have derived from it. This becomes most evident when the influence of light is withdrawn. If plants be kept during the night under jars containing a limited quantity of pure air, that air will be found in the morning to contain a sensible quantity of carbonic acid; for if it be shaken up with clear lime-water, the liquid will be rendered milky by the union of the carbonic acid with the lime, so as to form chalk or whiting. It may be further shown that carbonic acid is produced, even during sunshine, especially from the *dark surfaces* of Plants; but the quantity of carbon thus set free, during the whole twenty-four hours, is much less, in a healthy plant at least, than that which is fixed from the atmosphere during daylight. If a plant be confined in a close vessel, however, until it becomes unhealthy, and especially if it be not sufficiently exposed to the influence of Light, the quantity of carbon which it gives out is much greater than that which it takes in; and the weight of its solid matter is thus gradually diminished, by a sort of slow decay; the effect of which is to increase the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere. During the germination of seeds, and the expansion of flowers, this change takes place with great energy. The seed contains a quantity of starchy matter, which has been prepared by the parent for the nutrition of the germ during the early period of its development; but it cannot make use of this until the starch has been converted into sugar. This conversion, of which we have an example, on a large scale, in the process of *malting*, takes place under the influence of warmth, moisture, and air; and the chemical change of the one substance into the other can only be accomplished by the setting-free of a considerable quantity of carbon, which unites with the oxygen of the atmosphere to form carbonic acid. The young germinating plant is somewhat in the condition of an animal; being supported by food which has been prepared for it, instead

of deriving it at once from the elements around; and consequently giving up carbon to the atmosphere, instead of drawing that element from the air. A similar change takes place during the expansion of the flower; especially in cases in which the parts of the flower are mounted upon a fleshy "disk," or "receptacle." Of the starchy matter contained in this disk, a certain quantity is converted into sugar; some of which seems to be required as nourishment for the young seeds which are then being developed; whilst the superfluity forms the honeyed juice which is poured into the bottom of the flower. It is interesting to observe that in both these cases *heat* is given off, as we might expect from the fact that the union of the carbon of the starch with the oxygen of the atmosphere is really a slow combustion. This heat does not become sensible, however, unless a number of germinating seeds be collected together, or several flowers be closely clustered together upon one head. A thermometer plunged into a heap of germinating malt, has been seen to rise to 110° ; and the flowers of the *Arum*, which are peculiarly well circumstanced for retaining their heat, have shown a temperature as high as 121° , when that of the surrounding air was only 66° . For the development of this heat, it has been found by experiments, that the presence of oxygen in the surrounding air, so as to carry on the combustion-process, is absolutely necessary.

In our next paper, the dependence of *Animal* life upon *Air* will be demonstrated.

LOVE LANE.

BY GOODWIN BARNBY.

In my native village, in that fair vale of Suffolk, there is a long narrow lane, which bears the sweet name of Love Lane. I love its old pure Saxon appellation, as I love the simple titles of those well-inspired names of those ancient brotherhoods and sisterhoods—the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity, the Children of St. Bernard's, the Brotherhood of the Faith,—who, however they might have degenerated, were assuredly named and founded by pure, single-hearted, fine souls—children of simplicity, and brothers and sisters in love. I love its simple name, as I love other country names—names of fields, and meadows, and woods—Mill Piece, Double Acre, Daisy Nook, Dingle Wood, Stack Close, and other words which tell their own tale, even to the simplest. Sanatorium and Concordium, and such-like Latinized abbreviations, may have their particular advantages—as *Bellis Perennis*, the botanical name of the daisy, may also have; but, nevertheless, the latter can never diminish the natural beauty of the day's-eye of our sweet old English Chaucer, nor will the former cease to be the House of Health, and the Home of Concord.

Let me love Love Lane, then, for its sweet simple name. Let me love it also for itself. It is a pleasant country walk, just out of the village; you enter it by an old brown stile. On the right, it is bounded by a hedge, and a deep-toned shady wood of firs; on the left by another hedge, a garden, and soft, cool, green meadows, reaching to the village with its neat thatched houses, and its white church spire. The lane itself is straight, but the firs reach over it here and there, and their dark boughs, gemmed with delicate cones, and intermixed with graceful branchy larches, take off all harshness from the outline. Then there are long-haired tufts of grass hanging from the bank, and, in sunny spring-tide, mild-eyed primroses, and sweet-faced bramble-flowers, and dog-roses, and blue orb'd violets, and golden buttercups, and our own fair daisies, peering from amid or beneath the hedge. What festooning and draping of man milliner can do more for reforming into the curves

of beauty a straight outline than Nature's eternal dress-making! In robes of green she oftentimes ties her darling earth, but what shot-silk of ball beauty can rival the glancing changing lights and shades, and tints and dyes, with which she throws out that ground colour of her garmenture; and then when she crowns her bright high temples, and garlands her glorious flowing locks, with leaves, and flowers, and fruits—it is Eve in Paradise.

Love Lane, also, is not only straight, but narrow. Along its little beaten path, but two can walk abreast. Shall this however be regretted, when God has made us in pairs? Not only cautious-tongued Moses, but even old figured-velvet Statisticians, has found this out. Let us not regret, then, that it is narrow, but rather be glad that a couple may walk it together. Only reflect that all the blessed world of people might thus walk through a grand Love Lane, in sweet pairs, in choice couples, two and two, brave boy and fair girl, loving husband and happy wife, noble veteran and worthy matron. Even in this Love Lane of ours, how many young hearts may have been glad that only two could walk abreast in it! For each of these to the other was the whole world. Future generations walked with them, and hopes, and fears, and destinies. How many of these may not our narrow Love Lane have joined never to be parted! Their union in that little quiet walk may have determined their union in life. Blessed then be that sweet country Love Lane, and its narrow path, that had joined them, arm in arm, and heart in heart; and blessed also be that grand Love Lane which shall likewise join man and woman, lover and sweetheart, husband and wife, friend and friend, and brother and sister, in the walk of Philanthropy, in the path of Truth, and in the march of Liberty.

Let us pass on through this little Love Lane of ours. Fear not the brier; it has sweet-scented young shoots and bright blossoms. Fear not the bramble; it has rich bloomy fruit, full of ripe red juice. We may brush off those crystal beads of dew upon our coats, but they have scented the air, and as they fall they ring a gentle music. We may tread upon the grass, but its green blades will rise up timidly after our feet. Let us pass on. The fir tree drops its cone before our steps; we pick it up. How beautifully is it formed! How finely closing one upon another are its deep green or rich russet plates of vegetable armoury! How they unite in protecting those seeds, as they join together in their conelike shape, from a firm base tapering to an apex most symmetrical, like a purpose to an end! Let us pass on as the blackbirds pipe, and the mavis warbles, and those little blueish field sparrows twitter through the hedge; and like them sing out our songs in harmony with the gushes of nature. Let us pass on while the sky is blue above us, while the sunbeams glance from a fair morning heaven, while the grass is green, and rainbowed with dews; and, as we go, let us bless God that his good works are ever young.

Thus passing on, the path ascends. We mount a little hillock, a few rude steps, and climb another stile, and then what a prospect is before us! Bright green hills, wide and open, where the lambs play, and the cows feed, are ready with their soft turf and healthy breezes for our feet. From their bosoms swelling heavenward, as we lie thereon, we see the pleasant valley, and the steaming field, and the thrifty farmstead, and all the beauties within that wide horizon. Though that little Love Lane of ours was straight and narrow, it has led us to a vast and goodly prospect. So are the other Lanes of Love—so is the path of Truth. It is straight and narrow, but at length it leads us to the light of a universal scene. So is the way of Christ. It is straight and narrow; it is the path of self-sacrifice, but it leads to the salvation of all. It is the path of abnegation, but it guides to the hills of redemption, as our little Love Lane may lead to a grander road of love. We stand upon the earth—the skies are around us.

SPRING SONNETS.

BY PETER PAUL PALETTE.

I.

From yonder azure gap between the snow
Of bedded clouds, a loud and rapturous strain
Falls through the still air headlong to the plain,
And many a sweet throat echoes it below.
'Tis thine, blest Lark! Spring summons thee to go
High as thy wings will bear thee, and again
To hushed and listening earth proclaim her reign.
Rejoice thou at rough Winter's overthrow!
Nerve thy brave pinions for a lofty flight,—
And, like a spirit, through the arch'd blue
Rise, till thy quivering form be lost in light!
—Now thrush and blackbird their glad songs renew;
A *myriad* throats conspire to greet fair Spring,
And far and wide shout joyous welcoming.

II.

Season of bursting buds, and opening flowers!
Of emerald-springing blades, and laughing skies!
Of birdy births, and bush-born melodies!
Soft gales, and gleams, and fertilizing showers!
Thy hand roofs o'er the pillared wood; embowers
The lane with pleasant greenery; and ties
The fleecy clouds in gossip companies.
At thy sweet will the gracious Naiad pours
A richer flood from her bloom-wreath'd urn;
Narcissus peeps again into the stream;
Gay Hyacinthus trims his purple hair:
The orchard whitens; honeyed breath is borne
From many a woodbine gadding in thy beam;
And Mayflower cloy the breezes everywhere.

III.

Daisies, and kingcups, and pale cowslip-bells,
In knots and crowds upon the grassy leas;
A snow of clustering wood-anemones,
That lightens up the thicket-floor, and tells
Of every passing breeze that softly swells;
Marsh-marigolds in flame-like liveries;
Sweet violets, and starry primroses;
And many a flower besides, that yields the cells
Of honey-seeking bees a large supply;—
All bud and bloom at thy command, O Spring!
And huddle close in sweet conspiracy,
With banded strength and intermingling sheen
O'er hill and dale to lay rich colouring,
And rob the wide earth of one half its green.

IV.

Come, little children! troop it to the meads,
Through lanes and pleasant paths, by cot and farm;
Boys' battalions! take our fields by storm,
And wreath the victorious garlands round your heads.
Choke up each leafy, winding way, that leads
To grassy plots and leas where wild flowers swarm
Like bees at hiving time—a potent charm—
And snatch the brilliant wonders on all sides.
Bind up the buttercups, ye merry elves,
In bunch'd gold; with blue-bells deep as heaven;
Daisies, and lady-frocks, and May branch-riven:
Deflower the hedgerows, and the sheeted green
Of knee-deep pastures; then, in files be seen,
Bearing home posies bigger than yourselves!

Literary Notices.

The Restriction of Apprentices Unjust! Impolitic!! Impossible!!! etc. A Letter to the Members of the Typographical Association. By RICHARD ISLAM, Member of the London Branch. London: Strange.

A Tract for the Times; being a proposition for the establishment of a National Press Company in connexion with the National Typographical Association. By JOHN WHITE. London: Strange, Paternoster-row.

Two able and energetic appeals to the working printers to avail themselves of the now demonstrated powers of co-operation, and establish a co-operative printing company. The first deals with the evils of competition, and the question of restriction of apprentices, which now agitates the body, and points to co-operation as the only remedy. Of the means within their command the second author gives them this indication. Reminding them of the rise and success of Mr. Clowes, he adds,—

“Take heart from this fact. Have faith in your energy and persevering industry; unfold your arms, brighten your hopes, and go forward to the future with a determination to merit and ensure success. Consider the importance of the result, not only to the profession generally, but also to the shareholder individually. Exclusive of the expense of working the company, we may fairly calculate on a return of 20 per cent. on the outlay of this capital. Let the reader mark the product, and consider whether he need fear that the working body cannot create a labour market of sufficient importance to take the whole typographic labour of the country under its government. We will suppose that there are 6,000 members connected with the National Typographical Association, and that each contributed his sixpence per week—a capital of 7,800*l.* would be raised the first year; the *profits* on the outlay of which would amount to 1,560*l.*; the tenth year (with the addition of capital), about 45,000*l.*; and the twentieth year the *annual profits* on the employment of their united capital would amount to no less a sum than 330,000*l.*, which would yield an income on each share taken of upwards of 50*l.* per annum. The capital employed in the new labour market (in the course of twenty years) would be little short of TWO MILLIONS sterling. This is no chimera, but a tangible fact—one which the profession may realize, if it will. It is a great result; but it is only the natural consequence of union. Let not the printer who reads this, content himself with a cursory view of the matter, and exclaim, “It is impossible;” on the contrary, he is besought, as he loves his own interests, the interests of his wife and his children; as he is desirous of maintaining the privileges of his profession; as he would love to see the labouring classes, instead of retrograding in their social station, advancing with the progress of commerce, literature, and the arts—he is besought to give the subject a full and reasonable consideration. Objections may start up in his mind; difficulties may bestrew his thoughts thick as “autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa;” but, instead of allowing them to turn him aside, let him resolve to learn whether they may not be conquered; for peradventure the objective difficulties—like ghosts—will turn out to be nothing but fancies at last.

“The supply of capital would be constant, and would increase in amount according to the success the company met with. So that the estimate of 6,000 shares, at sixpence, is merely a nominal sum; I believe that in a few years, there would be upwards of 12,000 proprietors investing their savings in the undertaking.”

The Herald of Truth. Leeds: Joseph Barker. Birmingham: Perryman. Stoke: G. Turner. Dudley: Milward. Sunbridge: E. Blorton. Oldbury: E. Warwood. Tipton: S. Henn.

HALFPENNY tracts, calculated to diffuse much information amongst the people. We particularly draw attention to the present statistics of Methodism in Nos. VI. and VII.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work WITH all.—Eds.

Co-operation.—We have much pleasure in giving the following communication:—

Lee Bank Road, Birmingham, April 25th, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—Reading your "Letters on Labour" has thus far produced glorious results. One effect is the establishment of the "Co-operative League," notice of which I enclose you, and the spirit of inquiry excited must do much good; we get from two hundred to three hundred people present at the "Readings;" you will oblige the committee by giving a notice of the "League" in your Weekly Record; and if you think Birmingham and our efforts worthy of a *special* letter through your *Journal*, you would indeed confer a great and lasting good upon us, and I have no doubt but it would add new life to our movement. If you could hear the manly and sincere expression of thankfulness and gratitude by the working men, it would stimulate you in the good work, and to some extent, at least, prove that we can and do appreciate your noble efforts in our cause.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

W. Howitt, Esq.

J. R. ALLEN.

Birmingham Co-operative League.—The object of the League is to supply the industrious classes, both male and female, with gratuitous information on the great social questions of the day, unfettered by sectarian theology or party politics.

The fundamental principles of the League are:—"Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you;" "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Its motto is:—Benefit to all; injury to none. It invites men of every shade of religious and political opinion, to unite in the great work of elevating the people in a social, moral, intellectual, and political point of view; and it earnestly entreats the assistance of all who feel an interest in the well-being of society. Its principal aim is the diffusion of sound and practical views on the important topic of Mutual Co-operation.

The first Four Letters on Labour, by W. Howitt, Esq., having been read to an attentive and crowded audience, a few days ago, the committee respectfully announce that arrangements have been made to read the other Two Letters by the same gentleman. The Fifth and Sixth Letters will be read on Tuesday evening, April 27th, and on Tuesday evening, May 4th, a few extracts from the poems of J. C. Prince, will be read. Till further notice, the weekly readings will take place at the public office, on Tuesday evenings, at eight o'clock. The admission will, as heretofore, be *free*; the readers of this announcement are respectfully requested to make it known amongst their friends, that working men and women are particularly invited to attend.

Subscribers of threepence and upwards to the funds of the league, are entitled to a card of membership. The money thus collected to be expended under the direction of the Committee.

* * Cards of membership may be had after the readings.

MEMBER'S TICKET.

I do hereby pledge myself to assist, by every means in my power, to spread a knowledge of the principles of Mutual Co-operation, as a means to the Social, Moral, and Intellectual Elevation of the People, unfettered by Sectarian Theology or Party Politics.

No.

Name

Manchester Peace Society.—The report of this society now published, is deserving of being widely read. As regards the late attempt to enrol a militia, it shows how effectual were the efforts of the advocates, in sparing the country that infliction. It refers with justice to the beneficial influence of the exertions of Elihu Burritt in this country, and to the international addresses originated and carried out by Joseph Crossfield of that town. Important as peace is to all the world, to no one locality would war bring more misery than the populous town and neighbourhood of Manchester.

Meetings for the Abolition of Capital Punishments.—We have the pleasure to record the holding of two very effective meetings on this subject. The first was held at Boston on the evening of the 26th ult., and the second at Lincoln on the 28th. At both of these, the chief speakers were Charles Gilpin and Henry Vincent, who were present on behalf of the London Society for the Abolition of the Punishment of Death. On both occasions the most enthusiastic feeling on the subject was manifested by crowded audiences. Mr. Alderman Wright presided at the former, and the Rev. E. Larkin, Rector of Boston, at the latter. At Boston, Charles Gilpin entered fully into the various statistics, showing the impolicy and mischief of the existing law; and quoted the celebrated saying of La Fayette, that no human tribunal ought to be entrusted with this terrible power until the infallibility of human judgment had been satisfactorily demonstrated. Mr. Henry Vincent riveted the attention of the audience by his usual thrilling eloquence, and both speakers were frequently interrupted by the most zealous acclamations. Besides these gentlemen, the meeting at Boston was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Malcolm, and the Rev. Mr. Matthews. The one at Lincoln by the Rev. Mr. Larkin, Mr. Norton, and the Rev. Mr. Crapps.

Anti-Land-law League for Ireland.—Glasgow, 28th April, 1847.—SIR,—In a late number of your *Journal* I have read with deep interest an interesting paper on the formation of an Anti-Land-law League. By its perusal I am rejoiced to see that some of my countrymen are beginning to acquire a true perception of the remedies for the unparalleled evils which surround them. We have hitherto devoted all our energies to subjects that would not improve our social condition, even if they were attained. Subjects, too, which are looked upon with distrust and suspicion by every other part of the empire, and which would require a long series of years of unremitting agitation for even a chance of their obtainment; while in the meantime the work of death and devastation is fast completing the utter ruin of our country. Shall we for ever continue to grasp at a shadow while a substance is within our reach? that substance is to make the land of Ireland maintain the people of Ireland, by reclaiming all her bogs and waste lands for the benefit of the whole inhabitants, and not for the interest of a class. This is the true way of giving Ireland to the Irish. It is a question that must not be mixed with repeal. Repeal would only hasten more rapidly the downfall of Ireland. We want all the aid and sympathy of England and Englishmen to carry it into effect.

Yours truly,

AN IRISHMAN AND A CATHOLIC.

Co-operative Baking in Scotland.—Tillicoultry, Clackmannanshire.—Mr. Howitt, will you excuse me for troubling you with the following co-operation in the north:—In the month of October last, a co-operative baking society was formed here; it commenced baking about the middle of November; its working has proved to be of the greatest benefit to the public; the price of the best four-pound loaf has at no time been more than 7½d., it has only been raised to the above price for the last five weeks, it was sold before that time for 6½d., while the best four-pound loaf was selling in Glasgow at 11d. It was the first which commenced in this district, but since it commenced its success has stimulated the inhabitants of almost all the villages round about, and now there is scarcely a town or village within twenty miles but can boast of its Bread Society, and I believe they are all working with success, far beyond any person's anticipation. The greatest obstacle that we have to contend with is the robbing system practised by speculators in grain. We were endeavouring to devise some method for obtaining grain from abroad, when our attention was arrested by an article in your *Journal*, No. 13, entitled, "American Association and Sympathy." We immediately took the subject into consideration, and sent letters to twelve different societies, to obtain their co-operation in the cause; and we have received answers from ten of them, who are willing to join in the enterprise along with us. We propose to hold a meeting of delegates from the different societies on as early a

day as possible, for the purpose of seeing what can be done. We would be most happy, if you would take the trouble of sending us a letter, stating your opinion, and giving your advice. We would feel grateful if you would take the trouble of acquainting Goodwyn Barmby of our position, and that we would be most happy of any advice and instructions from him for the purpose of helping to guide the delegates at their meeting. We cannot doubt, from the interest you take in striving to lift suffering humanity from its present state of misery and starvation, that you will at once give us the benefit of your advice by letter; also that you will acquaint Goodwyn Barmby, and interest him in our behalf, as we are not in possession of his address. If you think proper to print any of the above, we will be happy in your doing so, as it may help to arouse men to a sense of their duty. You may make any alterations in it you think proper.

R. M.

Capital Punishments.—The list of capital punishments sanctioned by the Mosaic code, which was given in this Record some weeks ago, naturally attracted the attention of the Jewish population, one of whom, anxious to do justice to the institutions of his ancestors, has forwarded to us the following

EXTRACTS FROM TREATISE SENEHEDRIN.

For all capital offences twenty-three judges at least were necessary, but which number might be augmented to seventy-one.

Evidence by means of interpreters not being allowed, a knowledge of all the living languages was a necessary qualification in the judges, in order that they themselves might examine and cross-question witnesses, and thereby be the better enabled to elicit and judge of the truth.

Circumstantial evidence, however strongly corroborated, was in nowise received.

Two witnesses, at least, of irreproachable character, and who must have warned the accused of the consequences attendant on the crime, were in all cases necessary for conviction.

It was the imperative duty of the senior judge to point out to the witnesses in the strongest terms the great value of the life of a human being created in the image of God; and to dwell strongly on the awful punishment that awaited them, should they by false testimony be instrumental in the shedding of innocent blood.

A majority of one witness sufficed for acquittal, whereas it required a majority of two at least for conviction.

So rare was the execution of a criminal when Israel was governed by her own laws, that if one only transpired during seventy years, the judges were said to have been *murderers*.

Each judge, on the delivery of his opinion, had to show his reasons for the same.

On an adjournment of trial, it was permitted a judge to reverse his opinion from guilty to not guilty; but the contrary from not guilty to guilty was not permitted him.

Extracts might easily be multiplied; but sufficient must have already been stated to show that the greatest lenity was extended towards the prisoner, and that, to the fullest extent, justice was tempered by mercy.

AN ISRAELITE.

Excellent plan for diffusing knowledge amongst the people.—Some time ago Chambers's Journal recommended poor people who wanted to obtain a livelihood, to try to sell cheap periodicals from house to house. We believe the plan most excellent, and that if persons in each large town would try it, they would not only do a great public service, but would find it answer well for themselves. As a proof we give the following extract of a letter to us from North Shields:—

"A poor working man, who is out of employment, tried if he could make a living by selling your Journal here. It is a week or two since he began, and he has now three dozen regular subscribers for *Howitt's*; three dozen for *Chambers's*; two dozen for *Hogg's*; and one dozen for the *People's*. If the plan of having such a person to call at various houses with cheap literature could be got up, I am sure it would take. A few words from you in the Journal might have the effect of inciting some to undertake it. It is, in fact, the only means available for bringing information among the masses, for whom cheap literature is especially designed; and it is a notorious fact that for want of such a means of circulation the publications of the present day never reach the great body of the people.

C. B.

42, Tyne-street.

Improvement of the Social Condition of Women.—SIR,—I noticed with much pleasure in yesterday's number of your

Journal a communication from Bristol on the subject of the social condition of women. I believe, that, were this subject prominently placed before the minds of the thoughtful and intelligent portion of society, it would be promptly entertained, and earnestly considered by them.

It appears to me, that the first step to be taken is to arouse women themselves to a sense of the comparative degradation of their condition. So long as they continue satisfied—nay, in many cases, well pleased—with the social and intellectual position they occupy, so long will their advancement and elevation be impossible.

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!"

Women, as a class, are, I think, pretty well contented with their present position; and are inclined to regard those who would raise them to a more dignified and responsible estate as troublesome disturbers, who are endeavouring to upset a well established and goodly order of things, and place women in a position for which they were not intended, and which they are not fitted to occupy. I think the indignation of women is more readily excited by reformers of their own sex: many have been the discouraging and even contemptuous remarks with which my own very few and very feeble efforts in the cause have been met, even among women of intelligence and education.

I heartily join with your Bristol correspondent, in desiring your advocacy of woman's rights; and I think I may promise both him and yourself, that there are some, even in this city, who will give the question their earnest support.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
C.

Bristol, 11th April, 1847.

Bristol Young Men's Society.—The tenth annual *soirée* of this society was held in King-street school-room on the 2nd instant. There was, as usual, a full attendance. After tea the chair was taken by Robert Norris, Esq.

The chairman commenced the business of the evening by referring to the various movements of the day, as indicating the spirit of the people and of the age. He noticed the retarding influences, and the bad example set before the people in high places. The government, though, certainly, it sometimes did homage to public opinion, was least disposed for movement, of which he gave several examples.

Mr. E. H. Matthews then read the annual report.

The admirable sentiments embodied in this report, and other topics, were eloquently spoken to by Mr. P. Williams; Spencer T. Hall; Handell Cossham, of Yate Colliery; the Rev. J. S. Eastmead, of Wickwar; W. Matthews; and the Rev. J. Thomas, of Fishponds.

Frances Wright.—We hear that Madame D'Armsmont (better known as Frances Wright) is again in this country, and intends on Tuesday, May 11, to commence a series of lectures at Mr. Fox's chapel, South-place, Finsbury, on the following subject:—"The Mission of England, considered in her history, with reference to the civilisation history of modern Europe, and the denouement of the difficulties of the hour." To be continued on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at eight o'clock in the evening.

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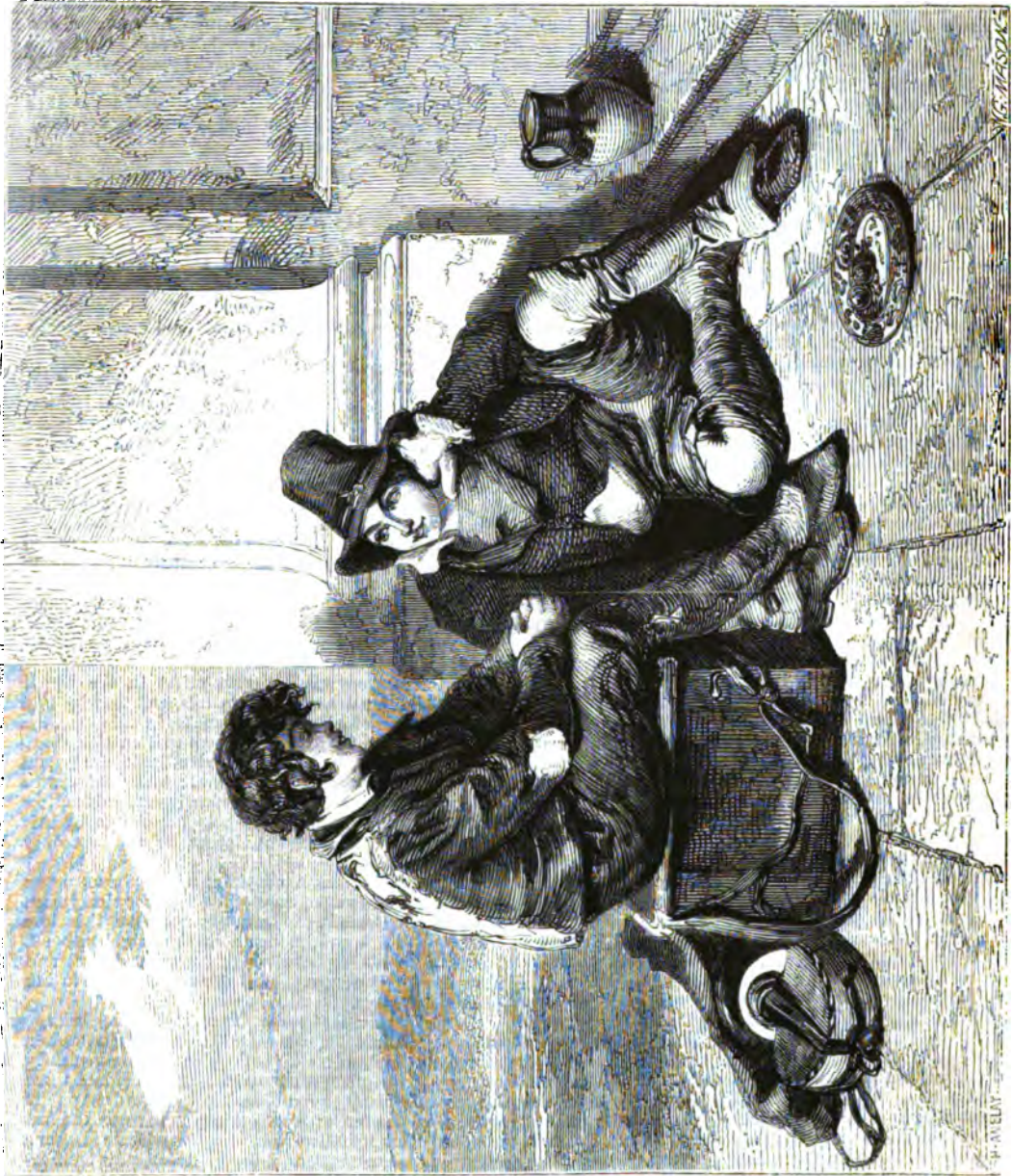
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PRINTED BY RICHARD CRY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olney, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, May 15, 1847.



THE CONVERSAZIONE.

By OCTAVIUS OAKLEY.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE OLD SOCIETY OF WATER COLOURS.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

BY OCTAVIUS OAKLEY.

From the Exhibition of the old Society of Water Colours.

MR. OAKLEY'S admirable organ-boys are every year spreading more widely his reputation. He has presented them to the public in a truth of nature that is only surpassed by the genial humour with which he has imbued them. There is a certain resemblance between the subjects which Hunt and he select, but there is at the same time a wide difference. Hunt deals more in the native article—young British clowns, rough and ready, with all their undisguised character and habits about them. Oakley, though he sometimes takes like creatures, fronts them differently, and you see that they are from a different part of the country. Hunt finds his subjects in the counties near London, and down Kent and Sussex way. You may meet him of living and walking Hunts about Hastings, St. Leonard's, or Dover. You will seldom, if ever, encounter any Oakleys there, except in the shape of foreign organ boys and hurdy-gurdy girls. Oakley's natives are of the midland counties. We see especially Derbyshire written broad on their persons, whether they be strollers, villagers, or gipsys. And in the style of painting there is a wide difference between the two artists. Hunt's are highly finished; they are worked up with the most careful and diligent touches, but are still somewhat rough to the eye. Oakley's display a very different manipulation, a smooth and polished character. They remind us of enamel painting. They are extremely clear and free. Hunt seems to delight to stamp on his lads the full impress of their clownishness; Oakley elevates and refines, or sees the native refinement under the coarse exterior; he delights to look on the bright side of things. His organ-boys are not the little wretches that we know many of them are—imperted as cattle for the market, lodged as cattle, dealt with hardly, and often steeped in hardship and misery; they are the light-hearted Savoyards in their happiest moments. You come upon them in their snatches of relaxation, when the native, buoyant humour of the south is apparent. When the taskmaster is forgotten, and in the lanes of their provincial Italian they are relating their adventures, their luck, and their hopes of the future, and how they will astonish their friends at home. See them as they lean against a wall—one of them mounted upon it—in the painting of this year, termed by him Prosperity. What an air of triumph there is, as they compare their gains; and the urchin of the wall, what real waggon gleams out of his eyes! And here they are again. The urchin on the wall is now seated under a wall. He has met with a comrade; they are indulging in a rest; and with what an inimitable air of luxury and drollery is that urchin of the wall set in for the gossip! Look at that face, at that thrown-out leg, at that head propped on the arm. Every limb and feature is brimful of the most beautiful self-complacency. There is not a lord in the land, lolling on the most silken sofa in the most superb saloon, and casting his eye over the finest estate, with a more lordly feeling. Good luck to the gossip, and to the artist who has placed it thus admirably before you. When we come, in our walks, upon a group of these light-hearted lads, we are involuntarily reminded of Oakley. The other day we passed a group of them in high glee, on the downs near Clapton. They had met casually, or by consent, five or six of them; their organs were unslung from the shoulder, and placed on the grass. There they lay, with hurdy-gurdies and caps thrown off, to enjoy the air bare-headed. There were the little marmots and guinea-pigs turned out too on the grass for a treat; and the young

urchins were running to and fro, and screaming with delight, and gabbling Italian at an amazing rate. It was a holiday snatched from the smoke of London, and enjoyed with a wonderful zest. As we returned hours afterwards, they were still there, but somewhat sobered, seated in a ring in the midst of their instruments, and with their little pet animals quietly resting amongst their legs. The poor lads must have been in prosperity, and had cash enough in their pockets to pay the master's demand at evening, or they could not thus have enjoyed so long and so intensely as they evidently did their CONVERSAZIONE.

CASPAR HAUSER, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF BADEN.

(Concluded from p. 276.)

THIS singular document Herr Cuno communicated to Feuerbach, the President of the Court of Appeal, because he believed him to be prosecuting the history of Hauser. What must we think of it? Many things. The letter being written in Latin, and Latin of its kind, seems to indicate the author of it to be a country clergyman. Further, the writer being closely watched was to account for the singular choice of the vehicle of publication. The bottle had probably not been carried far, but flung out of the house window into the flood, which is stated to be on the Rhine. The place, Lauffenburg, points to the Upper Rhine Lands of Baden, for in Switzerland there is no throne. The date agrees with the government of Karl, and if Hauser was really the elder prince, then his underground dungeon was unknown to his father.

Now, Engesser was a parish priest in the Upper Rhine Land; had he a hand in this, and thereby laid the foundation of his rapid fortune? In this case, he must have been too wicked to have written this document. It must have been some subordinate clergyman who had been made prison assistant; whose conscience oppressed him; but who was too closely watched to allow him to fly, and who hoped to help his charge by this scheme. If that charge was Hauser, he was then only four years old.

Or, perhaps, it was a chaplain, who by chance was brought there upon the trace of his superior clergyman. It would be interesting to learn whether, about this time there was not a sudden death in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of Lauffenburg should recollect, and if any such fact occurred, send the account of it to the Swiss newspapers.

I learn further, that some days ago the *Dorfzeitung* contained the intelligence that the father of Hauser had been discovered to be a Catholic priest. I am generally on my guard against such reports, because of late there have been obviously manifold attempts to lead the public mind from the track; but in this case, perhaps, the last news may link itself to the first, and may locate Hauser's dungeon in some parsonage on the Rhine, near Lauffenburg, if, on the appearance of the paragraph in the *Vossische Gazette*, the youth had not been conveyed elsewhere.

Here I send my little volume into the world, with a greeting to my friends. I must hide myself like a thief, in order to complete and print it. The Baden government has recently made inquisition after me, and the Strasburg police in consequence have been actively on the alert to discover me. As I have, since my abode on the French frontiers, held myself aloof from political correspondence, and concealed my retreat even from my most intimate friends, I may

certainly believe that my regular and retiring behaviour can have drawn no increased surveillance of the French police upon me. And what can the Baden government want with me? A respectable and trustworthy person, who neither knew of the conversation in Robstock alluded to in my preface, nor of my pamphlet, assured me that it was on account of a *brochure*, which this government was anxious to prevent me publishing. In this case the Baden government could not surely be aware that I meant to give forth the history of Hauser merely in the form of *rumours*, timidly and in doubt. Are mere *rumours* of such consequence that people should give themselves so much trouble about them?

I have thus printed pretty fully the contents of this singular little volume, which has so long kept, and still keeps, the Baden government in such uneasiness. Mere rumours, nay, the slightest rumours, on this subject, put it into the greatest alarm. The story of Caspar Hauser had been read by us in England, and was partly forgotten, when, during our residence in Heidelberg in 1841, there was a sudden muttering in society of some circumstance which had taken place there. It was this. The police had waited on three citizens, and demanded their attendance at the police-office. There as many letters were produced, addressed to these gentlemen respectively, each announcing that a copy of the pamphlet now translated in these pages, and containing also an essay on Schiller's "Robbers," full of allusion to its subject, had been forwarded in a certain parcel to a certain Herr Trübner for each of them. These letters had been intercepted at the post-office, and the parcel in question, on its arrival, also had been intercepted at the parcel post, and the said books taken out, and were now produced. The three gentlemen were now strictly questioned as to their knowledge of, and connexion with, the senders of these books. They pleaded ignorance, but were not entirely dismissed without shrewd suspicions; and the books and letters were taken care of.

This circumstance, in a little gossiping place like Heidelberg, where the police is strong and active, but little-tattle is still more strong and active, created, as may be supposed, a most lively, deep, and universal, though whispered, sensation. It was to us a matter of no little surprise how so strange an interest could attach to the story of Caspar Hauser, but particularly why the government treated a knowledge of it as a criminal matter. The love of talking on a prohibited subject was in our favour, and we soon were let into the whole mystery.

We found the belief of Caspar Hauser having been no other than the eldest son of the Grand-Duke Karl, a fixed and most extensively diffused article of faith in the public mind, and not the less so in the higher than in the lower classes. All the suspicious circumstances above mentioned were detailed to us—the bad character of Ludwig, the sudden deaths which had cleared his way to the throne; the worse character of the Margravine of Hochberg, his step-mother, and supposed to be something even nearer to him; the fate of the Grand-Duke Karl, and the deaths, so called, of his two sons, while his daughters all lived; and then the mysterious story of Caspar Hauser; all were put together with matters that gave a strange verisimilitude to the relation. All that had been alleged of Caspar Hauser's being the son of a labourer, and then of a priest, would not satisfy public belief. They felt that the care and expense of seventeen years' so peculiar incarceration implied a victim of a higher station. The fame of the old Margravine von Hochberg was terrifically evil; her name was accompanied by muttered curses. There was no doubt whatever in the public mind that the Major Hennehofer was *THE MAN* spoken of

by Caspar Hauser as his keeper, and who was, after two attempts, finally his murderer. It appeared clear that the party which had doomed Caspar Hauser to so strange a confinement, had believed that he would never be able to tell tales; but when they found that he had acquired languages, and that public curiosity was excited about him, they became alarmed. He was pursued and killed by *the man*; the man escaped readily, and was never discovered. The Baden government betrayed no eagerness to find him, or to dive into the mystery. When suspicion turned strongly upon this Hennehofer, he was never brought to any inquiry by government, but continued to live under its protection, and does so continue to this day. He lives in his castle in the Upper Rhine Land, leading a gloomy and secluded life. The public has always looked on the widow of the Grand-Duke Karl, and supposed mother of Caspar Hauser, with great regard, attracted not only by her talents and virtues, but by her ill health, and supposed secret sorrows. It believed, and believes, that the wicked old Margravine, as they call her, and her paramour Ludwig, had resolved at all costs that the children of the Frenchwoman, Stephanie, adopted daughter of Napoleon, should never sit on the dual throne of Baden.

And what course did the reigning family of Baden take to get rid of these dark suspicions? Did it invite inquiry; bring them to the light and disprove them? No! It has, from the first moment of their spreading, regarded them with the utmost apparent alarm and anxiety. Every means has been employed to stifle and suppress the report. The police has every where the strictest orders to keep it down—to watch for and seize every book or writing on the subject. In fact, if the reigning family be innocent, it has adopted every means calculated to convince the public that it is guilty. It has adopted every means that guilt could instinctively adopt.

In the meantime, the Court of Bavaria, on the murder of Caspar Hauser, had instituted an inquiry, which went on for some time under the management of the acute and celebrated President of the Court of Appeal, Anselm von Feuerbach, and at length terminated with an abrupt announcement in the report of the judge in the words quoted above, that "*there are circles of human society into which the arm of justice dares not penetrate.*"

Such a termination, accompanied by such an announcement, was not calculated to set the public mind at rest. It only went on questioning, and putting things together with a more insatiable avidity. What increased and sustained this avidity was, that Lord Stanhope, who had evinced so much interest in Hauser while living, after his death was invited to the Court at Karlsruhe, and speedily professed that he regarded the whole history of Hauser as a hoax, or something of the kind, and manifested no further care about him. Not so with the sagacious and persevering Feuerbach. He pursued his own individual scrutiny into this mysterious history with enduring ardour, and it was said had made curious discoveries, and was likely one day to publish them. Feuerbach died suddenly, as has done almost every one who, in Germany, has been rash enough to trouble himself about this matter. We have conversed with connexions of the judge, and they seemed to entertain little doubt of the *nature* of his *fatal disease*.

The books about Caspar Hauser were strictly prohibited throughout Baden. The portraits of him were considered to bear a striking resemblance to the reigning family. All talk on this subject was secret; and the greatest vigilance on the part of the police made every one who had a copy of Hauser's history hide it carefully.

There was a lady, who came occasionally to our house, whom we unexpectedly found very open on the subject;

but not being able to answer certain questions, she said she would ask her father, who knew a great deal about it from a friend at court. The next time we saw this lady we asked the result of her inquiries. Her countenance fell at once. She said that she had done very wrong. Her father had reprimanded her very severely; for this matter was by no means to the honour of the reigning family; and should, least of all, have been exposed to foreigners.

Thus this opening was as suddenly closed as found. We learned nothing more from this informant, than that there were many things of strange character about the history of the Baden family, and that a great sensitiveness reigned throughout the palace on these subjects.

So great was the jealousy of any discovery of an interest in the story of Caspar Hauser, that we never could procure a sight of the book we have now quoted from more than one person in Germany; and a second loan of it was declined, lest no good might come of it. We tried Hamburg and other large cities, but in vain. On our return to England, hearing that the work was published in Paris, we commissioned a German physician there, a warm friend of ours, to procure a copy. He sent us word that all his exertions to that end had been in vain. The shop was speedily shut up after the publication there; the publisher had disappeared; and it was believed that the Baden government had taken care both of him and his dangerous stock.

We learned, however, that the author of the book was living in England. He had been obliged to make a rapid retreat not only from Germany, but from the continent, in consequence of this publication, and has continued to reside in England ever since, as his only safe retreat. The author, however, did not possess a copy of his own book; and it has not been without a most unremitting research that we have at length procured it.

Some time ago we received from the author the following letter, which will open up a new and unexpected connexion of the history of Caspar Hauser with the politics of the continent. It is full of matter of singular importance.

SIR,

I have not forgotten the permission you gave me in a letter some four months ago to call on you; but it is now my turn to ask you whether you still take some interest in the subject of Caspar Hauser? His mother, the Grand-Duchess Stephanie is here, and something serious might be done. I have documents in hand never printed before, and the discovery or detection can be pushed forth several steps more. A new book would now be in time. The only misfortune is this—I know it from my own experience, to what persecutions a man is exposed by interfering in this subject; and I should under no circumstances advise you to publish even a translation under your name, if you wish ever to return to Baden; and then secondly, there are so many new statements to be made, which nobody but myself can take under his responsibility. I intend, under all circumstances, to publish a new book on Caspar Hauser; but, as it would be quicker done and better, if I had your co-operation, consider whether it is worth your while to undertake the thing. Many things will only be translations in it, and it is only the new information I must work out myself.

As you have some knowledge of Baden and the subject of Caspar Hauser, I may be brief enough in laying before you the plan of the book as I have conceived it. The book is to contain a full information of all that is known until now to the public, and also to me, concerning Hauser. In my new statements certainly I appear as a witness, and for this reason I should distribute the matter in the following way:

Introduction.—A short sketch of my own life, with a view of showing the way in which I got connected and

acquainted with the principal actors of the tragedy, also throwing new light on their doings and character. The sketch is limited to this point—elucidating the subject of C. H.

The book itself would contain a review of the principal publications on C. H. that have appeared; and lastly, my new statements and unprinted documents. There would be for consideration:

1. *Feuerbach's little work on Caspar Hauser*, as containing all the principal incidents in the life of C. H. from his first appearance at Nuremberg, to the first attempt on his life. As to the authors of the crime, Feuerbach hints bravely that a court and priests (the priest Engesser) were implicated in it. The book being already translated into English, extracts would be sufficient principally referring to the facts, leaving the proofs aside. (In my possession.)

2. *The little work of the Earl of Stanhope on Hauser*. From this must be taken the relation of the end of C. H., and as he represented him as an impostor, his assertions must be disproved. (I can get it.)

3. The little pamphlet I published myself at Strasburg, 1834, wherein first the family crimes of the grand-ducal family were drawn to the light. (I can get it.)

4. A second article of mine, which appeared in a German paper, "Deutsches Leben," of which I published four numbers here in 1834. (I can get it.)

These two productions of mine must be translated and given in whole, because they had their history; inciting the court of Baden to important steps, and serving, by a strange accident, as a trap in which the principal culprit "Von Hennehofer" was caught. Of this immediately after having despatched two other publications.

There appeared in Switzerland a little book on Hauser, with the name of Paris on the title; this is probably the work you meant when you wrote to me. Besides some generally known notices, it is merely an amplification of my own pamphlet, in which the author has drawn largely on fiction. The book, however, is useful, as the subject is complete, and reads like a novel. (I can get it.)

A real novel, however, appeared under the title Caspar Hauser, at Stuttgart, by a friend of mine, Sieboldt, which is partly made up from real facts, and in this respect deserves consideration. (I have it in my possession.)

We come now to the subsequent events.

When my pamphlet appeared, the Baden government took the most extraordinary measures to suppress it. But the strangest events happened after I had already left Strasburg for Paris.

I was hidden at Strasburg because the French government wanted to induce me not to print the pamphlet. Some of the Germans, however, saw me occasionally; amongst those was a man I had only seen once or twice without taking much notice of him. His name was Sailer, he is a native of Wirtemberg, where his father was deputy, and by profession an apothecary. To this Sailer a friend of mine had given the manuscript of the Preface, in which, after it had been printed, I had wrapped some tobacco for him. My friend, without my knowledge, had given that manuscript to Sailer. Sailer soon afterwards departed for Kippenheim, where he had an uncle, and in the neighbourhood of which Hennehofer, minister of foreign affairs in Baden, under Ludwig, lived. He heard of the manuscript of a Preface, in which mention was not yet made of the real subject, and asked it from Sailer. From this moment, willing to employ him as his spy, he cultivated his acquaintance, and after the pamphlet had appeared, he really sent him to Strasburg, which I had already left. But arrived there he discovered his mission immediately to a friend of mine, who wrote down everything he said he had heard from, or been told by Hennehofer. What he said rendered the guilt of the latter glaring, and I learned

several new facts of importance. All these discoveries were sent to me to Paris.

In the summer of the same year I published here the above-mentioned periodical, "Deutsches Leben, Kunst und Poesie," in the second number of which I began a paper on Caspar Hauser, a condemnation and criticism of what I had said before, but also containing a new matter of importance, the dispute of Baden with Bavaria about the Palatinate.

Though this matter belongs to details farther on, I will state it here as showing you at once how the affairs of Hauser enter into the politics of Europe.

The Palatinate formerly belonged to Bavaria, and the Breisgau, or South of Baden, to Austria. In 1813, when Baden had not yet separated from Napoleon, the two powers concluded a treaty at Ried, in virtue of which Bavaria ceded to Austria the Tyrol, under a promise of indemnification by the Palatinate, and a yearly payment of 100,000 guilders by Austria until Bavaria should be in possession, paid to the present day—whilst on the other hand Austria coveted the Breisgau. These designs were, however, frustrated by the accession of Baden to the allied army and the protection of Russia. There remained only one chance: the Grand-Duke Karl, husband to Stephanie, had at that moment no male children; and the same was the case with the only two remaining heirs, his two uncles. If he, therefore, died without male issue, the reigning family became extinct, and then both Austria and Bavaria could renew their pretensions. Thus both powers were interested in the extinction of the family.

Of these two uncles, the younger, Ludwig, grand-duke (1818—1830), who was very ambitious, had likewise no chance of reigning unless his nephew died without male issue. He was, moreover, much in want of money, and had a personal spite against Stephanie. He it was who, through the *Reichsgräfin*, Geyer von Geyersberg, the mother of the margraves and the reigning duke, put the two male children of Stephanie out of the way. This was long known in the country; but the elder one, Hauser, who was believed to have been murdered like his brother, was saved in a strange way. It is almost certain that this was not done with the knowledge of Ludwig, but rather by his confederates, who in the child wished to preserve a weapon wherewith to frighten Ludwig, when on the throne, into a compliance with their wishes. Here Austria got in by obtaining knowledge of the secret, and forced Ludwig to a great extent to reign according to her own wishes. The same threat of exposing him was also employed against the reigning grand-duke. For this I can quote now an English authority for you, namely, extracts from the French papers, with the editorial observations in the *Chronicle*, then the organ of the ministry, number of October 28, 1839. But there being a slight mistake in it, I will place here the fact as it is.

Papers referring to Hauser and the crimes committed against him were deposited with Rothschild and the Baden ambassador at the Diet; von Blittersdorf, a creature of Metternich, had the impudence to tell the grand-duke either to buy off the papers with two millions of guilders, or to run the risk of having the thing published.

The grand-duke, frightened, laid the affair before the council of state, who advised him not to pay; but he was so full of fear that he paid the money from his private purse. Not satisfied with that, he was forced also to make Blittersdorf his minister of foreign affairs, —(it was the period of the Syrian question, when a war against France was possible, and Austria, consequently, interested to have a creature of her own master of the policy and army of Baden). The grand-duchess, aware of the disappearance of the money, and the part Blittersdorf had taken in the transaction, openly showed him her indignation. Then they took this revenge; the

Jewish banker von Haber, who had acted as the agent of Austria, near Don Carlos, slandered her, openly boasting of having enjoyed her favours. Julius von Goeler then reproved him, and denounced him to the magistrate (vor Amt), but the thing was quashed. It was the same Goeler who in 1843 (October) refused to admit Haber at the ball given in honour of the Prussian grand-duchess, Helena, at Baden-Baden, for the reason assigned, and thus gave rise to those two famous duels: in the first of which both Goeler and his antagonist, a Russian officer, were killed; and in the second, the Baden artillery officer, Don Sarrahaga, by the hands of Haber. But to the Goelers, whom I know intimately, belonging to the highest nobility of Baden, the first result was, that the Austrian party was overthrown, and Blittersdorf driven out of the ministry. The thing, however, had created such a scandal, that the grand-duke also repudiated his wife, a daughter of the ex-king of Sweden, Gustavus, as blasted in her reputation. This again was answered by her brother, the Prince of Sweden, in the service of Austria, who had married a daughter of Stephanie, now here in England, from whom he also separated as being a princess of Baden. There is already plenty of other scandal, but what I cannot explain here; through Austria, also, the Jesuits were introduced into the business of Hauser.

To return now to our real subject: I said, then, above, that Sailer had been sent by Hennehofer to Strasburg as a spy, with an order of finding out "from whom I had received my information," and then exposed his secrets. For the moment I could not make use of the discoveries, valuable as they had been. But in the same year, 1834, towards the end of it, when arrived here, I published the above-mentioned German paper. Sailer was at that moment at Strasburg; and now Hennehofer, by pay, and under the greatest promises, succeeded in persuading him to suppress the numbers that were sent to Strasburg, and prevent their circulation in Germany. To a great extent this was done; but Sailer, now still more in possession of the secrets of Hennehofer, used his position to extort money from him, and thus lived at his expense until the end of 1835. At that time Sailer was at Zurich, and there a political murder was committed against a Prussian spy, named Lessing, (see *Conversations-Lexicon der Neuzeit*, s. v.) and Sailer, like many others of the German refugees was arrested. In searching his house the whole series of the letters of Hennehofer to Sailer was discovered, and Sailer himself by the judge examined on the subject of Hauser. Both his deposition and the letters of Hennehofer have since been printed in *Schauberg artenmässige Darstellung der über die Ermordung des Studenten Lessing, geführten Untersuchung*, Zürich, 1837; and created an immense sensation; (I have in my possession the leaves of the book referring to Hauser;) but strange as is their nature already, without the letters in my possession not yet printed, the importance of the discovery cannot be fully appreciated.

This would form a new topic, and the most interesting part of the book.

The conclusion would consist of those diplomatical admixtures hinted at above—chiefly based on some despatches of Metternich, to be found in the works of "Genz," and "Kobst's Bundestag."

Excuse me, Sir, for having troubled you with these lines, but the interest you appeared to feel in the matter encourages me now to bring the subject to your remembrance, when the right moment of doing something is come.

I hope I have written enough to enable you to judge whether there is a possibility for you of taking the direction of this work, without the responsibility of your name.

To count from next Saturday I shall be glad to meet

you at your house at any time you may be pleased to fix. The morning would be the most agreeable for me.

In case, however, it should not suit your convenience to enter into the enterprise—of which the above is only an outline, subject to any alterations suggested by you—I beg you to accept these lines as the homage of a German to one of the first German scholars here, and a man who has done so much to spread a true knowledge of Germany and its customs amongst his compatriots.

Yours, etc. J. H. G.

Such is a brief outline of this most singular story. What further light the inquiries of persevering Germans may throw upon it remains yet to be seen. At present the evidence is but circumstantial; but whether the fact be, that Caspar Hauser was the Hereditary Prince of Baden or not, there is a mass of evidence that makes it one of the most curious questions, not of the age only, but of history in general. The circumstance, that no ordinary cause could have led to so singular and long-continued immurement of a boy, and that the alarm manifested on his acquiring language, and exciting the inquiry of the public, demonstrated that no ordinary causes *did* lie at the bottom of it, and that parties of no ordinary station or power were vitally mixed up with the mystery;—these things, combined with the trembling anxiety of the Baden government whenever the mystery was touched upon, will, should nothing further come to light, leave firmly on the public mind of Germany a strong opinion on the subject. Men of known sudden elevation under very suspicious circumstances, still living with all these suspicious circumstances under the protection of the government;—the fact of one of these men, suspected of having been the most active instrument in Caspar Hauser's fate, being the first to pounce on any one who dares to utter a syllable on the subject—the agreeing dates of things—the inroads of death on certain lives, and as if purposely to serve the views of certain ambitious parties—and finally, the constant, active, and continued suppression by the Baden government of all whisper of this history,—make the subject one of singular interest as a literary topic, and as such we have thrown it before the English public.

ON THE NATIONAL USE OF SUNDAY.

BY R. H. MORNE.

AMONG those of our Institutions which are most valuable to us, which we could least afford to lose, which we rejoice in and are grateful to possess, is the one day in seven set apart as a day of rest.

If the whirl and turmoil of work and business had no pause, how much would the better part of our nature suffer! Look at the great avenues to the Bank and the Royal Exchange on any of the six days of the week. Contemplate that never-ceasing stream of human beings, all intent on one object—the securing of the means to live. Think, if that throng of anxious, bustling money-seekers went on, day after day, without intermission or break, how much more hold Mammon would get of this world, than even now he has. Listen to the clang and din of machinery in some great factory. Think, if the steam-engine never stopped on any day, and the wheels never ceased to whirl, how much more the monotonous toil would crush and cramp the souls of the operatives. Look at a man sawing a block of stone. Think, if that weary bend of the back and movement of the arms were repeated through the long hours of every day, without the welcome interruption of the one day in seven, how grievous an addition it would be to that man's lot. It is the same in every class of workers,

from the wealthiest to the poorest. Sunday is a blessing to them all. Ill-spent, little-valued, inadequately enjoyed as it too often is, still it is a change. It gives us a chance for our souls. It sends toiling millions among their families; gives them time to cultivate their affections, time to breathe, and think, and raise their spirits to their God.

But perhaps the best way to estimate the value of our day of rest is to endeavour to imagine how difficult it would be to begin such an arrangement now, if it had not been ready made for us. Suppose we had no holiday in the week, but every day was alike, a day of work. Suppose that the unceasing round had become a burden too great to be borne, and that we had begun with one voice to demand some respite. It would require, before we had any chance to obtain it, that various energetic and benevolent individuals should write essays, articles, and pamphlets; should lecture, call meetings, and get up petitions for at least ten years. Then, that attempts should be made by some member of parliament to bring in a "Sunday Rest Bill" in successive sessions for ten more years. Afterwards, that during the course of an indefinite period of years, the Bill should be repeatedly thrown out by large majorities, while the arguments of its opponents would prove that it would, if successful, ruin the trade and commerce of the country, lower wages, promote idleness, drunkenness, and every kind of immorality, and that it was manifestly opposed to the Christian religion, which in the words of the Apostle Paul reproves those who "observe days, and months, and times, and years." At last, the generation who first moved in the matter having died out, the long-desired Bill would pass the House of Commons, but would be thrown out in the Lords. This having been repeated many times, it would arrive at the very last stage; having passed both Houses, it would require only the Royal assent, when a change of ministry occurring, it would again fall to the ground, and the pressure of other business leave it still a bright hope, and nothing more. This is the course which every measure of reform has to run in our country. Think of it, men of England!

But, being so happy as actually to possess our day of rest once in every week, it is surely incumbent on us to use it in the best way—to turn it to all the purposes of improvement, usefulness, and enjoyment, within our power. Can we say that we do so?

Many among us cannot, for want of the means to enjoy, or improve any day; for want of a home, from vacancy of mind, from ignorance. Others are so over-tired in the week, that they pass it in a stupified listlessness. Some collier boys owned that they spent it lying on their faces in the sun; and the evidence in one of the government commissions has shown that many working men in the manufacturing districts lie in bed the whole day; while others sit unshaven on the threshold of their doors. Many pass it in gloom for conscience's sake; others in thoughtless selfishness devote it to show and feasting. But among the great majority in England, it is spent as well as their circumstances will admit. The churches and chapels are well filled in the mornings; and in the afternoon families and friends meet, and the fresh air is enjoyed by them all in the summer, and the fireside in the winter. In London especially, it is a pleasant sight to see, on a fine Sunday afternoon in spring, summer, or autumn, the highways in every direction out of the great city thronged with crowds of people going out towards the country. The river is equally covered with steamers, going up and down it, all filled to crowding. This weekly opportunity of breathing fresh air, and of seeing the beautiful face of nature, by the thousands who are pent up through the week within rows of brick houses, is an incalculable boon; and within ten miles of London in every direction there is lovely rural scenery, as all know

who have taken the right way to find it out; while within the railroad range of an hour there is an immense variety.

All this is good, but it might be much better, and the Sunday might become a great national festival, purifying the whole people, rich and poor, by its holy and happy influences. There exist several bars to this true use of the national holiday, and among these, the greatest of all is the strange mistake which has confounded the Christian *Sunday* with the Jewish *Sabbath*.

Sabbath, from the Hebrew *shabbat*, or *rest*, was a day set apart by the Jews for the purpose of commemorating the termination of the labours of Creation. But this religious observance did not preclude travelling; in fact, we find one of the ancient measures of distance distinctly bearing the term of "a Sabbath-day's journey," which was a measure of 2,000 cubits. The name of *Sabbatarians* was given in modern times to some Anabaptists and Baptists who observed Saturday as a Sabbath; which is more consistent than the Sabbatarians of the present day, who wish to carry the mere observances forward into the Christian Sunday. Our present Sabbatarians seem also to have forgotten the penalties decreed by the Jewish law, as explicitly declared in Exodus xxi. 15, "Whoever doeth any work on the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death;" and an account is given in Numbers xv. 32-36, of a man who was found picking up sticks on the Sabbath day;—"and all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones; and he died." Are we to expect that recourse will, gradually, be had by modern congregations (many of the elect!) to such extreme means; and that a poor man, bringing coals and wood to a house, or that any gentleman or tradesman, whose cook performs her accustomed duties, shall be led forth—the poor man, gentleman, tradesman, and cook—to receive curb stones and other pavement?¹

A very sensible pamphlet on this subject has been lately published in Edinburgh. Efforts are now making by the Sabbatarians to stop the railway trains between Glasgow and that city; and this pamphlet, entitled "Sunday Railway Travelling," argues the matter very closely. The author has collected together the opinions of Calvin, Luther, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Barclay, Paley, Channing, and Higgins, every one of whom deprecated the error of conceiving that the fourth commandment was binding on Christians. Strangely enough, not one of them is stronger on this point than Calvin, whose followers in the Scotch Church, and still more in the Free Church, as the late separatists from it are called, are now making so much stir about "Sabbath keeping." He declares the notion that there is "any moral observance of one day in seven ordered in Christian Scripture" to be "one of the lies of false doctors."

(1) This mistake is a very strange one; especially considering that Christians have changed the day entirely. The Jewish Sabbath begins on Friday at sunset, and ends on Saturday at sunset, during which time the Jews were commanded to "do no work;" while, if there is one time more busy than another among Christians, it is that very period. How then can they pretend that they consider the fourth commandment still binding when they violate it so completely? They could only maintain this position, if they could prove that Christ had ordered a change of day and a continuance of observance. But it is in vain to seek for any such ordination from him. He took many opportunities of breaking through the ceremonial observance of the Sabbath, as we all know. He taught, in conformity with his whole life and teaching, that all peculiarities which separated one people from other nations were to end. That there was one God and Father of ALL, and that all nations were one great brotherhood. The observance of one day more than another He never noticed or alluded to, as far as we know; but he laid down the precept that the "Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and left it for men therefore to use it when and how best suited their nature and circumstances. Paul,

To these great names might be added many others of the present day as authorities in such matters. Among others, Dr. Whately the Archbishop of Dublin, whose pamphlet, called "Thoughts on the Sabbath," successfully meets the question. The fact is, that the true Christian day of rest, or "Lord's day," is derived from the earliest ages of Christianity, and was kept as a holy rest, a social gathering and a joyful festival in memory of the resurrection of Christ. While the "Sabbath" of the stricter portions of the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, and a certain party in England, is of modern origin, having been introduced by the Puritans about two hundred years ago. Its supporters would be more consistent if they were to resume the Jewish Sabbath on the seventh day, and try to keep it in its real spirit. It was ordained as a period of entire rest from all labour; a kind and beneficent arrangement at the period when it was given by Moses to the Israelites in the wilderness, but unsuited to, indeed in its strict sense impossible in a complicated form of society such as ours. At all events, Moses contemplated no gloom in his Sabbatical law, but a welcome rest, welcome indeed to a nation just redeemed from grievous slavery. Those who intend to imitate the Sabbath, are quite mistaken in assuming a gloom of deportment; but those who keep the Christian Sunday in any other spirit than one of joy and gratitude, surely do not understand its meaning. They go to the sepulchre of Christ, but shut their ears to the words of the angel: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

If we could get rid of this gloomy stumbling-block, the greatest difficulty in the way of a true National Use of Sunday would be at once overcome. Every step in our progress towards a better social state would be a step towards the true improvement and enjoyment of our day of rest. Every improvement in the condition of the poor, in the condition of the labourers, in the spread of education among all, in the development of sympathies, in Christian love and fellowship, would throw fresh light on its true uses, and enable us to appreciate them. Once let us clearly understand that the "Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath-day," and that our day of rest is a boon, is a free gift, not a rigid commandment, and no rules need be set down as to its observance. The highest privilege of our nature, the power of aspiration toward the Infinite Spirit, would by its own expansive power impel us to worship. Every hour of the day would have its value, so much would there be to fill each. The millions who are at work throughout the week would find every opportunity thrown open to them, not only for rest, but for enjoyment and progress. Museums, galleries, gardens, libraries, music-halls, would be free to them on that day. So far from stopping railways, or discouraging steam-boats, every possible facility for

with his usual energy in behalf of the Gentile converts, reproved the Jewish Christians for insisting on Sabbath keeping—"Now turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, wherunto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years;"—and addressing the Colossians, he says, "Let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days." While thus abrogating the Sabbath on the seventh day, it is impossible to find in the New Testament any new commandment concerning a fresh one on the first day of the week. It is only by inference that we suppose the habit of meeting on that day (in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ) began during the Apostolic age. It is evident that the Jewish Christians continued to observe the Sabbath, and that no interference with them was attempted, and we are told that Paul "reasoned with them three Sabbath days out of the Scripture." It is certain, however, that the first day of the week was set apart in the earliest ages of Christianity as a day of meeting, and as a holy day of joyful commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. Hence it is that we derive our weekly day of rest; a joyful, not a gloomy day.

carrying all that love fresh air and green fields and woods into the midst of those exquisite means of pleasure would be given. Social meetings would abound, and all the best affections would receive a fresh impulse. The comparatively few who have leisure every day, would learn on this day to deny themselves such things as would infringe on the rest of others. While for all those who must necessarily work to provide the means of enjoyment to others, or to carry on business which cannot stop, another holiday would be provided.

Passed in this spirit, the Sunday would become an influence spreading over the whole week, and a powerful means of making every day a holy day, and all the world a Christian temple, wherein the human heart should send up its prayer of hope and thankfulness continually.

GENIUS.

BY GOODWYN BARNBY.

Among the leaves spread of a strawberry bed
Was a living and delicate tomb,
Which under the rich fruit, so fragrant and red,
Hung in web of a frail insect loom;
And a spirit was there in that small sepulchre,
And had panted within itself long,
Like the drear shrouded soul of a genius rare,
Or like bard who would live in sweet song.

The bright sun it shone the rich red fruit upon,
And lit up with a beam that slight tomb;
And the stir of a life faintly coming, then gone,
And now seeking for light in the gloom,
And then with a gentle pulse rising in power,
Throbb'd forth in that sepulchre dim,
Like the soul of a genius waiting its hour,
When the sunshine was beaming for him.

The sun it rose high, and its warmth floated nigh
The frail tomb in the strawberry leaves,
And the tomb was a cradle for infancy's sigh,
And a cot with a thaw in the eaves;
And an emerald eye, and a rich feathered thigh,
And a soft dim-hued winglet appeared,
Like young bard or young song-thrush preparing to fly,
Ere the pinions of flight had been reared.

The sun threw a flush o'er a blushing rose-bush,
And all idly the chrysalis hung,
For the gallant New-Born, breathing love for the blush
Of the rose, into giddy flight sprung;
And so fondly he flew on the soft breeze that blew,
That he reached with delight the loved flower,
Like the soul of a bard a rich poem to view,
And by flight to grow conscious of power.

And upon the sweet flower he enchanted the hour,
And bask'd in her smile and the sun,
And his bright wings displayed with their rare coloured
dower,
And the soft feathered down they had on;
The panting wings rich with rare velvet were drest,
And dark bars, and white rings, and light plumes,
And enraptured he lay in his black glossy vest,
Like a genius whom glory illumines.

But a cloud hid the sun, and a storm-shower came on,
And the raindrops destroyed its bright dyes,
And its velvet was crape, and its scarlet was dun,
And the tears dimmed its emerald eyes,
And its young breath was faint, and unheard was its
plaint,

And it died on the breast of the rose,
Like a genius too good, both a martyr and saint,
And whose glories have death for their close.

Literary Notices.

The Memoirs of a Physician. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
London: Simms and M'Intyre.

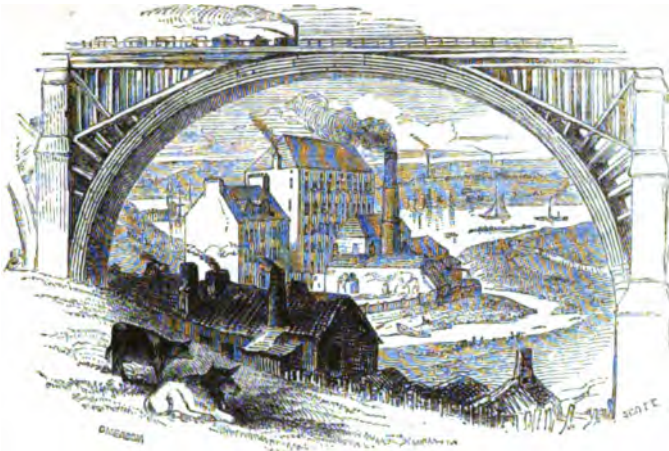
WHILST the astounding industry and almost magical invention of M. Dumas, as revealed by the late lawsuits, are still fresh in the public mind, the publishers of the Parlour Library have presented the English reader with a translation of the very romance—so far as it is completed—which has caused all this excitement. *The Memoirs of a Physician* is a fair specimen of M. Dumas' genius; it is full of striking adventure, marked characters, and written in so fascinating and animated a style, that the reader is entranced, and unable to lay down the volume till he has read the last word. The story is laid in the reign of Louis Quinze, when the first mutterings of the tempest, about to burst over Europe, are heard. For the lovers of the historical romance, there are the historical characters of the time, sketched by a master's hand; pictures of the miserable intrigues and feverish jealousies of the court; and glimpses of the wretchedness and smothered discontent of an oppressed people. For the lover of the mysterious there are the secret meetings of the *Illuminati*; strange mesmeric scenes; an alchemist, and the half philosopher, half sorcerer, Joseph Balsamo. For the lover of the comic there is also comedy of a high order.

The translation is animated and flowing, and does the highest justice to the original.

The Life and Adventures of Zamba, an African King.
Written by himself. Revised by PETER NEILSON.
London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WERE it not for the solemn assurance of Mr. Neilson, that this book is the veritable autobiography of a free Negro, now residing at Charleston, we should be tempted to pronounce it a very interesting fiction. There are the most romantic incidents; and the most complete poetical justice is dealt out to certain villainous characters. Then, too, it is very wonderful how Prince Zamba, brought up in heathen Africa, among blood and rapine of all kinds, and living in daily intercourse with neighbouring kings, whose court-yards were decorated with hundreds of gory human heads, should so immediately throw off his savage nature, and become a regular orthodox Christian. Strange, also, is it, that he should, whilst in Africa, learn to read the bible, and love Christ, from the very slave-dealer who afterwards betrays and robs him both of his gold-dust and his liberty. On reaching Charleston, he fortunately falls into the possession of an extraordinarily good-natured, humane store-keeper, who in the end enables him to purchase his freedom. Zamba's African wife, the lovely Zilla, is in a most romantic manner transported to Charleston, and is also purchased by the same humane master, at the request of Zamba, and then restored to him. Thus, on the whole, Zamba leads a very comfortable life as a slave; but his narrative is nevertheless sprinkled with horrors equal to many passages in the lives of Frederick Douglass and Charles Ball. The descriptions of South Carolinian splendour and cruelty bear the impress of the severest truth. However, spite of the burning of villages and images of slaughter, the most interesting and refreshing portion of the book is the African portion. Zilla, Prince Zamba, and his sisters, collecting gold-dust in the shallows of the river Congo, is a lovely picture; and there is a barbaric colouring about the descriptions of African scenery and life, worthy of an African poem by Freiligrath.

We sincerely trust this interesting volume will excite that sympathy with the slave, and that indignation against his oppressor, which the author and compiler so earnestly desire.



VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT WILLINGTON, NEAR NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

WE have of late years settled it as an established fact, that ghosts and haunted houses were the empty creation of ignorant times. We have comfortably persuaded ourselves that such fancies only hovered in the twilight of superstition, and that in these enlightened days they had vanished for ever. How often has it been triumphantly referred to as a proof that all such things were the offspring of ignorance—that nothing of the kind is heard of now! What shall we say then to the following facts? Here we have ghosts, and a haunted house still. We have them in the face of our vaunted noon-day light; in the midst of a busy and a populous neighbourhood; in the neighbourhood of a large and most intelligent town; and in a family neither ignorant, nor in any other respect superstitious. For years have these ghosts and hauntings disturbed the quiet of a highly respectable family, and continue to haunt and disturb, spite of the incredulity of the wise, the investigations of the curious, and the anxious vigilance of the suffering family itself.

Between the railway running from Newcastle-on-Tyne to North Shields, and the river Tyne, there lies in a hollow some few cottages, a parsonage, and a mill and miller's house. These constitute the hamlet of Willington. Just above these the railway is carried across the valley on lofty arches, and from it you look down on the mill and cottages, lying at a considerable depth below. The mill is a large steam flour mill, like a factory, and the miller's house stands near it, but not adjoining it. None of the cottages which lie between these premises and the railway, either, are in contact with them. The house stands on a sort of little promontory, round which runs the channel of a water-course, which appears to fill and empty with the tides. On one side of the mill and house slopes away upwards a field to a considerable distance, where it is terminated by other enclosures; on the other stands a considerable extent of ballast-hill, i. e. one of the numerous hills on the banks of the Tyne, made by the deposit of ballast from the vessels trading thither. At a distance, the top of the mill seems about level with the country around it. The place lies about halfway between Newcastle and North Shields.

This mill is, I believe, the property of, and is worked by, Messrs. Unthank and Procter. Mr. Joseph Procter

resides on the spot in the house just by the mill, as already stated. He is a member of the Society of Friends, a gentleman in the very prime of life; and his wife, an intelligent lady, is of a family of Friends in Carlisle. They have several young children. This very respectable and well-informed family, belonging to a sect which of all others is most accustomed to control, to regulate, and to put down even the imagination—the last people in the world, as it would appear, in fact, to be affected by any mere imaginary terrors or impressions,—have for years been persecuted by the most extraordinary noises and apparitions.

The house is not an old house, as will appear; it was built about the year 1800. It has no particularly spectral look about it. Seeing it in passing, or within, ignorant of its real character, one should by no means say that it was a place likely to have the reputation of being haunted. Yet looking down from the railway, and seeing it and the mill lying in a deep hole, one might imagine various strange noises likely to be heard in such a place in the night, from vessels on the river, from winds sweeping and howling down the gully in which it stands, from engines in the neighbourhood connected with coal mines, one of which—I could not tell where—was making, at the time I was there, a wild sighing noise, as I stood on the hill above. There is not any passage, however, known of under the house, by which subterranean noises could be heard, nor are they merely noises that are heard; distinct apparitions are declared to be seen.

Spite of the unwillingness of Mr. Procter that these mysterious circumstances should become public, and averse as he is to make known himself these strange visitations, they were of such a nature that they soon became rumoured over the whole neighbourhood. Numbers of people hurried to the place to inquire into the truth of them, and at length a remarkable occurrence brought them into print. What this occurrence was, the pamphlet which appeared, and which was afterwards reprinted in "The Local Historian's Table-Book," published by Mr. M. A. Richardson, of Newcastle, and which I here copy, will explain. It will be seen that the writer of this article has the fullest faith in the reality of what he relates, as, indeed, vast numbers of the best informed inhabitants of the neighbourhood have.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT WILLINGTON.

Were we to draw an inference from the number of cases of reported visitations from the invisible world

that have been made public of late, we might be led to imagine that the days of supernatural agency were about to recommence, and that ghosts and hobgoblins were about to resume their sway over the fears of mankind. Did we, however, indulge such an apprehension, a glance at the current tone of the literature and philosophy of the day, when treating of these subjects, would show a measure of unbelief regarding them as scornful and uncompromising as the veriest atheist or materialist could desire. Notwithstanding the prevalence of this feeling amongst the educated classes, there is a curiosity and interest manifested in every occurrence of this nature, that indicates a lurking faith at bottom, which an affected scepticism fails entirely to conceal. We feel, therefore, that we need not apologize to our readers for introducing the following particulars of a visit to a house in this immediate neighbourhood, which had become notorious for some years previous, as being "haunted;" and several of the reputed deeds, or misdeeds, of its supernatural visitant had been published far and wide by rumour's thousand tongues. We deem it as worthy to be chronicled as the doings of its contemporary *genii* at Windsor, Dublin, Liverpool, Carlisle, and Sunderland, and which have all likewise hitherto failed, after public investigation, to receive a solution consistent with a rejection of spiritual agency.

We have visited the house in question, which is well known to many of our readers as being near a large steam corn-mill, in full view of Willington viaduct, on the Newcastle and Shields railway; and it may not be irrelevant to mention that it is quite detached from the mill, or any other premises, and has no cellaring under it. The proprietor of the house, who lives in it, declines to make public the particulars of the disturbance to which he has been subjected, and it must be understood that the account of the visit we are about to lay before our readers is derived from a friend to whom Dr. Drury presented a copy of his correspondence on the subject, with power to make such use of it as he thought proper. We learned that the house had been reputed, at least one room in it, to have been haunted forty years ago, and had afterwards been undisturbed for a long period, during some years of which quietude the present occupant lived in it unmolested. We are also informed, that about the time that the premises were building, viz. in 1800 or 1801, there were reports of some deed of darkness having been committed by some one employed about them. We should extend this account beyond the limits we have set to ourselves, did we now enter upon a full account of the strange things which have been seen and heard about the place by several of the neighbours, as well as those which are reported to have been seen, heard, and felt, by the inmates, whose servants have been changed, on that account, many times. We proceed, therefore, to give the following letters which have passed between individuals of undoubted veracity; leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions on the subject.

(COPY, No. 1.)

To Mr. Procter, 17th June, 1840.

SIR,—Having heard from indisputable authority, viz. that of my excellent friend, Mr. Davison, of Low Willington, farmer, that you and your family are disturbed by most unaccountable noises at night, I beg leave to tell you that I have read attentively Wesley's account of such things, but with, I must confess, no great belief; but an account of this report coming from one of your sect, which I admire for candour and simplicity, my curiosity is excited to a high pitch, which I would fain satisfy. My desire is to remain alone in the house all night with no companion but my own watch-dog, in which, as far as courage and fidelity are concerned, I place much more reliance than upon any three young gentlemen I know of. And it is also

my hope, that, if I have a fair trial, I shall be able to unravel this mystery. Mr. Davison will give you every satisfaction if you take the trouble to inquire of him concerning me.

I am, Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

At C. C. Embleton's, Surgeon, EDWARD DRURY.
No. 10, Church Street, Sunderland.

(COPY, No. 2.)

Joseph Procter's respects to Edward Drury, whose note he received a few days ago, expressing a wish to pass a night in his house at Willington. As the family is going from home on the 23d instant, and one of Uthbank and Procter's men will sleep in the house, if E. D. feel inclined to come on or after the 24th to spend a night in it, he is at liberty so to do, with or without his faithful dog, which, by the bye, can be of no possible use except as company. At the same time, J. P. thinks it best to inform him that particular disturbances are far from frequent at present, being only occasional and quite uncertain, and therefore the satisfaction of E. D.'s curiosity must be considered as problematical. The best chance will be afforded by his sitting up alone in the third story, till it be fairly daylight—say two or three, A.M.

Willington, 6th mo. 21st, 1840.

J. P. will leave word with T. Maun, foreman, to admit E. D.

Mr. Procter left home with his family on the 23d of June, and got an old servant, who was then out of place in consequence of ill-health, to take charge of the house during their absence. Mr. P. returned alone, on account of business, on the 3d of July, on the evening of which day Mr. Drury and his companion also unexpectedly arrived. After the house had been locked up, every corner of it was minutely examined. The room out of which the apparition issued is too shallow to contain any person: Mr. Drury and his friend had lights by them, and were satisfied that there was no one in the house besides Mr. P., the servant, and themselves.

(COPY, No. 3.)

Monday Morning, July 6, 1840.

To Mr. Procter.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I was not at home to receive you yesterday, when you kindly called to inquire for me. I am happy to state that I am really surprised that I have been so little affected as I am, after that horrid and most awful affair. The only bad effect that I feel is a heavy dullness in one of my ears—the right one. I call it heavy dullness, because I not only do not hear distinctly, but feel in it a constant noise. This I never was affected with before; but I doubt not it will go off. I am persuaded that no one went to your house at any time more *disbelieving in respect to seeing anything peculiar*;—now no one can be more satisfied than myself. I will, in the course of a few days, send you a full detail of all I saw and heard. Mr. Spence and two other gentlemen came down to my house in the afternoon to hear my detail; but, sir, could I account for these noises from natural causes, yet, so firmly am I persuaded of the horrid apparition, that I would affirm that what I saw with my eyes was a punishment to me for my scoffing and unbelief; that I am assured that, as far as the horror is concerned, they are happy that believe and have not seen. Let me trouble you, sir, to give me the address of your sister, from Cumberland, who was alarmed, and also of your brother. I would feel a satisfaction in having a line from them; and above all things, it will be a great cause of joy to me, if you never allow your young family

to be in that horrid house again. Hoping you will write a few lines at your leisure,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

EDWARD DRURY.

(Copy, No. 4.)

Willington, 7th mo. 9, 1840.

Respected Friend, E. Drury,

Having been at Sunderland, I did not receive thine of the 6th till yesterday morning. I am glad to hear thou art getting well over the effects of thy unlooked-for visitation. I hold in respect thy bold and manly assertion of the truth in the face of that ridicule and ignorant conceit with which that which is called the supernatural, in the present day, is usually assailed.

I shall be glad to receive thy detail, in which it will be needful to be very particular in showing that thou couldst not be asleep, or attacked by nightmare, or mistake a reflection of the candle, as some sagaciously suppose.

I remain respectfully

Thy friend,

JOHN PROCTER.

P.S.—I have about thirty witnesses to various things which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on any other principle than that of spiritual agency.

(Copy, No. 5.)

Sunderland, July 13, 1840.

DEAR SIR,—I hereby, according to promise in my last letter, forward you a true account of what I heard and saw at your house, in which I was led to pass the night from various rumours circulated by most respectable parties, particularly from an account by my esteemed friend, Mr. Davison, whose name I mentioned to you in a former letter. Having received your sanction to visit your mysterious dwelling, I went on the 3d of July, accompanied by a friend of mine, T. Hudson. This was not according to promise, nor in accordance with my first intent, as I wrote you I would come alone; but I felt gratified at your kindness in not alluding to the liberty I had taken, as it ultimately proved for the best. I must here mention that, not expecting you at home, I had in my pocket a brace of pistols, determining in my mind to let one of them drop before the miller, as if by accident, for fear he should presume to play tricks upon me; but after my interview with you, I felt there was no occasion for weapons, and did not load them, after you had allowed us to inspect as minutely as we pleased every portion of the house. I sat down on the third story landing, fully expecting to account for any noises that I might hear, in a philosophical manner. This was about eleven o'clock, P.M. About ten minutes to twelve we both heard a noise, as if a number of people were pattering with their bare feet upon the floor; and yet, so singular was the noise that I could not minutely determine from whence it proceeded. A few minutes afterwards we heard a noise, as if some one was knocking with his knuckles among our feet; this was followed by a hollow cough from the very room from which the apparition proceeded. The only noise after this was as if a person was rustling against the wall in coming up-stairs. At a quarter to one I told my friend that, feeling a little cold, I would like to go to bed, as we might hear the noise equally well there; he replied that he would not go to bed till daylight. I took up a note which I had accidentally dropped, and began to read it, after which I took out my watch to ascertain the time, and found that it wanted ten minutes to one. In taking my eyes from the watch, they became riveted upon a closet door, which I distinctly saw open, and saw also the figure of a female attired

in grayish garments, with the head inclining downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest, as if in pain, and the other—viz. the right hand—extended towards the floor, with the index finger pointing downwards. It advanced with an apparently cautious step across the floor towards me; immediately as it approached my friend, who was alumbering, its right hand was extended towards him; I then rushed at it, giving, as Mr. Procter states, a most awful yell; but instead of grasping it, I fell upon my friend, and I recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. I have since learnt that I was carried down stairs in an agony of fear and terror.

I hereby certify that the above account is strictly true and correct in every respect.

EDWARD DRURY,
North Shields.

The following more recent case of an apparition seen in the window of the same house from the outside, by four credible witnesses, who had the opportunity of scrutinizing it for more than ten minutes, is given on most unquestionable authority. One of these witnesses is a young lady, a near connexion of the family, who, for obvious reasons, did not sleep in the house; another, a respectable man, who has been many years employed in, and is foreman of, the manufactory; his daughter, aged about seventeen; and his wife, who first saw the object, and called out the others to view it. The appearance presented was that of a bareheaded man, in a flowing robe like a surplice, who glided backwards and forwards about three feet from the floor, or level with the bottom of the second story window, seeming to enter the wall on each side, and thus present a side view in passing. It then stood still in the window, and a part of the body came through both the blind, which was close down, and the window, as its luminous body intercepted the view of the framework of the window. It was semi-transparent, and as bright as a star, diffusing a radiance all around. As it grew more dim, it assumed a blue tinge, and gradually faded away from the head downwards. The foreman passed twice close to the house under the window, and also went to inform the family, but found the house locked up. There was no moonlight, nor a ray of light visible anywhere about, and no person near. Had any magic lantern been used, it could not possibly have escaped detection; and it is obvious nothing of that kind could have been employed in the inside, as in that case the light could only have been thrown upon the blind, and not so as to intercept the view both of the blind and of the window from without. The owner of the house slept in that room, and must have entered it shortly after this figure had disappeared.

It may well be supposed what a sensation the report of the visit of Mr. Drury, and its result, must have created. It flew far and wide, and when it appeared in print, still wider; and what was not a little singular, Mr. Procter received, in consequence, a great number of letters, from individuals of different ranks and circumstances, including many of much property, informing him that they and their residences were, and had been for years, subject to annoyances of precisely a similar character!

So the ghosts and the hauntings are not gone, after all! We have turned our backs on them, and, in the pride of our philosophy, have refused to believe in them; but they have persisted in remaining, notwithstanding!

These singular circumstances being at various times related by parties acquainted with the family at Willington, I was curious, on a tour northward some time ago, to pay this haunted house a visit, and to solicit a night's lodgings there. Unfortunately the family was

absent, on a visit to Mrs. Procter's relatives in Carlisle, so that my principal purpose was defeated; but I found the foreman and his wife, mentioned in the foregoing narrative, living just by. They spoke of the facts above detailed with the simple earnestness of people who had no doubts whatever on the subject. The noises and apparitions in and about this house seemed just like any other facts connected with it,—as matters too palpable and positive to be questioned, any more than that the house actually stood, and the mill ground. They mentioned to me the circumstance of the young lady, as above stated, who took up her lodging in their house, because she would no longer encounter the annoyances of the haunted house; and what trouble it had occasioned the family in procuring and retaining servants.

The wife accompanied me into the house, which I found in charge of a recently married servant and her husband, during the absence of the family. This young woman, who had, previous to her marriage, lived some time in the house, had never seen anything, and therefore had no fear. I was shown over the house, and especially into the room on the third story, the main haunt of the unwelcome visitors, and where Mr. Drury had received such an alarm. This room, as stated, was, and had been for some time, abandoned as a bed-room, from its bad character, and was occupied as a lumber-room.

At Carlisle, I again missed Mr. Procter; he had returned to Willington, so that I lost the opportunity of hearing from him or Mrs. Procter any account of these singular matters. I saw, however, various members of his wife's family, most intelligent people, of the highest character for sound and practical sense, and they were unanimous in their confirmation of the particulars I had heard, and which are here related.

One of Mrs. Procter's brothers, a gentleman in middle life, and of a peculiarly sensible, sedate, and candid disposition, a person apparently most unlikely to be imposed on by fictitious alarms or tricks, assured me that he had himself, on a visit there, been disturbed by the strangest noises. That he had resolved, before going, that if any such noises occurred he would speak, and demand of the invisible actor who he was, and why he came thither. But the occasion came, and he found himself unable to fulfil his intention. As he lay in bed one night, he heard a heavy step ascend the stairs towards his room, and some one striking, as it were, with a thick stick on the banisters, as he went along. It came to his door, and he essayed to call, but his voice died in his throat. He then sprang from his bed, and opening the door, found no one there, but now heard the same heavy steps deliberately descending, though perfectly invisibly, the steps before his face, and accompanying the descent with the same loud blows on the banisters.

My informant now proceeded to the room door of Mr. Procter, who, he found, had also heard the sounds, and who now also arose, and, with a light, they made a speedy descent below, and a thorough search there, but without discovering anything that could account for the occurrence.

The two young ladies, who, on a visit there, had also been annoyed by this invisible agent, gave me this account of it.—The first night, as they were sleeping in the same bed, they felt the bed lifted up beneath them. Of course, they were much alarmed. They feared lest some one had concealed himself there for the purpose of robbery. They gave an alarm, search was made, but nothing was found. On another night, their bed was violently shaken, and the curtains suddenly hoisted up all round to the very tester, as if pulled up by cords, and as rapidly let down again, several times. Search again produced no evidence of the cause. The next, they had the curtains totally removed from the bed, resolving to sleep without them, as they felt as though

evil eyes were lurking behind them. The consequences of this, however, were still more striking and terrific. The following night, as they happened to awake, and the chamber was light enough—for it was summer—to see everything in it, they both saw a female figure, of a misty substance, and bluish grey hue, come out of the wall, at the bed's head, and through the head-board, in a horizontal position, and lean over them. They saw it most distinctly. They saw it as a female figure come out of, and again pass into, the wall. Their terror became intense, and one of the sisters, from that night, refused to sleep any more in the house, but took refuge in the house of the foreman during her stay; the other shifting her quarters to another part of the house. It was the young lady who slept at the foreman's who saw, as above related, the singular apparition of the luminous figure in the window, along with the foreman and his wife.

It would be too long to relate all the forms in which this nocturnal disturbance is said by the family to present itself. When a figure appears, it is sometimes that of a man, as already described, which is often very luminous, and passes through the walls as though they were nothing. This male figure is well known to the neighbours by the name of "Old Jeffery!" At other times it is the figure of a lady also in grey costume, and as described by Mr. Drury. She is sometimes seen sitting wrapt in a sort of mantle, with her head depressed, and her hands crossed on her lap. The most terrible fact is that she is without eyes.

To hear such sober and superior people gravely relate to you such things, gives you a very odd feeling. They say that the noise made is often like that of a pavier with his rammer thumping on the floor. At other times it is coming down the stairs, making a similar loud sound. At others it coughs, sighs, and groans like a person in distress; and, again, there is the sound of a number of little feet pattering on the floor of the upper chamber, where the apparition has more particularly exhibited itself, and which for that reason is solely used as a lumber-room. Here these little footsteps may be often heard as if careering a child's carriage about, which in bad weather is kept up there. Sometimes, again, it makes the most horrible laughs. Nor does it always confine itself to the night. On one occasion, a young lady, as she assured me herself, opened the door in answer to a knock, the housemaid being absent, and a lady in fawn-coloured silk entered, and proceeded up stairs. As the young lady, of course, supposed it a neighbour come to make a morning call on Mrs. Procter, she followed her up to the drawing-room, where, however, to her astonishment, she did not find her, nor was anything more seen of her.

Such are a few of "the questionable shapes" in which this troublesome guest comes. As may be expected, the terror of it is felt by the neighbouring cottagers, though it seems to confine its malicious disturbance almost solely to the occupants of this one house. There is a well, however, near to which no one ventures after it is dark, because it has been seen near it.

It is useless to attempt to give any opinion respecting the real causes of these strange sounds and sights. How far they may be real or imaginary, how far they may be explicable by natural causes or not; the only thing which we have here to record, is the very singular fact of a most respectable and intelligent family having for many years been continually annoyed by them, as well as their visitors. They express themselves as most anxious to obtain any clue to the true cause, as may be seen by Mr. Procter's ready acquiescence in the experiment of Mr. Drury. So great a trouble is it to them, that they have contemplated the necessity of quitting the house altogether, though it would create great inconvenience as regarded business. And it only

remains to be added, that we have not heard very recently whether these visitations are still continued, though we have a letter of Mr. Procter's to a friend of ours, dated September 1844, in which he says, "Disturbances have for a length of time been only very unfrequent, which is a comfort, as the elder children are getting old enough (about nine or ten years) to be more injuriously affected by any thing of the sort."

Over these facts let the philosophers ponder, and if any of them be powerful enough to exorcise "Old Jeffery," or the bluish-grey and misty lady, we are sure that Mr. Joseph Procter will hold himself deeply indebted to them. We have lately heard that Mr. Procter has discovered an old book, which makes it appear that the very same "hauntings" took place in an old house on the very same spot, at least two hundred years ago. It is time that these old sinners, whoever they may be, and whatever be their crime, were sent to their rest, leaving quiet mortals, and especially quiet-loving Friends, to theirs.

BRISTOL RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE extracts from the master's journal, contained in our preceding article, will give some idea of the class of children whom it is proposed to educate in these schools. It is not because they are ragged, dirty, and shoeless, that they could not be received into the very numerous British and other charity schools which exist in Bristol and elsewhere;—it is not because their parents cannot, or will not, pay the very small sum required for their weekly schooling;—to both these evils a remedy might be applied by charitable persons;—but it is because their habits of life render them so entirely impatient of restraint, their moral sense is so perverted by being the constant witnesses of unrepented vice; and, though young in years, they are so old in vicious habits, that they would not endure the discipline of our ordinary schools, and they would be most unfit associates for those, who, while perhaps as poor, are above that boundary line which the moral sense of society has drawn against this unhappy Pariah race. If so young they are thus cut off, how awful is it to reflect what their future must be, when these budding evils have ripened into baneful fruits, the poison of society!

It is very important fully to realize the nature of the work we are undertaking, before we commence a Ragged School, and to lay down certain fixed principles of action as our guides, leaving the details to circumstances. Having then to educate those who have a strong, but wholly untutored will, and in whom the animal instincts have attained a fearful predominance, we must not attempt to *break* the will, but to *train* it to govern itself wisely; and it must be our great aim to call out the good which still exists even in the most degraded, and to make this conquer the bad. It is in vain to attempt effectually to drive out evil spirits by the agency of Beelzebub. We are fully convinced, and experience has proved it, that *moral* power, and the force of love, are far more efficacious in curbing these rough natures than any kind of corporal punishment, and we would earnestly urge all who are establishing such schools, to act strictly on this principle. No bribery should be employed to induce attendance on these schools. The children must be led to feel that something valuable is offered them in the education which is thus freely given. When promises of clothing, etc., are held out as incentives to come to school, the children attend principally with a view to obtain these; their minds are diverted from the true object of their education, and when they have gained the desired advantage, they no longer care to continue their attend-

ance at school. This has often proved to be the case. Ragged schools must be *bond fide* unsectarian. Let all sects unite to aid in this good work; let the children and their parents feel that the supporters of the school have not in view to fill their own churches or chapels, but simply to do them good. To teach theological dogmas to children so sunk in ignorance and sin, would be as injurious as useless; when the soil has been somewhat prepared, when they are so much improved that they can be admitted into the different Sunday schools, *then* let them be taught such views of religious truth as their parents desire. We believe, however, that the communication of moral and religious principle is the great object of these schools, and ought constantly to be kept in view as such; but this must not, indeed it cannot, be given by formal lessons, so much as by the master carefully watching for opportunities of instilling it, and, when practicable, endeavouring to work on the consciences of the children *individually*. These principles, respecting which much more might be said, did space permit, have been carefully kept in view in the Bristol Ragged School, and the truth of them amply tested. Our little day school continued up to Christmas, with numbers varying from twenty to forty, and in this short time a sensible effect was produced in the neighbourhood, which was remarkable for its disorderly character. The neighbours perceived the streets quieter, and were astonished to see these wild beings so much under the master's control, that he could march them, two and two, through the adjoining district. At first, when they followed their master to the Temperance Hall, they were turned out, as likely to create a riot, so wild and disorderly was their appearance; but after a few months they might be seen making their way there in a regular body, three and three, and their ragged dress and bare feet were no longer hindrances to their admission. A still more gratifying testimony to the good effects of the school was afforded by the police, who had remarked that Lewin's Mead was quieter, though they were not aware of the cause of it. Those who were in the habit of frequently visiting the school, were greatly struck with the improved appearance and demeanour of the children. On Sunday, at least, there was an effort to be as clean as possible, and they were able to listen with some interest and self-application to a scripture story. They all showed great attachment to their master, who treated them as beings possessed of minds and affections, and who made them feel that there were those that cared for them. When a lady brought them one Sunday morning a basket of flowers, which they viewed with great delight, and asked them who should have the most beautiful one, "Master," was the universal cry. And he gained this love, by the love he showed them.

"George," said he to a wild urchin whom he was obliged to detain after school for his ill-conduct, "how is this? Have I ever treated you badly? Have I ever been unkind to you?"

"No, master."

"And do you not love me, George?"

"Yes, master."

"Then how is it that you treat me so ill, and give me so much trouble?"

After a long pause, "I'll tell you what it was, the book *stuck in my heart*!"

Now a few days before, a visitor had brought some tracts, and distributed them to some of the children; but as George could not read, and there was not one to spare, he was passed over. This grievance had since been brooding within him.

"Well, but George, do not you remember that a few days since I gave you an apple out of my own pocket, because you had been so good a lad? And I said you were the best boy in the school."

"Yes, master, but the book stuck in my heart."

"Well, then, George, I'll forgive you, and you forgive me, and then I'll give you a sweet kiss."

This, as may be supposed, was quite irresistible, and though George is a most untractable child in general, with his master he is perfectly manageable.

We have said that we abstain from *bribery* with the scholars; we have however occasionally tried the effect of giving them a little treat, quite unexpectedly, as a proof of our kindly interest in them, and this we have found productive of a softening and beneficial effect. On one afternoon, when buns were given them, which they much enjoyed, sitting round the fire with their master, it was a touching sight to see five or six of these half-starved little fellows, carrying home *the whole* of their portion to their father, who was ill, or their little brothers; and there were very few who did not take home a part of their share. We at first intended to teach boys and girls together, but the conduct of the boys was so bad, their tendency to fight so unconquerable, and their language so grossly immoral, that the master thought it quite undesirable for girls to be admitted; after a few months, however, he had so greatly improved them, that bad language was hardly ever heard among them, and if a new comer began to use it, the others instantly reproved him. Their quickness in learning was very great: some of those who could barely tell their letters when they first came to school, were able to read the Testament by Christmas; and many who could not make a stroke, wrote a good text-hand.

The parents, in many instances, expressed themselves grateful for the pains taken with their children, and sensible of the moral influence exerted over them; yet too often it was their neglect and ill-conduct which had so degraded their little ones. A large proportion were addicted to drunkenness, that vice which degrades immortal man below the brutes. It is believed indeed, among the neighbours, that a large proportion of those whose children attend the school could easily send them neatly dressed to the pay schools, if they had sober habits.

"I once had a fine dress with a belt, and a nice cap!" meditated aloud one day a little wild fellow, whose rags scarcely covered him.

"And where are they gone, Delany?"

"To the *pawn-shop*, for *drink*!"

"Mother is by this time half drunk at the public-house," said another.

Indeed the master was able generally to judge from the conduct of the children in what state the parents were. How could the poor fellows be otherwise than cross and refractory, when they came to school without food,—for they came from the drunkard's home! How little do those who have never come into actual contact with the effects of intemperance know what they are! And did they know them, did they realize them, how gladly, how earnestly, and perseveringly, and self-denyingly, would all who have loving, Christian hearts join in efforts to remove them!

We have thus given a few of the results of our four months' experience of our little day-school for ragged children; as the winter advanced, and as we felt that what was commenced merely as an experiment was becoming a settled plan, we desired to add an evening school for those whose daily occupations prevented the possibility of their attending in the morning. For this purpose the room we first occupied was unsuitable, and having been successful in obtaining a large and commodious building in the immediate neighbourhood, we quitted a spot which had become quite endeared to us by having been the scene of labours of love; we quitted it with many hopes and fears, and with earnest desires to be still more useful labourers in this neglected vineyard. Here a new era commences in our history, some account of which we reserve for a future number.

Bristol.

M. C.

SPRING.

ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER.

BY HENRY FRANK LOTT, AN OPERATIVE POET.

I.

MOTHER! why seemeth, when the joyous Spring
Reanimates the earth with flowers and song,
My toil more wearying, and the day more long
Than any that the dullest winters bring?
It must be, that I yearn aside to fling
The yoke that binds me to th' o'erlaboured throng,
And ramble forth my native scenes among
Boylake to go again a violeting.
Remembering the glee my boy heart had
To bring my flowers and grasses to thy view,
I sometimes feel, there's nought on earth would glad
My spirit so, could I that joy renew;
But shut from scenes where they in freedom grew,
What marvel, Mother, that I'm sometimes sad!

II.

He only *hears* 'tis Spring, the man "who tills
From morn to night the city's dust and gloom,"
Which nine successive years has been my doom,
When comes the cry of "buy my daffodils!"
Or when some caged-up thrush at morning trills
His joy that he's let out from stifling room
Where bends mechanic over last or loom,
Or sempstress wan her ill-paid task fulfil.
He *sees* 'tis Spring—what time the verdant grass
Upstairs luxuriant in our railed-in squares,
Those breathing places for a privileged class,
To enter which no son of labour dares,—
Though who can blame him envying ere he pass
The gambols of proud Fortune's youthful heirs!

III.

Thou hast not known what 'tis to lie awake
Morn after morn through clatter in the street;
To rise and grind hard granite 'neath the feet,
Then breathe its particles, and swallow smoke,—
And feel, ere breakfast, as if one would choke
At noisome stench, or filthy sight we meet
Exhaling, flowing, from some foul retreat,
On which pure daylight has but seldom broke!
Then crowd the labour-mart, to make more gold
For men who deem us but as so much clay
That they have power and privilege to mould
To selfish purposes,—then cast away:
Such is the fate of most that I behold
Harnessed with me to slavery, day by day.

IV.

I'll try to feel, now May is come again,
That I'm not prisoned: Then my early home
And the green meadows where I loved to roam,
As they repress in memory's visioned train,
With cheering influences to me shall come,
And ease the galling—loose the fettering chain;
Yet grieve thou not that this my vernal strain
Breathes of my fate a burthen wearisome,
Ever, as usual, when thy pen shall dip
In ink, to write me lovingly, ne'er fail
To send a daisy with a "crimson tip,"
Or deep blue violet, or primrose pale,
Or wood anemone, or wild oxlip,
Or, dearer still, a lily of the vale.

(1) Ebenezer Elliott's "Life according to Law."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

The National Distress.—The vast distress which is spreading every day amongst the working classes of these kingdoms demands the deepest sympathy of every human heart. The famine in Ireland is said to have swept off more than 200,000 individuals; and the pestilence which inevitably follows famine is now every day raging more and more vehemently, and continuing the ravages of death. Men, in a state of desperation, enter other men's cabins, and murder the inmates, in order to seize any little food that may be found. To escape from this terrible scene—a scene, be it remembered, in the first and most wealthy Christian empire in the world—the famished population flee from their desolate homes, and come to the coasts nearest to England, and implore of the shippers to carry them over to the land where there is food. And they are carried over by thousands and hundreds of thousands! On the shores of England descend the multitudes of an invasion such as never yet startled the reader of history in the most awful periods of its record. Gaunt, ragged, skeleton figures, famine in their frames, devouring eagerness in their eyes, pestilence in their breath, they swarm into Liverpool, and thence into other towns, in legions, demanding food, and spreading plague wherever they go. One hundred and twenty thousand are said to remain in Liverpool alone, who are supported by subscription soup, and by the poor rates. In Liverpool, in Manchester, and other large towns, the fever is breaking out, and threatening awful devastation as the weather becomes warm. And what do the landlords of Ireland at this moment? What do the wealthy and luxurious nobles of England at this moment? They cripple the bill for the relief of these poor famishing creatures out of the land and labour of Ireland, and limit its existence to two years!

And what is the condition of the working classes of England? Every day distress is travelling amongst them at railroad speed. In Manchester, and the Lancashire towns, tens of thousands are thrown out of work; hundreds of thousands are working only three and four days a week! Mills are every day closing. In the potteries, amongst the stocking weavers of Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, the like distress prevails; and the agricultural labourers are no better off.

This is a melancholy scene, but the most melancholy part of it is that it is the work and direct consequence of the wretched and heartless government of an aristocracy. It is at such a moment that every heart should be alive to the benevolence that is due from men to their brother men, but it is far more necessary that every head, too, should be considering the causes of all this evil, and resolving to combine for their extinction. *They who, seeing the present gigantic misery, do not come forward to call for a full and fair representation of the people in parliament, will be the passive authors of future famines, and the weak transmitters of fresh horrors and crimes to posterity.*

Bermondsey Literary Institution.—The opening soirée of this institution, founded for the improvement of the working classes in this populous neighbourhood, was held on Friday, April 30th, Dr. Bowring, M.P., in the chair. A very agreeable evening was spent, and there was a spirit in the company which promised a successful career to the society. The chairman delivered an excellent address, and was well supported by Mr. Yapp, secretary of the Whittington Club, and Mr. Bennett, of the Greenwich Literary Institution. Letters were also read from Sir William Molesworth, Alderman Humphrey, M.P., William Howitt, and Thomas Cooper.

Establishment of a Ragged School and Bread and Flour Company at Plymouth.—Sir, I have much pleasure in informing you of some further signs of progress in this neighbourhood. A Ragged School is to be opened on Monday, May 3d, in a part of Plymouth which has vast need of enlightenment and benevolence. The room is situated near the quays; it is lofty, and will comfortably hold 120 children; but desks for 100 are fitted up to begin with. Boys between the ages of five and sixteen will receive free instruction. If this trial succeeds, arrange-

ments will be made for the admission of female scholars. As the name "Ragged School" is objected to, it will be called a "Free School for Destitute Children." The scheme originated with two benevolent tradesmen of the town, Mr. T. Nicholson and Mr. Eldred Brown. I hope soon to be able to send gratifying accounts of its progress.

On Monday, 26th April, the foundation stone of the buildings of a Co-operative Bread and Flour Company was laid in the adjoining town of Stonehouse. The structure will contain a mill for grinding by steam, and extensive bakehouses. The day was closed by a tea-meeting, at which 800 persons sat down. It was stated in the speeches that 3,500 shares were already taken, and that by the time the building and machines were completed, (in about six months,) it was expected the whole of the 7,000 shares will be subscribed for. The shares are 1*l.* each. They intend having shops for delivery in Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth. My company in Devonport, bread has been supplied through the winter at 3*d.* per quarter less than the bakers' prices. It is confidently stated here that many farmers in the neighbourhood have two and three years' corn in store, which they are waiting to get a still higher price for. In a few years, the rapid spread of these societies—each a club raised against Giant Monopoly—will effectually prevent any such detestable proceedings. Hoping this will find a place in the Record,

I remain yours obliged,

Plymouth, May 1, 1847.

T. M. B.

The Douglass Testimonial.—We receive letters inquiring where subscriptions shall be paid. Post-office orders may be sent to our office, where the list is satisfactorily filling; or it would be well in each large town to open a subscription list, which may be obtained from Mrs. Henry Richardson, Summerhill, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Ten Hours Bill.—When this bill is once safe through the Lords, we trust that a public meeting will be held by the working class of the metropolis to express their approbation of those humane individuals who have laboured for its enactment.

Extract from a Lecture by John P. Parker against American Slavery.—But as in that land of Gospel light and liberty, of which Dr. Bennett in his "Religion no Priestcraft" has said, "There is one mighty empire in the earth where Christianity exists and flourishes, unsalaried by the state, and unsupported by the secular arm, where Christianity is so manifestly proved to be omnipotent and Divine, and where infidelity looks so puny and mean," from which infidelity "turns with averted countenance, and complains that its weak eyes cannot bear so strong a light;" of which Dr. Cox, immediately after his return from that country, stated from his pulpit, "My dear friends, when we went to America, we saw the reality of religion.—How delightful was the consideration when we sometimes looked on a scene which we could not but realize as a scene where once Indians trod, and where cruelties were practised at the instigation of the prince of darkness; a scene where ignorance and superstition, vice and impiety in every form, infanticide, murder, and all that disgraces humanity, prevailed, amidst the darkness of universal ignorance; a scene and a land now occupied by unnumbered thousands, who are the worshippers of the Almighty.—What did I wish but that in our schools, in our seminaries, in our public institutions, we may all see similar demonstrations of the grace of God."

I repeat, as in that land of Gospel light and liberty it is penal to teach the slave to read, fine and imprisonment for the first offence, death for the third or second offence, are there none to care for the benighted souls of the poor negro population? Oh, yes; the religious education of the slave is not neglected; the poor down-trodden African is cared for. Yes, he is taught, carefully taught, to be religious. He is written for, preached to, and lectured, by episcopal bishops, doctors in divinity, theological professors, and ministers of all denominations.

In their benevolence, volumes of sermons have been written by Christian ministers, expressly for the slaves. True, they cannot read them; but then their masters can, and that will suit them better. Take a specimen from Bishop Meade, of Virginia:—

"Almighty God hath been pleased to make you slaves here, and to give you nothing but labour and poverty in this world, which you are obliged to submit to, as it is His will that it should be so. Take care that you do not fret or murmur, grumble or repine, at your condition, for this will not only make your life uneasy, but will greatly offend Almighty God. Now, when correction is given you, you either deserve it or you do not deserve it; but whether you really deserve or not, it is your duty, and Almighty God requires, that you bear it patiently. You may perhaps think that this is hard doctrine; but if you consider it right, you must needs think otherwise of it. Suppose, then, that you deserve correction, you cannot but say that it is just and right you should meet with it; suppose you do not, or at least you do not deserve so much, or so severe a correction, for the fault you have committed, you perhaps have escaped a great many more, and are at last paid for all. Or suppose you are quite innocent of the crime laid to your charge, and suffer wrongfully in that particular thing; is it not possible you may have done some other bad thing, which was never discovered, and that Almighty God, who saw you doing it, would not let you escape without punishment one time or another? and ought you not in such a case to give glory to Him, and be thankful that He would rather punish you in this life for your wickedness, than destroy your souls for it in the next life? But suppose that even this were not the case—a case hardly to be imagined—and that you have by no means, known or unknown, deserved the correction you suffered; there is this great comfort in it, that if you bear it patiently, and leave your cause in the hands of God, He will reward you for it in Heaven; and the punishment you suffer unjustly here shall turn to your exceeding great glory hereafter."

Let me give you a specimen of the religious teaching to which the negro population is called upon to listen. This I heard from the lips of Mr. Frederick Douglass, at a meeting held in the Crown and Anchor Tavern in August last, to form an Anti-slavery League, of which I and my family became members.

At that meeting were present several friends of the American slaveholders. One of them, a Mr. Collier, who had the charge of six hundred slaves, attempted a defence. To these Mr. Douglass appealed, as to the correctness of his statement, that this was a sermon preached before himself when a slave, and that it was a fair specimen of the kind of preaching to which the slaves were bound to listen. No man contradicted him. I therefore submit it to you, in order that you may judge the mis-called Christian teacher, who thus dares to prostitute his holy office, and crucify the Lord of Life afresh:—

"Servants, obey your masters. In the original language from which this is a translation, it stands thus: 'Slaves, obey your masters.'

"Who are to obey their masters? Slaves. Who are slaves to obey? Their masters. What are slaves commanded to do? Obey their masters. My text, you see, teaches the doctrine of obedience, the obedience of the slave towards his master. I shall give you several reasons, taken from the word of God, and from the works of God, to bring this doctrine home to all your minds.

"First, you should obey your masters, because it is the commandment of God: God, who created all things, the heavens and the earth, and all things therein and thereupon; God, who created angels and men; God, who created, and upholds, and governs all things; God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. This great, and powerful, and glorious God, has issued His decree, has given His commandment. Slaves, obey your masters.

"Secondly, slaves are bound to obey their masters, because it is their duty. Your masters feed you; your masters clothe you; your masters watch over you. You are your masters' property. They regard you with anxiety. They wish you to keep God's commandment, and their hearts are grieved when you transgress and break God's law. Let me give an illustration: Sam is sent by his master into the field to labour. He has a piece of work to do that will take him say six hours. At the expiration of that time Sam's master goes to the field, expecting to see the work finished; and what does he behold?—Sam's hoe in one place, and Sam fast asleep in another. The heart of his pious master is deeply grieved on account of Sam's transgression, and he is anxious to ascertain his duty in this painful case. 'To the law, and to the testimony.' He sits down to learn his

duty towards Sam from God's most holy word. He opens it, and reads, 'He that knew his master's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' The consequence is that Sam is whipped, and, in consequence of the whipping, Sam cannot work for a week. Thus you see the evil resulting from Sam's neglect of duty—God's commandment is broken, and Sam's master loses his services for a week.

"Thirdly, you ought to obey your masters from motives of gratitude. You are Africans; you came from Africa—Africa—benighted Africa; Africa, where God is not known; Africa, where the gracious Saviour is not heard of; Africa, where men and women worship idols, figures made by human hands. Poor Africa! wretched Africa! Good and pious men, feeling for your wretched condition, have subscribed their money, have braved the perils of the voyage, in order to save your souls. They have brought you here, where you may hear of Jesus. They have brought you here that you may learn the way to Heaven. Here you learn God's commandment. Here you listen to God's holy word. You sit under the droppings of the sanctuary, and learn the way to Heaven. Oh, think of these things! think of what you were, think of what your pious masters have saved you from, and oh! from motives of gratitude, slaves, obey your masters.

"Fourthly, and lastly, you should obey your masters because of your peculiar applicability for the work. Let me explain this. God, who created all things, has adapted everything to fulfil the purpose for which it was created. He causes the rain to descend, and nourish the earth. He causes the corn to grow up for the nourishment of men and cattle. He created man, and placed him where he pleased, and gave him strength and wisdom to perform the part assigned to him. He created some men white, others he created black. Some he created to be masters, others he created to be slaves; and he gave them powers adapted to their circumstances. Look at yourselves. You have strong, and large, and horny hands; you have robust bodies; you have black skins and woolly hair. Your masters have small hands, and long, delicate fingers; they have weak constitutions, white skins, and long hair.

"You are better adapted to labour, to endure the heat than they are. They are better adapted to think, and manage, and direct than you are. God has given to them wisdom; to you he has given strength. You could not think. Your masters therefore think for you. Oh, the mysteries of God's providence, oh, the wonderful working of God's hand; to create one class of men to labour, and another class of men to think! To create one class of men to be masters, and another class of men to be slaves! How mysterious are His workings, and His ways past finding out! It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.

"And now let me entreat you to keep God's commandment; by so doing you will be admitted into the abodes of happiness, into the heaven of everlasting joy; but if you neglect and break God's commandment, then you will be cast into hell, to dwell with devils and wicked men in the midst of everlasting torments, and so on."

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8 Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWERY, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, May 22, 1847.



THE GIPSEY MOTHER.

BY WILKINSON.

THE GIPSEY MOTHER.

BY WILKIE.

Our illustration is a specimen of the art of Wilkie, not in his usual style. His inimitable paintings of the life of the people, in which he gives us all their joys and troubles, their humours and characteristics, have been made familiar to every one by the engraver. In what window throughout the country has not been exhibited his "Blind Fiddler," his "Rent Day," his "Village Festival," his "Reading the Will," "Dis- training for Rent," his "Chelsea Pensioners," and "Parish Beadle!" Who is not acquainted with them! With his more grave and ambitious attempts, the more zealous lovers of art only are conversant. In this instance we present our readers with a beautiful example of his portrait painting, rather than of his more familiar and humorous style. The "Gipsy Mother," here depicted, is a handsome woman in the interesting character of maternity; but how different to any gipsy mother that one does or shall meet with in the hedge-side and common life of England. Instead of that air of flattery covering the deepest cunning which is stamped on the gipsy woman indelibly, we have a matron on whose countenance serious and lofty thought is conspicuous. Such a woman could never have been accustomed to the arts and tricks of fortune-telling and daily deceit. The smooth and oily expression of the tribe is not there, but, on the contrary, the fixed gaze, in which things and purposes of a lofty character are living. This gipsy mother might do wonders in any great emergency of her people; but in the daily petty dealings of the wily race would be left far behind by many a far inferior creature. She has a Spanish character about her, and, with a finer person, the lofty purposes of a Meg Merrilies. In every respect it is an interesting specimen of the genius of this great artist, whose career was so unexpectedly cut short.

SONNET.

TO A YOUNG LABOURER IN THE HIGH BEHALF OF
HUMANITY.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JUN.

BRAVE-HEARTED YOUTH! whose eagle-spirit, true
To every high-born impulse, seeks to soar
Where angels round the throne of God adore,
—Themselves aspiring to be Gods,—for you
There lies a path, far up the dizzy heights
Of Heaven, through mists and clouds, to star-paved
regions,
Where Truth encamps, with her uncounted legions,
To crown the champions of human rights.
Mount upwards, then, resolved to "do or die;"
Unfurl thy *excelsior* banner to the light;
Proclaim, by noble deeds, "GOD AND THE RIGHT,
THOUGH HEAVEN FALL;" and e'en the sovereign sky
Shall bow to list the music of thy life,
And nerve thy heart for its celestial strife.

(1) Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.—Pope.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

VII.—DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON AIR.

(Continued from p. 279.)

ALTHOUGH Animals do not, like Plants, draw their food—that is, the materials of which their bodies are composed—from the Air, yet their necessity for a constant supply of it is greater, their lives being sooner cut short if it be withheld. Thus we find that if a warm-blooded animal, such as a man, a cat, a rabbit, or a bird, remain for three or four minutes under water, the body becomes to all appearance perfectly dead; all sensibility and power of motion seem lost; and unless means are taken to restore the flow of blood and the movements of the chest, the animal powers do not return, and real death takes place. Now death by drowning results simply from want of air, and not from any injurious effect of the water upon the body. Death will take place just as soon, if the entrance of air into the mouth and nostrils be prevented in other ways. Drunkards have been suffocated by falling into a gutter with their faces downwards; the water being just sufficient to cover their lips and noses; and their state of insensibility preventing them from changing their position in ever so slight a degree. Any one may readily convince himself that his body *wants and must have* a constant supply of air, by trying to hold his breath for a short time, or by plunging his face into a basin of water. For the first few seconds he will feel only a trifling uneasiness; but this will gradually increase; and will soon become so distressing as to *force* him to draw his breath, even though he may desire to keep up the experiment a little longer.

The movements concerned in the supply of air to the interior of the body are thus wisely placed by the Creator beyond our control. If they depended upon our *will*, they would be liable to be interfered with by our caprice or forgetfulness; but they are carried on during profound sleep, as regularly as during our waking hours; and continue when the mind is entirely directed to some other object, with the same uniformity as when we think expressly of them. We find in all but the very lowest animals some provision of this kind for constantly renewing the air, or the water containing air (as shown in the preceding paper), in contact with the breathing organs; and this fact alone would show the peculiarly close dependence of Animal life upon Air, Plants having no such power. Thus, if we notice an Insect which may have alighted near us, we see that its body is alternately lengthened and shortened, by which air is drawn in and forced out again. If we look at a Gold-Fish, swimming in a glass globe, we see that it is continually gulping in water by its mouth, and forcing it out again by the large apertures just behind its head, raising the valve-like gill-covers. And even if we were to examine with sufficient care the state of the water within the shell of the sluggish Oyster, as it lies apparently motionless in its massive bed, we should find it to be in rapid and constant movement; the gills, (commonly known as the *beard*) of the Oyster being fringed with minute filaments termed *cilia*, which keep up a constant lashing of the liquid in which they are immersed, and which are therefore continually renewing the layer of water in contact with them. There are few sights to be seen with the microscope, that are more interesting than this rapid movement over the surface of the gills of the common Mussel, in which the cilia are remarkably large; and as the movement will continue for some time, even in portions of the gills which have been long separated from the body, it is evident

that it takes place quite independently of any effort on the part of the animal itself. We have to inquire, then, into the purposes of these remarkable provisions, or in other words, into the causes of the close dependence of Animal life upon a constant supply of Air; but before doing so, it will be desirable to explain the nature of the change which is produced in air by the act of breathing or Respiration.

The Air is composed of a mixture of two Gases, Oxygen and Nitrogen; the proportion being about *one* measure of the former to *four* of the latter; so that any given quantity of Air contains about one-fifth of its bulk of Oxygen. There is also, as stated in the last paper, a very minute proportion of Carbonic Acid always present in the Atmosphere; and it is upon this that the whole Vegetable Kingdom is dependent for the chief solid material of its substance. Some of the properties of Oxygen, and especially its power of supporting combustion, have been already noticed; and as it is through these alone that it ministers to the support of Animal life, we need not at present allude to any others. Of Nitrogen it will be sufficient to say, that although it is a very important element of the substances of which the Animal body is chiefly composed, as well as of many well-known chemical compounds, (forming nitric acid or aquafortis when united with oxygen, and ammonia, or the pungent vapour of spirits of hartshorn, when combined with hydrogen,) its properties when uncombined are chiefly *negative*; that is, it does not support combustion, and cannot of itself maintain Animal or Vegetable life; but it has no *injurious* influence upon the growth of Plants or Animals, except by excluding Oxygen. If the Atmosphere entirely consisted of Oxygen, its influence would be too powerful; for it has been found by experiment that animals speedily die when made to breathe pure Oxygen. The purpose of the large proportion of Nitrogen with which it is mixed seems therefore to be to *diffuse* or weaken the Oxygen, (just as we dilute strongly-acid, or very bitter medicine with water;) and at the same time to give to the Atmosphere that weight or pressure which is required for a great variety of other purposes.

Now that the air which is breathed *out* of the lungs is not altogether the same with that which is drawn *in*, is very easily proved by a few simple experiments. In the first place, let a little clear lime-water (that is, water in which a small quantity of fresh-burnt lime has been dissolved) be poured into a tumbler, and let the breath be sent out through a tube reaching to the bottom of the glass, so that it shall rise in bubbles through the liquid;—in a short time the lime-water will become quite milky, the pure lime that had been dissolved in it having been converted into carbonate of lime or chalk, which cannot remain dissolved in the water, and therefore gives it a white milky aspect, just as if we had mixed up with it finely-powdered chalk or whiting. Now this change has taken place, because the lime has drawn to itself the carbonic acid contained in the air which was breathed out from the lungs. That the air which we draw into the lungs cannot produce the same effect,—until, at least, a very large quantity has been sent through the lime-water,—may be shown by simply inserting the nozzle of a pair of bellows in the lime-water, and making its blast rise in bubbles to the surface: this operation might be carried on for a long time without causing the least milkiness in the liquid; although it would produce it at last, on account of the small quantity of carbonic acid which exists even in pure Atmospheric air. Again, if we breathe a small quantity of air over and over again,—as by confining some air in a bladder, and breathing in and out through its neck,—or by putting a jar with its mouth downwards over water, and breathing the air contained in it through a bent tube,—we shall find that in a short time we begin to feel as if we were altogether prevented from respiring;

the same kind of distress being experienced, as if we were continuing to hold the face beneath water. If we carry on the process as long as we can, we shall find that a taper plunged into the air which has thus been breathed over and over again, will be at once extinguished; and if we shake up a little clear lime-water with it, the liquid will immediately become of an opaque white. Both these tests indicate the large quantity of Carbonic Acid which it now contains.

It may be shown by accurate chemical examination, that, in ordinary free breathing, where fresh air is taken in at each inspiration, the Air drawn into the chest loses from 4 to 5 parts out of the 21 of Oxygen which every 100 measures of it contain; and that it receives instead nearly the same proportion of Carbonic Acid, which is found in the Air collected after being expired or breathed-out. The entire quantity of this Carbonic Acid given off from the Lungs and from the Skin (the surface of which partakes with the lungs in this change) of a healthy adult man, in the course of twenty-four hours, appears to be no less than 37,000 cubic inches, or more than 21 cubic feet;—that is, it would fill a space 21 feet long and a foot square. The quantity of *solid carbon* which this amount of Carbonic Acid would contain, is not less than 4,800 grains, or 10 ounces Troy; in other words, there is a daily combustion, or burning-up, of 10 ounces of solid carbon within the Human body; this combustion being effected by the union of the oxygen of the air with a part of its solid substance. What are the purposes of this remarkable process?

In the first place, the peculiar mode in which the elements of organized bodies are united, is of itself a cause of their tendency to decay. The several tissues of the Animal and Vegetable fabric exhibit this tendency in very different degrees. Thus the solid "heart of oak," of which the roof of some ancient edifice is constructed, or the dense tusks of the Mammoth, which are dug up in abundance from the soil of Siberia, and serve the purposes of the manufacturer—after having been buried probably for many thousand years—as well as if they had been the growth of yesterday, would seem almost imperishable; whilst the softer portions of the structures of which they formed part,—the leaves, the twigs, the sap-wood, and the bark, of the Oak,—the muscles, the nerves, the skin, the blood-vessels, the membranes, the ligaments, of the Mammoth,—have long since decayed. Now, the decay of an organized body results simply from the fact that its elements have a tendency to arrange themselves into new combinations; but of this new arrangement, the presence of Oxygen is usually a necessary condition; and another condition required is Heat. Thus we find that, by the exclusion of oxygen, the flesh of Animals and the softest Vegetable matters may be preserved without change for any length of time; articles of food, inclosed in tin cases carefully soldered up, being thus kept fresh during many years, even whilst passing through the widest extremes of climate. And the influence of cold in preventing decay was most strikingly exemplified in the preservation of the *flesh* of the Mammoth, which was found imbedded in the ice near the mouth of the river Lena, in Siberia; this flesh being so little changed, although it had probably been dead some thousands of years, that the fisherman who first discovered the carcass fed his dogs upon it. The well-known fact that the fermentation of a liquid (which is a new arrangement of the elements of its dissolved sugar) cannot take place without a certain amount of warmth and without the access of air, is another illustration of the influence of these conditions upon the chemical changes on which *decay* depends.

Now, it is a mistaken notion, which has come down to us from the older Physiologists, that the state of *Life* is incompatible with *decay*; so that in a living body all decomposition is resisted. This is certainly *not*

the case. There is no such resisting power in a living body. The parts of which it is composed are as much subject to decay during its life, as they are after its death. But there is this very important difference, that, during the life of a body, every particle which is undergoing decay is at once carried forth, and is not suffered to remain for the infection of others; and whilst the products of decomposition are thus rapidly set free from the system, they are continually being replaced by new and fresh materials. On the other hand, when the circulation of the blood and all the processes dependent upon it are brought to a stand, as soon as decay begins it proceeds at an increasing rate, each particle of decaying matter serving as the *ferment* which excites the corresponding process in others; and as there is no provision for carrying its products out of the body, neither is there any means of repairing its devastations; and the entire structure is soon broken down, the more speedily as the temperature is higher. One of the earliest products of this decay of a dead tissue, whether Vegetable or Animal, is Carbonic Acid; the Carbon of the organic substance having gradually entered into a new combination with the Oxygen of the Atmosphere, and being thus detached from the other substances with which it was previously united. A similar change takes place during the *whole life* of the Plant and Animal; the extrication or setting-free of Carbonic Acid being a fact common to every living organized body; although (as shown by the preceding paper) its effects are overbalanced in Plants by the decomposition of the Carbonic Acid of the Atmosphere in the process by which food is obtained. Here, then, is one of the sources of the necessity for the Respiratory process; a source common to all living beings. The body is in a state of incessant decay; and its health cannot be preserved, unless the products of that decay be separated from it. This decay will take place the more quickly, the greater is the heat of the body; thus it will be more rapid in warm-blooded animals, the temperature of whose bodies is kept up to a high fixed standard, than in cold-blooded, in which it is liable to depression; and it will be the greater in cold-blooded animals, when the temperature of the body is raised to a high standard by the warmth of the surrounding medium, than when it is lowered by the external cold. Hence we find that a Frog can live in water during a great part of the winter, without coming to the surface to breathe; the action of the air contained in the water being sufficient to produce the needed interchange of oxygen and carbonic acid through the medium of the skin. But with the return of the genial warmth of spring, a more rapid decay of its body takes place; and it requires to take in air occasionally through its mouth, at the surface of the water. And during the heat of summer, the necessity for respiration is so much increased, that the animals are forced to quit the water, in order that the air may act upon their blood through their skin, as well as through their lungs. On the other hand, when they are rendered perfectly torpid by cold, no decay takes place in their bodies, and no carbonic acid is excreted. Those warm-blooded animals which can be reduced to a state of almost perfect torpidity in *hibernation*, show with how small an amount of respiration life may be maintained, when the temperature of the body is so reduced that scarcely any decay can take place in it. Instead of breathing twenty or thirty times in a minute, they do not exchange the air in their lungs as many times in an hour; and this state of things lasts until the warmth of the air around calls the bodily functions into renewed activity.

But it is not merely by the continual decay of the softer tissues of the fabric in general, that a production of carbonic acid takes place in the Animal body. There are two substances—that of which the Muscular

flesh is composed, and that of which the Brain and Nerves are made up—whose decay seems to depend chiefly upon the use that is made of them. There is strong reason to believe that every exertion of muscular or nervous force, however trifling, involves the death and change of composition of a certain amount of the muscular or nervous tissue; just as the production of heat from a combustible substance, or the generation of electricity in the voltaic battery, can only be effected by chemical changes,—the combustible uniting with the oxygen of the air to form water and carbonic acid, and one of the metals of the voltaic pile being oxidized by decomposing water. It is quite certain that the greater the activity of the *Animal* powers—sensation, thought, emotion, reason, will, muscular force, etc. etc.—the more oxygen is required to be taken in by the blood in the lungs, and the more carbonic acid is given off from that which has circulated through the system. We know, too, that the greater the activity of these powers, the greater is the demand for food; and if this demand be unsatisfied, the more rapid is the wasting of the body. Thus it appears that the respiratory process has a second most essential connexion with the activity of the proper Animal functions. The powers of the muscular and nervous systems cannot be exercised without a supply of Oxygen; and the Carbonic Acid, which is one of the products of the exercise of these powers, must be immediately carried out of the body, otherwise it would soon become a fatal poison. Hence we find an extraordinary difference in the amount of Carbonic Acid set free in a given time, according as the animal is in a state of activity or of repose. There is no class in which this difference is more remarkable than in that of Insects. When in repose, like other cold-blooded animals, they require but little oxygen, and produce but little carbonic acid; but when in a state of activity, they convert more oxygen into carbonic acid, in proportion to their size, than any other animals whatever. Thus a Humble-bee, buzzing violently under a glass, has been found to produce in a single hour one-third of a cubic inch of carbonic acid; whilst in the whole twenty-four hours of the next day, which it passed in a state of comparative repose, the quantity of carbonic acid produced did not reach the same amount.

We have still to name a third source of the production of Carbonic Acid at the expense of the Oxygen of the air, which is peculiar to warm-blooded animals,—Birds and Mammals. It has been shown in former papers that, in order that their temperature may be kept up to a fixed standard, a certain amount of combustible matter must be burned-off within their bodies; this amount varying with the quantity of heat which it is required to produce. Thus when the temperature of the surrounding air or water is nearly equal to that which is proper to the body, very little additional heat is required, and a small consumption of the internal fuel is sufficient to keep it up. But when the surrounding medium is cold, a larger quantity of heat must be produced to keep that of the body up to its standard, more fuel will be consumed, and consequently more carbonic acid will be generated.

Thus of the three sources of the production of Carbonic Acid in the bodies of the higher Animals, the first is common to all Organized beings, dead or living; the second exists in all Animals, though chiefly noticeable in those remarkable for Nervous activity and Muscular power; whilst the third is peculiar to the higher or Warm-Blooded Animals.

JOE OLDOAK'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. WHITE.

"I will have nothing to do with it," repeated the labourer sturdily, as he left the straw-yard at Westbrook farm; "I will have nothing to do with it, at any price,—it's all stuff, though Master George says it, about his father not being answerable if the business is discovered—who would take the old gentleman's oath against the proof of finding the goods upon his premises—I will have nothing to do with it—nothing!" and the man turned into the frozen road, and pursued his way to one of two cottages nestling in a nook of a close lane, sheltered by fine old ash trees, and wych elms, which spread their bare reticulated branches from side to side. In summer-time, nothing could be prettier than these twin cottages, with the one vine spreading over both, like the mantle of Paul around Virginia—their roofs lichen-covered, and indented with age—the deep eaves fringed with house-leek—the rude wood-work and quaint casements half hidden with clustering roses, and other ascendant plants, which, like the world's complacency in the days of our social sunshine, concealed and beautified the defects beneath: each had its little plot of matted flowers, and rustic porch covered with honeysuckle, poor weakly structures of lath, grey with age, and simultaneously grown crazy in their vain efforts to restrain the wandering luxuriance of the young woodbine wedded to them. But in winter, when the roses faded, and the vine leaves fell, and nothing clung to the net work of branches that encircled the rude structure, but the hoary and waving fibres of old man's beard, chinks and fissures hitherto undiscovered disclosed themselves, and all the poverty and discomfort of these poor abodes peeped out. As Oldoak laid his hand on the low gate, the fire-light streamed through the cottage window, and presented a household picture so simply beautiful, that the poor man paused for the hundredth time in his life to regard it—the kitchen with its low roof, and rudely plastered walls, its sanded floor and scanty furniture, was clean as the industrious hands of his little wife could make it, and she herself, with her baby on her lap, and three other chubby children round her—a group in perfect keeping with its homeliness—a table covered with the humble preparations for their evening meal stood before the fire, and the kettle, suspended by a hook and chain over the hearth, was singing the advent of supper time. As the man continued to gaze upon the unconscious group, he suddenly exclaimed, "How shall I tell her that there is no more work at the farm—that so long as this weather lasts, I am discharged? It is a sad business, but then,—she always bears those things better than I do." And Oldoak, stronger for this recollection, proceeded to the door. At this moment, two very large and light carts, driven by men dressed like butchers, drove by at a railway pace, and he paused to look after them; his steps had, however, been heard, the door was opened, and three little round faces appeared at it, ready to welcome him. Kate only held back, lest the cold wind should blow upon the baby. Oldoak patted the head of the eldest, kissed the others, and having removed the soil of labour from his hands, slipped into the old-fashioned arm-chair opposite his wife, who, consigning the baby to his keeping, set about the task of dispensing their meal. When this was over, and the children put to bed, the poor man began to talk to his wife of their probable troubles.

"I am afraid, Kate," he said, despondingly, "that this will prove a hard winter for us. Master says if the frost continues, he sha'n't have any thing for me to do next week—you see, one can neither plough, or dig, or grub roots, or any thing else, while this weather lasts."

"But who knows, Joe," suggested Kate, hopefully, "it may perhaps break up between this and Monday."

"No signs of it," returned her husband, "the sky is clean swept of clouds, and the stars are winking and sparkling like ten thousand diamonds. Listen to the chimney, dame, or look at the fire how it burns, that'll tell you how it freezes." And very bright indeed glowed the root embers on the hearth, while a sound like the distant blow-pipe of a furnace snored in the wide chimney.

"At least," said Kate, looking up cheerfully to her husband's face, "we have a roof to shelter us, which is more than some poor folks have, and—"

"Aye," interrupted Oldoak; "but there is no knowing how long we may have it. I don't half like what Master George said to-night; I know I have offended him, but I could not make up my mind to the job no how, when I thought of all the trouble it might bring upon the old gentleman."

"What job, what trouble?" inquired Kate, anxiously.

"Hush," interrupted the labourer, as upon some principle of acoustics which I have witnessed, but do not comprehend, loud, but muffled voices appeared to be making a speaking trumpet of their chimney. They were those of their neighbour and his wife, and the phenomenon in itself was by no means a novelty to the Oldoaks, who with the wind in a certain quarter, on still, clear, frosty nights, were frequently annoyed with a repetition of the cries, oaths, and altercations that frequently took place in the other cottages.

"They are quarrelling, sure," said Oldoak, stirring the fire, with a vain endeavour to deaden the sound.

"Do hear what they say," interrupted Kate; "they are not quarrelling—there! they are talking about you and master."

"No, no! never mind what they say," said Joe, "it isn't right."

"Let them keep quiet, then," said Kate, resolutely, "I have given them fair warnings enough."

"Ah! what is that he says!" cried Oldoak, as the voice of Boltwood, sounding as if it issued from a mask, broke forth again, with "I tell you woman, work or no work, I shall be kept on, Master George told me so, and he had better not go back of his word. I have got him now, and the old one too, properly under my thumb; after to-night's work, he'll be glad to come down pretty handsomely, or I shall turn."

"No, no!" interrupted his wife in her shrillest tones, "no turning snitch; when one can earn an honest penny by holding their tongue, it's far better than taking up with a trade that won't last; besides, informing's so mean."

"Let them pay me well then, for keeping quiet," cried Ben; "work all the winter in all weathers, or what is better, wages without work, and a recommendation to the agricultural society next summer, for length of services! least parish relief! best kept garden! finest pig! everything."

"Ah! ah! ah!" shouted the woman, coarsely, "what good judges those gentlefolks are—how well they know who best deserve the prizes; length of services indeed, because you have been too idle to seek it elsewhere, even when you might have bettered yourself; and as for least parish relief, you ought to boast of that! with all the money you have had from time to time of my father."

"Go on, go on," cried her husband, "it seems you don't like to hear of my being rewarded."

"Rewarded, indeed, if you did get your deserts," observed his partner, with very suggestive emphasis.

"Well, hold your tongue," rejoined her husband, "Master George has promised to manage it all for me."

"He ought, if he only knew whose bran-bin suffered for the last pig you fattened," exclaimed his wife.

"He must," continued Boltwood, or, he added with

an imprecation, "I will put him in the way of eating parish bread himself."

Kate Oldoak looked at her husband with alarm—while Meg Boltwood resumed,

"You'll be talking once too often about this business, and if Mr. George gets hold of it, and the goods are clear off their grounds, it will be your turn to bite your fingers."

"Let me alone," answered her husband, doggedly, "I know what I'm about."

"What do they mean?" inquired Kate, as the sounds, growing lower, became less distinct, and after a while, died away.

"It is what I was going to tell you of," said Oldoak; "Master George has got mixed up with some smuggling concern, and has agreed to conceal a quantity of tobacco on his father's premises, believing that as the old gentleman knows nothing of it, he runs no risk, even if the custom-house officers should find it out."

"How foolish," rejoined the little woman, "why you could have told him better; that is just as my poor brother served father, and ruined him in his old days, and made beggars of us all."

"I told him as much," replied her husband, "but he only threatened me for my pains, and told me that he would take care not to oblige those who disobliged him—as good as said, that if he had anything to do with it, I should have no more work there this winter. I only hope for his father's sake, that Boltwood for his own may keep his counsel, for you hear he has been let into it."

"But why not speak to master—why not tell him what is going on?" interposed Kate.

"There it is," said her husband, "I am bound down; I promised secrecy to Master George before he told me what he wanted of me."

"Well, there is no help for it," sighed Kate, "master will not surely see you wronged; if he has work I dare say you will have your share of it, and if he has not, why we must do the best we can."

Joe Oldoak slept but for a short space that night, determined to see if, after his warning and persuasions, young West would persevere in his design; he wrapped himself up in his great coat, stole noiselessly out at the back of the cottage, and taking a bye path to the farm, ensconced himself in a hay-rick, part of which had been cut away, and where he was effectually hid from observation. Not long afterwards he saw Boltwood arrive, and take up a position in the barn. All the lights were extinguished in the farm-house, and except the shrieking of the sea-gulls, and other wild fowl, which the cold winds had brought into the river, or the occasional baying of a dog, there was not a sound to be heard. After some time, a cart came slowly along the road, and drew up behind the gable end of a little public-house opposite; instantly, a light appeared in the window of young West's room, and a moment afterwards he came through the garden, stopped a moment at the barn, and followed by Ben, hastened down the chace to the road. The sound of another vehicle now approached, the chace gate swung noiselessly back, and the first horse and cart was led without a sound through the grass-mead to the barn, and after being emptied of the bales, as stealthily led forth again. The same precautions occurred in bringing in and unloading the other, and as soon as this was completed, the pretended butchers drove off.

"I thought as much this evening," said Oldoak, who recognised in the fine horses and unusually large and light carts, those he had seen pass by his cottage.

The fears Joe Oldoak had entertained of a severe winter, proved but too correct, a black frost (as country people call it) set in, and continued for six or seven weeks without intermission. Above bridge the river was frozen, and its navigation impeded by the huge

blocks of ice that floated to and fro with the tide; flocks of wild geese appeared in the marshes, small birds fell dead from the trees, and men too were found frozen by the way side, and dead in barns and out-houses, where they had perished to vindicate the scouted idea of men preferring starvation to the horrors of an Union. The dearthness of provisions spread distress through the manufacturing districts, while in the agricultural ones there was no employment for the labourer. The poor-houses swarmed with inmates, and those who, rather than be separated from wife and children, remained in their own miserable abodes, suffered there the worst extremes of hopeless poverty. The Oldoaks were of this number; since the poor man's employment had ceased, one by one, each homely article of furniture—every piece of supernumerary clothing, had been sold or pawned to procure them food; and when the searching winds of March arrived, howling and whining round the shattered cottage like a ravening creature scenting its prey, fever and famishing were at work upon its inmates, and the fire-side group who looked so happy at the commencement of our story—the mother and her children—lay on a heap of straw shivering and burning alternately in the fangs of hunger, disease, and cold. Even this state of existence, hopeless as it was, had to be sustained; and Oldoak, whose accidental earnings, eked out with the most exacting economy, could not procure them even a daily meal of dry bread, began revolving in his misery some other medium of relief, and yielding to the reckless arguments of despair, the stern rhetoric of necessity, he threw behind him the scruples and fears of his better days, and vowed that his children should not starve, while the food nature had made free for all was at hand. Behold him then, with these determinations, weaving anares by day, and when night came, stealing forth to the woods, his brain dixer with incipient fever, his frame staggering with debility, scarce sufficient left of his sole capital of bodily strength to bring home the spoils, for which hunger and desperation had woven the wires. In this way the miserable family was for a time supported—the wood was their sole resource, it furnished the brush-wood fire and a portion of their uncertain food—the only food save dry bread, that these unfortunates now ever tasted; but this resource could not long remain undiscovered, and Oldoak knew full well the penalty. Let us imagine ourselves at the rear of the cottages, one wintry morning in March, the grey dawn had but just broken—rime frost covered the trees—the snow lingered on the uplands—and the lurid streaks in the sky showed red and angry as if a storm were at hand. Presently there was a sound as of boughs driven one against the other, and Oldoak, clad in a wretched jacket, broken boots, and an old straw hat, rushed from an adjoining ozier-bed, leaped the stile that separated it from his garden, and was about to enter the cottage, when a man burst through the hedge, caught him roughly by the shoulder, and swung him round as if he had been a child. "So I have caught you at last, Mr. Honesty!" exclaimed George West, for it was he, "hand me that bag, and let me see what you have in it!"

"Let me go, Master George," cried Oldoak, "you are not a constable."

"You are my prisoner for all that," said the young man, grasping him more stoutly, though the labourer offered no resistance. "Do you intend to give me up those birds?"

"I have no birds," exclaimed Oldoak.

"Give up the bag then," cried the other, "and let me see what there is in it."

The labourer answered him by kicking it to the cottage door, which the eldest child had by this time opened.

"Do you know that my father and I are empowered

by the landlord to protect the game!" exclaimed the young man, furious with passion.

"No," answered Oldoak, indifferently, "but I know that I am empowered by the Great Landlord of human nature to protect my children from starvation; and since I could get no work, I have been obliged to seek food otherwise—there is a rabbit in that bag—"

"Work or no work, that is no reason why you should turn poacher," vociferated young West.

"Have a care, Sir," said Oldoak, steadily; "it is not the first time I have seen you turn over a hare, though you had no game licence in your pocket."

"The case was very different then," cried the young man, colouring with annoyance, "I have now a duty to perform."

"The case is indeed very different," repeated the labourer, "I have broken the laws from necessity, you from choice."

"There is no occasion for any more of your arguments," rejoined West, "Once more give me up that bag, or I will send for a constable and have you taken to the cage."

"I will not do the one nor you the other, Sir!" said Oldoak, resolutely; "I should be sorry to say anything disrespectful to you; but though I have heard of setting a thief to catch a thief, I never heard of a smuggler who risked himself to take a poacher."

"Fellow," exclaimed young West, boldly, "is it because I once talked to you of smuggling in joke, that you think to intimidate me by reminding me of it?"

Oldoak said something to him in a low voice, and then added aloud, "Step in doors, Sir, and I will show you what is in the bag;" and West, white with fear and rage, followed him into the cottage without a word. By this time it was broad daylight, and in spite of his own unpleasant feelings, the young man could not behold without some mixture of remorse and compassion the desolation of the poor man's abode, in which the direst poverty was conspicuous. Oldoak did not speak, but taking the bag to the window-seat, he cut the string that confined it, and a single rabbit and a crumpled letter fell out. "If you had not found me, Sir, I should by this time have sought you," he said, handing the paper to West, who perceived it was addressed in an almost unintelligible hand, to a gentleman in the commission of the peace not far from them.

"What have I to do with this?" he inquired, with affected calmness.

"It somewhat concerns you, Sir," replied the labourer drily, and having read for a few moments, the young man sprang from the door-way against which he leaned, exclaiming in an agitated, and altered tone—"Where, and when did you find this, Oldoak?"

"The man who informed you of my poaching," rejoined the labourer, "has, I fancy, been in the habit of visiting my snares, and last night when feeling if one of them was all right, I found that letter beside it—where I dare say the owner is now searching for it, as I did not see him looking out when you caught me just now. But come, Sir," he continued, observing the distress of the young farmer, whose sense of shame and anger struggled with fears for himself, and a feeling of generosity towards the peasant. "If there is anything wrong in the barn, the sooner it is out of it the better. Who knows, if he be so anxious to hear what the information is worth, but he may be already on his way to the magistrates?"

For a moment George West remained as if he did not hear him, then with a visible effort to overcome himself he replied—"It is not terror that has altered my temper to you, Oldoak, but your own generosity; I am sorry for what has just past, and shall be glad if you can strike out any plan for getting rid of a few bales that are in the barn, though I don't deserve that you should save me from this trouble."

"It is your father I am saving, Sir," said Oldoak, uncompromisingly.

"Well, be it so," said West, "I am not the less obliged to you."

"Before I go," continued the labourer, "I must just look in, and see how my poor girl and the little ones are this morning. Ah, Sir, I have had a hard job to save them, but thank God the worst is over, for the frost is breaking up."

"And amidst all this misery," rejoined the young man, as Oldoak returned from the inner room. (of the wretchedness of which he had caught a mere glimpse,) "it never occurred to you amidst this misery, to make merchandize of my folly by informing of me?"

"Sir?" said Joe, simply.

"Ah! I see," continued the other, "I have wronged you—misunderstood you—when you refused in the first instance to have any thing to do with this business, I felt at once offended with, and afraid of you, and took every opportunity of influencing my father with my prejudices. You have conquered them, however, and if—"

"Say no more, Sir," interrupted Oldoak, who felt more cheerful than he had done for months; "if we do but get these things off master's premises in time to spoil Mr. Boltwood's market, and disappoint the officers, I shall have had my revenge."

Fortunately for his hopes, only a few bales remained, and under cover of a load of turnips these were at once sent off to the house of the principal, to oblige whom, young West had subjected his father to the chance of being exchequered.

He has no longer a taste for smuggling, or else wisely disguises it, for Joe Oldoak is now barn-man at Westbrook farm.

THE EARLIEST FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

BY WILLIAM HINCKS, F. L. S.

NO. V.—THE HAWTHORN, WHITETHORN, OR MAY.

HARDLY one of our native flowers is more universally known and loved than the hawthorn. Its employment as the principal living fence to our fields brings it within everybody's view. The profusion of its gay and fragrant flowers attracts every one's attention; and whilst in its blossoming season it perfumes the vernal air, and enlivens the May-day garland, its rosy buds are amongst the first symptoms of reviving nature; and its berries look cheerful even during the desolation of winter, supplying a large portion of their food to those of the feathered tribe who do not desert us during the dreary season. Allowed to reach its full size as a tree, the hawthorn richly adorns many of our old parks, and many a dell and hollow in our southern downs, where its gnarled stem and wide-spread branches add to its effect; and the abundance and sweetness of its flowers, collected together in such masses, and seeming to cover the whole tree, make it an object that cannot be contemplated without admiration. The double and pink varieties are introduced into our shrubberies, where they are universal favourites; and, altogether, it would be difficult to name the floral object which has collected round it a greater number of pleasing associations, or which belongs more completely to our English life, than the hawthorn.

We will endeavour to give a correct idea of its structure, and to explain its affinities, so as to create fresh interest in observing and studying it. We find in the hawthorn all the four circles of parts belonging to the flower; the sepals and petals, each five in number, the stamens numerous, and the carpels from

one to three. The sepals cohere in the lower portion, and the united part is lined by the *torus*, or common base of the petals and stamens, so that these parts seem to grow out of the calyx. The carpels, which are uncertain in number—only one being often found, frequently two, and occasionally three—are enclosed by the cohering sepals which adhere upon them, producing an inferior fruit. They become hard and bony, forming the stone of the haw. The stamens are twenty in number, being five complete circles pressed closely together; the awl-shaped filaments bent inwards, the roundish two-lobed anthers at first pink, but growing nearly black before the flower fades. The fruit is mealy and insipid; dark red, or occasionally yellow.

The tree is hard-wooded, the branches having lateral, sharp thorns. The leaves are smooth, dark green, wedge-shaped below, three or five-lobed, and cut above; the stipules or auxiliary leaves crescent-shaped, cut. The flowers are corymbose, on smooth stalks, white, with a pinkish cast when fading; produced in great abundance. The botanical name now generally received is *Crataegus oxyacantha*. *Oxyacantha* is a name used by Theophrastus and Dioscorides for some plant of the kind, it is now believed for the *Crataegus Pyracantha*, (a well-known shrub commonly trained on walls,) but which by the earlier modern botanists was supposed to apply to the hawthorn; hence Linnaeus adopted it as a specific name. *Crataegus* is also an ancient name found in Theophrastus. It is explained as referring to the *strength* of the wood of the plant which bore it; but perhaps the more probable interpretation is *goat's head*, from some fanciful resemblance which we could not now undertake to justify. It is probable the name belonged to a kind of thorn-tree, and it was adopted by Linnaeus as a generic name for a family nearly allied to the apple and pear, and which includes the hawthorn. All those plants which have the five sepals united into a tube, embracing and adhering to the carpels, which do not exceed five in number—the common basis of the stamens and petals spreading over the calyx beyond its union with the carpels, and usually appearing as a fleshy disk, from the border of which five petals and about twenty stamens grow, the plants being shrubs or trees not unfrequently thorny—form the natural order of *Pomaceae*, by many regarded only as a section of *Rosaceae*, to which it is closely allied. The distinctions of the genera are chiefly founded on the fruit. *Crataegus* has the carpels indurated, closely pressed together, completely imbedded in the calyx tube and concealed by it, the whole forming an oval berry. The species, which are numerous, are pretty constantly thorny. *Mespilus*, the medlar, is known by the five indurated carpels being imperfectly covered by the calyx, producing a top-shaped fruit, the flat open summit being bordered by the remains of the sepals.

Pyrus, the apple, pear, and service, has the carpels (five in number) cartilaginous, instead of indurated, completely enclosed in the calyx tube, and each producing not more than two seeds, whose covering is also cartilaginous; whilst *Cydonia*, the Quince, has the carpels, which in other respects resemble those of *Pyrus*, many-seeded, each seed being covered by a mucilaginous pulp. We have here only contrasted a few of the principal genera of *Pomaceae*, of which the distinctions may be readily understood. It will be seen at once how the various sorts of thorn trees, of which many are seen in our shrubberies, are known from the medlars; why the genus *Pyrus*, as botanically defined, includes the service-tree and the mountain-ash, as well as the apple and pear; and why the beautiful early-flowering tree, whose crimson blossoms adorn our walls, and which has been introduced from Japan, is rightly named *Cydonia Japonica*, not, as it is vulgarly called, *Pyrus Japonica*. As its fruit often grows to a good

size, it is easy for any one to observe for himself that the plant is a true quince. Indeed, the fruit may be ripened with a little care, and might be used as a substitute for the quince. The mountain ash being so nearly allied to the apple as to be usually placed in the same genus with it, those who are acquainted with this fact will be prepared to dismiss the common notion, which is but a vulgar error, of its berries being poisonous. It has originated, without doubt, from ignorantly classing them with other red berries which are poisonous; but there is no fruit of the pomaceous tribe which is pernicious. Some are insipid and worthless: even the wild apple, known as the crab, is too austere to be agreeable. The acid of the mountain ash is mingled with bitter, and is not very pleasant to most people; but it is often found refreshing, and in Scotland the berries are deemed worthy of being made into a conserve. Common plants which are really dangerous ought to be familiarly known, that they may be eradicated where it is possible, and that children may be put on their guard against them; but prejudices against harmless plants ought to be removed. We might almost as well imagine the haw poisonous as the mountain ash berry. Neither possesses much value as a fruit, but they at least need excite no apprehension.

If we ever take a rose as our subject, we may have an opportunity of connecting the structure of *Pomaceae* with that of *Rosaceae*, and of the whole rosal alliance. At present we return to the hawthorn, to observe that the tree bears cutting remarkably well, and is only induced by it to throw out a fresh multitude of branches, which quality eminently fits it for its old English use in constructing hedges. Our modern agriculturists seem disposed to grudge the space and the nourishment required for them; but when they are well kept, the waste is not great, and it is abundantly overpaid by their beauty. The gratification of our taste for beauty and fragrance is a real good obtained, and it is a false estimate of utility which only counts the food and clothing which the country may be made to yield.

Far distant be the day when our sweet hawthorn hedges, marking the picturesque forms of our old fields, breaking the dull uniformity which characterises an unenclosed country, and producing every returning spring a fresh harvest of delight to old and young, rich and poor, among the people, as well as feeding our feathered songsters during the severity of winter, and usefully marking the boundaries of land, and protecting enclosures—must give place to the inroads of a too-encroaching cultivation, and be superseded by dead partitions, which will occupy less space, and neither abstract nourishment from the soil, nor so much interrupt the passage of light and air to the produce of the field. A prosperous people is always willing and anxious to pay something for ornament; and if we lost our hawthorn hedges, we should find their value too late, and wish for them again at any price. Let us keep them, and value them as a part of the rural beauty of our country, to which we have a national attachment; and let those who would destroy them for the sake of a few feet of land be made sensible that they are hurting the feelings and forfeiting the good will of their neighbours for a paltry gain. Our hawthorn hedges are a national taste; and as the fragrant bloom bursts out upon them in the sweet month of May, which gives to it a popular name, our whole population hastens to gather its portion for the bouquet, or the garland, delighting to select amongst the clustered branches, and to breathe the perfumed air. The hawthorn is a part of our national conception of the loveliness of May; and it would be a sad change which should leave us to depend on what may still find a place in the park or the shrubbery, instead of meeting it everywhere, by the wayside and around the fields.



The Child's Corner.

THE YOUNG TURTLE-DOVE OF CARMEL.

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

A GREAT many turtle-doves lived about Mount Carmel. There were orange trees and cypresses there, and among these the doves lived all the winter; they had broods early in the year, and towards the end of March, or beginning of April, they set off like great gentlefolks to spend "the season" near London. All last winter a young English musician, who was very pale and thin, lived with the monks in the monastery on Mount Carmel. He went to Syria, because, as a child, he had loved so to hear his mother read in the Bible; she often read to him about Elijah and Elisha on Mount Carmel, and he used to think then, that if ever he were rich, he would go and see all the wonderful places mentioned in the Bible. He never was rich, and yet he came here. He was very pale and thin, and had large beautiful but sorrowful eyes. He took a violin with him to Mount Carmel; it was the greatest treasure he had on earth. He played the most wonderful things on his violin that ever were heard, and every body who heard him said that he was a great musician. In the winters he suffered very much from the cold and the fogs of England; so last summer he saved a little money, and set off with his violin to Syria; and all last winter he lived in the monastery on Mount Carmel, among the grave old monks. There was one little old monk, a very, very old man, who soon grew very fond of him; he too had been a musician, but he was now almost childish, and had forgotten how to play; so the monks took from him his old violin, because they said he made such a noise with it. He cried to part with it like a child, poor old man!

The young musician had a little chamber in the monastery, which overlooked the sea; nobody can think what a beautiful view it had! The sun shone in so warm and pleasant, and a little group of cypresses grew just below the window. The young man often and often stood at the window, and looked out on the sea, and

down into the cypress trees, among the thick branches of which he heard the turtle-doves cooing. He loved to hear those turtle-doves—and so did the little old monk. One day early in January he saw that the turtle-doves had built a nest just in sight; he watched the birds taking it by turns to sit on the eggs, and his heart was full of love to them; they turned up their gentle eyes to him, but they never flew away, for they saw in his mild and sorrowful countenance, that he would not hurt them.

Beautiful and melancholy music sounded for half the day down from his window to where the birds sat; it had a strange charm to the doves; they thought it was some grand, new kind of nightingale come down from heaven. The little old monk sat in his long Carmelite frock, with his hands laid together on his knees, and his head down on his breast, and listened with his whole soul; to him too it came as a voice of heaven, which seemed to call him away to a better land; great tears often fell from his eyes, but they were not sorrowful tears; they were tears of love, tears which were called forth by a feeling of some great happiness which was coming for him, but which he could not quite understand; he was, as you know, a very old man; the oldest in all the monastery, and almost childish.

The music from the young man's room sounded finer and finer every day; as early spring came on he grew very poorly; the little old monk used to bring him his meals into his chamber, because it tired him so to go up and down the long stone staircase to the great eating-room. There never was anybody so kind as the little old monk.

A pair of young doves were hatched in the nest, and when the sun shone in at the window, the young man used to sit in his dressing-gown, with a pillow in his chair, and look out over the sea, and down into the cypress-tree where the turtle-doves' nest was; he would sit for hours and look at them, and many beautiful thoughts passed through his mind as he did so. Never had his heart been so full of love as now: the little old monk used to sit on a low seat before him, waiting for the time when he asked for his violin; that was a great happiness to them both. The musician loved him very much, and often when he played, he meant to pour bright and comfortable thoughts into his innocent, affectionate soul.

It was the end of March ; the turtle-doves were all preparing for their flight to England ; the pair that had built under the musician's window had a home in some old quiet woods in Surrey, where it was delightfully mild and pleasant even in winter ; but they never were there in winter, although their wood had the name of Winterdown. It was a lovely wood : broad-leaved arums, and primroses, and violets blue and white, covered the ground in spring ; in summer there were hundreds and hundreds of glow-worms there, and the old tree-trunks were wreathed with ivy and honeysuckle. It was a very pleasant wood, and near to it the poet's children were born ; they had wandered in it and gathered its flowers and admired its glow-worms and listened to the turtle-doves when they were very young ; now, however, their home was nearer London ; they only went to Winterdown about once a year for a great holiday. The old turtle-doves talked about the poet's children in Winterdown, and the young doves fancied that they lived there always.

It was now the time for them to set off on their long journey ; the old pairs had exercised their young ones, and they were sure they could perform the journey. Next morning early they were to set off.

All night there was a light burning in the young musician's chamber, and towards morning the most heavenly music sounded from the window, which the old monk had opened a very little for fresh air, because his young friend complained of the room being close and hot. The sound woke the doves ; they sat and listened to what they still thought a glorious bird : the old monk sat with his feeble hands together and head raised ; it was the first time for years that he had ever sat so ; the young man played ; a heavenly joy was in his soul ; he knew not whether he was in heaven or on earth ; all his pain was gone. It was a blissful moment ; the next moment and all was still in the chamber—wonderfully still. The lamp still burned ; a soft breeze blew in from the half-opened window, and just stirred the old man's Carmelite frock, and lifted the young man's dark locks, but they neither of them moved.

"That glorious bird has done his singing for this morning," said the old doves ; "he will now sleep—let us set off ; all our friends and neighbours are off already ; we have a long journey before us." The parent doves spread their wings ; they and their elder one were away ; the younger sat as if entranced in the nest ; he could think of nothing but the glorious bird that had just been singing ; his family wheeled round the cypresses and then returned for him ; they bade him come, for it was late ; that the sun was rising above the sea, and that all the doves of Carmel were ready for flight. The younger dove spread his wings also for this long journey, bearing with him still the remembrance of that thrilling music which affected him so greatly.

The turtle-doves were forth on their long journey. The young musician and the little old monk had started before them on one much longer.

PART II.

It was the end of March ; the poet's garden was beginning to be beautiful ; the daffodils were out in great bunches ; the polyanthus stood on their round green cluster of leaves like bright-headed pins on a lady's pin-cushion ; the jonquils had burst their dry delicate spathes and were ready to open their lovely fragrant cups to the sun ; the hyacinths were just bursting forth also, whilst upon the old wall shone out like radiant gems the intense scarlet flowers of the pyrus-japonica ; the air was fragrant with violets, and the lilacs and wisteria were beginning to show their profuse wealth of flowers ; the little clustered buds on the tops of the elm-trees looked in the sunshine as if cut out of coral ; the roses were full of young shoots, some green and some red ; and the peony pierced the mould with its dark crimson leaves

folded up, as yet, like so many blunt-headed spears. The old blackbird had a mate, and he was singing to her with all his might ; the rooks had forgotten all their winter troubles, and were now busy building and quarrelling. It was a true spring morning, and the poet's children walked hand in hand up and down the garden laying out great plans for the future of this summer.

Just then, the weary turtle-doves of Carmel had reached England ; the flock that had set out at first had all come safely ; they now, however, were very weary and hungry ; the young turtle that loved the music so much was the weakest and most wearied of all the flock. "We have not far to go," said the mother, as it lagged behind and seemed ready to faint ; "in an hour we shall be at Winterdown ;" the little turtle grew fainter and fainter ; just then they passed over the poet's garden, where the poet's children were walking. "There they are," said the mother, "the poet's children with their loving eyes and their golden hair ; we shall be at Winterdown in less than an hour, follow me !"

The weary camel in the desert when it perceives water afar off, although faint and ready to sink the moment before, bounds forward in hope and joy for the promised relief—so was it with the flock of doves ; soaring above the outskirts of London, they saw in the distance the old favourite woods of Surrey, towards which they winged their way with impatient delight.

The weary young turtle sank down among the rose-trees, and heard the voices of the children as they went by. In the evening, they saw what they thought a white pigeon on a young pear-tree ; they were so pleased that they even dreamed about it. Next day, the young turtle was still there ; so hungry and frightened, and feeling so forlorn and friendless. The children again saw it ; this made them happier still ; it must be come to live with them ; they stole up softly to the tree where it sat, and the little trembling bird allowed itself to be caught. They rushed into the house ; they had caught, they said, the white pigeon that was so beautiful, and yet so unlike their own old ones. "It shall live with us ; it shall love us ; it shall have a mate and be so happy," said the children.

For the first time since it had left Carmel it had now plenty to eat. It put its head behind its wings and slept calmly for hours.

The poor little turtle-dove, however, was unhappy though no one knew it ; it looked out of the bars of its large cage, and longed for the freedom of Mount Carmel and the long talked of breezy heights of Winterdown. It could not understand the nature of the wicker bars which inclosed it. It thought of free flight in the blue heavens, and fluttered from side to side of its cage.

The little turtle-dove was sick at heart : it wanted it knew not what ; but a something which was beyond its reach. It understood not the loving eyes of the children ; it wanted space, freedom, and companionship, but not in a cage !

The next day was Sunday. The turtle's cage stood in a boudoir ; it looked beautiful in the window among the flowering camellias. Before it stood an alabaster vase : the picture of a young lovely girl looked down, as if from the wall, in tenderness upon it ; books were there behind gilded wire-work ; all was bright and beautiful. This little boudoir opened into the drawing-room, where a youth was playing some grand sacred music : the dove flew from side to side of the cage ; somebody heard him, and said the poor bird wants to get out, he sees the daylight through the window ; so they put down the Venetian blind, and a soft green gloom, as of a wood in sunshine, filled the room. The youth continued to play, and the poet's children came in to listen also ; nobody but them thought more of the dove. "The dove does not like it," said they to each other, for the dove was more to them than the music ; "it distresses him ; it is no use telling them not to play ; but oh !

how unhappy he is ! Let us take him and hang him in our room ; it is so quiet there."

They hung his cage in their pretty room ; called him the sweetest names they could think of, and went down to listen to the beautiful music. But they could not forget the dove. In less than an hour they stole up stairs : the room was dusk, and the bird was calm and still ; they thought he slept ; and they closed the door softly, lest they should wake him. The next time they looked at him he was just in the same place : they mounted on a chair, peeped into the cage, and then they knew the truth. His little life, like that of the young musician and the old monk of Carmel, had passed away on the spiritual wings of harmony.

Life is a strange riddle ; and all that I have told you of the little turtle-dove is quite true.

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY ANNE PAYNTER.

No. IV.—*Romance in Vienna. Popular Safeguards, and Paternal Recreations.*

Vienna, Sept. 1844.

To ———

How provoking to have missed you at Frankfurt, my dear ——— ! the more so, since, as you disdain letter-writing with the truest German composure, my chance is gone of playing *la chronique scandaleuse* for your amusement—and, what is of deeper consequence, of gaining from you some insight into the movements of the mind of your great, and rapidly-growing greater, country ! And I should have liked to have offered such sympathy as one not wholly indifferent may tender to self-denial and sacrifice. If I do not allude to the matter more distinctly, it is because I cannot tell in what form the post may bear "these presents" to you.

How I wish you were here to help me to read the pages of a popular life, much talked about on our side of the channel ! I think the perusal would cheer you. I think you would see that, whatever be the disabilities which may grieve the noble and impatient spirits of North Germany, they are not such as to press out of the mind its life. I think the light on the faces of the Rhineland and Swabian must strike you, when you looked round on the seas of comely but blank visages which lie becalmed (their owners are not permitted to-roar) in every place of Viennese resort. I have been here as long as I was in Venice ; and there the *figure* of enlightenment is not high. But the blood of the South stirs the people—the Italian gift of genius redeems them, in some sort, from utter and aimless sensualism. They are flagrant, obvious rogues—will kiss your hands, while they pick your pockets. They tell lies by the thousand ! they are steeped in garlic ; they have never heard of soap and water—proving the adage that uncleanness and ungodliness are one. But (I can't help it) they fascinate you by a mother wit, and an instinct for the beautiful, which one must be dull and blind indeed not to perceive. Since my three weeks there, I have never been able to accept as a dogma the hopelessness of Italy !

Here, on the other hand, the expectation of progress seems yet more impossible to me. One feels how much must have passed over this people before they were reduced to such a state of "measureless content." Not one solitary appearance rising above the placid stagnation of all one sees, touches, and handles, have I detected. Had he had to deal with a nation of lot-eaters, the Master Spirit who has so tamed, and smoothed, and pared down, and meekened the mass, must pass for one of the greatest of magicians. One has

a profound appreciation of (if not admiration for) the genius of Napoleon ; one has a yet more profound conviction of the talent of Metternich. And the talent was able to vanquish the genius !

Not utterly to forfeit my character with you, let me remind you of one of the drollest appearances in the history of the *salons* of Europe, to which we owe an English lady's book on "Austria and the Austrians," painting everything Viennese in damask-rose colour. I believe Mrs. Trollope to be as sincere as she is short-sighted and presumptuous ; else she would hardly have committed herself as desperately as she has done, by openly avowing changes of opinion during the performance of tasks of bespoken advocacy or attack. But that the Archimage of diplomacy should have counted her as a Madame de Stäel *rediviva*, and laid the *beau monde* of Vienna open to her enchanted eyes, is perhaps as curious a proof of his elephantine strength and sagacity as one could offer. That huge animal is as adroit, you will remember, at picking up pins as at throwing down towers ! Truly, the cherishing of the authoress of "Widow Barnaby," when measured against Napoleon's hatred of Madame de Stäel, seems to me to symbolize the precise characters and position of the two men, as well almost as any greater deed one could select !

Though you are too good a poet to disdain novel-reading, it is of Madame ——— that I shall ask whether she has not read Mrs. Trollope's "Romance of Vienna," made up of a concealed marriage,—an ill-used woman, imprisoned and otherwise affronted by a licentious Jew banker, at the instigation of her noble and profligate Austrian husband,—several ladies, who agree (according to the authoress's favourite invention) to fall in love with one and the same Romeo,—a Jewish gentlewoman, who pines her soul away over Shakespeare, after the fashion of a *femme incomprise*,—with castles, surprises, fortunes, and what not. Doubtless, that voracious romancer (whom Lady ——— has complimented in print, as being only one degree less true than Divinity itself) had seen all these combinations and incidents in the society which so enchanted her. I think that I, too, could write a Romance of Vienna out of the street and table gossip which has collected itself, so to say, round us ;—and, of course, the actors and the machinery would be totally different ; possibly, the one as exaggerated, and the other as unfairly used, as the lady's.

I should begin at the beginning—when we were scarcely within the lines, and our *fiacre* driver pointed out to us a neatly-dressed man, obviously no gentleman, creeping down the sunny and dusty road across the glacis, with a step which seemed by its stealthiness to ask for twilight to cover every foot-fall. "That is one of the secret police," said our Jehu ; "I know him by his leather-topped stick." I was much disposed to echo the exclamation of the anti-Catholic and charitable Miggs, and cry, "O gracious ! here's mysteries !" After all, these worthies may be, and possibly are, among the most prosaic of the race, who ever opened letters, or watched thieves at street corners ; and we have our own "Peelers" in plain clothes ; but the thing had a different sound ; and this, in matters of romance, makes all the difference !

But I was surprised to be told, a few days after this, and by one who knows Vienna well, of the insecurity of person and property here. Heaven help me ! I had some wild notion, as it now seems, of a land "flowing with milk and honey," where kings sate in the gate to help all the poor and needy, to protect all the innocent, so they were not political. I remembered, it is true, the disagreeable impressions produced by the pointed cannon in St. Mark's Place, at Venice, and by the loaded carbine of the trooper who escorted a peaceful omnibus, carrying sixteen able men, from Milan to Como ; but then, I had considered these as the inevitable

appendages to conquest: and never dreamed of aught save peace and propriety in the Elysium of those whose song is of "the right divine." Well, it broke the dream more oddly than agreeably, to be warned off the glaciers in an evening—to be told that the belt of lonely alleys which separates *Stadt* from *Vorstadt* might cost one a chain, or a watch, or a purse, if incautiously crossed too late—and, by way of clenching these statements with figures, to hear of three hundred and fifty evil-doers sent off in one swoop to Dalmatia, only six weeks ago. Somehow or other, the whole real interest of robber-excitement has departed from our fiction; our Ainsworths are compelled to go back to the stirring times of Jack Sheppard and Claude Duval. The old house in West-street, Smithfield, with all its haunts of concealment and crime, has been pulled down; and Joseph Ady, and the yet viler tribe who trafficked in lies for the benefit of the Sunday press, represent with their petty villainies the bold gentry who made Maidenhead Thicket, and Hounslow Heath, and Roseberry Topping, so thrillingly famous in the days of our grandfathers. It is comical that to hear "Stand, and deliver!" one should come to the most peaceful country of the most contented peasantry in Europe!

One day at dinner, too, we had a course of darker tales than such-like small exploits; instances of travellers disappearing unaccountably, which would be rather dismal to recollect *solus* on an out-of-the-way road at nightfall. Some one began, I think, with the old but obsolete story of the gentleman who walked forward while the horses were changing in his travelling carriage, at a little town, I think, in Styria; and was never heard of more. This led to sundry Austrian anecdotes:—Two brothers were here, not very many weeks since, travelling for pleasure; both very young men. One of them walked out in the twilight, and never came back! Only his clothes were found by the police, who say that he was drowned while bathing in the Danube. I have been unable to gather the proofs of this, the more so, as people are rather shy of discussing the affair, the assertion once made. And, somehow, the flat declaration that *it was so*, rather meets than helps the explanation. I bade my *Panza* ask in the world below about the matter: since, as he is an Austrian, it might be done discreetly—and Mrs. Trollope will tell you what unrollments of romance may be gathered from that quarter of the hemisphere. But *Panza's* gossip were all for the police version, and sent him up fortified with a counter-history to show the excessive and paternal care of the local government over all the bodies of its good subjects!

A tradesman well to pass in the world left his family in a coffee-house, where they had all been sitting one evening, taking some refreshment. He, too, was lost. Being a moral man, he could hardly have fallen into bad company; being a respectable one, the idea of suicide was out of the question. But he came not back, all the same. Great was the sensation and outcry excited: the Government ordered a *dragging of the Danube*, and large rewards were offered to any one who would throw light on the mystery; but many months—a year—went by, and no tidings were obtained. At last two Italian vendors of *salami*, one day, when the water was very low, perceived something clinging to the lower part of an old boat—some fragments of clothes, and what had been a human body. It was the poor missing man. The body had caught on a nail, and thus been kept under water: what little objects of value he had possessed, were found upon it; so "that he could not, you see," was the end of the tale, "have been made away with!"

Any how, the story is sad enough.—Others followed it, of like quality; till, rationally or irrationally, my notion of Austrian security has got a shock which, to say the least, is a little disenchanting. One may not

precisely feel, as the phrase is, "on the edge of a volcano," but there is something disagreeable in the air, which, taken conjointly with the obvious sensuality of the people, and tales like the above, to which there is no shutting the ears, give me a disinclination to the place I hardly know how to describe. Never was I so alive as now to the fearful price we pay at home for our intellectual pleasures—to the corroded hearts—to the young frames broken down by anxiety—to the premature old age—the starvation—the madness. Yet I think a twelvemonth here would drive me into the frenzy of parading the streets with a Cap of Liberty on a pole, like some insane Anabaptist or Knipperdoling of former times.

We went to Laxenburg the day before yesterday, which is called, in guide-book phraseology, the "Virginia water" of Emperor Francis, of beloved memory. What an odd book one might write on the toys of Kings and Queens!—on the locksmith's shop of poor Louis Seize of France—the wardrobe of George the Fourth—the menagerie tastes of some potentates nearer our own day! Pitiful would the show be, I fear, and turn out something very like a very bad pawnbroker's shop,—N.B. not lacking the shelf of Bibles. We should have a flute and a soldier, from Frederick the Great,—with a MS. of verses not "washed clean," by Voltaire,—and the Dowager Electress of Saxony's old harpsichord. And what baby-houses of every perishable material,—Buckingham Palace in the midst!—H. M. the King of Bavaria would cut a noble figure on the occasion, with his palaces and picture galleries. And the urns from Weimar; should not we look at *them* with something deeper than the love for pretty things! There must be a corner, too, for "Master Peter's" saw and mallet.—Then what queer contributions we should have from the Indies, and the East, and your favourite Africa, and Persia—a sack of ears, perhaps, or a basket full of eyes, such as the wicked Sultan or Sheikh counted over with his riding-whip, (*vide* "Zohrab!")

But—to come to matters more tangible—we went to Laxenburg the day before yesterday, to see the late Emperor's paradise of dainty devices. The drive from Vienna is dreary enough; the last portion of it, however, leads down an avenue of Spanish chestnuts and lindens, the shade of which was a most welcome parasol, after an hour of the white dust of the high road. The gardens are charming; and henceforward, when I hear my English friends waxing too bold about their own lawns and pleasaunces, I shall throw these in their teeth. Nobler trees I have not often seen. There is turf, though somewhat ranker and less strictly cropped than at our Blenheim and Windsors, and fairly firm gravel walks—the first such I have seen abroad. There is plenty of water, too. But, bless us! what puerilities—what silly ideas ignorantly carried through!—The first Lion we were shown was a Swiss cottage, which no Swiss, still less any cottager I have ever known, would for an instant have put up with—with very ugly architecture, and the well-known features of sloping roof and balcony being most awkwardly managed:—painted glass windows, ceilings inlaid like the doors of a Dutch cabinet, or the walls of the Peller drawing-room in Nuremberg:—old leather hangings, and a quantity of stupid gimerackery, which I should think the very peacocks, pecking about under the walnut trees, must have had sense to flout. Would I had stopped there! but there was a fort to be seen, which stands in one of the greenest island-nooks of the Laxenburg lake:—and ferried over on a smug flying bridge, with punts on every side full of platter-faced Viennese, splashing about their paddles (in fancy aquatic)—how could I keep my bad temper! Why, my dear —, the sight of the place would have driven you frantic—who know by heart the real grandeurs of the Marksbarg and the Rheinstein, and of every *burg* and *stein* down the Rhine river, and (for aught I know) half Germany over!

A little hall, and a little armoury, and a little bed-room, with a little state bed in it like a little gilt *bondon* box,—and a little staircase with painted groinings among real gothic architecture, and little windows filled with painted glass, good, bad, and indifferent,—and a little tower, and a little commemoration-room of *faites et gestes* in the lives of Austrian royalties,—and a little portrait gallery, full of *such* physiognomies, Johns, and Josepha, and Leopolds—each meaner than his neighbour!—and little corner cupboards, stuffed, I must say, with very rich rock-crystal beakers and ruby-glass trinkets I longed to see in Lady Blessington's drawing-room,—and a little *gazebo*, or observatory, leading out on to little battlements:—nothing more tiny, more trumpery, did these eyes ever see—no, not even in our own palace baby-houses!

But the thing of all good *Kaiser Franz* his show, was the dungeon. Yes, truly, a dark crypt, rather larger than the real holes of Little Ease, and cages in which kings have kept wild animals for their pleasure. And that nothing might be wanting—there is a doll, of the size of life, dressed in prisoner's weeds, who rattles his chains, and “nods beautiful,” when the old Cerbera who shows the place treads on a spring. *Could* one look on these toys as the common rubbish set up by the royal Austrian Hans Jörgel? Could one forget Spielberg, when invited to it by such a little pocket and peep-show reminiscence as this? I need ask you no questions, I believe, my dear —, nor explain to you why, as we quitted this wondrous place of pleasure (four of us, and by no means the most silent persons under the sun), an utter blankness seemed to come down on us:—a sickness of heart, a drying up of the fountains of Life.

The drive from Laxenburg to Schönbrunn is not unpleasant, down an avenue of fine trees; and Schönbrunn is in the high royal fashion—a superb palace, with lovely flower gardens, and spacious surroundings, laid out in the formal architectural style which befits a kingly residence. The lawn betwixt the garden-front and the fountain was blazing with Autumn flowers, geraniums, dahlias, asters, most skillfully disposed:—the walks full of the well-dressed Viennese soldiers and their girls, lovers and loungers, and quiet, sober family parties, in whose resolution to take pleasure all together, there is something respectable. But an idea—not very rarely to be encountered hereabouts, I suspect—haunted me, at least, for the rest of the day. And as driving home to the city to enjoy a softened vision of Meyerbeer's “Huguenots,” I marked, in the midst of the crowds of holiday keepers, the tall mounted Dragoon, pacing down the dusty centre of the road, the sides of which streamed with music and glances, merry-go-rounds, and menageries:—it seemed unto myself, that I had been looking at some of the materials for another Romance of Vienna, than Mrs. Trollope's—at some curious Popular Safeguards, and noticeable traces of Paternal Recreation!

THE NATURAL DIGNITY OF MAN, v. A POOR IMITATION OF ARISTOCRACY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

MANY are the improvements of the present age. Amongst them we notice with peculiar pleasure a greater tendency to a just appreciation of our common nature in opposition to the false and mischievous distinctions and fallacies, with which a corrupt taste and a cringing spirit of adulation to wealth and power have spotted society, as with the spotting of a plague. In the earliest and purest ages of the world, when

“Gods walked the earth, and beings more than men;”

when the Creator himself came down and visited his creatures, and angels bore his messages of love and mercy to mankind; then the great patriarchs, the fathers of nations, and the models of profound faith and noble action, walked the earth too in the simple dignity of human nature, a dignity which no adventitious title could augment, but would assuredly have diminished. So striking is this, that to speak of our common progenitor as Lord Adam, — Adam, Esq., or of Eve, as Lady Eve, or the Honourable Mrs. Eve, would become a burlesque of the most ludicrous description. How nobly do they stand forth in their own pure and primeval simplicity. What a moral grandeur there is about their names, to which all our titles appear in comparison as the most trumpery and strolling-player's tinsel. What dreadful havoc should we make of the moral sublime if we talked of my Lord Enoch, of the Grand Dukes Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, or of his Excellency the Most Noble Marquis Joseph, Governor of Egypt, under his Imperial Highness, Pharaoh.

In the time of Job, the consciousness that these titles were based in something more than mere political distinctions or ordinary respect was most luminously demonstrated by that fine young man, Elihu, who declared that he could not give flattering titles to men, for in so doing the Lord would take him away. When the Saviour of men came, he came, like the first fathers of mankind, arrayed in a dignity of divine simplicity, which, like the pure light of heaven which puts out all the gross lights and tallow-candle luminaries of earth, put far below his feet all the petty honours of ordinary society. The Apostles walked abroad in the same sublime nobility of simple name. It may be very well for an archbishop of these days to be styled his Grace the Lord Archbishop of So-and-so—for a bishop to be dubbed a Right Reverend Father in God—for a dean to be a Very Reverend; but what a degradation and a ridicule would it be to talk of His Grace the Archbishop St. Paul, or the Right Reverend Father in God St. Peter.

In all ages, those who have climbed out of the mob of their time, and planted their glorious feet on the mountain of immortality, have stood forth there too great and beautiful for the obscuration of their eternal names by the foolish epithets of ordinary flattery. Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, Cato, Luther, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, and even those living amongst the fogs of our times, Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, Shelley. How all titles drop away from an immortal name! How we tear them down, as we would a beggar's rags from the noble statue of some beneficent divinity!

And shall we then wrap ourselves in these foul rags? Shall we tacitly, nay, fondly, own that that which is too mean for the shoulders of greatness—great goodness, and good greatness, is good enough, nay, is too honourable even, for ourselves? Shall we thus confess the baseness of our being, the abjectness of our ambition? No! let us rather come at once boldly to the point, and claim our portion of the Divine nature, and determine to vindicate it by our devotion to all in life and hope that is simple, pure, great, and glorious. We dare to claim God for our Father:—is it not a less daring to claim the very highest and most illustrious men as our brethren? Let us dare—for it is a noble daring—to claim kinship with Homer, with Plato, with Socrates, with Christ, with the Apostles, with the noble martyrs who in every age have perished by fire, or sword, or the poisoned arrows of malice and calumny, rather than stoop to the corruptions of the time; and with the heroes of the soul, Luther, Milton, Newton, and those of the like lofty stamp; and not grovellingly roll ourselves in the rotten rags of the world's adulation. Let us aim at a like noble simplicity.

For ourselves, we mean to adopt this simple and more manly course. Confessing that we have fallen

too easily into the ordinary modes of address, we have still never willingly assumed any of the unmeaning titles so ordinarily assumed. On all our title-pages stand only the simple names of William and Mary Howitt. We prefer them to all others. We crave no additions. We are neither squire nor squires: we never held the horse or bore the shield of any knight, nor ever intend to do. If others, in addressing us, apply these phrases, they will excuse us in types dropping what we so much wish to drop.

And let no man say that we wish to rob any man of his just honours, or his due respect. We desire to honour all, and to respect all, who show themselves worthy of respect; but we feel that the only real distinctions are those which are laid by God in the foundations of our nature—GENIUS, INTELLIGENCE, and VIRTUE.

For every man, woman, and child, who possess these, we claim entire respect; and more, we claim the homage of the heart, and give it them. The truest politeness, the utmost courtesies of society, are based on these, and must accompany them.

It was with sincere pleasure that we heard Thomas Cooper on a recent occasion promulgate a similar doctrine; and we particularly call on the great class of which he is one—that of the people—to consider well this matter. There is no class which, we regret to say, even while it is steering a rapidly improved course, is more guilty of this crime against its own dignity—this social crime—than it. How often do we see in the announcements of public meetings by the people, that *Mr. So-and-so* will move a resolution, and *Thomas So-and-so, Esquire*, will second it! Let this cant of fictitious squirearchy perish! Let us leave this folly to the foolish! Let us henceforth be content, nay, for it is a great and arduous strife, *let us aspire to be men*; and desire no other glory *than to be good men*!

A TEMPERANCE RHYME.

HUSH, reveller, hush thy boisterous strain!
Seest thou that upper light?
There, by the sick man's bed of pain,
They're watching through the night.

Ah! there are eyes filled to the brim,
That dare not yet o'erflow;
With feigned hope they hide from him
The truth full well they know.

The morn is near, but never more
His eye the morn shall see;
Ere through the panes its red beams pour,
Death's shadow there will be.

Oh! could those walls but open now
And show thee what I saw,
Thy soul perforce would trembling bow
In penitence and awe.

Sad was it lying there to see
The young man in his prime,
Weaker than weakling infancy,
Old long before his time.

Sad was that face to look upon,
Where pain its stamp had set,
The eye so bright, the cheek so wan,
As Life and Death there met.

And sadder still the grief repressed,
The anguish deep and wild,
Sighing from out a parent's breast,
Above an only child.

And saddest yet of all to hear
Thrill like the judgment blast
Those few faint broken words of fear,
Walling the guilty past.

They told of tender counsel spurned,
Of love repaid with slights,
Of bitter tears marked unconcerned,
Of anxious, sleepless nights.

They spoke of talents high, God-given,
Abused and thrown away;
Of glorious faculties for heaven
All wildly sent astray.

They asked for hope—no hope there came;
Dread memory still would live;
And mingled anguish, fear, and shame,
Were all it had to give.

And "life of pleasure" this ye call,
And count yourselves the wise;
Well, we shall see when meet we all
Yonder above the skies!

W. G.

Literary Notices.

Healthy Skin; or, The Management of the Skin, as a means of promoting and preserving Health. By ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., Consulting Surgeon at St. Pancras Infirmary. Second Edition. London: John Churchill.

We are glad to see a new edition of this most useful work. No one can tell how necessary a proper attention to the state of the skin is without reading this invaluable book.

Household Surgery; or, Hints on Emergencies. By JOHN F. SOUTH, one of the Surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital. London: Cox, King William-street, Strand.

THIS is another work, proceeding from another eminent surgeon; another evidence of the spirit of public usefulness amongst men of science. The idea of this work was a very felicitous one; and we particularly admire the liberal and generous tone, so free from anything like professional exclusiveness, with which the reasons for writing it are given. It is not intended to create domestic quacks, but to supply every family with the practical knowledge of the necessary remedies, in cases of emergency, in solitary situations, in sudden accidents, in the colonies and far-off settlements, where surgical aid is not to be got in time. It is written in a clear and yet very pleasing manner, admitting of some improvements, as may be expected from the first issue of such a work, and which it will no doubt receive in the fresh editions into which such a work is sure to run. It is a book for which we knew no substitute.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work WITH all.—EDS.

Quarterly Return of the Health and Mortality in 117 Districts of England. For the Quarter ending March 31st 1847. Published by authority of the Registrar-General.—The disclosures of this invaluable official document are just what might have been expected. We have had a remarkably severe winter, and an equal severity of times. Wages have been low, and provisions unusually high; and the consequence has been that "fifty-six thousand one hundred and five persons died in the quarter ending March 31st in the districts which make the returns, a number greater than has been registered in any corresponding quarter, and six thousand and thirty-five above the corrected average."

The Registrars from the different districts in their returns attribute the incessant mortality to typhus and colds in the aged; typhus originating in want of full employment, and consequently deficient food, and the high price of provisions. The result of these fatal agencies are seen fearfully in the returns from Liverpool and the manufacturing districts. In these must, however, be included the immigration of thousands of destitute Irish.

"The disastrous effects of the immigration of the Irish poor on the bulk of English towns, was dwelt on in the previous Quarterly Return; the evil increased during the winter quarter, and the deaths in Liverpool, where the mortality has always been high, were 1,134 more than in the winter quarter of 1846, and nearly 1,000 above the average of ordinary seasons. For thousands of the Irish peasantry the authorities there have found food; for thousands graves; and many of their officers and townsmen have fallen in the courageous discharge of the duties thrown on them—in one sense by a national calamity—in another by a national crime!"

We are glad to see the Registrar-General thus boldly speaking out to Government in his Return. It is by a great and grievous national crime that this wholesale misery and slaughter have been brought upon the nation. It never can be enough pealed into the ears of Government, that as surely as they neglect or refuse to discharge conscientiously, courageously, and justly the powers committed to them by the people, they will become guilty of calamity and death to the people. The neglect of justice to Ireland has brought at length the certain consequence—famine and pestilence; a famine and a pestilence thrown upon our own shores by inevitable circumstances of connexion. *This is nothing less than wholesale Government murder. The ten millions of money given to Ireland for help when it is too late, has crippled our own commerce, and cast equal distress on our manufacturing towns.* The Registrar visited some of the dwellings of the poor in Manchester, "damp cellars in narrow streets, where scarcely a breath of air visits them. One cellar consisted of two compartments, each measuring four yards by four. In the first the family consisted of seven persons; in the other, the back apartment, were no less than twenty persons: twelve adults, and seven children, and in one corner the dead body of the child he had come to visit."

These are the dwellings of Englishmen, whose houses are their castles! These are the dwellings which they win who create the manufacturing wealth, and the national greatness of England! Where are Christianity, common justice, common feeling, and common sense? Who shall dare again to boast of the blessing of manufacturing, and the felicitous results of machinery? The corn-laws are mainly abolished, and yet to the million life is a curse, their homes are charnel-houses, they grovel in filth, and fester in disease. Well may the Registrar-General, contemplating these facts, talk of the monstrous mortality being the result of a NATIONAL CRIME.

But it is London which presents the most awful spectacle of destruction. Fifteen thousand two hundred and eighty-nine deaths were registered in the first quarter of this year, a greater number than has been registered in any winter since 1838; and thirty-eight persons die daily in excess of the rate of mortality in the immediate neighbourhood. This is the amount of murder done alone by bad government, and bad social regulations. In seven years, i. e. from 1838 to 1844, the excess of deaths in London has been 97,872; of children alone in that period

58,961. And yet the corporation of the city protests against the introduction of any Health of Towns Bill amongst them, and ministers at once acquiesce in the criminal request. Who talks of ogres? Where were there ever such child-devouring ogres as such a government, or such a corporation? Well does the Registrar-General point out the monstrous fact of the Lord Mayor and aldermen annually making a voyage to count up and conserve the swans of the Thames, while they are petitioning thus earnestly for the continuance of the annual immolation of upwards of 8,000 children, and of upwards of 12,500 people altogether! Henceforward let London aldermen be famed not for the destruction of turtle, but of little children.

These Quarterly Returns of mortality are invaluable—they are great, but melancholy facts.

New Co-operative Enterprise.—*The People's Newspaper.*—The Society of Compositors of London have resolved to establish a newspaper for the people of thoroughly popular principles. We hear that it is to appear on the 29th of this month. It seems that, considering that the association has to pay a certain weekly amount to such of its members as are out of employ, they think it will be much better to employ such individuals, by which all parties will be benefited. The society will then have work done for its money, the men paid will be paid for employment, and not for being destitute of employment—to them a far more agreeable affair; and the body will, by such an organ, be able to co-operate powerfully for the advancement of those great principles of liberty and justice which, as we are constantly reminded, by the sufferings of the people, are in such need of the most earnest and universal assertion. We wish them all success in their undertaking, and shall endeavour to promote it by every means within our power.

The Cooper Festival.—The annual festival to celebrate the liberation of Thomas Cooper from Stafford gaol was held in the National Hall, Holborn, on Monday, the 10th instant. In the absence of W. J. Fox, owing to illness, William Howitt was called to the chair. In the course of his opening speech he demonstrated, by facts similar to those given above, that the nation was suffering, not from the inflictions of Providence, but those of bad government. He reminded the people that, spite of all their exertions, and the liberation of their advocates from prisons, they had yet made no actual advance towards their due share of influence in the constitution; and that till then they could expect only periodical recurrences of the sufferings now prevailing. He called on the people to take the question of education into their hands, and to establish a People's College in London, in which they might employ as teachers the men of genius and talent belonging to their own body, such as Cooper, Thom, Prince, Vincent, Lovett, Bamford, Miller, etc. By this means they would at once give the best support to their meritorious men, and ensure for their children an education in the spirit of truest independence. The idea was responded to by the utmost acclamation.

Very able speeches were delivered by William Lovett, Dr. Epps, R. M. Moore, W. H. Ashurst, W. J. Linton, Walter Cooper, etc. The evening was spent in great harmony, and the choir of the Apollonic Society added to the general enjoyment by their very delightful singing.

The Journeymen Tailors' Trade and General Improvement Society of Dundee.—This excellent society, which aims at improvement of its members by temperance and general enlightenment as well as by trade regulations, has adopted the following rule for limiting the hours of labour:—

"That no member work more than ten hours per day,—viz., from six to six, allowing two hours for meals, without receiving the payment of one penny per hour in addition to the recognised price; and any member not conforming to the above shall forfeit one penny to the Society, for each hour he works beyond that time.

Note.—That this Rule shall only be enforced on the first Monday of August, 1847, or as soon thereafter as may be agreed on by sixty members of the society."

Co-operation.—The National Co-operative Land Company.—SIR,—Among the many efforts of the people for their own progress in social happiness which I see registered in your *Journal*, I have not seen a notice of one which I trust will prove the means of the social and political regeneration of thousands of our countrymen. I allude to the National Co-operative Land Company, which has now been started two years, which has nearly 18,000 members, and about 30,000*l.*

I saw some time ago in your *Journal* a letter from a gentleman of Cork, calling upon us to form an Anti-Land-law League, to enable the Irish people to get possession of the land. Now, here is an Anti-Land-law League ready formed, in shares of 2*l.* 10*s.*, 3*l.* 15*s.*, and 5*l.* each, which entitle the holders to be located on two, three, or four acres of land, with a cottage and outbuildings, and a capital of 15*l.*, 22*l.* 10*s.*, or 30*l.*, to start with, all placed in the tenant's hands, with a *rent-charge* at the rate of 5*l.* per cent. on the outlay; thus making him independent of the landlord, and giving him a vote for the election of those who make the laws which give rise to Anti-Corn-law and Anti-Land-law Leagues.

Now, this blessing to the poor man may be carried out in Ireland as well as England, if the people of that country can find men willing to try it.

Thirty-five *freemen* took possession of their homes this first of May. Upwards of 3,000*l.* was paid to the treasurer last week, as any one by looking over the Northern Star newspaper can see; so that some men have hope of their regeneration through the land.

Englishmen and Irishmen, see the effect of co-operation, and determine to carry out that principle still more.

A CONSTANT READER OF YOUR JOURNAL, AND
SUBSCRIBER TO THE LAND COMPANY.

A noble sentiment.—The key of fortune.—The mystery of Napoleon's career was this:—under all difficulties and discouragements to "Press on." It solves the problem of all heroes; it is the rule by which to judge rightly of all wonderful success and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all; high and low, fortunate and unfortunate; so called,—"press on," never despair, never be discouraged; however stormy the heavens, however dark the way, however great the difficulties, or repeated the failures, "press on." If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for this to-morrow. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst, but "press on,"—a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayest reach it, if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say, the world hath lost its poetry and beauty; it is not so; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty, by a brave, a true, and above all, a religious life.

From the *Photographic Correspondent* of January, 1845.

Co-operation.—SIR,—A society having been formed at the Coffee-house, Low Pavement, Nottingham, for the purpose of importing provisions from America, for the benefit of its members, they were much gratified in observing in your last *Journal* (15th May), the account of a co-operative body at Tillicoultry, Clackmannanshire; and of the friends of suffering humanity at Cincinnati, a notice of which, I think, appeared in your *Journal*, No. 13, both having something like the same object in view. We are desirous of co-operating with such societies, for the purpose of carrying the same into practice. We shall be glad to have a notice of our object in your next *Journal*, and shall also be glad to enter into communication with them on the subject, for the purpose of arranging to carry the same into effect forthwith, if possible. Will not a central body be essential, either in London or Liverpool, to give due force to this effort of the workers? I believe you are President of the London Co-operative League, whose views are pretty much the same. Do, if possible, get them to assist in this cause.

I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

WILLIAM SMITH,
Secretary.

Blackheath Literary Institution.—This truly popular institution, which for ten shillings per annum offers an amount of amusement and instruction seldom to be obtained under four times the sum, after the usual difficulties, the greater part of which have fortunately been surmounted, now possesses a library of above 2,000 volumes, with a circulation of above 15,000

volumes per annum; a comfortable reading-room, well supplied with papers, and a substantial lecture-hall, capable of holding above 500 persons. Unfortunately, a debt at present hangs over this building, which the committee are now making the most earnest exertions to remove, by opening on Whit-Tuesday and the four following days a fancy fair, flower show, and exhibition of paintings and engravings, manufactures, natural history, and antiquities, combined with the other attractions of music and a garden which the proprietor has kindly thrown open to visitors on the occasion. We scarcely know a more delightful trip than this to Blackheath during this "merry month of May." This place is easily accessible by way of our noble river, or the Greenwich Railway, and combines in a few hours a view of Greenwich; its hospital and park, Blackheath and its delightful scenery.

The South London Phonetic Society held their first anniversary tea meeting in the school-room of Maze-pond chapel, Southwark, on Thursday the 13th inst. After tea, the meeting was addressed by the chairman, Hepworth Dixon, Esq., who spoke of the advantages of phonography and phonotypy, in an educational point of view; for if competent persons would but form large classes for instructing the uneducated labouring population on the phonetic plan, Government interference in the matter would be still more unnecessary.

The report which was then read mentioned many interesting facts in connexion with the labours of the society; among others, this, that during the past year 119 ladies and gentlemen had been instructed in a knowledge of *phonography*.

Mr. Benn Pitman, who next addressed the meeting, urged upon all present to do their utmost in spreading amongst their friends and acquaintances a knowledge of the useful art of phonography. He stated that one-half of the adult labouring population of Great Britain were unable to read! a lamentable fact; only to be accounted for by the enormous length of time which was necessary to acquire a knowledge of all the words in the English language—and there were upwards of seventy thousand; for as Sheridan had remarked in his dictionary, "Every word must be made a separate object of study." But by the phonetic system, a person could be taught to read perfectly in twenty hours!

Other speakers addressed the meeting, but we have not room to notice the proceedings further, except to give the following resolution, which was carried unanimously during the evening:—

"That this meeting, believing the arts of *phonography* and *phonotypy* are useful and truthful branches of philosophical science, pledges itself to aid in their dissemination to the utmost possible extent."

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWEY, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street) Strand.—Saturday, May 23, 1847.



THE MOUNTAIN PIQUET.

FROM A PAINTING BY F. Y. HURLSTONE.

THE MOUNTAIN PIQUET.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

BY F. Y. HURLSTONE, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

MR. HURLSTONE, like Andersen the Danish poet, delights to convey us to the ever beautiful scenes, and amongst the picturesque people of Italy. We have here one of those charming bits of life which are incidents in his travels, and which the following letter with which he has favoured us will best illustrate.

*Kirby Frith, Leicester
May 27, 1847.*

DEAR SIR,

The subject of my picture is one of those outposts which the shepherds of the Abruzzi mountains (when they have very large flocks of sheep) find it necessary to place for protection against the wolves. The captain shepherd places these at considerable distances, but yet encompassing, as it were, the flock; and the intelligence of the dog and his knowledge of the general plan is such, that

"Within that circle none durst walk but he;"

for if any man or animal attempt in any part to cross the line, the dogs instantly rush to the spot to repel the trespasser, although they never advance, themselves, beyond it. But whatever the intelligence of the dog, he is even surpassed in sagacity by the wolf, and it is superior cunning which gives this animal the advantage over the dog, rather than a superiority of physical strength. From these circumstances often take place a series of manœuvres, which seem scarcely inferior in plan and execution to those of warfare among men; and may be said to be (morally considered) more justifiable, from the urgent necessities of nature on the one hand, and the protection of the defenceless on the other. The wolf has what is considered a great advantage in warfare, in the taking the initiative; and among the numerous stratagems resorted to by him often occurs that of a feint. One or two attack, with much display and noise, one of these piquets, and when others run to their assistance, the real attack is swiftly, silently, and with great vigour, made by others upon the unprotected point. The wolf has often been known to make his approach by taking advantage of swine, a mule, or any animal, which he drives in the direction of the flock, keeping on the further side of it, and thus advancing under cover. When a wolf is killed, the shepherd cuts off its head, and while it remains undecayed, carries it about, and receives contributions for his success.

The dogs which I have painted from had been in frequent encounters, and the white one, although much the most docile in disposition, had displayed the greatest gallantry and was much distinguished; showing that prowess even in the canine race is not incompatible with general gentleness of disposition. The black one, although not nearly so good in encounters with the wolf, was of a ferocious disposition, and had frequently bitten his companion, who bore his ill-temper with a singularly noble generosity. The race of the white dog had been with the family of the boy who is standing, for unknown generations, and would obey their children from the earliest age, but no others.

I have thus, Sir, given a few circumstances connected with my picture, and

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

F. Y. HURLSTONE.

To William Howitt, Esq.

LIFE IN MANCHESTER.

LIBBIE MARSH'S THREE ERAS.—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY COTTON MATHER MILLS, ESQ.

LAST November but one there was a fitting in our neighbourhood; hardly a fitting after all, for it was only a single person changing her place of abode, from one lodging to another; and instead of a comfortable cart-load of drawers, and baskets, and dressers, and beds, with old king clock at the top of all, there was only one large wooden chest to be carried after the girl, who moved slowly and heavily along the streets, listless and depressed more from the state of her mind than of her body. It was Libbie Marsh, who had been obliged to quit her room in Dunn Street, because the acquaintances, with whom she had been living there, were leaving Manchester. She tried to think herself fortunate in having met with lodgings rather more out of the town, and with those who were known to be respectable; she did indeed try to be contented, but in spite of her reason, the old feeling of desolation came over her, as she was now about to be again thrown entirely among strangers.

No. 2, — Court, Albemarle Street, was reached at last; and the pace, slow as it was, slackened, as she drew near the spot where she was to be left by the man who carried her box; for trivial as his acquaintance with her was, he was not quite a stranger, as every one else was, peering out of their open doors, and satisfying themselves it was only "Dixon's new lodger."

Dixon's house was the last on the left hand side of the court. A high dead brick wall connected it with its opposite neighbour. All the dwellings were of the same monotonous pattern, and one side of the court looked at its exact likeness opposite, as if it were seeing itself in a looking-glass.

Dixon's house was shut up, and the key left next door; but the woman in whose care it was knew that Libbie was expected, and came forwards to say a few explanatory words, to unlock the door, and stir the dull-grey ashes which were lazily burning in the grate, and then she returned to her own house; leaving poor Libbie standing alone with her great big chest on the middle of the house-place floor, with no one to say a word, (even a commonplace remark would have been better than that dull silence,) that could help her to repel the fast-coming tears.

Dixon and his wife, and their eldest girl, worked in factories and were absent all day from their house; the youngest child, (also a little girl,) was boarded out for the week days at the neighbour's where the door-key was deposited; but, although busy making dirt-pies at the entrance to the court when Libbie came in, she was too young to care much about her parents' new lodger. Libbie knew she was to sleep with the elder girl in the front bed-room; but, as you may fancy, it seemed a liberty even to go up stairs to take off her things, when no one was at home to marshal the way up the ladder-like steps. So she could only take off her bonnet, and sit down, and gaze at the now blazing fire, and think sadly on the past, and on the lonely creature she was in this wide world.

Father and mother gone; her little brother long since dead; (he would have been more than nineteen, had he been alive, but she only thought of him as the darling baby;) her only friends (to call friends) living far away at their new home; her employers,—kind enough people in their way, but too rapidly twirling round on this bustling earth to have leisure to think of the little work-woman, excepting when they wanted gowns turned, carpets mended, or household linen darned; and hardly even the natural, though hidden

hope, of a young girl's heart, to cheer her on with bright visions of a home of her own at some future day, where, loving and beloved, she might fulfil a woman's dearest duties.

For Libbie was very plain, as she had known so long, that the consciousness of it had ceased to mortify her. You can hardly live in Manchester without having some idea of your personal appearance. The factory lads and lasses take good care of that, and if you meet them at the hours when they are pouring out of the mills, you are sure to hear a good number of truths, some of them combined with such a spirit of impudent fun, that you can scarcely keep from laughing even at the joke against yourself. Libbie had often and often been greeted by such questions as "How long is it since you were a beauty?" "What would you take a day to stand in a field to scare away the birds!" etc., for her to linger under any delusion as to her looks.

While she was thus musing, and quietly crying over the pictures her fancy conjured up, the Dixons came dropping in, and surprised her with wet cheeks and quivering lips.

She almost wished to have the stillness again she had felt so oppressive an hour ago, they talked and laughed so loudly and so much, and bustled about so noisily over every thing they did. Dixon took hold of one iron handle of her box, and helped her to bump it up stairs; while his daughter Anne followed to see the unpacking, and what sort of clothes "little sewing-body had gotten." Mrs. Dixon rattled out the tea-things, and put the kettle on; fetched home her youngest child, which added to the commotion. Then she called Anne down stairs and sent her off for this thing, and that. Eggs to put to the cream, it was so thin. Ham to give a relish to the bread and butter. Some new bread (hot, if she could get it). Libbie heard all these orders given at full pitch of Mrs. Dixon's voice, and wondered at their extravagance, so different to the habits of the place where she had last lodged. But they were fine spinners in the receipt of good wages; and, confined all day to an atmosphere ranging from 75 to 80 degrees; they had lost all natural healthy appetite for simple food, and having no higher tastes, found their greatest enjoyment in their luxurious meals.

When tea was ready, Libbie was called down stairs with a rough but hearty invitation to share their meal; she sat mutely at the corner of the tea-table, while they went on with their own conversation about people and things she knew nothing about; till at length she ventured to ask for a candle to go and finish her unpacking before bed-time, as she had to go out sewing for several succeeding days. But once in the comparative peace of her bed-room her energy failed her, and she contented herself with locking her Noah's ark of a chest, and put out her candle, and went to sit by the window and gaze out at the night heavens; for ever and over the "blue sky that bends over all," sheds down a feeling of sympathy with the sorrowful at the solemn hours, when the ceaseless stars are seen to pace its depths.

By and by her eye fell down to gazing at the corresponding window to her own at the opposite side of the court. It was lighted, but the blind was drawn down. Upon the blind she saw, at first unconsciously, the constant weary motion of a little, spectral shadow; a child's hand and arm,—no more; long, thin fingers hanging listlessly down from the wrist, while the arm moved up and down, as if keeping time to the heavy pulses of dull pain. She could not help hoping that sleep would soon come to still that incessant, feeble motion; and now and then it did cease, as if the little creature had dropped into a slumber from very weariness; but presently the arm jerked up with the fingers clenched, as if with a sudden start of agony. When Anne came up to bed, Libbie was still sitting watch-

ing the shadow; and she directly asked to whom it belonged.

"It will be Margaret Hall's lad. Last summer when it was so hot, there was no bidding with the window shut at night; and their'n were open too; and many's the time he waked me up with his moans. They say he's been better sin' cold weather came."

"Is he always so bad? Whatten ails him?" asked Libbie.

"Summut's amiss wi' his back-bone, folks say; he's better and worse like. He's a nice little chap enough; and his mother's not that bad either; only my mother and her had words, so now we don't speak."

Libbie went on watching, and when she next spoke to ask who and what his mother was, Anne Dixon was fast asleep.

Time passed away, and, as usual, unveiled the hidden things.

Libbie found out that Margaret Hall was a widow, who earned her living as a washerwoman; that this little suffering lad was her only child, her dearly beloved. That while she scolded pretty nearly every body else "till her name was up" in the neighbourhood for a termagant, to him she was evidently most tender and gentle. He lay alone on his little bed near the window through the day, while she was away, toiling for a livelihood. But when Libbie had plain sewing to do at her lodgings instead of going out to sew, she used to watch from her bed-room window for the time when the shadows opposite, by their mute gestures, told that the mother had returned to bend over her child; to smooth his pillow, to alter his position, to get him his nightly cup of tea. And often in the night Libbie could not help rising gently from bed to see if the little arm was waving up and down, as was his accustomed habit when sleepless from pain.

Libbie had a good deal of sewing to do at home that winter, and whenever it was not so cold as to numb her fingers, she took it up stairs in order to watch the little lad in her few odd moments of pause. On his better days he could sit up enough to peep out of his window, and she found he liked to look at her. Presently she ventured to nod to him across the court, and his faint smile, and ready nod back again, showed that this gave him pleasure. I think she would have been encouraged by this smile to proceed to a speaking acquaintance, if it had not been for his terrible mother, to whom it seemed to be irritation enough to know that Libbie was a lodger at the Dixons', for her to talk at her whenever they encountered each other, and to live evidently in wait for some good opportunity of abuse.

With her constant interest in him, Libbie soon discovered his great want of an object on which to occupy his thoughts, and which might distract his attention, when alone through the long day, from the pain he endured. He was very fond of flowers. It was November when she had first removed to her lodgings, but it had been very mild weather and a few flowers yet lingered in the gardens, which the country-people gathered into nosegays, and brought on market days into Manchester. His mother had bought him a bunch of Michaelmas daisies the very day that Libbie had become a neighbour, and she watched their history. He put them first in an old tea-pot, of which the spout was broken off, and the lid lost; and he daily replenished the tea-pot from the jug of water his mother left near him to quench his feverish thirst. By and by one or two out of the constellation of lilac stars faded, and then the time he had hitherto spent in admiring (almost caressing) them, was devoted to cutting off those flowers whose decay marred the beauty of his nosegay. It took him half the morning with his feeble languid motions, and his cumbrous old scissors, to trim up his diminishing darlings. Then at last he seemed to think he had better preserve the few that remained by drying them;

so they were carefully put between the leaves of the old Bible; and then whenever a better day came, when he had strength enough to lift the ponderous book, he used to open its pages to look at his flower friends. In winter he could have no more living flowers to tend.

Libbie thought and thought, till at last an idea flashed upon her mind that often made a happy smile steal over her face as she stitched away, and which cheered her through that solitary winter—for solitary it continued to be, although the Dixons were very good sort of people; never pressed her for payment if she had had but little work that week; never grudged her a share of their extravagant meals, which were far more luxurious than she could have met with any where else for her previously agreed payment in case of working at home; and they would fain have taught her to drink rum in her tea, assuring her that she should have it for nothing, and welcome. But they were too loud, too prosperous, too much absorbed in themselves to take off Libbie's feeling of solitariness; not half as much as did the little face by day, and the shadow by night, of him with whom she had never yet exchanged a word.

Her idea was this: her mother came from the east of England, where, as perhaps you know, they have the pretty custom of sending presents on St. Valentine's day, with the donor's name unknown, and of course that mystery constitutes half the enjoyment. The 14th of February was Libbie's birthday too; and many a year in the happy days of old had her mother delighted to surprise her with some little gift, of which she more than half guessed the giver, although each Valentine's day the manner of its arrival was varied. Since then, the 14th of February had been the dreariest day of all the year, because the most haunted by memory of departed happiness. But now, this year, if she could not have the old gladness of heart herself, she would try and brighten the life of another. She would save, and she would scrow, but she would buy a canary and a cage for that poor little laddie opposite, who wore out his monotonous life with so few pleasures, and so much pain.

I doubt I may not tell you here of the anxieties, and the fears, of the hopes, and the self-sacrifices,—all perhaps small in tangible effect as the widow's mite, yet not the less marked by the viewless angels who go about continually among us,—which varied Libbie's life before she accomplished her purpose. It is enough to say, it was accomplished. The very day before the 14th she found time to go with her half-guinea to a barber's, who lived near Albemarle Street, and who was famous for his stock of singing birds. There are enthusiasts about all sorts of things, both good and bad; and many of the weavers in Manchester know and care more about birds than any one would easily credit. Stubborn, silent, reserved men on many things, you have only to touch on the subject of birds to light up their faces with brightness. They will tell you who won the prizes at the last canary show, where the prize birds may be seen; and give you all the details of those funny though pretty and interesting mimicries of great people's cattle shows. Among these amateurs, Emanuel Morris the barber was an oracle.

He took Libbie into his little back room, used for private shaving of modest men, who did not care to be exhibited in the front shop, decked out in the full glories of lather; and which was hung round with birds in rude wicker cages, with the exception of those who had won prizes, and were consequently honoured with gilt wire prisons. The longer and thinner the body of the bird was, the more admiration it received as far as its external beauty went; and when in addition to this chance the colour was deep and clear, and its notes strong and varied, the more did Emanuel dwell upon their perfections. But these were all prize-birds;

and on inquiry Libbie heard, with a little sinking at her heart, that their price ran from one to two guineas.

"I'm not over-particular as to shape and colour," said she, "I should like a good singer, that's all."

She dropped a little in Emanuel's estimation. However, he showed her his good singers, but all were above Libbie's means.

"After all, I don't think I care so much about the singing very loud, it's but a noise after all; and sometimes noises fidgets folks."

"They must be neash folk as is put out with the singing o' birds," replied Emanuel, rather affronted.

"It's for one who is poorly," said Libbie, deprecatingly.

"Well," said he, as if considering the matter, "folk that are cranky often take more to them as shows 'em love, than to them who is clever and gifted. Happen yo'd rather have this'n," opening a cage-door, and calling to a dull-coloured bird, sitting moped up in a corner, "Here! Jupiter, Jupiter!"

The bird smoothed its feathers in an instant, and uttering a little note of delight, flew to Emanuel, putting its beak to his lips as if kissing him, and then perching on his head, it began a gurgling warble of pleasure, not by any means so varied or so clear as the song of the others, but which pleased Libbie more (for she was always one to find out she liked the gooseberries that were accessible, better than the grapes which were beyond her reach). The price, too, was just right; so she gladly took possession of the cage, and hid it under her cloak, preparatory to carrying it home. Emanuel meanwhile was giving her directions as to its food, with all the minuteness of one loving his subject.

"Will it soon get to know any one?" asked she.

"Give him two days only, and you and he 'll be as thick as him and me are now. You've only to open his door, and call him, and he'd follow you round the room; but he'd first kiss you, and then perch on your head. He only wants larning, (which I've no time to give him), to do many another accomplishment."

"What's his name? I didn't rightly catch it."

"Jupiter; it's not common, but the town is o'errun with Bobbys and Dicks, and as my birds are thought a bit out o' the way, I like to have better names for 'em, so I just picked a few out o' my lad's school-books. It's just as ready, when you're used to it, to say Jupiter as Dicky."

"I could bring my tongue round to Peter better; would he answer to Peter?" asked Libbie, now on the point of departure.

"Happen he might; but I think he'd come readier to the three syllables."

On Valentine's day, Jupiter's cage was decked round with ivy leaves, making quite a pretty wreath on the wicker-work; and to one of them was pinned a slip of paper, with these words written in Libbie's best round hand:—

"From your faithful Valentine. Please take notice: His name is Peter, and he will come if you call him, after a bit."

But little work did Libbie do that afternoon, she was so engaged in watching for the messenger who was to bear her present to her little Valentine, and run away as soon as he had delivered up the canary, and explained for whom it was sent.

At last he came, then there was a pause before the woman of the house was at leisure to take it up stairs. Then Libbie saw the little face flush into a bright colour, the feeble hands tremble with delighted eagerness, the head bent down to try and make out the writing, (beyond his power, poor lad, to read,) the rapturous turning round of the cage in order to see the canary in every point of view, head, tail, wings and feet; an intention which Jupiter, in his uneasiness at

being again among strangers, did not second, for he hopped round so as continually to present a full front to the boy. It was a source of never-wearying delight to the little fellow till daylight closed in; he evidently forgot to wonder who had sent him, in his gladness at the possession of such a treasure; and when the shadow of his mother darkened on the blind, and the bird had been exhibited, Libbie saw her do what, with all her tenderness, seemed rarely to have entered into her thoughts—she bent down, and kissed her boy in a mother's sympathy with the joy of her child.

The canary was placed for the night between the little bed and window, and when Libbie rose once to take her accustomed peep, she saw the little arm put fondly round the cage, as if embracing his new treasure even in his sleep. How Jupiter slept that first night is quite another thing.

So ended the first day of Libbie's three eras in last year.

ON THE EVILS INDIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

BY PHILIP P. CARPENTER, B.A.

A MAN'S character may often be known by the company he keeps: and a system may generally be tested by the advantages or disadvantages which follow in its train. We have already endeavoured to show, (see pp. 76 to 78,) from a consideration of the advantages indirectly resulting from the Temperance Reformation, that the system of tetotalism is eminently calculated to bless mankind, and ought therefore to be recommended and practised. But it will be urged by some of its opponents, that the very reverse of what is there stated is often found to be the case; that many evils as well as advantages have resulted from the tetotal agitation; that in fact, on the balance, it is hard to say whether tetotalism has done most good or harm. We are still, however, not only willing, but anxious to judge the system by its fruits; and we shall candidly examine the objections usually brought forward on this branch of the subject. We think we shall prove that while the advantages already named follow naturally, most of them necessarily, from the principles of tetotalism; the evils we are to consider are only adventitiously connected with it, are due to other causes, and often might be removed by the very persons who urge them as arguments against the system.

1. "*Tetotalism (it is objected) does not really improve a man's character. Your reformed drunkards only forsake the ale-bench, that they may become addicted to gluttony, smoking, opium, and in fact the worst kinds of debauchery.*" We acknowledge that this has been the case in some few instances. We have known some quondam drunkards just as enlaved to the dish and the pipe, as ever they were to the bottle. We remember meeting with two young men, (ultra violent chartists and socialists,) who openly avowed that they turned tetotalers that they might have more money to spend on the most guilty of pleasures. But what does all this prove? Simply that giving up one bad habit does not in every case necessarily preclude the falling into others. Is that any reason why we should not fight against that bad habit? and does it follow that tetotalism is not a perfect cure and preventive of drunkenness, because some few persons fall victims, or rather sacrifice themselves, to other kinds of degradation? As well might you find fault with hospitals and humane societies, because some persons employ their restored health and life badly; as well might you find fault with our reli-

gious institutions, because some persons apparently converted, made sober, honest and the like, and able to pray with great volubility and ejaculate very piously at sermons, are yet full of all sorts of uncharitableness and impurity. Opponents of tetotalism, like opponents of religion, single out particular instances, by which they may prove almost anything they choose. And even in these instances, granting that the individual is no nearer heaven than he was before, society is benefited on the whole. Tobacco is bad enough; but we never heard of a man beating and even killing his wife, kicking his children out of doors to lie on the snow all night, breaking into houses, attacking females, under the influence of the pipe. Gluttony is bad enough; but it is better that a few pounds go in early duck and green peas, or sugared buttered toast at home, where the wife and children have a chance of plenty to eat, than that the same money go into the landlord's till, and the family be left starving. Occasionally you meet a dishonest rogue among tetotalers; but every drunkard is cheating his creditors at the shops, and robbing his family of their food, and clothes, and education: so that he is not more dishonest than he was before. Worst of all, some tetotalers are unchaste; but how very, very few, compared with the proportion among the drinking population! It stands to reason, and every observant person knows it to be a fact, that alcohol inflames the worst passions, which are naturally but too violent and difficult of control. As to the use of opium among tetotalers; after all the inquiries we have made on the subject, we have not met with a single instance of indulgence in it. The report so generally credited was thoroughly sifted some years ago, and traced to some publicans of Liverpool. It is true that the consumption of opium has greatly increased of late years; but to what is this due? Partly to the great use of it amongst *drunkards*; who, after long indulgence in spirits, find some new stimulant necessary to allay their cravings: partly to the employment of it by factory operatives, who in some places make a regular point of keeping a phial of laudanum in their waistcoat pockets, getting it filled as they go to their work: but principally to the appalling increase in the consumption of "soothing medicines" for infants, by which, in the large towns, and even in such places as Clitheroe, Burnley, etc., so large a proportion of children under five years of age are consigned to a premature grave. It is often asserted that in Turkey, where the people are tetotalers by law and religion, the use of opium is almost universal. Nothing is further from the truth. We have the authority of Sir Charles Fellowes, the celebrated Eastern traveller, for asserting that opium is almost unknown, except in the large towns; and that even in Constantinople it is only employed by the lowest of the people, and not so much is consumed by them as by the drunkards of London. The whole then amounts to this: that while, in the vast majority of cases, the practice of tetotalism produces a beneficial change in the character, leads to self-reform and restraint in sensual pleasures; in some few instances, it leaves a man as bad as it found him, (but not worse,) and he becomes a prey to other fleshly indulgences; the said propensities not being induced or fostered by tetotalism, but belonging to his animal nature not yet subdued, which, when shut out from one channel of gratification, creates for itself another.

2. "*Tetotalism makes men self-confident and bold.* Here are a number of fellows, but just emerged from the lowest depths of ale-house ignorance and degradation, who begin to lecture us! They profess to understand physiology and chemistry, and even medicine and religion itself better than we do:—we, the respectable, educated part of the community, who never got drunk. We cannot brook such impudence." Then you must either refute their arguments and stop their mouths, or

hold your own peace. To make the worst of it, impudence is not so sinful as drunkenness. We will draw a parallel. Our readers have heard or read of Frederick Douglass. The pro-slavery men may say: "See how abolition makes men self-confident and bold! Here are these niggers, just escaped from the utmost ignorance and degradation, who pretend to lecture us, and to prove out of reason and scripture, that we are wrong; and even accuse us of being the chief supporters of slavery, though we have been religious and respectable people, and have condemned slavery [in the abstract] all our lives." Boldness in a good cause is a virtue. Peter and John were very bold before the Sanhedrim; and as they were poor uneducated people, the Pharisees were very angry. Paul was very bold, and yet he had been one of the wildest of persecutors. So it is right for men to be bold against drunkenness and whatever supports it, even though (we should rather say, especially if) they have themselves been its victims. And as to self-confidence, it would be hypocrisy to pretend doubt and hesitation, when none exists in the mind. There are some things which are mere matters of opinion; in stating these, we should avoid assurance. There are others, which are matters of fact and experience: in these we can hardly be mistaken. Now every reformed drunkard knows *practically* not only the evils of drunkenness, but the evils of drinking; he knows how he has been led on through the paths of so-called sobriety; he knows the safety and happiness of tetotalism; he knows also the way in which the respectable and religious support the evil system. In these things he must be self-confident, as it is called; or rather, confident that he sees and feels important truths;—just as confident as F. Douglass is in the slavery question. Moreover, having studied points in physiology, chemistry and medicine, that have not attracted the attention of many professional men, he has a right to speak plainly on these subjects, even though the cry of "Craft in danger,—down with the upstarts!" is raised against him. Even in religion, things hidden from the wise and prudent may be, and often are, revealed unto the babes. We certainly wish that there was more modesty of demeanour among many advocates of tetotalism; we wish the same with respect to religious teachers; but tetotalism is no more to be blamed for the want than religion itself.

3. "*But the tetotalers are so terribly bigoted.* They make it appear that they are right, and every one else wrong; they won't allow any one to work with them against drunkenness, unless he signs their pledge; and they denounce all without their narrow pale as drunkard-makers." We confess, with sorrow, that there is too much bigotry among tetotalers: and all the really Christian advocates of the temperance cause deplore it, and are doing all they can to remove it. Still it is not the result of tetotalism, any more than the bigotry so often seen among sectarians, and even against sectarianism, is the result of religion. In each case it springs partly from ignorance, and partly from the selfish principles of our nature, not yet wholly subdued. But we are not to suppose that all is bigotry, which is called so: else every earnest propagator of truth must be accused of it. If one thing is right and true, its opposite must be wrong and false. If it is right to be honest, it must be wrong to steal even a pin. If human brotherhood is true, every relation implying servitude must be false. If it is right to do good as we have opportunity, it is wrong to forego an opportunity. So if a man can do good by abstaining, he is doing wrong not to abstain. If it is true that Christian self-denial teaches abstinence, it is false that Christianity can encourage drinking. There is no middle course between drinking and not drinking. Every one who is not an abstainer sanctions and supports the drinking customs which tetotalers desire to upset. Now if tetotalers

are right, (and if they did not think themselves so, they would not be tetotalers,) their very position naturally puts them in antagonism with the whole drinking community; but they are no more to be accused of bigotry on that account than were Luther, Fox, Wesley, and other great reformers. Let it be granted that many papists sinned in ignorance; did that make the corruptions of the church any the less wrong? that many soldiers "know not what they do;" is the man-killing trade any the less sinful? that many slaveholders think they are acting right; are their practices any the more Christian? Let it be granted that three-fourths of moderate drinkers see no harm in moderate drinking: if tetotalers see the harm, is it not their duty to tell them plainly of the responsibility that rests on them? Those who would say peace when there is no peace, may cry bigotry against those who would open their eyes and rouse their souls; but neither the religious teacher nor the tetotal advocate must give up on that account. And as to the bigotry of tetotalers in not allowing others to work with them; we have only to say that we cannot ask the enemy to help us to fight against themselves. We may love individual pro-slavery men; but we cannot ask their help in abolition. We may have affection for monopolists; but they must not join our free-trade league, unless they subscribe to our principles. So we may have great good will to moderate drinkers, but we cannot ask them to help in doing away with drinking. Every society has its rules; the rule of ours is that we will not drink. We make it, because thus we think that we can best promote temperance. If persons do not agree with our rule, we are quite willing that they shall work against intemperance their own way. If they can succeed better than we do, we shall rejoice, and shall then give up our rule and adopt theirs. Where real bigotry does exist, we confess it is a great evil. The higher our light and our privileges, the deeper the sin if we prostitute them. In this way, religion itself may increase a man's guilt: and so an unfaithful tetotaler may be beaten with many stripes, while the ignorant drunkard is condemned to but few; but the influences of religion, and, similarly, the results of tetotalism, are good notwithstanding.

4. "*But tetotalism teaches men to act from the low motive of a pledge.*" That is, it is very low to promise to do right, and to do it in consequence. It would be well if those who raise the objection would make more promises to do right, and keep them. But if persons prefer doing right without promising, we at least are satisfied. And if persons give up drinking, without saying so, or writing it down, tetotalers will not object; though they may consider that their friends hide part of their light under a bushel. But does the pledge system of tetotal societies lower men's motives? The highest motive of course is to do right because it is right, out of love to God; to do right merely because we have promised, is a second-rate motive. Christian tetotalers therefore will not abstain because they have promised, but because it is right. We sign the pledge because we think it right to abstain; we do not abstain because we have signed the pledge. And as to ordinary persons; if making a promise and keeping it does not raise their motives, it surely does not lower them. How it is a very low thing to sign a note of hand, or make a marriage vow. The honest and chaste do not need these things; but for the ordinary workings of society, they are necessary. Let those who are so terribly afraid of the low motives of pledges, reflect whether their motives are the very purest for drinking; whether it is love to man and to God, or love to self, that prompts them to spend their money in (at best) a useless luxury, and to smack their lips over the liquor that is sending thousands of their brothers and sisters to destruction.

5. "*But you must allow that there is a great deal of vulgarity attending on tetotalism.*" Yes: but not one

hundredth or one thousandth part of the vulgarity that attends on drinking. Let those who are so terribly afraid of the coarse language and vulgar demeanour of tetotalers at their meetings, for once spend an hour in the public-house; or if they are very genteel, join a company that are boozing at the dining-table, after the ladies have left the room. If respectability mean keeping aloof from the "lower orders," and never talking of anything but what is "harmonious to the ear," we need not look for it among tetotalers; for their rule is to seek and to save them that are lost. But if it means the avoidance of degrading pursuits, and the honourable discharge of the duties of life, then the tetotalers are as respectable as any class of men. We earnestly desire to see more refinement of mind (not mere genteel deportment) among tetotalers: but this must be a work of time. We have to deal with those schooled in vulgarity through the influence of the drinking custom. And how is it to be effected? Not by the "respectable" keeping aloof from their meetings, but by their patiently enduring what is repugnant to their tastes, that they may raise them. More has already been done in this way by tetotalism, than by any other scheme for the elevation of the working classes; and more will be done when the professed friends of temperance leave off making objections, and strive to remove them by their co-operation. We repeat, and we say it from personal observation, that we have never heard among tetotalers such vulgar language as we have been condemned to be present at when at the dinner-table of the rich,—even of members of parliament.

6. "*But tetotalism discourages social feeling and hospitality.*" It does no such thing: it only discourages social drinking, and ministering to depraved tastes. Supposing a friend had a penchant for opium, or for turtle and venison; should we be inhospitable, because we made no supply for what we considered his unreasonable wants? Which is the most hospitable course; to spend 50l. in a champagne supper, or to devote that money to making a feast for "the poor, the maimed, the blind, who cannot recompense us?" Which is the most social; for people to pass away time in drinking and smoking together, or for them to enjoy themselves in music, reading or conversation, supplying their wants with simple food and sober beverages? Those who condemn tetotalers for not being social, could never have been at their festive tea-parties; when, with a rich, full body of harmonious sound, never to be heard in the public-house, they join in "Home, sweet home;" or the air re-echoes the chorus,

"We're marching through tetotal ground;
We'll never, never drink again:"

or the glee singers, instead of celebrating the drunken exploits of "Mynheer Van Duck," rob the devil of his good tunes, and chant forth—

"We sober men
Are met again,
To sing in cheerful measures;
And we pledge our hand
A tetotal band

To join in our Christmas pleasures.
Singing, oh, that all England's eyes might see
How happy sober men can be.

Water we'll quaff from nature's pure store,
Our temperate feast adorning;
But of spirits and ale we'll drink no more
Than a rose supplies
When a dew drop lies
On its bloom in a summer's morning.
For a sober man can happy be,
Though he drink nothing stronger now than tea!"

7. "*But tetotalism leads to the neglect of home duties.*" This is a strange objection for the drinkers to make. "Tetotalers forsake their wives and children as much to attend meetings, as they used to do when frequenting the public-house." As much, not more; there is no care or good-will then lost in the change. And which would the wife prefer; that her husband should be "eternally a-gate wi' tetotal meetin's," or that he should go once only to the beer-shop? You may bring the same objection against religion; that it leads its advocates to "go about doing good," to the neglect of their families; and a difficult thing it is in both instances to know where to draw the line between the rival claims. A common effect of tetotalism however is, after the first excitement has died away, to lead men to take greater interest than ever in home duties and enjoyments.

8. "*Tetotalism must be of the devil, because religious bodies are against it. It divides churches.*" For the same reason, Luther's doctrines were of the devil. Every reformer and true benefactor of his race, is of the devil. But where is the schism; in those who assert freedom and conscience, and refuse to be bound, and therefore are turned out of the synagogue; or in those who set up tests which Christ never set up, and who turn them out? Many hundreds have been turned out of the churches, and in some places have formed distinct religious societies in consequence, because they refused to represent the Saviour's blood by the drunkard's drink. All this would be avoided if churches would agree to do one of three things, wherever the question is conscientiously mooted: either to adopt the unfettered wine altogether, which none, we presume, would consider sinful, though they might think it foolish; or to provide both kinds; or if the intoxicating wine alone be used, to give liberty to objectors to communicate in the bread only. If conscience be respected, and freedom allowed, there will be no divisions.

9. "*But tetotalism leads to a vast amount of wrangling about useless things.*" We grant that the discussions about Scripture texts and ancient wines, are not so important as many tetotalers consider them. But these discussions are thrust upon us by our opponents, who will not be satisfied with applying the plain principles of Christianity to the case, but are for ever ringing changes on "Timothy's stomach," "marriage feast," "good creatures of God," "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," etc. If people searched the Scriptures as anxiously for leave to deny themselves, as they do for leave to drink, we should see a marvellous change. Many things which appear trifles, and not worth arguing about, become important from their connexion with other things: just as the white surplice is connected with the system of priestcraft, or the pack of cards with gambling. When drinkers leave off their objections, tetotalers will gladly leave off their replies.

10. But to many, the great and convincing argument against tetotalism is, that "*it sets up another plan of salvation; makes men neglect religion, and expect to be saved by abstinence.*" In the first place, drunkards cannot be saved without abstinence (though abstinence alone cannot save them). Reformed drunkards feel this; and if they see religious teachers opposing the very means of their cure, it is natural that they should distrust them, and the doctrines they preach. Therefore those ministers who set their influence against tetotalism, have a great deal to answer for; because if they were favourable to it, they might win over many a reformed drunkard to the cross of Christ. We allow, and we do so with deep pain, that many are quite satisfied with the step they have taken in reforming their drunken habits; but is that the fault of tetotalism? Many persons are satisfied with teaching on Sundays, and neglect other means of usefulness; is this any argument against Sunday schools? Tetotalism does what it professes, and more: it cures and prevents

drunkenness, and generally leads to a more thorough change of heart and life, as we before showed. And when it is not so, when tetotalers remain as irreligious as they were before, who is to blame? The (comparatively) few tetotal Christians, who are doing all they can to evangelize their brethren? Or the great mass of Christian professors; who, in their individual and collective capacities, might, by a long and vigorous self-denying effort, not only uproot the drinking customs, but (so far as lies within the power of man) convert the reformed drunkards to true religion? Wherefore let the mote-finders look to the beam. Many persons think it a terrible profanation of the Sabbath, that tetotalers should hold meetings, distribute tracts, solicit help, and take other steps with a view to cure and prevent drunkenness on the Sunday. We advise these persons to turn to their Bibles, and see what our Lord said and did, as recorded in John v; Mark ii; Matthew xii; and other places. We should be glad to believe that the general run of sermons were calculated to do as much good to drunkards as the general run of tetotal speeches and tracts. Some there are who will not allow that a man can be religious, unless he attend what they call the means of grace; that is, chapel twice or thrice a Sunday, and prayer and class meetings in the week beside. And if a member turn tetotaler, and neglect any of these meetings, assuredly he is a black sheep, and has fallen from grace. Now we approve of preachings and prayer meetings, and all other so called religious exercises; but there are many other means of grace. Every good work undertaken from a Christian motive, is a means of grace. Every duty performed from a desire to please God, is a religious deed. And just as a mother may be enjoying the means of grace when making gruel for her sick child, as much as when "hearing the parson talk;" so a tetotaler may be building up religion in his soul by going about to reform drunkards, as much as by working himself up to the fever heat of ejaculation at a prayer-meeting. Still, we may on each side take to ourselves the Lord's rebuke, "these things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

We do not remember any other important objection brought against tetotalism, from a consideration of its effects. We have not yet entered into an examination of its leading principles and arguments. But we think we have shown that while many good fruits naturally result from the system, the evils connected with it, so far as they really exist, are adventitious, and might be removed by the zealous co-operation of the intelligent, the respectable, and the religious. Let our objectors come over and help us. We are few; most of us are poor, and trained in the worst of schools. Let the educated come among us and teach us. Let the genteel join us and polish us. Let the promoters of rational amusement help us to draw men from the public-house. Let sanitary reformers work with us against the deadliest of poisons. Let anti-war men lend a hand, and we will close the main entrance to the army. Let free-traders adopt our principles, and they will do more to cheapen bread and increase manufactures, than by only repealing the corn-laws. Let all reformers and philanthropists make common cause with us, and they will do ten times more in their peculiar missions than if they worked against us; and they will give us their most valuable support as well. And above all, let the ministers and disciples of the crucified Saviour swell our ranks by their thousands and myriads; let them feed our starving ones with the bread of life; let us advance hand-in-hand in the holy crusade against our worse than Saracen foe; let us together grasp the cross,—that emblem of self-sacrificing, of Divine Love; and the assurance to each of us shall be

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMETH THE EGYPTIAN."

THE flowers! the lovely flowers!
They are springing forth again;
Are opening their gentle eyes
In forest and in plain!
They cluster round the ancient stems,
And ivied roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully
About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
Their pure and radiant eyes
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies!
They say that nought exists on earth,
However poor and small,
Unseen by God; the meanest things,
He careth for them all!

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
The fairest type are they
Of the soul springing from its night
To sunshine and to day;
For though they lie all dead and cold,
With winter's snow above,
The glorious spring doth call them forth
To happiness and love!

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!
We greet ye well and long!
With light, and warmth, and sunny smile,
And harmony, and song!
All dull and sad would be our earth,
Were your bright beauties not;
And thus, without Life's Flowers of Love,
Oh, what would be our lot!

SONNET.

COMPOSED WHILST ON A COACH.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

RUDE railway-trains, with all your noise and smoke,
I love to see you wheresoe'er ye move,
Though Nature seems such trespass to reprove;
Though ye the soul of old Romance provoke.
I thank you that from misery ye unyoke
Thousands of panting horses. Science, pleased,
Sees by machinery nerves and sinews eased;
And Mercy smiles as sufferings ye revoke.
Calm sanctities, deem not such march profane:—
Sweet meads, give up your flowers and emerald sod;
Small fields, resign your being without pain;
For, thinking on old roads in anguish trod,
Not to the heart of Nature can be vain,
Humanity, which serves both man and God!



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT—JUNE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

"It is the time of roses,
We pluck them as we pass."

HOOD.

THE spring is gone! the summer is come! Beautiful as spring is, and delicate and poetical her children,—the snowdrop, the violet, the primrose, and the cowslip,—we have seen and loved them once more, and we will no longer regret them. As they came and passed away amid the lingering chills of winter, we welcomed them, and we mourned over their departure. No season like spring makes us so sensible, by its fleeting beauties, of the fleeting time; but summer is the season of full-blown enjoyment, and let us now enjoy it. The great, wise monarch of Jerusalem exclaimed, in reviewing these very things, "Come on, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, and let us speedily use the creatures, like as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine, and ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered." That was wisdom in Solomon's time, and it is wisdom now. It is wisdom to grasp the good that is before and around us, and not to waste time in lamenting what is gone, or may soon be going. And June seems the season made for the universal rejoicing of all the creatures of existence. The country is arrayed in its fullest and yet newest beauty. The trees are once more thick with leaves, but leaves of the most delicate freshness. It is, as Spenser says, wherever we turn our eyes, "a leafie luxurie." The ground is covered with deepest grass, and the birds, and insects, and flowers, which are moving, singing, and blooming over the whole face of nature, are countless. The language which years ago I used to describe this season of universal beauty and delight, I use once more. I could find none more expressive:—

It is the very carnival of Nature, and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad, indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest side, when all is still, and basking at noon; and to see the landscape suddenly darken, and the black and tumultuous clouds assemble as at a signal; to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening ear, and then to mark the glorious bow rise in the lurid rear of the tempest, the sun laugh jocosely abroad, and

Every bathed leaf and blossom fair
Pour out its soul to the delicious air.

It is luxury to haunt the gardens of old-fashioned houses in the morning, when the bees are flitting forth with a rejoicing hum; or at eve, when the honeysuckle and the sweetbrier mingle their spirit in the breeze. It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and if ever we are tempted to turn anglers, it must be now. To steal away into a quiet valley, by a winding stream, buried completely in fresh grass; the foam-like meadow sweet, the crimson loosestrife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragon-fly, the ephemera, and the kingfisher, glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream; and one of our ten thousand volumes of delightful literature in our pockets:—then indeed might one be a most patient angler, though taking not a single fin.

What luxurious images would there float through the mind! Gray could form no idea of Heaven superior to lying on a sofa, and reading novels; but it is in the flowery lap of June that we best can climb

Up to the sunshine of unnumbered ease.

How delicious, too, are the evenings become! The frosts and damps of spring are past; the earth is dry; the glow-worm has lit her lamp; the bat is circling about; the fragrant breath of flowers steals into our houses; the bees hum sonorous music amid the pendent flowers of the tall sycamore tree; the cockchafer is hovering around it; the stag-beetle in the south soars cheerily in the clear air; and the moth flutters against the darkling pane.

Go forth when the business of the day is over, thou who art pent in city toils, and stray through the newly-shot corn, along the grassy and hay-scented fields; linger beside the solitary woodland—the gale of heaven is stirring its mighty and umbrageous branches. The wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odour, and of every tint, from the deepest red to the purest pearl; the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous, snowy-flowered elder, embellish every way-side, or light up the shadowy region of the wood. Field-peas and beans in full flower add their spicy aroma; the red clover is at once splendid and profuse of its honeyed breath. The young corn is bursting into ear; the awned heads of rye, wheat, and barley, and the

nodding panicles of oats, shoot from their green and glaucous stems, in broad, level, and wavy expressions of present beauty and future promise. The very waters are strewn with flowers; the buck-bean, the water violet, the elegant flowering rush, and the queen of the waters, the pure and splendid white lily, invest every stream and lovely mere with grace. The mavis and the merle—those worthy favourites of the olden bards—and the woodlark, fill the solitude with their eloquent even-songs;

Over its own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;

the turtle in southern woodlands coos plaintively; and the cuckoo pours its mellowest note from some region of twilight shadow. The sunsets of this month are transcendently glorious. The mighty luminary goes down pavilioned amidst clouds of every hue, in the splendour of burnished gold; the deepest mazarine blue fading away into the highest heavens to the palest azure, and an ocean of purple is flung over the twilight woods, or the far-stretching and lonely horizon. The heart of the spectator is touched; it is melted and wrapt into dreams of past and present—pure, elevated, and tinged with a poetic tenderness which can never awake amid the crowds of mortals or of books.

That is June! the carnival of Nature and of man! Who does not rejoice in it! Dost *thou* not rejoice in it, my reader? Open thy heart wide as it can expand itself—fling abroad thy imagination over the world—and recollect for how many millions of our fellow men is June making a paradise and preparing joys. In what dells and glens and pleasant lanes in the vicinity of ancient villages, and overhung by dewy and odorous boughs, do thousands of happy children ramble, and gather flowers, and weave them into posies and garlands, and are as blest as the angels in heaven, knowing no sorrow and fearing no morrow. By what old wells bubbling up in shade or sunshine do there sit poets and poetesses of God's making, glorious creatures who shall make heaven glad with their songs, though they never be heard of on earth, drinking in all that earth and sky has of beauty and sweetness. By cottage doors, where the flowery honeysuckle stoops down from above to bid them another good-morrow, do there sit feeble old men and women, who have nearly done their day's work on the earth; and in the sunshine, and in the breath of flowers that falls upon them, feel the throb of joy in their bosoms that shall accompany them to the eternal gates of God.

But not over England alone does the summer fling its beauty and its gladness; throughout all Europe and America, and over many a region besides, are not mighty and populous nations all astir in the open air, filling their souls with a thousand natural and social enchantments? God sees them from his invisible throne, and doubtless rejoices in their joy; and the genius of man has made him of late years a happy participator in the Divine beneficence. His steam-ships are speeding over the ocean in all directions, and up all beautiful rivers, to bear weary and town-worn mortals to scenes of beauty, of novelty, and refreshment. The poet quits his winter study, and is off into the mountains and the woods of distant lands: the painter has sold his pictures in the exhibitions, and is off glad-hearted to sketch on heath and highland, and amid the fresh waves on the coasts of wild far-off islands for more. Merchant and lawyer, mechanic and manufacturer, if they cannot yet get away so far, dream of it immensely, and plan *summer* excursions in the *autumn*. Mean time to what temporary and yet delicious snatches of country and sea-side do our railways carry out our myriads of thirsting and adust population.

Reader! the thoughts of all the delights of June are too mighty for me. I fling down my pen and start at

once for the Peak of Derbyshire. Welcome once more the caves, and pinnacled rocks, and rushing waters of Dove Dale, and the airy summits of Axe-edge or Kinder Scout.

The green and breezy hills—away!

My heart is light, my foot is free,
And, resting on the topmost peak,
The freshening gale shall fan my cheek,—
The hills were ever dear to me!

THE DIFFUSION OF TRACTS, THE GREAT PROMOTER OF TRUTH.

BY JOSEPH BARKER.

It is my conviction that more will have to be done through the press, than by any other means. Lecturing and preaching are great things, but they are not the greatest. They can do something which the press cannot do; but the press can do much which they cannot do. Tracts can go everywhere. Tracts never blush. Tracts know no fear. Tracts never stammer. Tracts never stick fast. Tracts never lose their temper. Tracts never tire. Tracts never die. Tracts can be multiplied without end by the press. Tracts can travel at little expense. They want nothing to eat. They require no lodgings. They run up and down like the angels of God, blessing all, giving to all, and asking no gift in return. You can print tracts of all sizes, on all subjects, and in all languages. And tracts can be read in all places, and at all hours. And they can talk to one as well as a multitude, and to a multitude as well as one. They require no public room to tell their story in. They can tell it in the kitchen or the shop, in the parlour or the closet, in the railway carriage or in the omnibus, on the broad highway or in the footpath through the fields. And they dread no noisy or tumultuous interruption. They take no note of scoffs, or jeers, or taunts; of noisy folly, or malignant rage. They bear all things, endure all things, suffer all things, and take harm from nothing. They can talk even when the noise is so great, as to drown all other voices. And they stop when they are bid, or at least when they have done. They never continue talking after they have told their tale. No one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. And they will wait men's time, and suit themselves to men's occasions and conveniences. They will break off at any point, and begin again at any moment where they broke off. And though they will not always answer questions, they will tell their story twice, or thrice, or four times over if you wish them. And they can be made to speak on every subject, and on every subject they may be made to speak wisely and well. They can, in short, be made the vehicles of all truth, the teachers and reformers of all classes, the regenerators and benefactors of all lands.

I want my friends to give this subject their attention. I feel persuaded that the importance of the press as a means of spreading simple gospel truth, and promoting simple Christian piety, is not yet fully understood. Or if it be properly understood, I am sure of this, the press has never yet been employed as it ought to be in this great work. Luther wrote and published no less than eleven hundred works, in a few years, most of them small tracts or single sheets. He published at one time from two to three hundred in a single year. It was the multiplication of these tracts and books by the press, and their plentiful distribution among the multitudes, that gave power to the reformer's principles, that shook the power of the popedom, and worked so great a reformation. It was chiefly by a plentiful supply of cheap tracts that Wesley gained his influence with the masses of our countrymen, and worked such happy

wonders in our land. It was chiefly by means of a plentiful supply of cheap tracts, sold cheap, or freely given away, that the early Quakers shook the nation, and, in spite of some excesses in their conduct, and some mysteries and errors in their opinions, almost frightened the priests and sectarians out of their wits. It was chiefly by means of tracts that Joseph Livesey and some of his fellow-workers, roused the country on the subject of totalism, and gained for the principle such a firm and general lodging in the souls of the community. Livesey did not lecture so much; but his tracts, the fair exponents of his principles, were always speaking. Livesey did not visit one place in a hundred; but his tracts went everywhere. Livesey could speak only English, but his tracts were soon made to speak both Welsh and German. His tracts made others become lecturers, and supplied the lecturers with truths and facts and arguments. And it must be chiefly by tracts that the principles of a pure and practical Christianity must be spread through the world. Tracts have already done good without end, and they may easily be made to do still greater good. Let tracts be freely and plentifully circulated, and they will rouse the whole country; they will shake the foundations of every corruption in the land, and bring people in multitudes from darkness to light, from superstition, and error, and sin, to the wisdom, and purity, and blessedness of the gospel of Christ. They will not only set people a thinking, but a talking too. They will raise up lecturers, and help to qualify them for their work. They will bring about a reform which will bless all ages, and spread purity and freedom and peace through all the countries of the earth.

LABOUR-WORSHIP.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

"Laborare est orare."

BROTHER, kneeling late and early,
Never working—Praying ever—
Up and labour—Work is prayer,
Worship is in best endeavour.

Days and nights not given to service
Turn thy life to sinful waste;
Be no laggard,—be no sluggard,—
Live not like a man disgraced.

See—Creation never resteth,
Ever God creates anew;
To be like Him, is to labour,
To adore Him, is to do.

Do thy best, and do it bravely,
Never flag with under-zeal.—
This is writ as Scripture Holy,
Thou must either work or steal.

None have mandate to be idle;
Folded hands are vilest crime;
God's command is labour-worship,
In thy youth and in thy prime.

For I preach the newest Gospel,—
Work with Hand, and work with Heart;
Work—the Heavens are working away;
Nature reads a Text to Art.

Suns become the sires of Systems,
Planets labour as they roll;
And the law of their Celestial,
Is a law within thy soul.

From thy nerves at each pulsation,—
From the mystery of sleep,—
Comes a lesson—a monition,
Whose significance is deep.

Rightly read, and fitly heeded,
It will whisper to thy breast—
"Thou art clothed around with beauty,
And an angel is thy guest."

But the beauty worketh, striveth,
And is leading thee apace
To a Future, whose foundations
God hath planted not in space.

Oh, the angel—How he helpeth!
Hinder not by act of thine;
Lagging limbs, or heart away,
Mar the work of the Divine.

Be a workman, O my brother;
Higher worship is there none:—
With its hymn of work-devotion,
Nature is one choral tone.

As I read the newest Gospel,—
When the spade divides the clod,
When the ploughshare turns the furrow,
Men in prayer strive with God.

Pray—"The early rain and latter,
Lord, withhold not from our toil;
Fruitify the seed we scatter,
With this worship, in the soil."

Say—"No slothful invocations
From our lips our lives profane;
We have kept the old commandment,
Taking not thy Name in vain.

"But they break the old commandment,
And invoke thy Name with sin,
Who, their idle hands uplifting,
Unearned good would garner in.

"We have new interpretation
For the old instruction—ASK;
Best he asketh, most who asketh
Sinews, to perform his task."

As I read the newest Gospel,
There is nothing fixed and still;
Constant only in mutation
Is God's law of Good and Ill.

Time was, when the tongue's petition
Wisely wrestled with the skies;
When the flames, that curled on altars,
Made accepted sacrifice.

Time was, when the crowd exalted
Priests above their fellow-men;—
But that worship is departed,
And doth not return again.

Ever working,—ever doing,—
Nature's law in Space and Time;—
See thou heed it in thy worship;
Build thou up a Life sublime.

Ever Idleness blasphemeth
In its prayer—in its praise;
How shall Heaven accept his incense,
Who is idle all his days?

Be a workman, O my brother;
Trust not worship to the tongue;
Pray with strenuous self-exertion;
Best by Hands are anthems sung.

Everywhere the earth is hallowed,
Temples rise on ev'ry soil—
In the forest—in the city—
And their priest is Daily Toil.

NOTES ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. T. WALLACE.

— "Our people, how live they?
Our poor, how feed we them?" —

THERE has, perhaps, rarely been a period in the history of this country, during which the people, in a commercial and pecuniary sense, have been more generally and more heavily tried, than they are at present. All classes, it is obvious, are suffering, and suffering most severely. The high price of provisions; the unexpected and almost entire deprivation of one principal article of subsistence; the marked depression of many branches of trade; the unusual augmentation of the poor rates; are circumstances which have affected, and affected, too, most powerfully, *all* classes: while the famine prevailing in Ireland, and the urgent and almost unexampled demands made on the British people, to alleviate the miseries of the inhabitants of the sister country, which have been met in so prompt and generous a manner, have greatly increased the pressure which has been, and still continues to be, so sensibly felt.

It is an egregious mistake to suppose, that only the very poor are now suffering; *all* are burdened and oppressed; and the great bulk of smaller tradespeople find, that the burdens at present imposed on them are almost insupportable. In the agricultural districts, where wages are exceedingly, and, in some parts, disgracefully low, and provisions unusually high, the middling class, *without property*, scarcely know, in innumerable instances, how to proceed, or how to maintain their existing position. Rents and taxes are so heavy, and business is so stagnant, that it is with extreme difficulty they keep their shops open at all.

The writer was conversing the other day with a respectable draper on the subject, and the remark was made to him—"Probably no class suffers more painfully now than that of haberdashers and drapers, throughout the country. In the rural districts, in consequence of the almost famine-price of provisions, and the low rate of wages, we, as a class, are doing comparatively nothing; we remain in our shops from morning till night, almost without customers; and those who were wont to lay out with us a sovereign, do not expend now more than a shilling. Indeed, the poor and labouring class have *no money* for us; all goes to the baker and grocer, and there is not sufficient for them. What will be the result, we know not; and as for getting in our usual bills at this season of the year, we do not anticipate that; scarcely ever have we found such difficulty, either in transacting business, or in collecting our regular accounts."

This, our readers may be assured, is no overcharged statement. It is fully borne out by the experience almost of the entire country; and, therefore, what wisdom, what care, what economy, what energy, should be discovered by our legislators, with regard to any enactments they may frame. No money must be needlessly expended. Any loans they may contract, any taxes they may levy, any pensions they may grant, must be carefully and wisely regarded. Everything must be done, at this crisis, to diminish the burdens of the people, and especially of the middling class, on which the prosperity of the nation mainly depends, and by which the very poor are principally supported. This is the intelligent, industrious, and excellent class of the

community, which has now to suffer so severely, and which bears the sufferings endured in so patient and exemplary a manner. This powerful and respectable body of the people, however, cannot endure these hardships much longer; a change, and an extensive one, too, must soon occur. Relief must be afforded, and most fervently do we pray, that the dark and threatening clouds by which multitudes are now encompassed may be speedily chased away, and that the sun of prosperity may shine out broadly upon them, imparting cheerfulness to their homes, joy and gladness to their hearts, and, through them, diffusing universal comfort and happiness.

Few things distress an intelligent, benevolent, and especially a Christian mind more deeply, than to observe the extreme necessity of numbers of the *deserving* poor of our country, and particularly at this moment, in the rural districts.

These are the persons who are not obtrusive; they do not complain until they are compelled; they do not make a parade of their grievances and miseries. Still, it makes the heart of a philanthropist and a Christian bleed, to perceive what hardships they realize, what miseries thousands of them now endure, and many of them, too, the *very gems* of our country.

Take a few sad examples which have recently come under the observation of the writer. One cottage was entered, where there was a hard-working man, whose wife was ill, and who had two young children.

"What do you earn weekly?"

"Five shillings."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; it is with great difficulty that I can earn six shillings."

"What do you pay for your cottage?"

"Two shillings a-week; so that, on Saturday night, I have three or four shillings to go through the *whole* of the next week; six loaves, at 9d. the loaf, will more than swallow up all."

I well know that the wife of this poor man would have perished from starvation at an *early* stage of her illness, during the winter, had not prompt relief been afforded her, by a neighbouring and respectable family, who unexpectedly discovered the extreme distress suffered. Is not this appalling?

I went into a wretched habitation the other day, where there is a deserving woman at work from morning till night.

"What do you earn weekly?"

"Four and sometimes five shillings."

"How do you live at all, with your *three* children?"

"I scarcely know, Sir."

"Do you have any parochial relief?"

"Two loaves weekly."

"Is that all—can you get no more?"

"No more will be allowed me."

"Do you get any tea?"

"No."

"What do you drink instead?"

"Pea-broth, or *lard-broth*!!!"

"Is it possible! Do you get any sugar?"

"I never see any in my house."

"What do you eat from week to week?"

"Nothing but bread and boiled peas; and have not half enough for myself and children. Formerly, I used to boil up, twice a-day, a saucepan of potatoes; but when they failed, *all* failed."

Is not this shocking! but it is *only one case*, among thousands. A most unobtrusive and excellent female recently made her case known to me, and I have the most satisfactory evidence of her high moral, and even Christian character. I proposed the following queries:—

"Is not your health delicate?"

"It is very uncertain—I cannot work hard; still I am obliged to labour nearly from morning till night."

"What are your weekly earnings?"

"Three shillings."

"Can you earn no more?"

"I might earn one-and-sixpence in addition, but I do the washing for myself and children."

"You have two daughters, have you not? what do they earn?"

"About two shillings each."

"You have, then, seven shillings coming in weekly—is that all?"

"Yes."

"How do you distribute this money?"

	s.	d.
Rent	2	0
Six loaves at 9d.	4	6
Soap for washing	0	6
	7	0

"You have, then, nothing for coals or wood—nothing for shoes or clothes—nothing for butter or bacon?"

"Oh, no! nothing, except what a benevolent person may give me."

"Do you gain no parochial relief?"

"None at present—I have applied, but out-door relief is refused, unless under very peculiar circumstances; when application has been made for a little help, the remark has been expressed: 'no relief except you come into the house.'"

"You are unwilling to go into the house, are you not?"

"Yes."

"On what ground?"

"Not so much on my own account, as my two daughters; they cannot bear, poor girls! to have their hair cut, and to wear the union attire!"

Nor *ought* they to enter; this deserving family should be, and must be relieved. These are the worthy and excellent poor, whom it would be barbarity not to help; and happy is the writer to state, that, through his earnest solicitations, some scanty relief will be afforded to the family just referred to.

In conversing with one poor family and another, my heart has been sadly pained, in marking the hardships which are now endured; and, until the rate of wages be higher, and the summer crops be got in, it is feared that the amount of their sufferings will scarcely be diminished.

What can be more afflictive than the statement of one most worthy man to me recently, the father of a large family, whose health is precarious, who has been laid up twice with illness this winter, and whose constitution requires support—he told the writer, that he has not tasted a morsel of meat for the *last twelve months*; such a thing his family can never think of gaining.

My heart bleeds for such persons—honest, amiable, and industrious. Their temporal condition ought to be improved. They ought to be placed, by their manual labour, in circumstances to enable them to secure a little animal food *once* a day. Nature requires it; the hard-working man requires it; and we hope the day will arrive, in the history of our deserving peasantry, when they will be able to see a little wholesome meat on their table, and when their children will partake with them of that which is so sustaining and invigorating to the physical frame. We want not luxuries for them, but *necessaries*; and, as Shakspeare observes, in *Coriolanus*,

"What authority *surfeits* on would relieve them."

Literary Notices.

Seventh Annual Report of the Crichton Royal Institution for Lunatics, Dumfries.

It is one of the most gratifying proofs of the progress of sound knowledge amongst us, that the unhappy portion of our fellow creatures who are afflicted with disorder of the intellects, often the result of the frightful anxieties which attend a highly artificial state of society, are now in a great measure released from the hard and savage treatment which some years ago was deemed necessary. It is found that gentleness and respect produce their effects on the insane as well as on the sane. Liberty has, therefore, succeeded in a wonderful measure to the strait-jacket; freer exercise, to the chain; and society, to the dungeon. The inmates of this admirable institution are, by judicious classification, advanced gradually to greater degrees of freedom, and thus "to the curable a vista is opened up which closes in liberty." There are in the house work-rooms, a concert-room, and a theatre. The patients are encouraged to work, to read, and even to write. They have a monthly periodical sheet, which is filled with contributions by the patients, which any one might read without any suspicion of *insanity* in the authors, but which no one could read without deep interest in its various papers, containing much excellent reasoning on popular topics, and poetry, often translated from almost every European language. They cultivate musical composition and drawing, others try their skill at philosophy and the drama. One gentleman may be seen seated at his easel, while another is engaged in the most elaborate and beautiful illustrations of some of the works of the Persian poets. The sound of the guitar, pianos, the violin, and flute, may be heard in various parts of the building. One person is engaged in mathematics, another in statistics, and conversations may be heard in French, Italian, or Spanish. They are indulged with a large supply of newspapers from all parts of the world. Promenades and rural excursions are promoted, and numbers of the patients are continually going about in the town and neighbourhood, and attend public meetings, so thoroughly orderly in their proceedings as to attract no attention. The success of these humane plans must be hailed with sincere gratification by every one, as they must become rapidly universal, and tend in the same degree to reduce the amount of human suffering; for how many suffer with each one afflicted with a mental malady? The following translation will be read with pleasure, both from its own beautiful sentiment, and from its being the work of a lunatic:—

ALPINE LAY.

[KRUNMACHER.]

'Mid loftiest Alps God's majesty is spread!
The dawn he painteth red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And washeth them with dew.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps sweet herbs profusely grow;
The genial gales that blow,
Health on their wings convey:
The breath of God are they!
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps the fostering sun the while
Maketh the vales to smile,
The glacier's frozen brow
With rainbow hues to glow.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps the bleating flocks each day
Across the mountains stray;
Fresh pasture still they find,
And plenty leave behind.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps gush streams of silver sheen
The yawning cliffs between;
Fearless the chamois stand
And drink from God's right hand!
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps in peace the shepherd lives,
He knows that he who gives
His tender lambs to feed,
Their master too will heed.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England, from the Revolution of 1688 to the present time. In Seventeen Letters, addressed to the Young Men of Great Britain. By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, Esq. Author of "The True Law of Population." London: Effingham Wilson. 1847.

THIS is a most instructive volume. No work more essentially important to them can be read by the young men of England. It is they who will have to live under, to contend with, and probably enact the extinction of the imminent and daily advancing evils which are here traced from their origin to their now menacing and gigantic greatness. Let both young and old and middle-aged men read and ponder, and lay seriously to heart the solemn facts, and equally solemn reasonings, with which this book abounds. Nothing can be more useful than to see from what a state of ease and comfort this nation has been reduced, and to what a critical condition of debt, pauperism, and political hazard it has been conducted, by the system of wholesale wars, national debt, and taxation, since the boasted Revolution of 1688. Let every man who would understand our present situation, and what it is that really ails us—that makes all struggling, yet sinking—all busy, yet poor—all industrious, yet restless and unhappy, read and mark how taxation has advanced with war; how the dearthness of all articles of life with taxation; how crime has progressed with deepening poverty, like its shadow; and how fatally the load of war-created debt is weighing us down year by year, deeper and deeper.

A moment like the present is the true time for every one to pause, and ask himself to what we are really tending. After thirty years of peace and of unremitted industry, what is our condition? The Whigs, who came in with the great avowed object of retrenchment and reform, laid on 10 per cent. on the assessed taxes to enable us to pay the interest of the debt. It did not suffice; the pressure hurled them from office, and Sir Robert Peel coming in, was compelled to lay on the Property Tax. That does not suffice. At every little ruffle of the season, or of commercial affairs, we are on the verge of revolution and national bankruptcy. The great monster debt goes on sinking us. We cannot contend with the industry of a world under this incubus, and every year, our manufacturing population is crushed deeper and deeper into the slough of poverty and misery. Let any one imagine a man preparing to run a race—and we are running one with the industry of the whole world—taking a still heavier man on his shoulders: let us suppose a man going to fight against a host with his hands tied behind him, or a man essaying to swim across the Thames with a ton of lead on his back, and we get a notion of our present national condition. What shall be the end of it? Let every thoughtful man read this able and most timely work, and he will see. He

will then learn, if he did not know it before, why America, Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and even Russia, are every year flinging away our trade and manufactures. He will see why any of those Powers insults us, and robs, and we dare not resent it. Why we crouch in all international questions, and swagger, are laughed at, and creep out with humiliated attitude. Why Texas, Oregon, Tahiti, Spain, Cracow, and other territories are invaded by the great powers of Europe and America, and we dare not effectually oppose. It is because we have thoroughly crippled our national resources to assail those who now rejoice to trample us down—while at home, famine and daily diminished work, and still more diminishing wages, sap the foundations of our peace, and prepare a dreadful day for the future. This condition Tennyson has admirably described in poetry,

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire."

But this sure-footed fact, this lion—a hungry people—drawing slowly, but certainly, upon the nodding and winking government behind the fire of taxation, which is exhausting itself, is dealt with in cause and detail by Mr. Doubleday; and we especially recommend to the reader his two last chapters, "General State and Prospects of the Country," and "A Few Words on Immediate Prospects."

Mr. Knight's One Volume Edition of the Works of William Shakspeare. To be completed in twelve parts. Parts I. & II. London: C. Cox, King William-street, Strand.

THIS re-issue of a noble and standard work is a boon to the public. To possess the complete works of Shakspeare, plays and poems, in this handsome form, with the carefully corrected text of Charles Knight, the notes and biography, and the illustrations by Harvey, for the trifling sum of one shilling a month, or twelve shillings for the whole, is such a thing as till now would have been pronounced impossible. The enterprise deserves to be supported in as liberal a spirit as it is conceived in.

The Philosophy of Health. By SOUTHWOOD SMITH, M.D. Knight's Monthly Volume. 2 vols. London: Charles Cox, King William-street.

WE are aware that in our criticisms we are apt to appear somewhat eulogistic. The secret, in fact, of our criticism is this:—bad books die fast enough of themselves, if you let them alone. We meddle not, therefore, with them, except they contain really pernicious sentiments, that are likely to influence the public. We prefer in our small space to select, and recommend heartily, those works which heartily deserve it. The present work has won for itself its own deserved fame. We rejoice to see it thus made accessible to every reader. It ought to be in the hands of every young person, and of every mechanic's library and reading-room. The revelations contained in these volumes, of how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, must prove the most powerful incentives to a proper care of our health and strength, and against every vice, excess, and intemperance which will injure the fine and marvellous organization on which depends our comfort, our usefulness, and our very existence. The whole of Dr. Southwood Smith's writings are peculiarly characterised by the desire to give us just views of ourselves and of the gracious Power who made us. They cannot be too much studied for the happiness of the human family.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

The Ten Hours Bill.—By the time this number of our Journal appears, this benevolent bill will have become English law. No circumstance can more strikingly show the strong feeling regarding it which exists amongst all classes, than that the bill has been carried through Parliament in all its stages by large majorities, at a time when, so far from the active state of our manufactories pressing sharply on the labour of those it is meant to protect, the deficiency of business is so great that many mills are actually closed, and most of those working are working only three or four days a week. The legislature very wisely, however, kept its attention fixed on the fact that it was not providing for a single season, but for all seasons; and it was aware that even in this slack condition of business, though labour was restricted to days, the hours of those days were not at all diminished. The master manufacturers who cut off several days in the week, because the demand for goods was small, took care to leave the remaining days as long as ever, and to exact their full pound of flesh.

We rejoice in the passing of the bill. We are as resolved as any persons can be to see women and children protected from a continuance of the hours of labour, which is destructive to the growing and the tender constitution, and is alike fatal to physical and moral health. We have listened to all the arguments of the masters, that the matter should be left to them—that legislation should not interfere; but we have been compelled to remember that the shortening of hours of labour has *never yet* been the work of the masters; it has, on the contrary, been *invariably* the work of legislation. From the days when little children were bought up all over the country from the parish authorities at 5*l.* per head, and conveyed by cart-loads to the manufacturing districts, and were there employed in relays, day and night, in the mills, one set of poor tired creatures turning into the same beds which another just arisen to work had quitted, so that these beds from year's end to year's end never were cold,—from then up to the present time we look in vain for the fact of the master manufacturers having voluntarily, and by agreement amongst themselves, shortened the daily hours of labour. And yet they asked to have this left to them! How long?—They did not say. But John Bright said that he had no objection to the shortening of those hours, only he objected to government interference. This, in fact, was a total concession of the question. It was admitting it to be right and necessary—the mode of doing it was all. But being right and necessary; the public are quite right too in adopting the only mode which, after leaving it for a century to the masters, now has been resorted to.

At the same time, we agree so far with the master manufacturers, that it is beginning at the wrong end of the question. That we should have begun with making trade free, and levelling the incumbrances on our manufacturing system to the scale of the facilities of those foreign nations with whom we have to compete. That, truly, is the right end; but then, with the exception of the abolition of the Corn Laws, nobody cares to begin at this end. Our debt remains; our sinecures and government extravagance remain; reform and retrenchment we hear nothing of; and, therefore, if we wait for the protection of the lives and health of our women and young people till all these things are done, we may go on immolating thousands on thousands. It is much better to begin at any end, so that we do but begin. Evils, we are quite aware, will result from this beginning. We cannot force profits in our present circumstances; and if days are shortened, wages are sure to be shortened too; and the very work-people themselves will probably be the first to cry out against the measure from which they have fondly hoped for relief.

But our trust is, that what is once done will never be undone again; but that it will become an additional necessity for a general, a zealous, and a determined co-operation of the people for the extension of the franchise, and, through it, for a real reduction of our taxation, so that we may be able to manufacture and trade with profit. That once effected, both master and man will be contented with ten hours' labour a day; till we

effect that, we can do nothing for our relief under our crushing load, but shift the burden from one shoulder to the other. The people will never be at ease, never well fed and well clothed, their children will never be well educated, nor themselves be properly paid for a fair amount of labour, till they get a *Bill for shortening the hours of the Debt* which crushes out of them all their share of profit, and their very lives.

Proposal for a Million Fund for the extinction of Monopoly.—SIR,—Allow me to suggest an idea to destroy oppression and monopoly from this country. I propose that a million of individuals shall each subscribe twenty shillings, which gives at once a capital of one million. I propose with it that they shall purchase corn and other things which are required by THE PEOPLE. Let the people give their patronage to such a scheme for good, and oppression will in time be driven from the land.

9, Green-street, Theobalds-road. J. S. SHEPHERD.
Continued extension of Co-operation.—Colchester, May 19th, 1847.—SIR,—A small number, composed entirely of the working classes of this town, having formed themselves into a "Co-operative Society," they are desirous of opening a correspondence with other societies of a similar nature in different parts of the country, for the purpose of obtaining, and, as far as they may be able, of diffusing information on the highly-important subject of co-operation. They conceive that a small space in your Weekly Record would be the most effectual means of putting them into communication with some who are able and willing to lend a helping hand in this work; they, therefore, would feel obliged by your allowing a small space for this purpose.

Any communication addressed to T. B., Post Office, Colchester, will be duly acknowledged.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS BACON.

Juvenile Delinquency.—It is cheering to a thoughtful and benevolent mind to perceive that at last the march of an enlightened liberalism is forcing attention to the condition of the poor juvenile delinquent. We are now happily approximating to that bloom of Christian charity which regards the criminal as a child of the same God, and a brother of the same family, as that to which we belong. Sympathy for the youthful transgressor is now even publicly expressed by those who are compelled to administer his punishment. But the philosophy of juvenile delinquency is not yet understood, nor adequately appreciated even by the most philanthropic. We have been so long taught to consider the offender against the laws of society as a being *only* to be punished, that it is hard to divest ourselves of this prejudice, or to convince us that he is to be dealt with in any other way. And this feeling, however much opposed to philosophy, or to the acknowledged spirit of Christianity, is defended even at the present day, on the ground that it is healthful to public morals, inasmuch as it is an unmistakeable sign of the reprobation with which a breach of the conventional laws of morality is visited by society. So that there is a difficulty to be grappled with in the case even of the *juvenile* criminal, which exists not in reference to any other claimant of public sympathy and consideration. Unfortunately, while we are hesitating or disputing as to the propriety of adopting the preventive or curative mode of treatment, the causes of crime are multiplying themselves, and innocent, God-created children are training for destruction around us. We will take a type of this very numerous class from the every-day life of our own long-vaunted civilized and Christian nation.

There is a *bit* of humanity in the shape of a boy, five or six years of age, standing at the door of a public-house. The night is cold and wintery. The poor child has scarcely a rag to cover him; his little limbs tremble from the combined terrors of hunger, fear, and cold. Yet he is patient; young as he is, he has learnt to bear hardships with a resignation that would do honour to a saint. In that little hell, called a pot-house, there is some one dear to him, yet one whom he dare not approach. Perhaps it is his only friend on earth, or it may be his parent;—it is both; and yet, undeserving the name of either. For see, as

soon as the quick eye of the lad discovers his brutal father staggering towards him, with curses on his lip, he hurries into a hand-cart standing at some distance from the door, and covers himself over with a filthy bag. It seems he had been left in charge of the cart, and his father had threatened to beat him if he did not remain where he left him at the time he went to indulge his "quenchless thirst," in the warm kitchen of the public-house. But the boy, benumbed with cold, and finding his father was so long, ventured to steal out of the cart to learn the cause of his delay. Irritated at seeing the boy out of the cart, the father aims a terrific blow at him, which, but for his own drunken state, and the dexterity of his son, would have stunned the latter on the spot. The boy hurries to the cart, as if for his life, and with tears entreates the forgiveness of his unfeeling parent.

This sight is suggestive of a few thoughts, which may be worth noticing. And without laying claim to the character of a prophet, I think I can predict the destiny of the lad. That beautiful sentiment of our nature, filial affection, is not yet completely chilled in his breast, for his unnatural parent; but it speedily will be. The all-absorbing selfishness of the father will be caught by the son, and in his own defence he will be compelled to deceive, to impose upon, and finally to leave the man, who ought to have been his guide and protector. We cannot well expect that he will meet with better friends in the world, than he found in his own parent. The poor little fellow must live; and then will commence his life of antagonism to society. He has never heard of the eighth commandment, but he feels an internal command to *eat*,—and to obey *that* he must *steal*. He is taken to prison—introduced to more expert thieves—becomes known to the police—and is soon an old offender. The Recorder in passing sentence of transportation upon him laments that one so young should be so depraved, so abandoned, so incorrigible. If he survive the infliction of the merciless sentence, he returns, if possible, more hardened in crime; and finding the laws of society still against him, he becomes a matured scoundrel. He is again transported, and helps to make up the "cargo of Ruffians," so facetiously alluded to on a late occasion by the *philosophic* Lord Brougham in his speech in the House of Lords. This may be said to be for the most part the history as well as the philosophy of crime in this country; and I would ask whether the Recorder, who is paid for punishing this lad, or even my Lord Brougham, who merely condescends to allude to him in scorn, would not have been equally the criminal and the *ruffian*, if placed in similar deteriorating circumstances? Or, is it not possible that that unfortunate child, placed by the "accident of birth" in a purer moral atmosphere, might have been trained to become at least as virtuous, and perhaps as useful a member of society, as either of the favoured potentates alluded to? Nay, there is every reason to hope that by the great Judge of all, whose "ways are not as our ways," he is even *now* held as morally guiltless as they. It is on society that *he* will bend *his* indignation; and those who have scourged and condemned the innocent transgressor (whom he numbers among *his* children) will be visited with retributive justice.

H. H. H.

Plan for Diminishing Suffering in the Slaughter of Animals.—Having been attracted by your open invitation to receive the opinions of individuals on whatever may appertain to the public good,—and having read the communication from a lady of Edinburgh on the subject of "Slaughter-houses,"—I am induced to offer a suggestion in reference to the same subject, which, if you think worthy of insertion, may, I hope, find a place in your forthcoming "Weekly Record."

The guillotine, proposed by Joseph Ignace Guillotin to the National Assembly of the French Republic, with the object, I believe, of rendering more expeditious and less painful human executions, might be much more appropriately and legitimately applied to the decapitation of those animals that form so important a portion of the food of this vast metropolis, and populous empire. In furtherance of this view, I propose the construction of extensive "Slaughter-houses" or "Abattoirs," in each exterior quarter of the capital, and all large towns, on the principle of the guillotine, which, unattended with the tortures almost unavoidably inflicted under the existing system of slaughtering alluded to by your Edinburgh correspondent, should put an immediate end to the lives of those creatures, (whose flesh in our climate is so necessary to human sustenance,) in numbers of fives, tens, or such as the exigencies of the population and season might require.

Actuated only by motives of mercy and humanity, and a desire to suppress the present prolonged and more brutalizing

method of putting to death those animals, and the demoralizing effects consequent thereon, I have ventured to address myself to a subject, which appears daily to be forcing itself on the consideration of the reflecting portion of the community, and the Government.—PHILANTHROPOS.

P.S. The writer abstains from a more detailed explanation of his views, for which he does not take to himself the credit of originality, although he has never heard of or seen a similar proposal as a substitute for the existing method.

The *Rockdale Peace Society* held its first anniversary on the 13th of May. George Ashworth, the president, was in the chair. William Logan, the well-known domestic missionary, and the secretary of this society, the Rev. George Hallat, the Rev. Joseph Townsend, Oliver Ormerod, Henry Kelsall, and the Rev. William Burchell, addressed the meeting. Their chief resolution protested solemnly against the *entire military system*. The Report contains the following striking facts:—

To give an idea of the extent of mortality in the army, it has been ascertained, for example, that of one thousand soldiers from twenty to thirty years of age, stationed in Jamaica, the average deaths amounted in a single year to *one hundred and forty-three*; whilst of one thousand young men of similar ages, engaged in the pursuits of civil life in Britain, the average number of deaths was only *fifteen*. The *Military Gazette* of the 13th of October, 1846, contains the names of *three hundred and twenty-three* soldiers of the 60th and 80th regiments, who died in course of the previous month of June. Joseph Christy, of Reading, stated lately in a note to the secretary,—"A correspondent writes me respecting a regiment abroad that *died out three times*, being kept up by reinforcements from time to time." It has also been computed that, if the mortality were as great throughout the world as it has been in the English garrisons in Jamaica, Bermuda, Hong Kong, Madras, and Bengal, the whole human race would become extinct in about eleven years! The enormous sum of 199,014*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* was expended in recruiting the army during 1846.

"It appears from Parliamentary returns, that from 1839 to 1845 (five years), corporal punishment was inflicted on British soldiers in no less than 14,813 cases. A return has also been recently made to the House of Commons, from which it appears that from January, 1845, to July, 1846, a period of *nineteen* months, there were 337 cases of flogging in the different regiments within the United Kingdom; and that not fewer than 38,770 lashes were inflicted, being an average of about *one hundred and fifteen* lashes in each case of flogging! And in support of this legalised system of deception, slavery, cruelty, immorality, and practical infidelity, we paid in 1846 about 7,263,285*l.*"

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, No. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Aveline, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOWETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, June 6, 1847.



THE EMIGRANT.

THE EMIGRANT'S COMPLAINT.

[We here beg to thank our unknown friend for the drawing which accompanied this poem, and which is this day engraved as our illustration.]

ASLANT the endless woods is shining
The morning sun; I hail its rays.
'Tis Sabbath morn—to man assigning
A truce with toil. My axe shall graze
No bark to-day; shall mar no tree;
The forest hath a truce with me.

No breath of wind the trees is waving;
No sound I hear, or motion see;
The sluggish river's waters laving
The tall reeds, swing them lazily;
Save those, 'tis mute and motionless—
The quiet sleep of loneliness.

For bones and sinews stark and aching
A medicine bland, a grateful cure.
Not for the spirit—wearied, waking,
Travelling on, it must endure.
It cannot sleep or smile at will;
It breaks the tether—onward still!

Nor would I chain it:—it is travelling
To my lost home—to memory dear;
The tangled threads of dreams unravelling,
The past and distant bringing near;
Yet gathering up each filament,
It weaves my web of discontent.

I hear my village church bells ringing,
That pleasant old familiar sound;
And clear and shrill the children singing
Above the organ's roll profound;
The clerk's quaint tone; the deep response;
The curate's voice.—He loved me once!

The stained glass, my childhood's wonder,
It still bepaints the whitened walls.
The worn-out yew I see, and, under
The grave which saddest thought recalls;
I breathe the rose's soft perfume—
The rose I planted by that tomb.

I cannot stay; my heart is swelling;—
My losses, graven on that stone,
The dreary truth to me are telling—
I stand in this wide world alone,
With no kind voice to cheer me on;
For all I loved are dead and gone.

Their shadowy forms are growing clearer;
Their looks of grief and love I see;
I strive to win, to lure them nearer;
I clasp them, and the shadows flee,—
A gleam of sunshine through the mist
Quenched in the snowy cloud it kissed.

Pale phantom-portraits, evanescent,
Oh, let me greet your smiles once more!
Still at my father's house be present,
As ye were in the days of yore!
The sanded floor again I tread,
But ye from thence, alas, have fled!

Strangers around the hearth are sitting,
And laughing at some merry jest;
The time and place how unbecoming!
But I am an unbidden guest,
Am an intruder;—still it wounds
My heart to hear those cheerful sounds.

The man who long hath lost a treasure,
Although it be for ever lost,
Can even find a mournful pleasure
In daily summing up its cost—
A dangerous pleasure, for despair
But growth bolder lurking there.

Though vain the attempt to stifle sorrow,
I still must struggle; urge my mind
To dwell upon the coming morrow,
And hope for what I ne'er may find;
Like mariner in tempest tost,
With rudder broke, and compass lost.

L.

FREE TRADE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

No. VI.—THE DANUBE.

THE vicissitudes of time—the spirit of adventure—the emancipation of trade—and above all, the facilities of communication which the present era has created,—will bring into prominence regions long neglected or forgotten. Nothing is so actively engaged in

“Exhausting worlds, and then discovering new—”

nothing so busy, so insatiate as commercial activity. Curiosity may prompt now and then a solitary explorer,—restlessness will conduct wanderers into before unvisited regions,—misanthropy has sometimes impelled its victims out of civilized into savage life,—nor are there wanting men of the highest intellect, who, under the impulses of the noblest benevolence, have gone forth in the name of science to carry out her exalted mission,—or in the cause of philanthropy to give effect to her still more elevated teachings. But these are solitary isolations. The great mover—the great discoverer—the great invader—is Commerce. It may be degraded down to the merest mercenary pursuit of gain,—and no doubt the love of wealth, the desire to add riches to riches is one of the impelling powers,—no doubt what is called selfishness does to some extent mingle with and alloy the good which is associated with the perseverance and the boldness of mariners and merchants.

Yet in the immense results, it is difficult fully to estimate, and we can scarcely over-appreciate, the contributions to the amount of human felicity which we owe to commercial activity. Among the regions which out of long oblivion are now again engaging the attention of the commercial world, the Danubian provinces are among the most remarkable. Walachia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria stand as it were on the outer edge of Europe—territories half Mahomedan, half Christian, which have been again and again the battle field between the Cross and the Crescent, but which now exhibit, what all the Levant exhibits—the rapid decline and decay of the Mussulman sovereignty, the growth and diffusion of Christian influences—or, in other words, the advance of Western progress and civilization, upon Eastern backwardness and barbarism. The hold which the Ottoman empire has upon the governments of Bucharest and Jassy, is become the merest semblance of authority. The preservation even of the forms of dependence upon the Sultan is little better than a mockery. That dependence was meant to protect, or professed to be meant to protect, these principalities from the domineering influence of Russia. There was to be some alliance, too, between the national government,—the crude representative institutions of the Walachians and Bulgarians,—and their Turkish patrons

—but the iron heel of the Tzar is upon the provinces on the left bank of the Danube. Bulgaria, on the right bank, is at present a recognised part and portion of the Ottoman empire; and like most other portions of that once vast dominion, displays all the symptoms of exhaustion and helplessness which characterize the regions where Islamism has sway. But Walachia and Bulgaria have in them elements of life and vitality. They are at this moment sending immense quantities of grain into Europe—they will be to us a rich resource in the deficiency of our own supplies.

A great historic charm attaches to the Danubian provinces—the ancient *Dacia* of the Roman world. The Rome of old is perhaps less to be seen, less to be heard, on the banks of the Tiber than on those of the Aluta or the Pruth. There would be more of Roman manners discoverable in the Alpine *Dacia*, than in the Italian Apennines—and a language more nearly resembling that of the eternal city is to be listened to at this time among the peasants of Walachia than in the pontifical dominions. Nor is this to be wondered at. If our island—if Great Britain or Ireland should become as Rome was, through many centuries, the scene of successive invasions—if “the well of pure English undefiled” should be polluted by the adulterations of other tongues,—the language of Bacon and Burke, of Shakspere and Sheridan, would be preserved in the United States and in Australia, at the Cape of Good Hope, or the Indian presidencies. It is boasted now,—and there is some truth in the boast,—that the English idiom of the seventeenth century is better preserved in New than in Old England; and while the aristocracy of Walachia are able to talk an almost classical Latin, the universal language of the country sounds more like Latin, and probably more resembles the Latin of the Roman populace, than does any other existing idiom.

One cannot think of the Danube, and of *Dacia*, without being reminded of that master-piece of Byron,—his picture of the Gladiator: so vivid, so truthful. How it brings to view, so full of life, so full of death, the ancient relative position of the Dacians and the Romans!

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
Th’ arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased th’ inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,—
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.—
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

Connected with the various tongues which are spoken by civilized men, there is a field of inquiry deserving much attention, and which has hitherto obtained little or none. I refer to the influence of religion upon language, and more particularly upon the orthography of language. In most of the dialects of remote antiquity, it is easy to trace the Greek and Latin words which the conversion of the people to the Christian faith, and the influence of the Christian priesthood, brought with them. The Celtic tongues in all their varieties,—the *Biscayan*,—and even the Slavonian, the Gothic, and the Scandinavian,—received volumes of words connected with Christian observances, faith, and practice, wholly unknown to the aboriginal idioms. As the famous

statue of Jupiter in St. Peter’s has received the homage of successive generations—formerly as a heathen deity, now as a Christian saint,—as the cathedral at Cordova still exhibits in its various parts the Temple of Idolatry, the Mosque of Islamism, and the Catholic Church,—so the languages of Europe were easily moulded to the necessities of a new form of belief and worship. But the orthography of every language of our portion of the globe which came under the direct influence of the Roman clergy has suffered from the utter unfitness of the Roman alphabet to represent the sounds of other tongues. In our own English, the bases of which are Anglo Saxon, the Roman letters gave us no representative for several of the Anglo Saxon sounds, such as the *th* in *thing*, the *th* in *that*, the *w*, and so forth. In the Slavonic languages, with more than forty sounds, there were only four and twenty letters or signs to represent them. Hence the rude and consonant-crowded appearance of the Polish, the Bohemian, and other Slavonian tongues. So in Gaelic, and Welsh, and Erse, there is no provision in the Roman letters for many of the sounds, which are in consequence represented by combinations altogether inappropriate. The idioms of northern Europe have suffered from the utter inefficiency of the Roman alphabet which the Roman Catholic clergy so universally introduced. In Walachia, far different has been the fate of the language. There the Greek clergy introduced the redundancy of the Slavonian alphabet, consisting of forty letters, to convey little more than half the number of separate sounds; and the Roman alphabet, so thoroughly adapted to the Walachian dialect, was abandoned.

When the Roman colonists settled in the Dacian provinces, they brought with them the language of the Roman people. That language was no more the classical language of Rome, than is the popular tongue of any country that of its highest literature. Quintilian himself complains of the barbarous expressions and acclamations of the Roman mob. (Liv. i. c. 6.) The Latin alphabet continued in use among the people on the right side of the Danube until the 11th century, when they adopted the alphabet which the Monk Cyril had introduced among all the Slavonian natives whom he could influence; but on the left bank the Roman characters were preserved down to the 15th century. Vaillant contends that even at the present moment nine tenths of the language of Walachia is of Roman roots; and that the extent of adulteration or addition from other sources is confined to 750 Slavonic, 500 Turkish, 300 Gipsy, 250 Greek, 150 German, and 50 Magyar words. A great proportion of these are to be traced to the geographical position of the country, and the immediate adjacency of the people from whose dialects they have been imported.

There have been repeated struggles for the restoration of the Roman characters to the Walachian tongue. The best dictionary I am acquainted with, printed at Buda, in 1825, employs both the Slavonic and the Latin alphabets. Its title and a sentence or two will enable the reader to compare the modern Dacian with the ancient Roman.

Lesicon Românescu-Lati- Sen Lexicon Valachico-
nescu-Ungurescu-Nemtescu Latino-Hungarico-Germa-
nucurs de mai multi autori nicum quod a pluribus Auc-
in cursul’ a trideci si mai toribus decursa triginta et
multoru ani s’ au lucratu. amplius annorum elabora-
tum est.

Will the Latin student find much difficulty in translating what follows?

Mai incolo in lontru este Dacia in formă de corona cu grei munti înterită, la acşuror lature quē de stānga quare se aplēcā, şpre mēdiā nopţe si dela inceputul’ riu lui Vistula prē nemēsurate depărtāre vēne poporusul’ nation al Vinidelor au sedutu. Aşuror numē macar che aquum prin declinite familii si locuri se mută, totus

mai cu samă si numescu *Sclavini* si *Antes*. Sclavini de la cetatea noastră, si Sclavino Rumunense si dela lacul quaro se chiamă Musianu pino la Danastru si spre mediă nopți pinô la Viscia lo'cuescu. Aquesti en loc di cetăti an bălile, si pădurile. Er' Antes quarii sunt quei mai tari intră dănsii, quarii se plăcă spre marea năgră dela Danastru se intindu pinô la Danapru quare riuri mult sunt depărtate intra' aine.

Or this passage from Procopius ?

In ante de reboui' Italicu Imperătiă Gotilor din tenutul' Gallilor pinô la marginile Daciei unde ă Cetatea Sirmiu, se intendea. Altmentre fiend ăstea Romanilor in Italia, mare parte a ténutu lui Galicanu si Veneticu lu cuprendea Germanii; ăro Sirmiu si vicinul' ténutu lu avea Gepedela. Totă aqestă parte de pământu cu totu ă lipăiti' di ămeni, quarii despre o parte furô stina de resboiu, despre o parte de pustlă (ciumă) si debôlo quare s'au obcinuit a urmă după resbôie. Iliricu si Tracia totă, Grecia, Chersonesu, si tote ténuturile quare sunt de la gura mării Ionia pinô longé Constantinopol, si poporăle, de când an inceput a impărăte Justinianu, Hunii, Sclavinic, Ante cu năvălirile quele mai in tot anul' cumplēt le an prădau. Cred che mai sus de doă sute de mii cu fie quare năvălire parte furô ucisi, parte dusi en sclavie quāt en tările aqeste mai este a vedere pustile Schiticesci.

Truly this is sufficiently unlike the language of Cicero,—the language of the best days of Rome; but is it not worthy of observation that after the lapse of twenty centuries, and in regions so remote from Rome, there should remain to this hour, in the vernacular language of the Dacian peasantry, so much of the ancient Latin tongue ?

It is a very curious fact, that in the Walachian language there should be preserved among the people many of the words of very ancient Latinity. The *ms* of Ennius, the *Caldus* (Caldus) of Varro, the *lata* of Plautus, the *dichor* (Ichor) of Celaius, and a variety of proper names, such as Corvinu, Corbinu, Armiga, bearing the most antique forms. In the verbs, too, instead of *sim*, *sia*, *sit*, the older type of *flam*, *fias*, *fiat* is found in *fine*, *fi*, *fi*; so has the Walachian taken *escu*, *esci*, *esce*, the representatives of *esco*, *escis*, *escit*, in place of *sum*, *es*, *est*. No doubt the adoption of the Cyrillian alphabet had the effect of carrying away, as it were, the association of Dacian words from their Latin sources—and the restoration of the Roman alphabet would greatly help to renew the broken links. A sound system of orthography would in itself be a great step towards the purification of the Walachian tongue. The modifications of time would be traced in many cases to the habit of simplifying, or euphonizing sounds of difficult utterance. The *d*, for example, modified to a *j*, an *r*, or a *z*—as the Romans themselves employed *arvens* for *advēna*, and *arvocatus* for *advocatus*. Quintilian speaks of the analogy between the letters *d* and *z*; and says, that the harshness of a terminal *d* was modified by the adoption of other letters. He also remarks on the change of the ancient *f* into *k*—as *traho* and *veho* from *trafo* and *vefo*. The Walachians have *hiera* from *fera* (wild beast), *prihana* from *profana* (profane).

Along the banks of the Danube, on both of its shores, there exists towards England a strong feeling of attachment and admiration. In Hungary and Transylvania all the enlightened inhabitants seem to have a vague notion, that the friendship of Great Britain is in some way or other to be associated with their political liberties, and with that emancipation for which they are sighing and struggling. Whatever there exists of popular sentiment in Servia, is dissatisfied alike with Austrian, Russian, or Ottoman influences,—and as England can have no interest alien to the good government of their country, the Servians regard her with sympathy and respect. Bulgaria is too much Islamised

to care much about a remote Christian nation; but even among the Bulgarians there are many who know that an access to the markets of this country would add greatly to the value of the produce of their soil. But in Walachia and Moldavia there are sentiments more akin to those of Hungary,—the political, commercial, and agricultural interests lead them to look to Great Britain with hopes, not to say expectations, that they may ere long occupy a more prominent place in the attention of the British people. How often have I heard the Boyars say—"Look at our fertile soil—see how we are blest with abundance—with superfluity—how cheaply we produce—how full are our granaries.—Why are not the ports of Galatz and Brailoff crowded with English vessels as they are with the ships of other nations?"

There is an old Walachian proverb which says, "Our millet has no skin on the lowlands, and our apple none on the highlands,"—meaning that both are of the best quality. But the agriculture of the Boyars is little worthy of the fine soil and climate they possess. Their valleys are green and gay, as are their extensive plains; through them flow multitudinous streams, and an endless variety of vegetation adorns the land. In Upper Romania, the aspect of the country somewhat resembles Switzerland. Hazels and rose-trees—vast orchards of apple, plum, and apricot trees—immense quantities of the earliest fruits, such as strawberries and raspberries—with the later productions of the autumnal season, nuts and walnuts—and extensive vineyards—added to a great abundance of wild flowers, make a beautiful picture, and present an attractive display of the productive powers of the region.

Elevation upon elevation—ridge upon ridge—each presents its characteristic varieties. At the foot of the hills are the hornbeam, the apple and plum tree, the wild pear tree, and the nut; then on the first rise, the chestnut, the ash, the oak, the beech, and the birch; rye and buckwheat are most prolific, rendering thirty per cent. upon the seed; higher yet are the larch, and the pine, and the box; and still higher, a vegetation upon which the flocks browse in the summer season; while in the highest regions of all, lichens and the rhubarb are found. The plains have the elm and the aspen, the poplar, the cornel, the alder, the linden, the red and white acacia, the common and the fragrant willow; the broom, which grows to an extraordinary height, and the strawberry tree. Wheat is productive, the seed rendering tenfold; maize and millet forty to fifty-fold; and barley, of which there is a great consumption for horses and distilleries. Whenever the agriculture of these provinces receives the attention it deserves, the vine cultivation must be greatly extended. Grapes are produced in abundance, but their quality and their adaptation to the manufacture of wine have been too little watched over. But vines are not wanting in excellent qualities; the vintage is late, because the vineyards are imperfectly cared for; neither the planting, nor the training, nor the pruning, nor the dressing, nor the weeding, nor any of the appropriate precautions and preparations, are fitly provided. Experienced judges say that some of the grapes of Moldavia would, with proper care, produce wines as rich as Tokay. Wines are not the favourite beverage of the Boyars; they have been somewhat influenced by Mahomedan prejudices, and they prefer a stronger drink, which is made of absynth, steeped in the lees of the black grape, which is allowed to ferment and produces an alcoholic liquid. They strengthen their wines by subjecting them to the winter's frost, by which the aqueous particles are congealed, and removed; and what remains is necessarily of greater strength, and possessing more of the inebriating principle.

There are two articles of Moldavian produce whose

growth might be largely extended: tobacco, the quality of which is very superior, and the yellow root (*Rhanus infectiorius*), which is employed for dyeing morocco leather. The restrictive policy of Austria has prevented the extended cultivation of the former; of the latter the exports amount to about a million and a half of pounds.

Silk would become an article of importance in Walachia, but an absurd prohibition has interfered with the cultivation of the mulberry tree about the capital. The plea—the foolish plea—has been, that if cultivated in the capital, it would be abandoned in the rural districts. Strange theory this, but scarcely more strange than the interference in a thousand forms with capital and labour to which ignorance of the fundamental principles of political economy leads; the fact is that the houses of the peasantry, small and badly ventilated, are little adapted to rearing the silk-worm; and their outdoor occupations allow them little time to give the needful attention to the object. In the towns there are multitudes of people—the wives of artisans, widows, and the poorer classes generally, who might find in the silk-worm thread a means of comfortable existence. Bucharest and Jassy are pointed out by Vaillant (to whom I am much indebted for the information conveyed in this paper) as peculiarly adapted to this important produce. The capitals of Walachia and Moldavia are deemed unhealthy, and the introduction of the silk-worm would, it is said, add to their insalubrity. But that insalubrity might probably be removed by proper drainage, better police, and by greater attention to cleanliness. To destroy a productive trade is a very indifferent way of advancing the prosperity of a locality. It has been estimated that six thousand families might find the means of comfortable support by the rearing the silk-worm, with a view to the export trade in silk. When will the intelligence of nations be directed to the development instead of the destruction of the sources of wealth and comfort?

The population of the provinces comprising the ancient Dacia is estimated at about 6,000,000, of whom 3,500,000 occupy Walachia and Moldavia. The great mass of the inhabitants call themselves Romans, and this population comprises most of the opulent and dominant classes. At the other extreme are found the gipsies, in the lowest grade of servitude and slavery, whether domestic or predial. The privileged ranks and even the peasantry boast of their classical origin, and speak proudly of their being fashioned in the Roman mould. The influence of the long domination of the Turks is visible in the general distrust which pervades society, in the utter want of unity of purpose, or nationality of mind. There is everywhere a disquietude, a sense of something wanting to the public security and the public happiness, a vague dreaming that neither their country nor themselves occupy the position to which they are entitled. And Russia and Turkey both have motives strong enough to prevent the growth or the extension of a Dacian feeling. To popularize a national sentiment, civil and religious equality must be established. But in Walachia and Moldavia are two great classes—the opulent, who pay no taxes; the non-opulent, who pay all the taxes. The privileged are the clergy of all ranks, consisting of above 100,000; and the nobility, who amount to 70,000. Dependent upon the Boyars are 240,000 slaves and 10,000 servants, who are also excepted. These, with widows, retired soldiers, etc. make between one-fifth and one-sixth of the population, who are wholly excluded from taxation,—excluded not on account of poverty, but because they are wealthy, or protected by the wealthy. All fiscal burdens fall on the remaining five-sixths of the people.

The emancipation of the Danube is one of the events with which the future is pregnant. At the present

moment the predominance of Russia on the northern banks, and her settlement at Sulina on the southern, just at the mouth of the stream, under the pretence of protecting the public health, has reduced this noble river to a state of abject vassalage. It can be entered or quitted only at the good pleasure of the Tzar. Those abominable codes, the quarantine laws, which profess to be instituted for sanitary purposes alone, are in reality instruments of the most vexatious exactions, and the most intolerable oppression. By these does Russia tyrannize over the Danubian principalities. By these she employs a police, armed with irresponsible and despotic power. By these every traveller, every merchant, is at the mercy of the functionaries of the Lazarets, against whom neither protest avails, nor can protection be found. And so strong are the existing prejudices, that it is easy for an arbitrary government to turn them to account, and to use them as an excuse for every species of misrule.

In ancient times there was a canal from Czernavoda to the neighbourhood of Varna, through Bulgaria. If the Turkish government had sagacity to perceive its own obvious interests, and the power and the will to give effect to any great and important object, one of its earliest and noblest works would be again to establish a direct communication from the Danube to the Buxine, through the narrowest part of the province of Bulgaria. This would become the high road of commercial intercourse. It would reduce the time of conveying merchandize from days to hours. It would bring through its own territories the produce of immense districts of fertile lands; and, independently of strengthening the political position of the Ottoman empire, it would be an undoubted source of wealth and commercial influence. The subject has been mooted in the divan at Constantinople. The work has been defeated by Russian intrigue;—for Russia well knows that the facilities of access to the Danube would greatly tend to lessen her influence, wherever it is exerted mischievously or malignantly. So great an energy, however, as the accomplishment of such a work, is scarcely to be hoped for from a Mussulman government or people. Perhaps the hour may come when the Danubian principalities will of themselves break the chains that fetter them. They have been too long held in ignoble durance. That great stream which flows for hundreds of miles, from the very heart of Europe, through so many regions, and among such various tribes and tongues—that great stream which ought to bear upon its waters innumerable cargoes of wealth, coming from and going to the vast territories through which they flow—represents, as yet most imperfectly, its future destinies. The Danube ought to be as busy as the Elbe or the Rhine. Its own resources, to say nothing of its tributaries, entitle it to become one of the foremost of commercial rivers. Whenever its many capabilities are brought into activity—whenever freedom and facility of access shall open its varied aptitudes to enterprise and to capital—an extensive region will change its character, and opulence and prosperity succeed to that inert hopelessness which now pervades the land.

The Walachians and Bulgarians are proud of their capitals, and have their proverbs to celebrate their praises. Through Bucharest the D'Amoribit flows, and of which the Bucharestians say and sing,—

"D'Amoribit apă dulce!

Quine o bea nu se mai duce." (1)

This reminds me of a benediction I once had addressed to me by an Egyptian woman—"May Allah bless thee, as he blessed the sources of the Nile." But the description Vaillant gives is far from flattering, and I record it for its graphic merit. "The elective

(1) "D'Amoribit, sweet water! He who drinks it never leaves it."

principle has given them no Forum—in spite of a love of independence, their towns are full of slaves; they look to constitutional liberty, yet would maintain the profits of feudal privileges. Bucharest and Jassy have painted on their inner walls the manners of Asia, on their exterior the fortunes of Europe. There is a ceaseless concert of sports, and festivities, and harmonious voices, mingled with the groans and the sighs of slaves. Intrigues have driven politics away, factions have destroyed nationality. Bucharest and Jassy are immense villages, without limits, with nameless streets, and mysterious *wahalas*; one has a circumference of four, the other of two leagues. There may be seen the marshes where the frogs croak and the toads crawl—*meidans*, where the gipsies raise their tents—districts submerged at every spring—pavements broken up, or covered with mud a foot deep—roads in which you pass over dunghills, till you are arrested by an abyss. Handsome hotels, pleasant houses; vast barns, rather than lordly abodes; and in the midst splendid equipages, drawn by magnificent horses, bearing elegant women, dandies, coquetry and pride. Behind, gallooned lackeys, *Ungerréne* in jackets, or Albanians clad in the Roman toga. Waggon laden with wood and straw, dragged by exhausted and famishing oxen; peasants clothed in sheepskins; gipsies naked, or half covered with rags; a constant contrast of luxury and misery—hovels close to palaces, the rich in coaches, the poor in the mud; and in the summer season a thick dust enveloping all:—fit symbol of the universal vanity.”

How much of the earth is still to be explored—what resources to be opened—what opulence to be gathered—what positions to be improved—what felicity to be extended! “Worlds to conquer”—to conquer by devastation and destruction was the want of a warlike barbarian in days of yore:—*we* have worlds to conquer—not by the sword, for mischief and for misery, but by commerce, for wealth and wealth. What a delightful and refreshing contrast to turn from the weary history of marauding monarchs, revelling and rejoicing over cities subdued and territories wasted, to the future onward march of commercial and peaceful triumphs!

Nor with such triumphs will the great cause of freedom be unassociated. Every breeze that wafts a ship into a hitherto unvisited port—every enterprise which establishes a new, or extends an old, field of trading interchange—every social want created or supplied—will in their consequence lead to the diffusion of the elements of improvement. Long and intimate intercourse between civilized and savage life is impossible. The savage is either softened down into a different and a wiser being, or he flies from the communications with which he has no sympathy. He will be either raised in the scale of existence to something like the level of the more cultivated invader, or will disappear from the presence of, and the contact with, intellectual superiority. And this will not be found less true in the long run between oppressed and emancipated nations. The liberties of which England is the representative and the recommendation, have spread their infection through many a people with whom we have had to do. There is a contagion from good as well as from evil. Atmospheres are purified by visitations from afar. A free and a trading nation, though seemingly engaged only in one, has really two important missions to accomplish, and does accomplish them, in spite of all resistance. English influences emancipated America, and, through America, France; and these influences are mightily working in Spain and Portugal, in Italy and Germany.

In the Danubian provinces there are long arrears to pay. They have been infamously used by the various states upon whom they have been made dependent; and for them a better destiny will one day dawn. For Poland, it appears by the letters lately published of Lord

Castlereagh to the Emperor Alexander—letters which do great honour to his political sagacity, some regard was shown at the Congress of Vienna—some effort made to save it from destruction. But towards Wallachia and Moldavia no interest was exhibited; and yet they had, and still have, and will continue to have, many claims upon all who feel that the interests of nations are best understood by nations—that the living man is not, or ought not to be, born and trained alone for sale and sacrifice at the political shambles of hereditary lords—who think that in the laws which rule, the subjects ruled by them are entitled to a voice—that in the services demanded, and the imposts levied, by the few on the many, the many have a right to know why they serve, and for what they pay—in a word, who are not satisfied with a state of society in which a handful of men exercise irresponsible authority, and immense multitudes are condemned to absolute and unprotected vassalage.

VISIT TO O'CONNELL AT DERRYANE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1845.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

[We have been requested by various parties to reprint at this moment so much of the article which appeared in Tait's Magazine, in January, 1846, as related simply to the life and manners of O'Connell at Derrynane; and we accordingly do so.]

The wilds of Kerry, in which Derrynane lies, are by far the most bold and savage in their aspect of any part of Ireland which I have yet visited. To see as much as possible of them, I did not take the ordinary route from Killarney by Killorglin and Cahirciveen, but proceeded to the town of Kenmare, and thence, along the shores of the Kenmare river, to Derrynane.

Passing through Kenmare I arrived at Sneam, where I spent the night. It was a fine Sunday morning, and the roads were black with people streaming along to chapel, for six, and even eight and ten, miles around the country; the women all in their dark-blue cloaks. My driver had furnished himself with a bundle of willow switches, to beat on his horse; and of these he seemed to have great need. The horse appeared to have a particular aversion to motion; and before we had got half-way, the bundle of switches was used up, and the lad descended from the car, and propelled the animal by poking him in the sides with the sole remains of one of the sticks, now reduced to a mere peg. Tree there was none in the country; it was one wilderness of rocks and stony hills; but, by a piece of extraordinary good fortune, we observed a few more willows growing in a garden hedge; and the boy made for them, and began to supply himself anew. From a hill above, however, there came a loud and gruff cry of wrath. There sat aloft, over our heads, several great fellows, who were furious at this plunder of so much valuable timber; and the lad was glad to make his escape with a whole skin. Anon we overtook a poor woman, whose foot was bleeding from a cut with a sharp stone, and I invited her to mount the car; and so we went on for some five or six miles, to the chapel to which she was going. Here she descended, drew on her shoes and stockings on the bank, and then joined the singular and picturesque group of worshippers. These were assembled in crowds round the chapel, which stood on a little hill close to a small village. The dark dresses of the people gave strong effect to the scene, and to an English eye it was striking. Not only in the chapel-yard were hundreds kneeling, but in the streets of the village itself,

under the walls of the cottages, where they could not even get a peep at the chapel. This is a very common sight; more people, often, are kneeling during mass outside than inside of an Irish Catholic church, or chapel, as it is always there styled. If you ask them why they kneel where they can neither see nor hear the mass performed, nor even catch a glimpse of the chapel, they always reply, "Oh, it seems to do them good!" And truly, as is the case with all Catholic worshippers in every country, they have an air of singular devotion. Amongst the people stood a numerous group of young men, with their huge, bandy sticks, ready for a game of hurling, as they there call it, after mass was over.

The way grew ever more and more wild. "Can Derrynane be in so wild a country as this?" asked I of the driver.

"Ay, faith is it, and far wilder," said he. "The Counsellor's house is all amongst the wild mountains; but he has a meadow such as ye'll hardly see any where else."

On turning the brow of a hill, there lay a descending country at the foot of the mountains, of some two miles in extent; there spread out the broad Atlantic to the left; and there, on its margin, amid its mass of embosoming wood, stood forth the gray pile of Derrynane.

As I approached the house, rain came on, and the wild, misty clouds gave a still more impressive aspect to the scene, while the white spray of the ocean was seen, flying high against the rocks, and the roar of the sea came full of majesty on the wind. I made my driver stop at a respectful distance from the house, though I believe, and as it may be imagined in such a country, it was not the first time that a stranger had arrived in such a vehicle—a peasant's car; and advancing towards it, saw the stalwart form of the Liberator passing up the court before me. Turning round, he looked at me for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Ha! Mr. Howitt, do I see you in Ireland? I am very glad to see you."

"It is long since we met," I observed.

"Yes, but you have taken good care that we should hear of you from time to time, by your writings. What delightful books those are which Mrs. Howitt has given us from the Swedish and Danish!"

"Why, do you really find time and inclination to read such books?"

"To be sure. I have read every one of them, except the last, 'Only a Fiddler,' which we have not received yet from Dublin."

While this was saying, we had advanced into the entrance-hall; my upper garment was removed, my portmanteau was already in charge of the staid old servant, so well known to visitors there, and we were ascending to the drawing-room, where I was introduced by Mr. O'Connell to those of his family then present, his amiable daughter, Mrs. French, Mr. Maurice O'Connell, and various guests.

But before we make further acquaintance with these, we must endeavour to receive a clear impression of the place itself, and its environments.

I believe no good view has ever been taken of Derrynane. We have heard a deal of the princely style in which O'Connell lives there, and are therefore led to suppose that his ancestral abode is something quite magnificent. This is not the fact. The house at Derrynane is a good and capacious, rather than a grand house. On the contrary, taking into consideration the fame and standing of the great Irish Liberator, and the hospitality that both his position and his disposition dictate, it strikes one, on arriving at it, as a somewhat modest one. It is the fitting residence of a substantial country gentleman, and nothing more. It is of rather an irregular form, and has evidently been, from time to time, enlarged as became requisite, rather with regard to convenience than to one general design. Thus, you approach it by a sort of open court, formed

by two projections from the main building. The one to your right consists of a part of the house, where, I suppose, the household affairs are transacted, as visitors seldom enter that portion; and of a small chapel which Mr. O'Connell has recently erected, and which is, indeed, not yet internally finished. The projection to your left, of two stories, contains, on the ground-floor, Mr. O'Connell's private study, and over it the library, with the windows overlooking the ocean. A small lobby in this projection first receives you; and advancing from it, you find yourself in a large one; in fact, in the very centre of the house, and where the grand staircase conducts you to the rooms above. Here you find the drawing-room, a fine spacious apartment, running at right angles with the projection containing the study and library, and towards the sea; and the windows on all sides give you views over the ocean, and the rocky hills around, with the plantations close under the house, and the green expanse of meadow between the house and the sea. Beneath this room is the dining-room, of the same dimensions. On the other side of the main staircase, you see a long passage leading to a variety of rooms; but to these, except it be to his bedroom in that direction, the visitor seldom penetrates. The library, the drawing and dining-rooms, are the visitor's quarter, and a more airy and agreeable one he seldom will find. In themselves, they are handsome, and handsomely furnished, with some family portraits, and other pictures; but with nothing that at all savours of a spirit of pomp or ostentation. They are handsome, home-like rooms, such as befit the abode of the country gentleman, or the reception of the prince, the noble, or the simple and unassuming man of taste. You feel that it is the house of one who has far higher claims to distinction than such as are derived from the mere splendour of abode. And what other house can show you such views from its windows? From the middle of a green wood you gaze down over a green meadow to the sea, which runs up into a sort of bay before the house, bounded by the high and stony ridge of Lamb Head, which shuts out the Kenmare river. Beyond the Kenmare estuary, you catch the view of the high and craggy point of that long promontory which separates Kenmare river from Bantry Bay. To the west, the eye follows the shores below the house, to where protrudes, far into the ocean, the green but wild foreland called the Abbey Island; because, in spring tides, it is sometimes separated from the mainland, but at other times can be reached across a narrow sandy neck on foot. In the corner, or inner sweep of the bay, formed by the running out of the Abbey Island from the mainland, you see the ruins of the old Abbey of Derrynane; whence the house of the Liberator is still often called Derrynane Abbey. Out at some distance, in the ocean, in the same direction, you observe two lofty, insulated rocks, called Scariff and Dinish, of a bold and noble aspect, something like Ailao Craig, off the coast of Scotland. Such is the view seaward from Derrynane; and when the ocean waves come swelling in with wind and tide, dashing their milky spray high over the black rocks which here and there stand aloft in the waters, and climbing, in snowy whiteness, the craggy shores in every direction, there is a wild grandeur about the scene which can rarely be surpassed. If we then walk out, and turn our gaze in an opposite direction, especially to the north and east, we find the place shut in by a sweep of noble mountains, reaching an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet. These form what is called in England acombe, or sheltered hollow, which is protected from all the severe winds, and builds a little secluded region of greenness and mildness; so mild, indeed, that the fuchsia and the hydrangea are seen blowing there in great beauty in the open air. The house stands sufficiently elevated to command the fine sea view, and partly that of this

green hollow, and its bold circle of craggy mountains. The house is partly battlemented, and the walls are all tiled from ground to roof with gray stone tiles; a defence against the action of the elements, no doubt found very necessary here, exposed as the house is to the winds and salt spray from the stormy Atlantic.

On the north side of the house lie the court-yard, farm-buildings, and offices; and, separated from these by the highway, lie, in the bosom of the sheltered hollow, the gardens. These are spacious, and very delightful. You cross an outer plot; pass under a sort of tunnel, or archway, of some ten yards or so, and find yourself in a lovely flower-garden, with bee-hives standing here and there, and a beautiful spring of water, covered with a fanciful canopy of shell-work; and farther on you see still more tempting garden-walks, and masses of trees, half concealing the rocks and hollows at the foot of the hills, which form the natural boundary to these pleasant gardens. As you advance, you come to a fine orchard, in the most central and sheltered part of this hollow; in one place you ascend a few steps, and find a little square platform on the boundary-wall, with seats round it, giving a splendid view of the mountains eastward; in another, you advance up a close woodland-walk, and arrive at a summer-house, on a rocky knoll, giving one complete and airy view over both sea and land. Descending again by another path, you discover, at the foot of the rocks, a simple rural seat or bank, overhung by the trees, and with the flower-garden lying displayed at your feet.

This seat used to be the favourite resort of the uncle of Mr. O'Connell, from whom he inherited Derrynane. This old gentleman, who seems to have been a man of both powerful physical frame, and lofty moral character, lived to within one year of a hundred. He was for some years blind before his decease, and delighted to sit here, where, beneath the fresh canopy of trees and rocks, he could hear the distant sound of the sea. That sound, so full of majesty, seemed not only to soothe him, but to bring, as it were, a visible perception of the scenes around, in which it made so grand a figure, and to call up the vivid acts and images of his past life.

"There was no fear of death in his strong and prepared mind," said Mr. O'Connell, one day, as we passed this place. "In front of this seat, at some distance, grew a splendid ash tree. Once, having sat for some time as in deep thought, he said,

"Daniel, I have a favour to request of you."

"Of me, uncle; what can that be?"

"Measure me the girth of that tree."

"I did so, and told him what it was."

"I thought so," he said. "I thought it was as large as that. The favour I would ask, Daniel, is, that that tree may now be felled."

"May be felled? What, the tree you have always seemed to take such pleasure in?"

"Yes, I would have it cut down."

"Then certainly let it be cut down. There is no occasion to ask the permission of me."

"Yes, as this place will be yours, I would not do any thing without consulting you. I thank you for giving me leave to fell this tree, and now I will tell you for what purpose I would fell it. It is to make my coffin of its wood. I have for some time thought that it would be large enough, and I now find that it is. Send for the carpenter."

"The carpenter was sent for. 'Now, carpenter,' he said, addressing him, 'I want you to make my coffin. You must cut down that ash; saw it up into boards of an inch and quarter thick, and of twenty-two inches deep; the entire boards will be large enough both for that, and for the bottom and lid of a suitable proportion. As for the length, what do you think that should be?'"

"The carpenter, running his eye over the fine old

man, and considering in himself for some time, replied:—

"I should say seven feet, your honour."

"Seven feet! Why, I never stood more than six feet three; age has something decreased my height, but death, I know, will stretch me out again to a certain degree; but, seven feet! why that is the proportion for a giant; let it be six feet five."

"With this the old gentleman dismissed the man and the subject. The tree was felled; the boards sawn and seasoned, and the coffin made according to his directions."

This anecdote strongly reminded me, as it will others, of the singular scene in Miss Bremer's story of "The Neighbours," in which *Ma chère Mère* orders *her* coffin.

The plantations which thus embosom these charming gardens, and the house also, are of considerable extent, and have pleasant drives through them in different directions. Taken in contrast with the bareness of the surrounding country, and the rugged character of the hills, they present a very attractive and refreshing mass of verdure to the eye. They are, however, but young, and have, I believe, been for the most part planted by the Liberator himself.

The meadow lying between the plantations and the sea, presents, from the house, a most agreeable object; and offers one of the most charming places for walking, while the emerald billows are booming on the hard sands. Here, on Sunday afternoons, and on holidays, in the fashion of Catholic countries, the peasantry also assemble to a game of hurling, or a dance; and the Liberator and his family often go out, and walk amongst them, and give a livelier zest to their sport by the interest they take in it. The sea-sand, by that admirable provision of Providence, seen wherever a low shore is seen, has been thrown up into a bank, which the sea-grass has grown upon, and with its roots knit, as it were, into ocean-proof firmness; the sea thus creating its own barriers. The meadow actually lies below the water at high-tide; and, were the bank to give way, the whole meadow, and part of the plantations, would be overflowed. Of this there are some fears, from the looseness of the sand at a part called the Gap, or Dead Man's Gap, from funerals formerly having been carried along the shore to the abbey, and through this gap. To favour the accumulation of sand, thorns and stakes are driven down on the shore, which seem to answer the purpose; yet not so as entirely to allay all fears of the effects of some tremendous tempest from the west.

Walking along this meadow on Sunday afternoon, with Mrs. French, and one or two other visitors, I observed a troop of people blackening all the road at some distance along the shore, and making towards the Abbey Island. Another moment, and the loud sounds of lamentation revealed what was the cause of this sombre concourse. It was a funeral. It was the first time I had seen an Irish funeral; and, especially in this striking scene, on the wild-looking Abbey Island, and amid the ruins of the abbey itself, the opportunity was not to be lost. Accompanied by part of the walkers, I hastened after the throng, and became a witness of this strange ceremony.

As I drew nearer, the aspect of the place and people became more and more impressive. I was soon crossing the sandy hollow, over which the waves dashing at high tides, resolve what is otherwise only a promontory, into the Abbey Island. Behind me rose the bold, rocky shores of the mainland, crags upon crags, and hills beyond hills, stretching away still higher and more wildly inland; while amongst them were perched the huts of the people, half peasantry, half fishers. To the right lay a small, well-sheltered harbour, with a hooker, or sort of yacht, belonging to Mr. Maurice O'Connell; to the left, the ocean; and before me, the high, craggy knolls of the island, and the naked ruins of the abbey



DERRYNANE ABBEY.

church in the foreground, just at hand. The nets of the fishermen were spread to dry on the sandy swells about, while the fishermen themselves had joined the dark groups who were assembled around the abbey, where the mourners were now sending forth the loud chorus of their melancholy cries. A more striking scene could scarcely present itself. The ruins, merely those of the abbey church,—a building of the plainest description, like most country churches in Ireland,—stood close on the rocky margin of the sea, above the broad beach which stretches below, but up which now the waves were rolling, foaming, and thundering in magnificent strength. Their voice of ancient sublimity mingled itself solemnly with the shriller cries of the people, whose fathers, from generation to generation, the hoary ocean had seen coming hither, with wail and gesture of grief, to deposit their dead. Within the ruins, all was one dark mass of mourners; and around, on the turf, and amid the rocks projecting here and there from it, were scattered separate groups, who were down on their knees, flinging their arms about in a frantic fashion, and uttering thrilling cries of lament. The sombre throng was the greater, as it is a custom in the rural districts of Ireland, for all who meet a funeral to turn back and follow it, so that sometimes the procession is swelled immensely.

One would have thought that this violence of grief, accompanied by so much action, must have quite worn them out, when one called to mind, that from the hour in which the deceased expired, the principal group had been engaged in "keening," or bewailing the dead, with lights burning before the coffin. Some of those with me, however, assured me that on these occasions they do not neglect to take sufficient refreshment; and that the scene, if observed by an English eye, would sometimes draw forth a smile in the presence of death. The mourners will howl, and lament, and get into a perfect frenzy of correspondent action; but on some one coming in, they will suddenly break off, bring out the whisky bottle, and eat, and drink, and become quite merry over the gossip of the neighbourhood; and then, after a good interval, as if awaking to the renewed sense of their loss and their duty, will recommence their wailings.

On this occasion I observed, that even the most energetic lamenters lifted up their heads at our approach, and took a sly side-peep at the visitors from Derrynane; when, having satisfied their curiosity, they went off again in their not inharmonious exclamations, which, I was told, recited the virtues of the dead. What greatly surprised me, was, to observe no priest amongst them performing any burial service; and this, I am told, is quite common, owing to the wide district where often only one priest resides; and where, therefore, taken with their other daily duties, the attendance on all funerals would become next to impossible.

The men, I observed, all stood with their hats on. Nor did another discovery the less surprise me. I looked for the grave, and found that there was none! Near the coffin stood two men, with the narrow potato-spades of the Irish, which have long handles and no crutches; and, after a good long time of lamentation, they began to shovel away the earth and turn out the stones, and, in fact, to make a grave! This, too, I understand, is a common custom in that part of the country. As this fact made it obvious that it would be a considerable time before the funeral was over, I quitted the spot, and returned thither the next day to take a more leisurely view of the ruin. I now saw that they had made this grave close to the tomb of the O'Connells. Very deep it could not have been made, under the circumstances, yet deep enough to have lodged the bones of a former tenant.

What a singular scene is a rural burial-place in Ireland! With a strong feeling of the sanctity of the spot, they cling to those old ruins of churches and abbeys: yet how few traces are there of that neatness and external adornment of the cemetery which seem to mark the affection of survivors for those who are gone! It is seldom that you find inscribed tombs and headstones, except of the rich. The common herd lie mingled in the common earth, with scarcely any distinguishment but a rude stone, of perhaps a foot high, gathered on the spot, and set upright on the centre of the grave. The whole of the interior of this ruin was filled with the dead, laid close as possible, side by side, and was consequently studded thickly with those short, rude, unheaven stones of memorial. This crowding into this roofless ruin, was owing to the feeling of the greater sanctity; for without was almost limitless space; yet

(1) Not in actual mourning; but only dark-looking, from their dark blue coats and cloaks.

within there was but one grave, the tomb of the O'Connells, which had any inscription. Without, it was the same. I could not discover one stone, and that a flat one, with one inscription. Every other evidence of the neatness which distinguishes an English graveyard, was wanting. The bones which had been dug out of the grave of yesterday, were laid on the next grave, and a few stones piled upon them,—a faint trace of the old habit of piling the cairn over the dead. The boards of the old coffin were thrown into a corner, where my companion on the occasion assured me they would lie and rot. At the east end, where the high altar had been, a considerable quantity of disinterred bones were laid, and stones piled upon them; and both within and without, amongst the long grass of the graves, lay about these unsightly boards of old disinterred coffins. It is no doubt the poverty of the common people which has led them to retain the old habit of merely raising a rough stone in memory of the dead; but it were to be wished that they studied a little more the decorous aspect of their burial-places, by interring again the bones, and burning the coffin boards.

In the south-west corner of the abbey ruin stands an object of interest to the visiter,—the tomb of the O'Connells. Here rests Mrs. O'Connell; and here will, doubtless, one day rest the remains of the man who has made his name familiar throughout the world, for his exertions in behalf of his oppressed country. This is a plain altar-tomb, set close into the corner; and on the western wall above it, a Gothic arch encloses an iron cross. On the tomb is inscribed—

DOM.

Erected to the Memory of
DANIEL O'CONNELL TOWNLEY, of Derrynane, Esq.,
Who departed this life 1770, full of years
and virtues.

Also of MARY his wife, &c. Also of
MAURICE O'CONNELL, Esq.,

their son, who erected this monument. The chief ambition of his long and respected life was to elevate an ancient family from unmerited oppression. His allegiance was pure and disinterested: his love of his native land sincere and devoted. His attachment to the ancient faith of his fathers, and to the Church of Christ, was his first pride and his chiefest consolation. He died on the 10th of February, in the 97th year of his age. They loved him best who knew him most. May his soul rest in eternal peace!

This date, Mr. O'Connell assured me, should be ninety-nine. Why the old gentleman, at the latter end of his life, persisted in depriving himself of two of his years, never could be understood.

From the dead, however, we come back to the living. It is well known that O'Connell has not only always been enthusiastically attached to those wild hills and shores of Derrynane, but that he has as enthusiastically followed the chase there. His pack of harriers, of native breed, are known all over Europe; and the ardour with which he has followed them daily from hill to hill, when he has retired from the field of national agitation, for a season, to the mountains of Kerry, is regarded by himself as one of the most efficient causes of the maintenance of that almost gigantic frame and constitution, which have enabled him to battle for half a century with the evils and the enemies of his country. To the present hour, when he has reached his seventieth year, that ardour remains unabated. At the mention of the stern beauties of his native region, and at the cry of his hounds, the spirit of Irish enthusiasm kindles visibly in him; and, as in the arena of national exertion, he scorns to be second in the field. It is worth the journey from England, to join O'Connell in a hunt on his mountains.

To those who are accustomed only to the turn-out of an English field-day, to the troop of red-coated horsemen scouring over the hedges and ditches of a level country, the hunting here must be novel indeed. If you will ride here after the hounds, it must be on goss, and not on horses. Your field is one wild chaos of rocks and crags, from one ascent to another; now clambering aloft to catch sight of the pack, whose sonorous cries you hear; and now rushing down to gain some other eminence which shuts out the view. It is not at ten or twelve o'clock either that the pack will throw off. O'Connell is up by peep of day, and out with his hounds into the mountains. Even to this day, the only indulgence that he allows himself, on these occasions, is to ride a horse up the steep road from his house to some spot near the scene of action. At six o'clock in October he is out. About a score of hounds, the number which he prefers to the whole pack, are seen drawing near the house from the kennel. Gentlemen are turning out, furnished with leaping-poles; and a troop of such wild-looking fellows as Ireland only can produce, are hanging about, ready to give their necessary assistance as scouts and beaters on the occasion. There are two huntsmen in red caps and red jackets, armed with the same staves. The Liberator appears also grasping his; and away goes the throng towards the heights.

The life of O'Connell at Derrynane has always been that of an old clan chieftain; and when you see him, and his friends, and his followers, thus setting out for the chase, you are irresistibly reminded of some graphic sketch in the novels of Walter Scott. But the huntsmen and the tribe of followers have dispersed over some of the steep fields at the foot of the hills, and are beating over the bushes. There is a period of watching and expectation, while the hounds silently traverse the ground in all directions, with busy noses; and as silently stand the Liberator and his friends on some neighbouring eminence, awaiting the discovery of the hare. At once a hound gives mouth; the rest run, at the cry, in his wake; there is a general joining in the joyful clamour; and the hare is seen careering away up the valley. Now, then, for the hills; and luck to him who has a nimble foot and a free chest, for he will need them. From this moment, all is excitement and eager pursuit. Round the hills circles the started hare, and is found and lost,—seen, and again only traceable by the cry of the pursuers. Now all is silence,—the hounds have lost the scent, and again the musical peal of voices comes streaming fuller and fuller down the wind. Here is the bewildered hare coming directly upon you. Still! There she stands, reared on her hind legs, and listens in the very midst of you. But now!—she catches the view of you, and is gone over crag and hollow like a flying shadow. The scouts are already on every hill top. There is a whistle,—she is seen by one of them, who points from his airy elevation the way that she is taking. The huntman's voice, shouting "Forwards, forwards!" is heard, and once more the pack is upon the track. Louder grows the cry, more eager, more continuous. Away! down the rugged brae, or you are too late! Here come the eager pack close on the flagging victim; and a loud halloo announces that the chase is over!

Thus does it go, from one romantic region to another; now winding along the green and lofty mountain side; now lost amidst savage projecting crags, that frown far above you, and streamlets roaring and tumbling down the dizzy depths far below you; and now, from some far commanding point, taking in a glorious survey of hills and ocean, the wide plain of Waterville, or the distant rocky islands of the Skelligs, or the splendid bays of Ballinskelligs, Valentia, or the distant Dingee.

Afternoon sees a motley throng descending the winding road from the mountains, down towards Derrynane. The light hue of the dogs, and the scarlet gleam of the huntsmen's costume, are prominently visible; and as

they draw near, you wish for a painter to give you the picturesque and weary company on a broad canvass. It were a picture which, at a future day, when the great and the little men of the present generation are gone from the scene, and the Liberator and his agitations for emancipation and repeal are become matters of history, and of a more impartial judgment than can perhaps be arrived at by us, would be gazed at with intense interest by our children. That stalwart and manly figure in the centre; the men who surround him, often characters of note and influence in the political world; the dogs, a peculiar old Irish race, many of them with long shaggy coats, with serious faces and erect tails, trotting on as if from some great achievement; and they who crowd behind, in raiment and with locks as wild as their own hills and moors,—what most prodigal elements for a splendid painting by Landseer!

But the Liberator and his friends betake themselves to the house,—it is the important hour of six. The hospitality of Derrynane is proverbial. Few whom the love of travel, or the curiosity to see the Great Agitator in his mountain home, draw thither, depart without being asked to take a refreshment; and never, during O'Connell's stay there, is the house without guests, and those often numerous. There is generally a considerable company assembled at dinner; and the drawing-room, at other hours, is often vocal with a troop of the Liberator's grandchildren, of whom he has no fewer than six-and-thirty! Nowhere does O'Connell appear to more advantage than in the midst of his own family. He seems to be particularly happy in his family relations. Children, grandchildren, guests, and domestics, appear animated by one spirit of affection and respect towards him. It speaks volumes, that within doors and without, in his own neighbourhood, the enthusiastic attachment to him is perhaps greater than any where else.

The person of O'Connell is too well known to all the English world to need any description here; but no one can avoid being struck with his appearance as you see him at home. That large figure, built like one of the ancient round towers of his country, arrayed in a reddish, well-padded dressing-gown, and the Repeal cap upon his head,—thus you see him seated at breakfast, generally at a side-table by himself, for the convenience of reading his letters and newspapers, which the postman, early in the morning, brings over the hills from Cahirciveen. The Repeal cap is of green velvet, with a narrow gold band surrounding the upper part in Vandykes; thus, for all the world, resembling to the eye a crown. Thus arrayed, the Liberator—a title constantly used by his servants and friends—reminds you of some old king in a German story; but no old king in any German story ever occupied that position of importance, or exercised that moral influence which the Irish Agitator exercises at this moment. While he opens letter after letter, or glances over the columns of every newspaper published in Ireland, besides English and French ones, which have issued from his capacious post-bag, the workings of a gigantic machinery, in daily operation, for compelling this great country to do justice to his long-abused native land, are laid open to his eye; and thoughts which will to-morrow send out an electric action to every nook of Ireland, sit solemnly on his brow. The accuracy with which that machinery works, and how well all its movements and results are known to the great director of them, a simple fact may demonstrate. Two days after I left, he was setting out on his tour of Repeal agitation. At dinner he said, "At Cashel I shall have 500,000 of the Tipperary boys to meet me." The report of that gathering in *The Times* afterwards showed how well founded was the assertion.

Another point, which strikes you in a visit to Derrynane, is that which springs from Mr. O'Connell's particular faith. As a Catholic, he possesses a mighty

hold on the minds of his countrymen. And he is no mere nominal and careless Catholic. He keeps a domestic chaplain or confessor, the jolly-looking Father O'Sullivan; and it at first somewhat startles you to hear, perhaps, during the day, a sound of merry children's voices from the drawing-room, and on entering, behold, amid all the noise and childish laughter, the holy father walking to and fro, as if totally unconscious of the juvenile racket around him, with his breviary in his hand, muttering his prayers. In the observances of his religion, O'Connell has always been seriously zealous and regular. Seeing this, people have often said, "Can this be genuine, deep-feeling of religion, or is it policy? Can such a masterly intellect as that of O'Connell really be spell-bound by the puerilities of many of the Catholic rites and dogmas?" The thing is perfectly simple and easy of belief. For my part, reverencing the sacred right of fullest liberty of conscience and opinion, and accustoming myself to look with a friendly sympathy on the practices of all religious sects, I see daily how omnipotent are the spells of habit and education, and especially how the heart clings to the veriest baubles of a religion that is persecuted. Lord Shrewsbury, in his book on the Ecstasies, not only relates in profoundest faith all the marvels of those singular women with the bleeding stigmata, facts perfectly explainable on mesmeric principles, but gravely relates that St. Loyola was in the habit, by the very force of his religious zeal, of elevating himself into the air, and was found in this state, more than once, four or five feet from the ground. "Can his lordship really believe such nonsense?" ask the readers. No doubt of it. Education and a persecuted religion have made far more than that easy to his faith. So with O'Connell. We see him paying reverence to what in our eyes are exploded fables; nay, more, to what are in principle totally opposed to that zeal for liberty which has always distinguished him, and made him ever ready to come forth at public meetings in defence of the rights of black, white, or copper-coloured man. One morning, on opening his letter-bag, he exclaimed, "Bravo! I have got it!" "What is that?" I asked. "It is *The Cambridge and Oxford Magazine*, containing Smythe's Defence of the Jesuits,—the first defence by a Protestant of that much misrepresented body of men." I could only smile to myself. It was the advocate of universal liberty rejoicing in the defence of the greatest band of spiritual tyrants which ever stood in the onward path of humanity! But this needs not a single word. The defence of a body of men with a world's history against them, and at this moment ripe for a fresh expulsion from every country in Europe, for their domineering interference with the progress of political freedom, and with the sanctity of domestic life,—is a thing which is beyond the capacity of any form of words. But such are the anomalies of mind produced by education and riveted by persecution.—At nine o'clock every morning, the bell at Derrynane rings for mass. From all parts of the house, troop the members of the family, visitors, and servants, to the chapel; and for one hour the whole place is as still as a tomb. At ten, breakfast is served, and then commence the ordinary affairs or amusements of the day. Such is O'Connell at Derrynane.

Such was O'Connell at Derrynane. He is now amongst those whom man as well as God brings to judgment. It will, however, require some time before that judgment can be pronounced on the earth with full impartiality. At no period could he have possibly quitted life when the results of that life would appear to shrink into such minuteness. Besides Catholic Emancipation, what has O'Connell achieved for his country? Never had a great drama of life a more melancholy ending.

The champion retires to die at a distance—his country is perishing at home. If we regard him as sinking after gigantic efforts, overmastered by mighty circumstances, there is a tragic grandeur in the end; if, as having sacrificed an immortal name to personal and family considerations, how sad and how humiliating is the close! Let us wait, and hear evidence. In the meantime, if we doubt of the dead, let us not doubt of ourselves or of human nature. Whatever be the fiat of posterity on him who came forth in his youth, and diffused hopes brilliant as the rosy blush of morning, and who, in his old age, will sleep in that desolate ruin by the melancholy sea—let us continue his cry, for it is a genuine cry, and has still a genuine power in it—let us continue it with all the heart and integrity of Englishmen—"JUSTICE TO IRELAND!" Never had she such need of it.

LIFE IN MANCHESTER.

LIBBIE MARSH'S THREE ERAS.—WHITSUNTIDE.

BY COTTON MATHER MILLS, ESQ.

THE brightest, fullest daylight poured down into No. 2, — Court, Albemarle Street, and the heat, even at the early hour of five, was almost as great as at the noontide on the June days of many years past.

The court seemed alive, and merry with voices and laughter. The bed-room windows were open wide, (and had been so all night on account of the heat,) and every now and then you might see a head and a pair of shoulders, simply encased in shirt sleeves, popped out, and you might hear the inquiry passed from one to the other:—

"Well, Jack, and where art thou bound to?"

"Dunham!"

"Why what an old-fashioned chap thou be'st. Thy grandad afore thee went to Dunham; but thou wert always a slow coach. I'm off to Alderley,—me, and my missus."

"Aye, that's because there's only thee and thy missus; wait till thou hast gotten four childer like me, and thou'll be glad enough to take 'em to Dunham, old-fashioned way, for fourpence a-piece."

"I'd still go to Alderley; I'd not be bothered with my childer; they should keep house at home."

A pair of hands (the person to whom they belonged invisible behind her husband) boxed his ears at this last speech, in a very spirited, although a playful manner, and the neighbours all laughed at the surprized look of the speaker, at this assault from an unseen foe; the man who had been holding the conversation with him, cried out,

"Served him right, Mrs. Slater; he knows nought about it yet, but when he gets them, he'll be as loth to leave the babbies at home on a Whitsuntide, as any on us. We shall live to see him in Dunham park yet, wi' twins in his arms, and another pair on 'em clutching at daddy's coat tails, let alone your share of youngsters, missus."

At this moment our friend Libbie appeared at her window, and Mrs. Slater, who had taken her discomfited husband's place, called out,

"Elizabeth Marsh, where are Dixons and you bound to?"

"Dixons are not up yet; he said last night he'd take his holiday out in lying in bed. I'm going to 'old-fashioned place,—Dunham."

"Thou art never going by thyself, moping!"

"No! I'm going with Margaret Hall and her lad," replied Libbie, hastily withdrawing from the window

in order to avoid hearing any remarks on the associates she had chosen for her day of pleasure—the scold of the neighbourhood, and her sickly, ailing child!

But Jupiter might have been a dove, and his ivy-leaves an olive-branch, for the peace he had brought, the happiness he had caused, to three individuals at least. For of course it could not long be a mystery who had sent little Frank Hall his Valentine; nor could his mother long maintain her hard manner towards one who had given her child a new pleasure. She was shy, and she was proud, and for some time she struggled against the natural desire of manifesting her gratitude; but one evening, when Libbie was returning home with a bundle of work half as large as herself, as she dragged herself along through the heated street she was overtaken by Margaret Hall, her burden gently pulled from her, and her way home shortened, and her weary spirits soothed and cheered by the outpourings of Margaret's heart; for her barrier of reserve once broken down, she had much to say, to thank her for days of amusement and happy employment for her lad, to speak of his gratitude, to tell of her hopes and fears—the hopes and fears which made up the dates of her life. From that time Libbie lost her awe of the termagant in interest for the mother, whose all was ventured in so frail a bark. From that time Libbie was a fast friend with both mother and son; planning mitigations to the sorrowful days of the latter, as eagerly as poor Margaret Hall, and with far more resources. His life had flickered up under the charm and the excitement of the last few months. He even seemed strong enough to undertake the journey to Dunham, which Libbie had arranged as a Whitsuntide treat, and for which she and his mother had been hoarding up for several weeks. The canal-boat left Knott-Mill at six, and it was now past five; so Libbie let herself out very gently, and went across to her friends. She knocked at the door of their lodging room, and without waiting for an answer entered.

Franky's face was flushed, and he was trembling with excitement, partly from pleasure, but partly from some eager wish not yet granted.

"He wants sore to take Peter with him," said his mother, as if referring the matter to Libbie. The boy looked imploringly at her.

"He would so like it, I know. For one thing, he'd miss me sadly, and chirp for me all day long, he'd be so lonely. I could not be half so happy, a-thinking on him, left alone here by himself. Then Libbie, he's just like a Christian, so fond of flowers, and green leaves, and them sort of things. He chirrups to me so when mother brings me a pennyworth of wall-flowers to put round his cage. He would talk if he could, you know, but I can tell what he means quite as one as if he spoke. Do let Peter go, Libbie! I'll carry him in my own arms."

So Jupiter was allowed to be of the party. Now Libbie had overcome the great difficulty of conveying Franky to the boat by offering to "slay" for a coach, and the shouts and exclamations of the neighbours told them that their conveyance awaited them at the bottom of the court. His mother carried Franky, light in weight, though heavy in helplessness; and he would hold the cage, believing that he was thus redeeming his promise that Peter should be a trouble to no one. Libbie preceded to arrange the bundle containing their dinner, as a support in the corner of the coach. The neighbours came out with many blunt speeches, and more kindly wishes, and one or two of them would have relieved Margaret of her burden, if she would have allowed it. The presence of that little crippled fellow seemed to obliterate all the angry feelings which had existed between his mother and her neighbours, and which had formed the politics of that little court for many a day.

And now they were fairly off! Franky bit his lips in attempted endurance of the pain the motion caused

him, but winced and shrank, until they were fairly on a macadamized thoroughfare, when he closed his eyes, and seemed desirous of a few minutes' rest. Libbie felt very shy, and very much afraid of being seen by her employers "set up in a coach;" and so she hid herself in a corner, and made herself as small as possible; while Mrs. Hall had exactly the opposite feeling, and was delighted to stand up, stretching out of the window, and nodding to pretty nearly every one they met, or passed, on the footpaths; and they were not a few, for the streets were quite gay, even at that early hour, with parties going to this or that railway station; or to the boats which crowded the canals in this bright holiday week. And almost every one they met seemed to enter into Mrs. Hall's exhilaration of feeling, and had a smile or a nod in return. At last she plumped down by Libbie and exclaimed,

"I never was in a coach but once afore, and that was when I was a-going to be married. It's like heaven; and all done over with such beautiful gimp, too," continued she, admiring the lining of the vehicle. Jupiter did not enjoy it so much.

As if the holiday time, the lovely weather, and the "sweet hour of prime" had a genial influence, (as no doubt they have,) everybody's heart seemed softened towards poor Franky. The driver lifted him out with the gentleness of strength, and bore him tenderly down to the boat; the people there made way, and gave him up the best seat in their power; or rather, I should call it a couch, for they saw he was weary, and insisted on his lying down—an attitude he would have been ashamed to assume without the protection of his mother and Libbie, who now appeared, bearing their tickets, and carrying Peter.

Away the boat went to make room for others; for every conveyance both by land and by water is in requisition in Whitsun-week to give the hard-worked crowds an opportunity of tasting the charms of the country. Even every standing place in the canal packets was occupied; and as they glided along, the banks were lined by people, who seemed to find it object enough to watch the boats go by, packed close and full with happy beings brimming with anticipation of a day's pleasure. The country through which they passed is as uninteresting as can well be imagined, but still it is country; and the screams of delight from the children, and the low laughs of pleasure from the parents, at every blossoming tree which trailed its wreaths against some cottage-wall, or at the tufts of late primroses which lingered in the cool depths of grass along the canal banks, the thorough relish of everything, as if dreading to let the least circumstance on this happy day pass over without its due appreciation, made the time seem all too short, although it took two hours to arrive at a place only eight miles distant from Manchester. Even Franky, with all his impatience to see Dunham woods, (which I think he confused with London, believing both to be paved with gold,) enjoyed the easy motion of the boat so much, floating along, while pictures moved before him, that he regretted when the time came for landing among the soft green meadows that come sloping down to the dancing water's brim. His fellow passengers carried him to the park, and refused all payment; although his mother had laid by sixpence on purpose, as a recompense for this service.

"Oh, Libbie, how beautiful! Oh, mother, mother! Is the whole world out of Manchester as beautiful as this! I did not know trees were like this. Such green homes for birds! Look, Peter! would not you like to be there, up among those boughs? But I can't let you go, you know, because you're my little bird-brother, and I should be quite lost without you."

They spread a shawl upon the fine mossy turf at the foot of a beech tree, which made a sort of natural couch, and there they laid him, and bade him rest in spite of

the delight which made him believe himself capable of any exertion. Where he lay, (always holding Jupiter's cage, and often talking to him as to a play-fellow,) he was on the verge of a green area shut in by magnificent trees, in all the glory of their early foliage before the summer heats have deepened their verdure into one rich monotonous tint. And hither came party after party; old men and maidens, young men and children—whole families trooped along after the guiding fathers, who bore the youngest in their arms, or astride upon their backs, while they turned round occasionally to the wives, with whom they shared some fond local remembrance. For years has Dunham park been the favourite resort of the Manchester work-people; for more years than I can tell; probably ever since "The Duke," by his canals, opened out the system of cheap travelling. It is scenery, too, which presents such a complete contrast to the whirl and turmoil of Manchester; so thoroughly woodland, with its ancestral trees, (here and there lightning-blanced,) its "verdurous walls," its grassy walks leading far away into some glade where you start at the rabbit, rustling among the last year's fern, and where the wood-pigeon's call seems the only fitting and accordant sound. Depend upon it, this complete sylvan repose, this accessible depth of quiet, this lapping the soul in green images of the country, forms the most complete contrast to a townspeople, and consequently has over such the greatest power to charm.

Presently Libbie found out she was very hungry. Now they were but provided with dinner, which was of course to be eaten as near twelve o'clock as might be; and Margaret Hall, in her prudence, asked a working man near, to tell her what o'clock it was?

"Nay!" said he; "I'll ne'er look at clock or watch to-day. I'll not spoil my pleasure by finding out how fast it's going away. If thou'rt hungry, eat. I make my own dinner hour, and I've eaten mine an hour ago."

So they had their meal, and then found out it was only about half-past ten o'clock, by so many pleasurable events had that morning been marked. But such was their buoyancy of spirits that they only enjoyed their mistake, and joined in the general laugh against the man who had eaten his dinner somewhere about nine. He laughed most heartily of all, till suddenly stopping, he said,

"I must not go on at this rate; laughing gives me such an appetite."

"Oh, if that's all," said a merry-looking man, lying at full length, and crushing the fresh scent out of the grass, while two or three little children tumbled over him, and crept about him, as kittens or puppies frolic with their parents; "if that's all, we'll have a subscription of estates for them improvident folk as have eaten their dinner for their breakfast. Here's a sausage pasty and a handful of nuts for my share. Bring round a hat, Bob, and see what the company will give."

Bob carried out the joke, much to little Franky's amusement, and no one was so churlish as to refuse, although the contributions varied from a peppermint drop up to a veal-pie, and a sausage pasty.

"It's a thriving trade," said Bob, as he emptied his hatful of provisions on the grass by Libbie's side. "Besides, it's tip-top too to live on the public. Hark! what is that?"

The laughter and the chat were suddenly hushed, and mothers told their little ones to listen, as far away in the distance, now sinking and falling, now swelling and clear, came a ringing peal of children's voices, blended together in one of those psalm tunes which we are all of us familiar with, and which bring to mind the old, old days when we, as wondering children, were first led to worship "Our Father," by those beloved ones who have since gone to the more perfect worship. Holy was that distant choral praise even to the most thoughtless; and when it in fact was ended, in the instant's pause

during which the ear awaited the repetition of the air, they caught the noon-tide hum and buzz of the myriads of insects, who danced away their lives in that glorious day; they heard the swaying of the mighty woods in the soft, yet resistless breeze; and then again once more burst forth the merry jests and the shouts of childhood; and again the elder ones resumed their happy talk, as they lay or sat "under the greenwood tree." Fresh parties came dropping in; some loaded with wild flowers, almost with branches of hawthorn indeed; while one or two had made prize of the earliest dog-roses, and had cast away campion, stitchwort, ragged robin, all, to keep the lady of the hedges from being obscured or hidden among the commonality.

One after another drew near to Franky, and looked on with interest as he lay, sorting the flowers given to him. Happy parents stood by, with their household bands around them in health and comeliness, and felt the sad prophecy of those shrivelled limbs, those wasted fingers, those lamp-like eyes, with their bright dark lustre. His mother was too eagerly watching his happiness to read the meaning of the grave looks, but Libbie saw them, and understood them, and a chill shudder went through her even on that day, as she thought on the future.

"Aye! I thought we should give you a start!"

A start they did give, with their terrible slap on Libbie's back, as she sat, idly grouping flowers, and following out her sorrowful thoughts. It was the Dixons! Instead of keeping their holiday by lying in bed, they and their children had roused themselves, and had come by the omnibus to the nearest point. For an instant the meeting was an awkward one on account of the feud between Margaret Hall and Mrs. Dixon; but there was no long resisting of kindly Mother Nature's soothing at that holiday time, and in that lovely tranquil spot; or if they could have been unheeded, the sight of Franky would have awed every angry feeling into rest, so changed was he since the Dixons had last seen him; since he had been the Puck, or Robin-goodfellow of the neighbourhood, whose marbles were always rolling themselves under people's feet, and whose top strings were always hanging in nooses to catch the unwary. Yes! he, the feeble, mild, almost girlish-looking lad, had once been a merry, happy rogue, and as such often cuffed by Mrs. Dixon, the very Mrs. Dixon who now stood gazing with the tears in her eyes. Could she, in sight of him, the changed, the fading, keep up a quarrel with his mother!

"How long hast thou been here?" asked Dixon.

"Welly on for all day," answered Libbie.

"Hast never been to see the deer, or the king and queen oaks? Lord! how stupid!"

His wife pinched his arm, to remind him of Franky's helpless condition, which of course tethered the otherwise willing feet.

But Dixon had a remedy. He called Bob, and one or two others, and each taking a corner of the strong plaid shawl, they slung Franky as in a hammock, and thus carried him merrily along down the wood-paths, over the soft grassy turf, while the glimmering shine and shadow fell on his upturned face. The women walked behind, talking, loitering along, always in sight of the hammock, now picking up some green treasure from the ground, now catching at the low-hanging branches of the horse-chestnut. The soul grew much on that day, and in those woods, and all unconsciously, as souls do grow. They followed Franky's hammock-bearers up a grassy knoll, on the top of which stood a group of pine-trees, whose stems looked like dark red gold in the sunbeams. They had taken Franky there to show him Manchester, far away in the blue plain, against which the woodland foreground cut with a soft clear line. Far, far away in the distance on that flat plain you might see the motionless cloud of smoke

hanging over a great town; and that was Manchester, old, ugly, smoky Manchester! dear, busy, earnest, working, noble Manchester; where their children had been born, (and perhaps where some lay buried,) where their homes were, where God had cast their lives, and told them to work out their destiny.

"Hurrah for oud smoke-jack!" cried Bob, putting Franky softly down on the grass, before he whirled his hat round, preparatory for a cheer. "Hurrah! hurrah!" from all the men.

"There's the rim of my hat lying like a quoit yonder," observed Bob quietly, as he replaced his brimless hat on his head, with the gravity of a judge.

"Here's the Sunday-school childer a-coming to sit on this shady side, and have their buns and milk. Hark! they're singing the Infant School grace."

They sat close at hand, so that Franky could hear the words they sang, in rings of children, making (in their gay summer prints, newly donned for that week) garlands of little faces, all happy and bright upon the green hill side. One little "Dot" of a girl came shyly near Franky, whom she had long been watching, and threw her half bun at his side, and then ran away and hid herself, in very shame at the boldness of her own sweet impulse. She kept peeping behind her screen at Franky all the time; and he meanwhile was almost too much pleased and happy to eat: the world was so beautiful; and men, and women, and children, all so tender and kind; so softened, in fact, by the beauty of that earth; so unconsciously touched by the Spirit of Love which was the Creator of that lovely earth. But the day drew to an end; the heat declined; the birds once more began their warblings; the fresh accents again hung about plant, and tree, and grass, betokening the fragrant presence of the reviving dew; and—the boat time was near. As they trod the meadow path once more, they were joined by many a party they had encountered during the day, all abounding in happiness, all full of the day's adventures. Long-cherished quarrels had been forgotten, new friendships formed. Fresh tastes and higher delights had been imparted that day. We have all of us one look, now and then, called up by some noble or loving thought, (our highest on earth,) which will be our likeness in Heaven. I can catch the glance on many a face; the glancing light of the cloud of glory from Heaven, "which is our home." That look was present on numbers of hard-worked, wrinkled countenances, as they turned backwards to cast a longing, lingering look at Dunham woods, fast deepening into the blackness of night, but whose memory was to haunt in greenness and freshness many a loom, and workshop, and factory, with images of peace and beauty.

That night, as Libbie lay awake, revolving the incidents of the day, she caught Franky's voice through the open windows. Instead of the frequent moan of pain, he was trying to recal the burden of one of the children's hymns:—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In Heaven we part no more,
Oh! that will be joyful" etc.

She recalled his question, his whispered question, to her in the happiest part of the day. He asked, "Libbie, is Dunham like Heaven? The people here are as kind as angels; and I don't want Heaven to be more beautiful than this place. If you and mother would but die with me, I should like to die, and live always there." She had checked him, for she had feared he was impious; but now the young child's craving for some definite idea of the land to which his inner wisdom told him he was hastening, had nothing in it wrong or even sorrowful, for

"In Heaven we part no more."

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

The Health of Towns Bill.—We are glad to see that it is the intention of ministers to carry this bill, if possible, this session. Lord John Russell, in stating on Monday, the 1st instant, what ministers proposed with regard to bills before the House, declared that they attached much importance to this, and wished to see it passed this session. Now, therefore, is the time for all the friends of the measure—that is, all the friends of cleanliness, health, and comfort to the community—to bestir themselves, and by pouring in petitions from all quarters, to support ministers in their good intentions. When we have seen from the statistical reports what is really the condition of London, and our other large towns: that in Whitechapel the average of life is but twenty years; that in Spitalfields it is little better; that the rate of mortality is so advancing, that in the last quarter of the year, ending March 31st, there is in a limited number of districts six thousand and thirty-five deaths above the corrected average; that in London alone thirty-eight persons die daily in excess of the rate of mortality in the immediate neighbourhood; and that in that city, in seven years, i. e. from 1838 to 1844, the excess of deaths has been 97,873; of children alone, 58,961.

We call upon the public, therefore, to petition Government to save the lives of about 14,000 persons annually in London alone! To save the lives of upwards of eight thousand children annually in London alone! And if in London, how many thousands annually throughout all Great Britain!

That is just what we ask for. Not merely for the removal of nuisances, and the opening of drains, and the better arrangement of dwelling houses; but first, that our fellow-creatures, to the amount of scores of thousands annually, may be saved from premature death; and that while they do live, they may live in cleanliness and comfort. If there be a man who loves his race, let him, as soon as possible, put his hand to a petition for the carrying of this bill. If a man were known to be unjustly condemned to die, how many thousands would hurry to petition for his reprieve; but here we are called on to reprieve hundreds of thousands from unjust deaths—deaths inflicted on them by unwholesome abodes, and pestilential effluvia from want of drainage and ventilation. Let the philanthropist recollect that all means of moral or religious amelioration are and will be of little avail till the sanitary condition of the people be taken care of. Before the 14th of June, every one may have an opportunity of saving many lives annually, and diffusing much health and comfort amongst his fellow-men, and especially the poor, by supporting this essential measure by prompt petitioning.

Grand Demonstration of the National Land Company at O'Connorville.—By far the most prominent and successful movement which the people are making at present, is amongst the Chartists. They have set themselves earnestly since 1846 to accumulate savings and purchase lands, and settle themselves upon them, under the guidance of Mr. Feargus O'Connor. Many entertain serious fears lest the plan should issue in difficulties and disappointment from the scheme which it embraces of borrowing money on one estate to purchase others with, so as to have a complete concatenation of mortgages, which in times of difficulty, or failure of crops from bad seasons, may operate to endanger and disorganize the whole affair. At present, however, everything proceeds most prosperously. Within two years, they have collected a capital of upwards of 80,000*l.*, and purchased two estates, on one of which, this of O'Connorville, many families are located in their cottages. O'Connor is most indefatigable in his exertions, and the utmost confidence of ultimate success prevails amongst the Chartist body. May it be realized; for it certainly is a great experiment on the co-operative principle, and every attempt to incite the working classes to accumulate and secure property, is deserving of the warmest commendation. We cannot help thinking, however, that a union of trade with agriculture, must give a more certain element of stability to such a plan. When the seasons are unfavourable to crops or cattle, on such small allotments as four acres, if the poor man's cow dies, or his corn or hay is spoiled by wet

weather, what is to bear him up through it? Nothing could be so secure a safeguard against this, as the union of trade. How many domestic trades, as shoemaking, tailoring, straw plaiting, and the like, may be carried on. What is to prevent in such a village a manufactory of some kind being carried on? As of hats, paper, cloth, etc.? By such arrangements as would enable part of the family to unite in the trade of the place, and the other to pursue the agriculture, and occasionally all to unite in getting into the ground the seed, or into the barn the crop, as is done by the peasantry of Silesia, we cannot imagine a more happy or healthy state of society.

On this occasion, great numbers of visitors crowded into the new settlement both from London and the neighbouring country; and amongst the most prominent, both in inspecting the buildings and improvements, and also on the platform, and at the dinner, was Mr. Cochrane, the candidate for Westminster.

Progress of the Operative Bakers' Movement for shortening the hours of labour, and the abolition of night-work.—A public meeting, numerously attended, was held in the assembly-rooms of the Horns Tavern, Kennington, on Saturday evening, May the 22nd. Charles Cochrane, Esq., the candidate for Westminster, was unanimously called to the chair amidst loud cheering, and said he accepted the honour they had conferred on him with a great deal of pleasure. The journeyman bakers were truly the victims of bad circumstances, cooped up in the bakehouse, and at all times at the beck and call of their employers. He need scarcely state that it was utterly impossible that any class could suffer more than did the journeyman bakers. This was not only their cause, but the cause of their wives and families; and it was their duty to profit by every circumstance that offered to remove the load of evil which oppressed them, not by a resort to violence, but by coolly and dispassionately resolving to persevere until every semblance of tyranny and oppression shall cease, and thus convince their employers they were in every way worthy to be treated as men. (Loud cheers.) There was no class of operatives, save the bakers, that could not calculate on some time which they could call their own. (Cheers.) Operatives do not generally work more than twelve hours daily, out of which they were allowed time for meals; and why should not that useful man, the baker, be equally well treated? (Loud Cheers.) But, alas! the baker commenced his toil when most other operatives were retiring to rest, viz., at ten or eleven o'clock at night; and not even the Sunday was sacred to him.

The Wilderspin Testimonial.—Is it proposed to raise a thousand pounds by a penny subscription amongst children, for a testimonial to the friend of children, Mr. Wilderspin. It is also proposed that each child, so contributing, shall accompany the penny by its autograph, so as to form a curious record of this event. Any mothers or governesses who would undertake to join in this work of love, and will forward to us either money or penny stamps, with the autographs of the little subscribers, shall have them duly forwarded to the proper quarter.

Bristol Temperance Festival, in the Zoological Gardens.—The holiday at Whitsuntide is but too frequently in large towns marked by much drunkenness and consequent disorder. The gentlemen at the head of the temperance cause in Bristol, feeling that the most effective way to prevent the injurious employment of a festival is to afford the people the means of innocent gratification, have for the last five or six years engaged on Whit-Tuesday the beautiful Zoological Gardens, within a pleasant walk from our city, and opened them to the public at a very low admission fee, providing in the gardens ample means of refreshment and innocent amusement, and only prohibiting the use of any intoxicating liquors on the premises. The plan has answered admirably; every year the gardens have been more thronged, this year more than 18,000 having been admitted, and we have never heard of any disorderly conduct, or wilful damage to the plants or animals. The streets of Bristol are certainly more orderly than in former years, and the disgraceful exhibitions of inebriety are less often

observed. This year, above a thousand young teetotalers with their teachers arrived by the railroad from towns and villages in the vicinity, and joined the members of the Bristol Juvenile Society in Queen's-square, at an early hour. This spot, it may be remembered, was once the scene of dreadful riot and incendiarism; the large square was crowded now for a very different purpose, and it excited feelings of joy and thankfulness in those who watched the long procession winding through the streets to Clifton, that these boys and girls, the future men and women of our country, were engaging in a voluntary act of self-denial, and firm resistance of temptation, and that if they persevered to the end, they might save themselves and others from one of the most overwhelming evils of our country. The day was beautiful, the rather tardy spring had come forth in all its luxuriant loveliness, and from twelve o'clock till nine in the evening, the gardens were crowded with happy groups. Here were throngs visiting the various houses of the animals;—there groups of children, and some even of "larger growth," were amusing themselves with swings, roundabouts, etc.; family parties might be seen quietly enjoying themselves under the trees, or by the cool reservoirs; while in another part, a large waggon, converted into a temporary platform, was occupied by celebrated temperance speakers, whose eloquence attracted large crowds around them. All quietly dispersed at nine o'clock, when the rising rocket gave the appointed signal. We believe that such seasons of innocent enjoyment, not unminged with rational entertainment and words of wholesome counsel, have a higher good than the mere withdrawal from hurtful pleasures; they refresh and soften the heart, open it to the sweet influence of nature, and warm the social affections; we hope that temperance will lead the way to many such holidays from the carking cares and sometimes dull monotony of daily life.

M. C.

Co-operative Excursion.—On Whit-Monday a number of the members and friends of the Co-operative League, being desirous of connecting rational enjoyment with the spread of their principles, determined to spend the day together, in a rural excursion to the vegetarian establishment, Alcott House, Ham Common, there to commune together on the advantages of co-operation. Those who were able, started early in the morning, and the remainder of the friends continued to arrive during the day. A vegetable dinner, consisting of several kinds of pies, puddings, and fruits, was provided by the proprietors of Alcott House, for such as chose to partake of it, at a trifling cost, and was the subject of considerable amusement; others of the friends whose fleshly appetites could not brook so simple an entertainment, formed pic-nic parties, or betook themselves to neighbouring places of accommodation. At half-past two o'clock, according to agreement, a co-operative meeting was held on the lawn adjoining the house, Mr. Hawkins presiding. Mr. Lane addressed the friends with his usual ability, pointing out the hindrances which existed to the complete success of the co-operative principle; dwelling on the necessity of co-operation being based on the religious sentiment, and contended that it ought not to be regarded solely, or even principally, in a selfish point of view, as a means of procuring greater quantities of food or clothing; but as an advance towards a higher and purer condition of life, and as being more in accordance with the laws of the Creator; he also enforced his views of the superiority of vegetable diet; arguing against the use of flesh, and the slaying of animals, as tending to brutalise man's nature, and requiring large appropriations of the soil for rearing animals, which should be cultivated to furnish food for man. The cause of co-operation was also successfully pleaded by other friends in speeches abounding with sound argument, persuasive appeals, and glowing contrasts of the evils, misery, and degradation of the present system of antagonism and competition, with the improved condition of the human race in that "good time coming" when co-operation shall have done its perfect work. The meeting lasted an hour and a half, and the friends then separated to enjoy the country. Tea was served on the lawn, and dancing filled up the remaining time. On the way home the spirit of joyous hilarity was not to be restrained, and healthy and invigorating songs, and spirited recitations, followed each other in quick succession. The day was altogether of the most interesting character, and gave general satisfaction. It is intended to have similar excursions through the summer, and as drinking and smoking will be excluded, it is hoped that they will prove not only recreative, but also educational.

The Song of the Tramp.—SIR,—I have read your *Journal*, and it seems to me like the voice of the people, honest, earnest,

and strong. I enclose the Song of a Tramp for publication, should you think it worthy. Being no grammarian, I dare say it is incorrect; but as it is the song of a wayfarer, before his feelings were deadened by the hardships of the road, it may give you pleasure to know how the men in fustian jackets feel sometimes.

I.

On lofty Cheviot's towering brow
All purely lies the crowning snow;
And bold his sides, now sternly gray,
Stand forth to meet the sunny ray;
While far below the Tweed's glad vales
Are gently fanned by vernal gales.

II.

By sullen Till I wander lone,
Here stealing slow and darkly on,
Yet soaring skylarks sweetly sing,
And daisies bloom to greet the spring;
And sweet on yonder budding tree
The thrush is singing loud and free.

III.

Sing on, sweet bird! thy melting lay
Hath chased my darkest cares away.
Sad, roving here in search of toil—
A boon denied with careless smile—
Alas! we homeless wanderers find
That man to man is still unkind.

IV.

Yet sing, sweet bird! the joyous song
Thrills keen my bosom's chords among;
Sweet! like my Jean, when low and clear
Her soothing accents meet my ear;
Like hers thy heartfelt gladness pure
Still nerves my spirit to endure.

Birkenhead.

JAMES DICKSON.

THE LETTERS ON LABOUR,

BY WILLIAM HOWITT;

AND

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE AMERICANS,

BY MARY HOWITT;

Including those of THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY; MISS CUSHMAN; ELIHU BURRITT; FREDERICK DOUGLASS; WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON; and others in preparation, will shortly be published in a compact, neat, and portable form. The whole of both these works will be carefully corrected and enriched with additional information, will be published at the lowest possible price, and sold by all the agents of *Howitt's Journal*.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olave, in the City of London, and publisher for the Proprietor by WILLIAM HOWITT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, June 12, 1847.



HEIDELBERG.

FROM A PAINTING IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

By J. B. FINE, Vice-President of the Society.

HEIDELBERG.

From a Painting in the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists; by J. B. PINE, Vice-President of the Society.

BEAUTIFUL HEIDELBERG! What painter has not desired to paint thee! what poet to live in thee! In the ruined towers which this picture now places beneath our eyes, there is one old man, who, driven from his native country, France, by the fury of the Revolution, has taken up his abode there, and has spent a whole life in giving to canvas his conceptions of its beauty. From day to day, aloft in his ancient turret within the castle court, may the venerable M. Graimberg be seen, seated assiduously at his never-ending task of portraying from some new point, or under some new aspect, his beloved old haunt. Peace has long returned to his native land; the way back is wide open to him; restored fortune and title invite him to return and spend the evening of his days where they began; but no, his heart is inseparably wedded to Heidelberg, and in Heidelberg to its peerless castle.

And to how many thousands besides M. Graimberg is Heidelberg a charmed place, a paradise of the heart! Who, from whatever country he come, thinks he has really seen Germany, if he have not seen Heidelberg! English, French, Italian, Swede, Dane, all turn their steps towards Heidelberg, and unite in the universal tribute to its loveliness.

The artist has here given us the place from a point of view in which he has consulted general effect rather than peculiar beauties. We have the noble old castle standing on its vantage ground, overlooking its subject town, and the great plain of the Palatinate, with the Vogesen mountains shutting out the distance and France together. We have the delightful Neckar gliding away, not between those enchanting hills, and forests, and old castles, and towns so old, which environ it all the way from Heilbronn, but pursuing its way over the open champaign to the Rhine, which faintly gleams in the distance. We have the castle itself turning towards us the very plainest of its façades. You might imagine a great portion of it as the ruin of some huge factory or convent, so plain and perforated is it with hosts of windows; but to the familiar eye, how many exquisite examples of finest architecture are inwardly visible! Over these plain walls peep the peaked roof and statue-crowned pinnacles of the chapel, and convey the imagination and the memory to that broad balcony which seems to hang in air on its front, and to that interior court, where the magnificent broken fountain, and the rich arabesques of the Otto building, and the statues of saints, demi-gods, and old Palsgraves, alternately solicit attention.

But from our stand here where the artist has placed us, we look right down into the dear old city, and are once more a happy inhabitant of it. There is scarcely a spot, a house, a roof, a chimney, that is not familiar to us. There is the market-place, with its town-house turning its long back to us; and the Church of the Holy Ghost rising in its centre, where Protestant and Catholic worship side by side at the same hour, each in their own moiety of the sacred fabric. The mile-long Haupt-strasse, or High-street, runs right on, swarming with jaunty students, and simple country people, and lounging police, and tradesmen equally lounging, leaning against their door-posts, with pipe in mouth, and ever nodding recognitions to passing acquaintance. We spy out the university, the old post-office, and the lightsome bridge over which for years we almost daily passed to reach the woods and mountains beyond.

There is not a spot in all this landscape that is not to

us full of beauty and interest. To the right smokes the village of Neunheim, through which we reached the beautiful Bergstrasse, and took our frequent walks past the ruined house where Luther spent a night on his way to the Diet of Worms, and so on to the castle of Handschusheim, and the lovely Valley of the Seven Mills. In that far-off, and, to the strange spectator, monotonous plain, lie many places of delight to our memories. There is visible the straight line of that apple-tree skirted road, which conducts you to the palace of Schwetzingen, with its fountains, its statues, its noble lime-tree avenues, and open-air concerts. There stand those remnants of the ancient Hardt Forest, beneath whose lofty pines we have wandered many a mile in the pleasant summer weather, and where memory still places us in the midst of a group of dear friends, now far and widely scattered—some into the regions of eternity; and where we still see that Swedish lady seated at the foot of a mighty pine, singing the national song of The Old Gothic Lion, till the peasant girls cutting grass in the glades of the wood came forth, and with brandished sickles kept time to the strain.

But on what side of this enchanting old place do not haunts of perpetual beauty and joy rise up to the memory! The Wolf's Brunnen, with its legend of the fair Jetta; the Neckar, with its grape-green water; and lofty cliffs, and valleys branching away into the old forests, with all their hidden villages and rustic mills. Ay, the Stift Mill, with its vernal squalls, in March eagerly sought for, and its famous coffee, drank under blossoming apple-trees; the Bierhalter-Hof, in the midst of the woods; the lofty tower of the Kaiserstuhl; the nearly equally lofty ruins of the monastery on the Heiligenberg, overlooking the huge Rhine plain, with all its towns and villages, Spire, Mannheim, Ladenburg, Worms, and the distant heights of the Heidenmaur and the Donnersberg.

To the stranger these are unknown names. Thousands visit Heidelberg, and ascend to its castle, and wander through its delightful gardens, and listen to the band playing, often from its great round tower, and hang for a while on its balcony, gazing with delight over the far-below-lying city, and up its beautiful valley, and then away again, carrying with them a sunny but confused recollection of a genuine elysium. But they who pitch their tents here for a longer time, from day to day discern that the charming scenes of the city environs themselves, are but one very small portion of a country full of natural delights. They plunge into the wide-spreading forests, visit old villages, ascend mountains, traverse the primitive Odenwald, and make everywhere new discoveries of loveliness, and an Arcadian tranquillity. To spirits that have worn and fretted themselves in the jostling life of such a place as London, and yet have retained the poetry of feeling in their bosoms, with what a soothing effect do the life and the scenery of Heidelberg present themselves. No nature can be more congenial, and no scenes more powerful to charm the poetic eye. And in such a place you are sure to meet with people of kindred tastes, and with all the qualities that make society delightful. Not that the place itself affords them—no place less; but England, and America, France, Denmark, and Sweden, send thither some of their noblest children; and it is these that give to the spot the most lasting charm in your memories.

In that spacious mansion, directly below the woods of the foreground of this picture, in which for two years we resided, Jean Paul Richter used to enjoy an evening revel, Wordsworth has lived, and the Emperor Alexander of Russia, proceeding on his march to France in the rear of Buonaparte, desired to take up his abode, and so much delighted in it, and its overhanging woods, and terraced walks, that he has left above its

door a brass plate, with an inscription calling on every Russian hereafter to respect and spare that house.

On the spot where Mr. Pyns has now placed us, Goethe has stood, and Schiller, Uhland, and Freiligrath; Andersen, the Dane, and Frederika Bremer, the Swede, have wandered; Bulwer, and Campbell, and Coleridge, have gazed in admiration; and many another of the sons and daughters of genius, from almost every civilized land. In those towers once lived Elizabeth of England, Queen of Bohemia. In the little church at the foot of the castle-hill sleeps Olympia Morata; in the grave-yard of the most distant church, Voss, the poet, and Fries, the painter, lie with all their idyls, and their pictured glory. In the ancient inn, the Hirsch, adjoining the Ritter, on the left hand of the market-place, opposite to the church, used Götts von Berlichingen to take up his quarters, when he came down from his castles of Hornberg and Jaxhausen, on the Neckar; and on that bridge which so lightly spans the river, occurred one of the most touching incidents of the last war.

The Austrians were in possession of the city. The French approached, and attacked it from the bridge. Bloody and desperate was that conflict. The cannon of the Austrians, planted near the Church of the Holy Ghost, swept the street leading to the bridge, and the bridge itself; the cannon of the French, at the opposite end of the bridge, poured their ruinous balls into the city, smiting the old towers of the bridge gateway, and reaching the very church itself. From all windows on the river poured musket balls in showers of leaden hail; yet the French, resolved to carry the place, charged repeatedly with all their force over the bridge, and fired tremendous volleys of musket-shot into street and house. Scores and hundreds of those balls still stick in the old walls, or show their perforations and their splinterings on the faces of those old bridge towers. But time after time the French were mowed down by the Austrian artillery, or driven back at the point of the bayonet. On the centre of the bridge stood the French military band, animating by the most exciting music their countrymen to the deadly contest. With the retreating tide of soldiery the musicians retreated also, but only to return again, and beat and play a more inflaming air. At the last retreat, however, a little drummer-boy disdained to fly. His countrymen fled back; his fellow musicians fled too; but there stood the enthusiastic lad, beating a frenzied air to recall his compatriots once more to what he deemed the rescue of the national honour. The Austrians rushed on with fixed bayonets; the excited boy still beat the drum in proud defiance, and was run through the body by an Austrian savage, falling on the bridge, with his last pathetic words, "*Oh! ma mère! ma mère!*"

Like the dying Gladiator of Byron, his eyes were in his heart, and that was far away in his native home, whence he had been dragged by the conscription; but in his last moments he forgot neither the love of his mother nor his mother-country.

That wondrous courage of a mere child—for such he was—those last pathetic words, fell on the heart of the whole army and population. They forgot the foe, and remembered only the poor boy daring certain death to save the honour of his native land, and calling with frantic strokes his flying countrymen back to the vain contest. The deed is become immortal. While that old bridge stands will that poor French drummer-boy stand there too, and beat his frenzied larum, and utter his faint "*Oh! ma mère! ma mère!*" There he is heard on the wildest nights; and the peasant coming in from the Odenwald treads lightly in the gray dawn over the old arches, for he sees that poor lad standing in the centre recess, and hears his melancholy "*Oh! ma mère!*"

Farewell, once more, beautiful Heidelberg! Long may thy students foster the love of liberty and poetry within thee. Long may the gay Mannheimers pour in by railway in thousands on fine holiday mornings, to drink coffee and listen to music in thy castle gardens. Long may all foreigners visit and admire thee; and poets, like thy fireflies, wandering amid thy twilight foliage, scatter new lustre around them. Let thy natives dream and gossip away their existence, but be thou ever the haunt of the gifted stranger; for far around Nature has piled her hills, reared her solemn forests, stretched her valleys, and planted her primitive hamlets, as a region of inspiration for genius, and of refreshment for wearied spirits. Therefore, *esto perpetua!*

COMMENTS ON MR. SPOONER'S BILL.

BY SILVERPEN.

THE minor clauses of a parliamentary budget have in almost all cases affinity to its more prominent measures. Growing forth from the parent need of improved legislation, they often rival it in usefulness; or bearing upon given points, prepare the way for a more philosophic and still grander adjustment of the equal claim or the moral right. Your corn bill brings after it smaller bills for the removal or lessening of fiscal taxation, or protective duties; your sanitary bill has assisting measures in the shape of local sewerage or drainage bills; and it was not possible that a great measure like the present Education Bill, now before parliament, should be without accompanying clauses in the shape of minor bills, that, however directly or indirectly, still belong to the great parent question.

Of such minor clauses, hinging on the great measure, this Seduction Bill of Mr. Spooner seems one, though at first sight it may appear as if belonging merely to that executive class of laws called preventive; for this reason, that it requires a certain amount of education before the individual can estimate the full extent of a social wrong, or a moral dereliction, and wish to legislate thereon; and that no enactment against the seducer, no punishment soever as preventative of prostitution, will serve against these monstrous evils of civilization like the true spread of education, both physical and moral, amongst all classes. For if seduction, and its necessarily attendant sin, be those more especially chargeable upon the upper and middle classes of society, no less are the lower debased by a monstrous animalism, as destructive to society as to the individual.

We much admire the moral courage of Mr. Spooner in bringing forward this measure; we further admire the tenacity and consistency with which he has followed and kept his subject in view, in spite of the advice and laughter of Mr. Hume and Colonel Sibthorp. These gentlemen may have measured the wit, the wisdom, the morality of some of their colleagues in parliament; they may know how to suit by flippancy certain tastes of a certain portion of the aristocracy and money holders, and think that a sneer against a "Seduction Bill" will tell as much out of doors as the financial ability of the one, and the Sabbath crusading spirit of the other; but otherwise they are ignorant of the true spirit of this time, of the spirit of self-education amongst the masses, of the spirit of true intelligence that is making men practically moralists, and women chaste, and bringing about the true denouement of progress, *nature in combination with purity*. If the literature of the age is thus tending, so is the great acting spirit of both readers and thinkers. Nor is it a spirit confined to class, as may be notably observed through the fact that the noes against the

second reading of this bill were only six. If the franchise of this country were what it ought to be, and what it will be, no representative or representatives of the English people would dare to give publicity to such negative upon public morals; or even think it wise to expose their own unfitness for the office of teacher and legislator. Here in this subject of morality, as within a thousand other things, must be seen reason for a truer, wiser, more enlightened representation of the people and their opinions; for be it recollected that the morality of civilization tends not to develop new laws of political supremacy or governance, but to define and make active the simple ones existing, and divine from God.

Not that I think any bill against seduction will serve other purpose than a check; nor any punishment more than partially remove the strongest and most glaring evidence of prostitution. Still, it is legislating in the right direction, that the hitherto money penalty of the seducer should be changed into a penalty recognised by the laws of felony; and that the bloated agents of crime should come within the reach of punishment more stringent and effective than the waggish-Falstaff-like reproof of sapient justiceship. Jurists have hitherto held this objection to the making seduction punishable under the laws of felony, that one party alone being subject to the penalty, it would leave a way open for immoral and designing women to coerce in the worst form, and with the worst motives. This objection might be in a great measure removed by declaring seduction felony, implicating both parties alike, and bringing both within the power of the same punishment.¹ But as I have before said, advanced education amongst the higher classes, developing itself both through the better understanding and application of the rights and duties of morality; and education in combination with a more equable distribution of wealth, and a wiser sanitary control both by the individual and through the government; will produce results not otherwise, or by other conditions, attainable. The greatest writer upon this anomaly of civilized and densely populated nations, Parent-Duchâtel, proves that ignorance and destitution are the two great agents of demoralization; though I differ with him, as many of our greatest writers, both ethical and medical, have since done, that prostitution is an evil inseparable from a high state of civilization. Certainly with this opinion I differ, most uncompromisingly differ, as one that negatives the true progress of nations, and the purity and perfection of the natural laws. Let the political economist, the law-maker, the selfish wealth monopolist, be charged with this crime of prostitution, and not what is falsely called the inherent evil of man's nature.

Out of the 4,470 prostitutes in the city of Paris, somewhere about 1835, it was found that 2,232 were unable to write; out of 828 registrations of birth, only four had any pretensions to rank; out of 2,500 provincial registrations the results were the same; and out of 3,084, only three possessed property; at once showing the error of the long received opinion that invests many of the women of towns with birth and connexions. The fathers of one third of the women registered were unable to write their names; this, too, in Paris, where primary instruction is almost universal; one-fourth of the women themselves were found to be of illegitimate birth, of whom only one-half were acknowledged by their fathers; thus proving, incontestably, that it is the ranks of indigent squalor and degradation that supply the human material of crime.

When I speak thus of education as the extension power of morals, and the preventative of crime, I, of course, speak of it relatively. Whilst the extremes of wealth and poverty exist—whilst, on the one hand, there

is an overwhelming money power, matched on the other by a stern necessity power—the crimes of seduction and prostitution will exist. Whilst we have a degraded, brutalized, unhealthy population, disregarded alike by the state and the better taught classes—whilst trade by restrictive laws, and money laws, gives rise to the lottery subsistence to-day, and starvation to-morrow—no penal enactments will repress crimes against morality; but, when the legislation of countries is so far carried out, that early marriages will cease to be regarded as crimes, and offspring as misfortunes; when woman is better educated, and man more a self governor; when adult age is protracted, till both body and mind, matured, have perfected that reserve and delicacy so ennobling to both man and woman; then shall be falsified the assertion that civilization cannot advance without specific crime. The near equality of male and female births indicates that nature intended the marriage of all unrestricted by disease and deformity; whereas, under present social regulations, thousands of human creatures perish without scarcely an affection of their nature having been brought into action; and crime and disease, both of body and mind, supplant those faculties and instincts intended by the Divine Creator of the Universe for our exaltation and our happiness.

The population theory, like all other theories based upon no great general law, has died a rightful death, that of oblivion. We shall find the true restrictive power, next to that of improved and plentiful subsistence, lies in education, which, productive of forethought and conscientiousness, will restrain marriages till means are sure of both raising and supporting the condition of offspring. With the earth fruitful as it is, with whole countries still waste, with one-seventh of the corn land of Europe yet untilled, with the knowledge that man's power over the soil increases with his own intelligence, with the startling fact before us, "that if only the present improvements in agriculture were generally adopted, and the reclaimable waste lands cultivated, every acre of arable land might be made to produce three-quarters of wheat, *which is less than the average of many of our counties*;" it would follow that 120,000,000 to 180,000,000 of human beings might be maintained with ease and comfort from the territory of Great Britain alone;" there need be no fear that man is to perish, or his infinite progress be stayed, through the law of his God-commanded prolificness. It is, moreover, a known fact to physiologists, that the population of well-fed nations does not increase in the ratio of those nations whose people are in a starving or half-fed condition. Plentiful and nutritious food is combined with a physical law that restricts excessive numbers.

With this theory annihilated and passed from men's minds, with means of subsistence more easily obtained through a better system of distributive laws, early marriages, and the natural law of population, will come into force. In the meanwhile, to this perhaps long yet certain coming, I would have men and women of all classes look around them with fearless disregard of small niceties and narrow opinions. I would have each individual, whether he be the deep reading operative of Leeds or Manchester, the Norwich mathematician and weaver, the apprentice, the student, the noble, the woman, the lady high or low, beside the effort for self-exaltation and purity, see that the moral crimes are almost always those of ignorance; and such should not be trodden down unpitied or unregarded. I want, whilst the literature of this age is so grandly purifying itself—I want, whilst the individual mind is obeying the sternest self-government fully contained in the Divine idea that God is present everywhere—not merely to stay the flood of moral crime by self-restraint, but to clear away the mass of depravity and ignorance through individual effort, and raise, better than hospitals or Magdalens can do, the condition of the fallen by

(1) Hurlbert's Essays on Human Rights. Coombe's Edition, 1847.

mercy and assisting kindness. I want parliamentary bills, such as this "Seduction Bill," to be hailed and respected throughout the land; as, however ineffectual in any grand legislative capacity, they, at least, show the moral patriotism of the legislator. I want, whilst pity is given and mercy shown to error, to see both public and individual scorn heaped upon all such as receive, live by, or luxuriate on, the wages of moral crime, however directly or indirectly procured, even though a Dean and Chapter of Westminster sanctify, by example of receipt, the polluted gold; nor do I ask too much in wishing to see thus combined mercy and a Spartan sternness. I may be smiled at for my enthusiasm; I may be smiled at for desiring a code of public morals more abstract than real; but I answer that the spirit of my time is in somewise ripe and ready for these things, and that out of the thousands of Silverpen's readers, hundreds at this moment respond to me. As I have before declared, I am fearless in the cause of truth, whether moral or political, and I look but to the exaltation, mental and physical, of my kindred people, and the purity of the literature of my noble country.

I have a tale in preparation that shall exemplify the blessings of mercy and knowledge in the individual.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM E. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

VIII.—DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON AIR.

(Continued from p. 298.)

THERE is, then, in the Animal body a continual production of Carbonic Acid, as a very condition of its activity; and there is also a constant demand for Oxygen. We can no more expect the fire beneath a boiler to develop the gigantic power of the Steam-engine, without a draught of fresh air into the furnace, and a free exit through the chimney for the products of the combustion, than we can expect the wonderful mechanism of our own bodies to sustain its activity, without a constant introduction of fresh Oxygen, and as constant a setting-free of Carbonic Acid. This interchange is effected in the most simple and regular manner; and there is not, perhaps, a more beautiful example of the Unity of Creative Design, than the manner in which advantage is taken of the relative properties of these two gases, to accomplish a purpose of the highest importance in the Animal economy.

When two gases are enclosed together in the same vessel, if they do not unite to form a new gas, they will be found in a short time to have mingled most completely, so that each is diffused uniformly through the other, notwithstanding any difference that may exist between their respective weights. Thus, if we fill a jar with Hydrogen, which is the lightest of the gases, and another with Carbonic Acid, which is one of the heaviest, and bring their mouths together—the former jar being uppermost—we shall find in a short time that some of the Hydrogen will have descended to the lower jar, and that some of the Carbonic Acid will have ascended to the upper; although any quantity of Carbonic Acid weighs just *fourteen times* as much as its own bulk of Hydrogen, a difference about as great as that which exists between Water and Quicksilver. Now, it is owing to this tendency to *mutual diffusion* (as it is termed) that the Oxygen, Nitrogen, and Carbonic Acid of the Atmosphere are always present in the very same proportions, whether we examine air taken from the top of a lofty mountain, or from the bottom of a deep valley; although if these three gases were to arrange themselves in any degree according to their respective weights, the Nitrogen would be most abundant in the

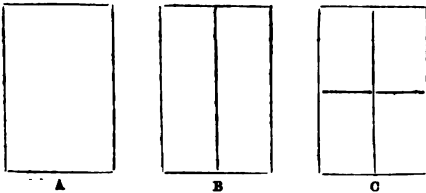
upper strata of the Atmosphere, and the Carbonic Acid in the lowest, whilst the Oxygen would exist most largely in the middle region. The only differences that can be detected in the proportion of the gases of which the Atmosphere is made up, are found under circumstances in which Carbonic Acid is produced faster than it can be carried off by diffusion through the other gases. To some of these cases, in which the increased amount of Carbonic Acid is beneficial to Vegetable life, allusion has been already made (p. 278); whilst others, in which a very small increase is extremely hurtful to Animals, will be hereafter referred to.

Now, this tendency to Mutual Diffusion exerts itself equally well when the two gases are not allowed to intermingle freely, but have to pass through some intervening substance, which is porous enough not to produce a perfect separation between them. Thus, we will suppose equal measures of the two gases to be introduced into two bladders, and their necks to be connected by a tube stopped with a plug of Plaster of Paris; the Hydrogen would soon penetrate through the pores of the plaster, and find its way into the bladder of Carbonic Acid; whilst the Carbonic Acid, in like manner, would become diffused through the Hydrogen. The two gases, however, would be disposed to pass at different rates; a much larger quantity of Hydrogen penetrating into the Carbonic Acid, in a given time, than the measure of Carbonic Acid which would pass in the same time into the Hydrogen; so that the bladder which originally contained the Carbonic Acid would soon become much fuller than that which at first contained the Hydrogen. This difference in the rate of passage is not the same for all gases; but it follows a very simple law. It would not exist at all, if equal *measures* of the two gases were of equal *weights*; and the more nearly this is the case, the less is its amount. Thus, whilst Hydrogen would pass about $3\frac{1}{2}$ times faster than Carbonic Acid, the amounts of Oxygen and of Carbonic Acid that would become diffused through each other in the same time would be much more nearly equal, being as 1,174 of the former to 1,000 of the latter.

Further, this tendency to mutual diffusion exists equally when one of the gases is dissolved in a liquid, and the liquid is exposed to the other gas through the porous substance. Thus, all ordinary Water, as we have seen (p. 276), contains a great deal of common Air; and in Soda-water, Champagne, and all effervescing drinks, a considerable quantity of Carbonic Acid is dissolved. Now, if Water containing Oxygen be exposed to an atmosphere of Carbonic Acid, or Water containing Carbonic Acid be exposed to an atmosphere of Oxygen, precisely the same interchange of the gases will take place, as if the water were out of the question; the Oxygen being (as it were) lifted out of the water, and its place filled up by the Carbonic Acid, in the first case; and the Carbonic Acid being in like manner lifted out, and its place supplied by the Oxygen, in the second. And if this interchange take place through a thin membrane, or any other porous substance, that shall effectually separate the liquid from the atmosphere, and shall yet allow the transmission of the gases, the proportion between the gas which enters the liquid and that which passes out will be precisely the same as it is when both gases are in the state of air.

Now, the breathing apparatus of animals is so constructed as to make these physical laws operate to the greatest possible advantage in the economy of the living body. The most perfect example of this adaptation is found in the Lungs of Man and of the animals constructed on the same plan with himself. The Lungs consist of two large bags, which fill the whole cavity of the chest, excepting the part occupied by the heart. These bags are divided by an immense number of membranous partitions into minute air-cells, which are

so arranged that every one of them (although their total number in each lung has been calculated at *six hundred millions*) is connected with the outer air by a twig of one of the branches into which the wind-pipe subdivides. This minute subdivision of the lungs, which is not found in Reptiles, and to which we only meet with an approach in Birds, has for its object to expose the largest possible amount of blood to the influence of the air at any one time. How it does so, will be easily understood on a little consideration. Suppose that we have a chamber (A), on the walls of which we have a



number of pictures to hang, and find that we have more pictures than we can arrange upon them; we may gain an additional surface, equal to that of two of the long sides of the chamber, by erecting a screen or partition in the direction of its length, as at a, on each side of which we may hang a large number of pictures. If still more space should be required, another partition may be erected across the original chamber, as at c; the two sides of which are equal in surface to the two short sides or ends of the room. Thus, by the subdivision of the first chamber into four smaller ones, the extent of surface has been doubled; and if each of these were to be again subdivided in like manner, the same increase would be made; and it is obvious that however far this process of subdivision might be carried, the extent of partition-surface would be continually augmented by it. The great object of the breathing-apparatus of the higher animals is to expose as large a surface of Blood as possible to the influence of the Air, through the very thin membranous walls of the vessels within which the Blood is always confined. This is accomplished by distributing the Blood, in a network of vessels so close as to be almost like a continuous surface, upon the walls of the air-cells; the arrangement being such, that each network of minute vessels (or capillaries) is exposed to air on both sides. It is obvious that the greater the extent of partition-surface between the air-cells, the greater will be the quantity of Blood capable of being exposed at any one time to the influence of the Air; and thus we see how the minuteness of the subdivision of the lungs is a much more complete test of their efficiency as breathing organs, than is their entire size or the quantity of air they hold at once—so that the lungs of a Mouse may bring the blood and the air into contact over a much larger surface than those of a Snake, although the latter may be fifty times the size.

The Blood is conveyed to the Lungs in a state the same as that which is drawn from a vein (as in ordinary bleeding); being chiefly distinguished by its dark or purple tint from the red or florid blood which flows when an artery is wounded. This venous blood is that which has passed through the capillaries, or minute vessels of the body in general, and is on its way back to the heart. During its passage through the fabric, it loses a portion of its Oxygen, and takes up in its stead the Carbonic Acid which is produced by the various operations described in the last paper; and it is this alteration which is the cause of its change of colour. In this condition it returns to the heart; and it is then propelled, by the force-pump action of that organ, through the large vessels, which distribute it through the minute network spread out on the walls of the air-cells

of the lungs. Thus it becomes exposed to the influence of the Atmosphere; and the change which is then effected in its condition takes place in most exact accordance with the principles already stated; the Carbonic Acid of the Blood being lifted out, and replaced by the Oxygen of the Air; 1,174 parts of the latter being absorbed into the Blood for every 1,000 parts of Carbonic Acid removed from it. The liquid then regains its florid hue, and is returned to the heart by a set of vessels that collect it from the capillary network of the lungs; thence to be propelled through the body, not merely to replace by the nutritive materials it contains the continual loss which the fabric sustains by decay, but also to furnish to the nerves and muscles the supply of Oxygen which they require as one of the chief conditions of their activity. The rapidity of the circulation of the blood through the body has reference rather to this demand for Oxygen, than to the want of nutritive materials; for the latter might be supplied in sufficient amount by a much less active movement—as we see in Insects, where the Oxygen is conveyed to the tissues, and the Carbonic Acid set free from them, not through the medium of the blood, but by the direct penetration of air through a most beautiful system of branching air-tubes, which convey it into the minutest parts of the body. And every one knows how much Breathing and Circulation in Man are quickened by exercise; the heart and lungs being caused to act more energetically, in order to supply the increased demand for Oxygen which is thus created, and to carry off the Carbonic Acid as fast as it is produced by the action of the Nerves and Muscles.

It is well known to Chemists that any measure of Carbonic Acid contains exactly its own measure of Oxygen; that is, it may be regarded as Oxygen in which a certain proportion of Carbon is dissolved (as it were) without any alteration in its bulk. We see, then, that of the 1,174 parts of Oxygen which are absorbed into the blood as it passes through the lungs, 1,000 are destined to be given off again in the form of Carbonic Acid; and it is a very interesting inquiry—what becomes of the remaining 174 parts? Of these, a portion seems to unite with the Hydrogen furnished by various substances in the blood, and thus to produce Water, the vapour of which forms a part of that breathed forth from the lungs every time that we empty the chest; and in this manner it will contribute (as formerly shown) to sustain the necessary Heat of the body. Other portions combine with sulphur, phosphorus, and other substances taken in as food; which are destined to be excreted in the form of acids. The interesting fact, upon which we would fix the attention of our readers, is the precise adaptation which exists between this additional demand for Oxygen in the living body, over and above that which is to be exhaled again as Carbonic Acid, and the *physical law* which regulates the interchange, and which *necessitates* the entrance of 1,174 parts of Oxygen into the Blood, for every 1,000 parts of Carbonic Acid that pass out of it.

But all this beautiful and curious apparatus, so elaborately adapted to secure to the Blood the requisite influence of the air, would be entirely useless, were it not kept in continual action. The quantity of Blood diffused over the walls of the air-cells at any one moment is comparatively small; and a rapid and constant renewal of it is provided for by the action of the heart, every pulsation of which draws towards it some of that which has been purified in the lungs, and transmits to them a fresh supply. On the other hand, the Air contained in the air-cells would be soon rendered too impure to be capable of exerting its beneficial influence on the Blood, if it were not continually renewed by the movements of respiration (or breathing); a quantity of fresh Air, containing one-fifth of its bulk of Oxygen, and free from the taint of Carbonic Acid,

being introduced into the deepest recesses of the lungs every time that we *inspire*, or draw our breath; whilst with each *expiration*, or emptying of the chest, we expel a large part of that which has given up a portion of its Oxygen, and has received the products of the combustion-processes going on within the body. It is impossible to contemplate all this elaborate and perfect adaptation, without being strongly impressed with the belief that an Intelligent Design has been engaged in devising it; and this more especially, when we trace the same general plan in the construction and action of the breathing organs throughout the entire Animal Kingdom; the variations which we meet with having reference to the respective wants of the several tribes of animals, and the circumstances in which they are destined to live.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of the changes which the simple act of breathing—performed fifteen or twenty times in every minute, in sleep as in our waking hours, without any design or attention on our own parts, but, as it were, like the movements of an automaton—is destined to effect in the living body. There is scarcely a more violent *poison* than Carbonic Acid. Of this poisonous gas, *thirty-seven thousand cubic inches* are produced in the body of an active adult male every day; which is at the average rate of more than *twenty-five cubic inches per minute*. If it be not got rid of as fast as it is formed, the most injurious consequences speedily show themselves. It may contribute to make the importance of the perfectly free performance of this function better understood, if the mode in which its interruption affects the bodily powers be explained. We will suppose, then, that in some mode or other the air contained in the lungs is confined there, instead of being exchanged for a fresh supply through the windpipe;—as happens in drowning, strangulation, etc. The blood continues to flow for a time through the network of vessels on the air-cells; but it no longer undergoes its wonted renovation during its passage, for the air to which it is exposed becomes gradually more and more tainted with carbonic acid, and loses more and more of the oxygen which it has to impart. The blood returns to the heart, therefore, without being sufficiently *aerated* (or renovated by exposure to the air); and if we open an artery in any part of the body, the fluid no longer presents the bright scarlet tint which it ought to possess, but has more of the dark purple hue of venous blood. Now, in this condition it is not fit to act upon the substance of the brain, nerves, muscles, etc. in the manner which is required for the proper performance of their functions; for it wants a part of the oxygen which it ought to contain, and it is charged with carbonic acid of which it ought to have got rid. The consequence is, that in a very short time after the breathing process has been suspended, the senses are rendered dull, the muscular power is greatly weakened, and the mind itself becomes confused;—and all this, be it remembered, because the blood has not been properly purified by exposure to air. Now, one of the consequences of the general weakening of the muscular power is, that the force-pump action of the heart is no longer executed with its proper vigour; and the entire circulation becomes languid. This is more particularly the case, however, with the passage of blood through the lungs, which is retarded from the very moment that the due exchange of air is checked; and when the air which they contain has become so loaded with carbonic acid as no longer to relieve the blood of that of which it has to get rid, the movement of the fluid through the vessels of the lungs ceases altogether, so that the heart's action and the entire circulation through the body are brought to a stand. This happens, in a warm-blooded animal, within about three minutes after the complete stoppage of the breathing-

process. Before the circulation has entirely ceased, however, the powers of the brain and nervous system are altogether suspended; a state of death-like insensibility comes on; and although violent muscular movements are seen for a time, they are of a convulsive nature, and do not indicate the least consciousness of suffering, or any remains of sensibility. Now, supposing that *before* the circulation has entirely ceased, but *after* the poisonous influence of the carbonic acid upon the brain has been fully exerted, and when no further efforts at breathing are being made, the communication between the lungs and the outer air be again opened, the foul gases contained in the chest be pressed out, and pure air be introduced in its place,—what will then happen? The Blood, which was almost stagnated in the vessels of the lungs for want of that influence from the Air on which its movement is partly dependent, is relieved of its foul charge of Carbonic Acid, and is vivified by the introduction of Oxygen; it moves back to the heart in a state of renovation, restored to its bright arterial hue, and fitted for the discharge of its important functions; it stimulates that organ to more energetic action, and is propelled by its means through the great arteries which convey it to the brain and muscular apparatus. Upon these delicate and important organs, its vivifying influence is speedily apparent; the ordinary movements of breathing, by which the renewal of the air (at first accomplished by artificial means) is to be kept up, are soon performed with their original regularity; sensibility returns; the individual recognises those who are anxiously watching around him, and feels, too, the uneasy sensations which the state of suffocation has left behind it; but his mental powers remain obtuse for a much longer period—the organization of the brain (on which the exercise of those powers depends) being so delicate, that the injury which it receives from the circulation through its substance of blood highly charged with carbonic acid and deficient in oxygen, is not recovered from for some hours or even days.

We have purposely brought forward an extreme case—that of complete suffocation—in order that the *violently poisonous* properties of Carbonic Acid, and the deadly results of its retention in the blood even for a short time, may be clearly understood. In the succeeding paper, which will close this division of our subject, we shall show how *insidious* is this poison; and how, from partial obstructions—permitted by ignorance or created by perverseness—to its complete removal from the body, thousands are annually hurried to an early grave, and tens of thousands more are rendered unhealthy in body and lose all freshness and vigour of mind.

IN AN ALBUM.

DANS ce cimetière de gloire

Vous voulez ma cendre,—à quoi bon ?

Pendant que j'écris ma mémoire,

Le temps pulvérisé mon nom !—LAMARTINE.

Why for my ashes seek a place

Within this tomb of glorious fame ?

For ere the pen my name can trace

Time will reduce to dust that name !—BOWRING.

Si le temps, pour prouver jusqu'où va son empire,

Pulvérisé en effet ce beau nom que voilà,

Qu'il daigne sur les vers qui j'ose encor écrire

Jeter un peu de cette poudre-là.—BERANGER.

If Time, to show what wonders he can dare,

Should turn to dust that noble name of thine,

Let Time benignly on his passage spare

Some grains to sprinkle on this verse of mine.

—BOWRING.

UNITED SERVICE FAMILY ASSOCIATIONS.

BY GOODWIN BARMY.

THE great idea of association is everywhere making its way in society. It appears in a variety of garbs, and with various vocabularies; but still, under different dresses, the useful features of co-operation are discerned, without the eye of a Lavater; and still, without the aid of a polyglot, the sacred word of association is easily read in almost all the reforms now proposed for the benefit of humanity. Mary Gillies is telling us of the advantages of Associated Homes. It has lately fallen to my lot, also, to point out the uses of Military Agricultural Colleges, and to call attention to those which have been successfully established by Marahal Bugeaud, in Algeria. My present object is to notice a pamphlet entitled "The United Service Family College," of which I have been kindly furnished with a proof.

Military Agricultural Associations are designed for the employment, in industrial works, of the general soldiery, in time of peace. United Service Family Clubs are, however, a minor branch of the same idea. The fault of club life, hitherto, the sin of Crockford's,—the iniquity of the Carlton,—the crying wickedness of St. James's,—has been that women have been excluded from their precincts. Like the freemasons, they have been unisexual—masculine. The feminine element—the soft refining influence of the woman-power—has been eschewed in them. For clubs, Adam has deserted his Eve. The king of clubs has been the trump card of the pack, and the queen of clubs has slipped under the table. The true whist of Hoyle cannot, however, be played without her. The deal has been lost—club life has failed—and a new deal, another arrangement of the club must be made, in which she must not be omitted. This has been felt in many quarters. For some while whispered about, it is now beginning to speak out, and will be heard. We have, for many years, had a United Service Club, for military and naval officers; and the pamphlet we have just mentioned now proposes another United Service Club, for officers, their wives, and their children. We hail this proposal as a sign of progress. Clubs have too long been monastical. We want the two sexes represented in them. Based on union, they should not be connected with separation. No association can be perfect, which antagonizes the natural, the sacred institution of family. The monasteries failed in consequence of this; and clubs must become Family Clubs, if they are desirous of permanent success.

The proposed United Service Family College is, we are happy to say, based upon this idea. We can, therefore, with pleasure, assist in laying its details before that portion of the public whom it more immediately concerns, as well as before those who are interested in the general spread of associative views, however little specific plans may bear upon their own positions. The proposer of the Family Club for the United Service points out truly, that naval and military officers, who have been long abroad, are, on their return home, estranged from general society, and unite in social intercourse principally with those of their own profession. Many difficulties impede this intercourse in isolated life. He would, therefore, bring them and their wives and children together, by a plan of association—by a family club—which, while it facilitated the intercourse most congenial to them, should, at the same time, effect an economy in expenditure, very desirable to all classes, and particularly to those whose income is reduced by retirement from active life. The locality of the associations thus proposed, is fixed at home. Their proposer,

indeed, perhaps goes out of his way in his attacks on continental life. The club-house is recommended to be erected in the country, but in the vicinage of some market-town or sea-port. The entire building is to form either a crescent, or a centre edifice with two wings. The central edifice might comprise dining, concert, ball, library, card, billiard, and reading rooms, together with the kitchen and larder of the establishment. The sitting and bed rooms might also be placed in the wings. On this point, likewise, it is proposed that a certain amount should be assessed as the rent of the public rooms, while the remaining rent should be divided among the private apartments. The estimates of the proposer fix the rent of each room at from three to five pounds per annum, according to the degrees of accommodation enjoyed, and supposing that the rent of the public rooms would be equally assessed upon the 150 private lodgings. The breakfasts, it is suggested, should be private; the dinners public. For the common table, and a unitary common residence, officers and soldiers are already as well prepared as any class, by their having been accustomed to the barrack, and the public mess-room. "All the members would find," says our author, "great advantage in economy and comfort, by dining at the general mess-table. Invalids, however, should be accommodated with any thing they might require in their private rooms. This arrangement would spare great expense, care, and trouble to every family; those who, according to their present arrangements, are obliged to keep two servants, would save the expense of one, and so in proportion; together with a considerable outlay for the purchase of much table furniture, plate, linen, and kitchen utensils: and, as in colleges, inns of court, and in furnished apartments generally in Scotland and France, one man servant may easily suffice for four or more single men, for lighting their fires and cleaning their rooms and boots; and probably one female servant would suffice for two families, where there are no very young children; since, as there would be no dinners to cook, there would be very little work for them to perform." Subscriptions to the general mess fund are to be paid monthly, in advance, and no deductions to be made for an absence of less than a week. Schools and lectures, as well as music and dancing, are, of course, to be adjuncts to the establishment. Gardens, also, are rightly declared necessities; and, if possible, a farm is recommended as a useful auxiliary to such an institution.

Such is a sketch of the principal details of this proposal for a United Service Family Club. The economies and additional comforts of such an institution, must be as evident to those who think it over, as it is to those who are already friends of domestic association. The proposal, be it remarked, extends no further, if the attached farm be omitted, than to association in expenditure. Its members would unite their incomes only in general consumption. That this association in expenditure simply is far more easily actualized, than is association in production and consumption as well, is clearly recognisable. The regular incomes of the members of the United Service Family Club, would at once form its capital. It would not have to be laboured for,—it would be ready made. In an industrial community, and the consumption of which is mainly dependent upon its production, a two years' provision has to be made beforehand, by a subscribed capital, generally estimated by sanguine souls at an amount which is insufficient, except on paper, for the maintenance of the members, until their crops are marketable. It is a failure in this matter alone which has been the destruction of many industrial communities. The United Service Family Club, however, would be in no danger of foundering on this point. The regular incomes of its members would simply be united, according to a

scale of payment, in consumption—in expenditure. The plan is so easy, and will be found so advantageous to those for whom it is designed, that, in conclusion, we sincerely trust that it will be embraced by them.

LIFE IN MANCHESTER.

LIBBIE MARSH'S THREE ERAS.—MICHAELMAS.

BY COTTON MATHER MILLS, ESQ.

THE church clocks had struck three; the crowds of gentlemen returning to business after their early dinners had disappeared within offices and warehouses; the streets were comparatively clear and quiet, and ladies were venturing to saunter forth for their afternoon's shopping, and their afternoon calls.

Slowly, slowly along the streets, elbowing by life at every turn, a little funeral wound its quiet way. Four men bore along a child's coffin; two women, with bowed heads, followed meekly.

I need not tell you whose coffin it was, or who were those two mourners. All was now over with little Frank Hall; his romps, his games, his sickening, his suffering, his death. All was now over, but the Resurrection and the Life!

His mother walked as in a stupor. Could it be that he was dead? If he had been less of an object to her thoughts, less of a motive for her labours, she could sooner have realized it. As it was, she followed his poor, cast-off, worn-out body, as if she were borne along by some oppressive dream. If he were really dead, how could she be alive?

Libbie's mind was far less stunned, and consequently far more active than Margaret Hall's. Visions, as in a phantasmagoria, came rapidly passing before her,—recollections of the time (which seemed now so long ago) when the shadow of the feebly-waving arm first caught her attention; of the bright, strangely isolated day at Dunham Park, where the world had seemed so full of enjoyment, and beauty, and life; of the long-continued heat, through which poor Franky had panted his strength away in the little close room, where there was no escaping the hot rays of the afternoon sun; of the long nights, when his mother and she had watched by his side, as he moaned continually, whether awake or asleep; of the fevered moaning slumber of exhaustion; of the pitiful little self-upbraidings for his own impatience of suffering, (only impatience to his own eyes,—most true and holy patience in the sight of others;) and then the fading away of life, the loss of power, the increased unconsciousness, the lovely look of angelic peace which followed the dark shadow on the countenance,—where was he—what was he now?

And so they laid him in his grave; and heard the solemn funeral words; but far off, in the distance—as if not addressed to them.

Margaret Hall bent over the grave to catch one last glance—she had not spoken, or sobbed, or done aught but shiver now and then, since the morning; but now her weight bore more heavily on Libbie's arm, and without sigh or sound she fell, an unconscious heap on the piled-up gravel. They helped Libbie to bring her round; but long after her half-opened eyes and altered breathings showed that her senses were restored, she lay, speechless and motionless, without attempting to rise from her strange bed, as if earth now contained nothing worth even that trifling exertion.

At last Libbie and she left that holy consecrated spot, and bent their steps back to the only place more consecrated still; where he had rendered up his spirit; and where memories of him haunted each common, rude

piece of furniture that their eyes fell upon. As the woman of the house opened the door, she pulled Libbie on one side, and said,

"Anne Dixon has been across to see you; she wants to have a word with you."

"I cannot go now," replied Libbie, as she pushed hastily along in order to enter the room (*his* room), at the same time with the childless mother. For, as she anticipated, the sight of that empty spot, the glance at the uncurtained open window, letting in the fresh air, and the broad rejoicing light of day, where all had so long been darkened and subdued, unlocked the waters of the fountain, and long and shrill were the cries for her boy, that the poor woman uttered.

"Oh! dear Mrs. Hall," said Libbie, herself drenched in tears, "do not take on so badly; I'm sure it would grieve *him* sore, if he was alive,—and you know he is,—Bible tells us so; and may be he's here, watching how we go on without him, and hoping we don't fret over-much."

Mrs. Hall's sobs grew worse, and more hysterical.

"Oh! listen!" said Libbie, once more struggling against her own increasing agitation. "Listen! there's Peter chirping as he always does when he's put about, frightened like; and, you know, he that's gone could never abide to hear the canary chirp in that shrill way."

Margaret Hall did check herself, and curb her expression of agony, in order not to frighten the little creature he had loved; and as her outward grief subsided, Libbie took up the old large Bible, which fell open at the never-failing comfort of the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. How often those large family Bibles do fall open at that chapter! as if, unused in more joyous and prosperous times, the soul went home to its words of loving sympathy when weary and sorrowful, just as the little child seeks the tender comfort of its mother in all its griefs and cares.

And Margaret put back her wet, ruffled, grey hair from her heated, tear-stained, woeful face, and listened with such earnest eyes; trying to form some idea of the "Father's House," where her boy had gone to dwell.

They were interrupted by a low tap at the door. Libbie went.

"Anne Dixon has watched you home, and wants to have a word with you," said the woman of the house in a whisper. Libbie went back, and closed the book with a word of explanation to Margaret Hall, and then ran down stairs to learn the reason of Anne's anxiety to see her.

"Oh, Libbie!" she burst out with, and then checking herself, into the remembrance of Libbie's last solemn duty; "how's Margaret Hall? But of course, poor thing, she'll fret a bit at first; she'll be some time coming round, mother says, seeing it's as well that poor lad is taken; for he'd always ha' been a cripple, and a trouble to her—he was a fine lad once, too."

She had come full of another and a different subject; but the sight of Libbie's sad weeping face, and the quiet subdued tone of her manner, made her feel it awkward to begin on any other theme than the one which filled up her companion's mind. To her last speech, Libbie answered sorrowfully,

"No doubt, Anne, it's ordered for the best; but oh! don't call him, don't think he could ever ha' been a trouble to his mother, though he were a cripple. She loved him all the more for each thing she had to do for him,—I'm sure I did." Libbie cried a little behind her apron. Anne Dixon felt still more awkward at introducing her discordant subject.

"Well!—Flesh is grass, Bible says!" and having fulfilled the etiquette of quoting a text if possible, if not, of making a moral observation on the fleeting nature of earthly things, she thought she was at liberty to pass on to her real errand.

"You must not go on moping yourself, Libbie Marsh.

What I wanted special for to see you this afternoon, was to tell you, you must come to my wedding to-morrow. Nancy Dawson has fallen sick, and there's none I should like to have bridesmaid in her place so well as you."

"To-morrow! Oh, I cannot; indeed I cannot."

"Why not?"

Libbie did not answer, and Anne Dixon grew impatient.

"Surely in the name o' goodness, you're never going to baulk yourself of a day's pleasure for the sake of your little cripple that's dead and gone!"

"No,—it's not baulking myself of,—don't be angry, Anne Dixon, with me please, but I don't think it would be pleasure to me—I don't feel as if I could enjoy it; thank you all the same, but I did love that little lad very dearly,—I did," (sobbing a little,) "and I can't forget him, and make merry so soon."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Anne, almost angrily.

"Indeed, Anne, I feel your kindness, and you and Bob have my best wishes,—that's what you have,—but even if I went, I should be thinking all day of him, and of his poor, poor mother, and they say it's bad to think over-much on them that is dead, at a wedding!"

"Nonsense!" said Anne, "I'll take the risk of the ill-luck. After all, what is marrying? just a spree, Bob says. He often says he does not think I shall make him a good wife, for I know nought about house-matters w' working in a factory; but he says he'd rather be uneasy w' me, than easy w' any one else. There's love for you! And I tell him I'd rather have him tipsy than any one else sober."

"Oh, Anne Dixon, hush! you don't know yet what it is to have a drunken husband! I have seen something of it; father used to get fuddled; and in the long run it killed mother, let alone—Oh, Anne, God above only knows what the wife of a drunken man has to bear. Don't tell," said she, lowering her voice, "but father killed our little baby in one of his bouts; mother never looked up again, nor father either, for that matter, only his was in a different way. Mother will have gotten to little Jeannie now, and they'll be so happy together,—and perhaps Franky too. Oh!" said she, recovering herself from her train of thought, "never say aught lightly of the wife's lot whose husband is given to drink."

"Dear! what a preachment! I tell you what, Libbie! you're as born an old maid as ever I saw. You'll never be married, to either drunken or sober."

Libbie's face went rather red, but without losing its meek expression.

"I know that as well as you can tell me. And more reason, therefore, that as God has seen fit to keep me out o' woman's natural work, I should try and find work for myself. I mean," said she, seeing Anne Dixon's puzzled look, "that as I know I'm never like for to have a home of my own, or a husband, who would look to me to make all straight, or children to watch over and care for, all which I take to be woman's natural work, I must not lose time in fretting and fidgeting after marriage, but just look about me for somewhat else to do. I can see many a one misses it in this. They will hanker after what is ne'er likely to be theirs, instead of facing it out, and settling down to be old maids; and as old maids, just looking round for the odd jobs God leaves in the world for such as old maids to do,—there's plenty of such work,—and there's the blessing of God on them as does it." Libbie was almost out of breath at this outpouring of what had long been her inner thoughts.

"That's all very true, I make no doubt, for them as is to be old maids; but as I'm not, (please God, to-morrow comes,) you might have spared your breath to cool your porridge. What I want to know is, whether you'll be bridesmaid to-morrow or not. Come now, do! it will do you good, after all your watching, and working, and slaving yourself for that poor Franky Hall."

"It was one of my odd jobs," said Libbie, smiling, though her eyes were brimming over with tears. "But, dear Anne," continued she, recovering herself, "I could not do it to-morrow; indeed I could not!"

"And I can't wait," said Anne Dixon, almost sulkily. "Bob and I put it off from to-day because of the funeral, and Bob had set his heart on its being on Michaelmas-day; and mother says the goose won't keep beyond to-morrow. Do come! father finds estates, and Bob finds drink, and we shall be so jolly! And after we've been to church, we're to walk round the town in pairs; white satin ribbon in our bonnets, and refreshment at any public-house we like, Bob says. And after dinner, there's to be a dance. Don't be a fool; you can do no good by staying. Margaret Hall will have to go out washing, I'll be bound."

"Yes! she must go to Mrs. Wilkinson's, and for that matter I must go working too. Mrs. Williams has been after me to make her girl's winter things ready; only I could not leave Franky, he clung so to me."

"Then you won't be bridesmaid! Is that your last word?"

"It is; you must not be angry with me, Anne Dixon," said Libbie, deprecatingly.

But Anne was gone without a reply.

With a heavy heart Libbie mounted the little staircase. For she felt how ungracious her refusal of Anne's kindness must appear to one, who understood so little the feelings which rendered her acceptance of it a moral impossibility.

On opening the door, she saw Margaret Hall, with the Bible open on the table before her. For she had puzzled out the place where Libbie was reading, and with her finger under the line, was spelling out the words of consolation, piecing the syllables together aloud, with the earnest anxiety of comprehension with which a child first learns to read. So Libbie took the stool by her side, before she was aware that any one had entered the room.

"What did she want you for?" asked Margaret.

"But I can guess; she wanted you to be at th' wedding as is to come off this week, they say. Ay! they'll marry, and laugh, and dance, all as one as if my boy was alive," said she, bitterly; "well, he was neither kith nor kin of yours, so I maun try and be thankful for what you've done for him, and not wonder at your forgetting him afore he's well settled in his grave."

"I never can forget him, and I'm not going to the wedding," said Libbie, gently, for she understood the mother's jealousy of her dead child's claims.

"I must go work at Mrs. Williams's to-morrow," she said in explanation, for she was unwilling to boast of the tender fond regret which had been her principal motive for declining Anne's invitation.

"And I mun go washing, just as if nothing had happened," sighed forth Mrs. Hall. "And I mun come home at night, and find his place empty, and all still where I used to be sure of hearing his voice, ere ever I got up the stair. No one will ever call me mother again!"

She fell a crying pitifully, and Libbie could not speak for her own emotion for some time. But during this silence she put the key stone in the arch of thoughts she had been building up for many days; and when Margaret was again calm in her sorrow, Libbie said, "Mrs. Hall, I should like—would you like me to come for to live here altogether?"

Margaret Hall looked up with a sudden light on her countenance, which encouraged Libbie to go on.

"I could sleep with you, and pay half, you know; and we should be together in the evenings, and her as was home first would watch for the other,—and" (dropping her voice) "we could talk of him at nights, you know." She was going on, but Mrs. Hall interrupted her.

"Oh! Libbie Marsh! and can you really think of

coming to live w' me! I should like it above — But no! it must not be; you've no notion on what a creature I am at times. More like a mad one, when I'm in a rage; and I can't keep it down. I seem to get out of bed wrong side in the morning, and I must have my passion out with the first person I meet. Why, Libbie," said she, with a doleful look of agony on her face, "I even used to fly out on him, poor sick lad as he was, and you may judge how little I can keep it down fræe that. No! you must not come. I must live alone now," sinking her voice into the low tones of despair. But Libbie's resolution was brave and strong.

"I'm not afraid," said she, smiling. "I know you better than you know yourself, Mrs. Hall. I've seen you try of late to keep it down, when you've been boiling over, and I think you'll go on a-doing so. And at any rate, when you've had your fit out you're very kind; and I can forget if you have been a bit put out. But I'll try not to put you out. Do let me come; I think *he* would like us to keep together. I'll do my very best to make you comfortable."

"It's me! It's me as will be making your life miserable with my temper, or else, God knows how my heart clings to you. You and me is folk alone in the world, for we both loved one who is dead, and who had none else to love him. If you will live with me, Libbie, I'll try as I never did afore, to be gentle and quiet-tempered. Oh! will you try me, Libbie Marsh?"

So, out of the little grave there sprang a hope and a resolution, which made life an object to each of the two.

When Elizabeth Marsh returned home the next evening from her day's labours, Anne (Dixon no longer) crossed over, all in her bridal finery, to endeavour to induce her to join the dance going on in her father's house.

"Dear Anne! this is good of you, a-thinking of me to-night," said Libbie, kissing her. "And though I cannot come, (I've promised Mrs. Hall to be with her,) I shall think on you, and trust you'll be happy; I have got a little needle-case, I looked out for you,—stay, here it is—I wish it were more, only —"

"Only—I know what—you've been a-spending all your money in nice things for poor Franky. Thou'rt a real good 'un, Libbie, and I'll keep your needle-book to my dying day, that I will."

Seeing Anne in such a friendly mood emboldened Libbie to tell her of her change of place; of her intention of lodging henceforward with Margaret Hall.

"Thou never will! Why, father and mother are as fond of thee as can be,—they'll lower thy rent, if that's what it is; and thou know'st they never grudge thee bit or drop. And Margaret Hall of all folk to lodge w'! She's such a Tartar! Sooner than not have a quarrel, she'd fight right hand against left. Thou'lt have no peace of thy life. What on earth can make you think of such a thing, Libbie Marsh?"

"She'd be so lonely without me," pleaded Libbie. "I'm sure I could make her happier (even if she does scold me a bit now and then) than she'd be living alone. And I'm not afraid of her; and I mean to do my best not to vex her; and it will ease her heart, may be, to talk to me at times about Franky. I shall often see your father and mother, and I shall always thank them for their kindness to me. But they have you, and little Mary, and poor Mrs. Hall has no one."

Anne could only repeat "Well! I never!" and hurry off to tell the news at home.

But Libbie was right. Margaret Hall is a different woman to the scold of the neighbourhood she once was; touched and softened by the two purifying angels, Sorrow and Love. And it is beautiful to see her affection, her reverence for Libbie Marsh. Her dead mother could hardly have cared for her more tenderly than does the hard-featured washerwoman, not long ago so fierce and unwomanly. Libbie herself has such peace shining

on her countenance, as almost makes it beautiful, as she renders the services of a daughter to Franky's mother—no longer the desolate, lonely orphan, a stranger on the earth.

Do you ever read the moral concluding sentence of a story? I never do; but I once (in the year 1811, I think) heard of a deaf old lady living by herself, who did; and as she may have left some descendants with the same amiable peculiarity, I will put in for their benefit what I believe to be the secret of Libbie's peace of mind, the real reason why she no longer feels oppressed at her own loneliness in the world.

She has a purpose in life, and that purpose is a holy one.

PENNY WISDOM.

BY A MAN OF NO PARTY.

No. III.—TEMPERS FOR TRYING TIMES.

WHEN one hears, again and again, the lamentation over the flimsiness of newspaper literature—why is it that so few raise their voices in qualification and comment?—Why is it that some of our quiet thinkers, from time to time, will not take up the "broad sheet," and help us to study it by the light of their wisdom and experience?—For instance,—Her Majesty assisting at Jenny Lind's first representation of "*La Sonnambula*."—Her Majesty ordering the restriction of herself and her household to "*seconds*" flour—these announcements sound curiously, taken one with the other. They fell under my eye at breakfast a day or two since—and I heard, with Fancy's ear, the comments which a large class of persons rarely fail to make on such occasions—"the wickedness of luxury when so many of our fellow-creatures are starving,"—(some with a revengeful threatening of "judgments," as though to *them* was the Flaming Sword committed,) the complaints against the worldly heartlessness—the *kip-benevolence* I heard the whole homily! I could allow, too, how with some it might be the language of sincerely alarmed Conscience—and not of captious and cavilling Envy. But, methought, there was something for each man among us to say, and to do; in respect of the temper of mind fitted for the trying times on which we may be entering.

Never, it appears to me, was there such a positive need as now to discountenance all class-cries and class-prejudices:—be they of Rich against Poor, or of Poor against Rich. If there be one time more than another, at which anger, as a garment, is unfit to be worn,—it is when the storm is upon us: when we have need to lean upon each other—to cling closely together—to afford mutual shelter, man to man—to have patience with one another's weakness and weariness. Who, that deserves to retain the blessing of the breath of Life for one hour, can cherish *wrath* against the poor, and the ignorant, and the vile—if their sense of Earth's disproportions leads them to imagine the rich their oppressors—or their prey!—On this matter I can speak feelingly—a night-adventure which occurred to an intimate friend of mine a few evenings since, having opened to me a world of mournful thought and speculation, so far-reaching, that it may be (possibly) as much for selfish relief, as for the moral it affords, that I commit it to paper.

Walking down Piccadilly, on his way to a concert, at which he was professionally engaged, a little before eleven—the night rainy and bleak—C. was arrested by something on the pavement, like a bundle of dirty rags: dropped, it seemed, in the very middle of the causeway.—Looking nearer, it proved to be a miserable

beggar-child—crouching, shivering, and whimpering with cold and fatigue;—having been out, (he said,) all the day, and not gathered pence enough to pay for his wretched lodging—too tired to reach the very place—somewhere in St. Giles's—utterly lamed with walking, and unable to stand upright. C. lifted the poor little creature,—bade him hearten himself up,—and told him that he would go and search for a Policeman, whom he would provide with means to find him a warm supper, and a night's lodging—May Fair not affording much harbourage for waifs and strays like him. While C. was standing for a moment undecided which way to search, there crept out from under the shadow of Coventry House a pair of dark figures,—man and woman,—crossed the street, and came up.

"Here is a poor boy, sadly tired and hungry," said C.

"Yes!" was the gruff and strange reply. "What are you doing with him?"

C. did not attend to the tone, and mentioned his purpose.

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself," cried the woman, "to give a poor innocent being like that into the charge of a Policeman!"

"You a gentleman!" continued the man, with an oath (other persons happening at that instant to pass); "Here's a penny, my poor, unlucky child!—if that's all this gentleman means to do for you."

C. was turning away, disgusted, when his better angel whispered, that the child was not to suffer because of the folly of these brutal, bad people. So he quietly observed, that it was a pity that such ill-disposed persons as those were about the world, to help to shut up the hearts of those who had means of assisting their poorer brethren;—that he would not leave the child till he had seen him in better keeping,—begged some among the crowd which had gathered, (curious rather than interested, with the exception of one or two who might be amused at hearing a man in a good coat, "taken to,") if they met a Policeman, to send him that way: and took his stand, to be treated to as much foul language as could well be emitted in the space of time. See the matter to the end, he *would*,—expecting an odd conclusion; though not so odd an anti-climax as *did* happen. After abusing him for about five minutes, in a manner which led C. to expect, with each epithet, some personal insult, the man and woman stood away from my friend; then shuffled down the street, dodging behind a passing carriage, so that he lost sight of them. They must have belonged to the family of Fine Ear—for an instant afterwards C. heard the well known deliberate step plodding that way, and saw the light gleaming on the Policeman's wet oil-skin cape. The lame child heard and saw, too; and ere C. had an idea of the kind, or could detain him,—was up and off like a lapwing, with a speed miraculous in one exhausted by tramping the streets all day, and in too much pain to stand on his feet!

Such passages of intercourse with our fellows, are apt to wither the sensitive, as much as a calumny. The sense of insult, or of injustice, is nothing:—it is the sense of falsehood—the idea that agony, and want, and distress are not too sacred to be turned to account by the perverted.—Thus, too, hard to bear have been the tales of the mendicant Irish who have thrown themselves upon England's charity, with hoarded money in their pockets!—when one thinks of the poor and humble persons, who, in good faith and good Christianity, have pinched themselves to serve their neighbours.—But the more that Crime, and Imposture, and vulgar Rapacity come forth on the earth, at times of sorrow and struggle, to find their account in the confusion,—the more needful is simple, plain, affectionate truth betwixt the Rich and the Poor—the more needful a steady resolution on the part of the former neither to be disgusted by feigned misery, nor to be intoxicated by false philan-

thropy. It is not comfortable to Pride, or to that Self-esteem which desireth the praise of Man,—to stand alone, the mark for abuse (from a street-mob), or of civil criticism from those whose love one values; and when warm hearts and open hands are going round, to examine, and to weigh, and to act silently, or in an unaccustomed manner.—And, thank God! every one is not appointed to the slow martyrdom which awaits the objector—the drawback—the qualifier of angry words. Some among us have reason to be glad that our peculiar duties and peculiar trials are shared by so few! But let us take care lest they harden us into cruelty, or scorn, or such severity of judgment as *does* not belong to Omniscience; lest they enervate us into that epicurean indifference, which—taking advantage of the atmosphere of misunderstanding which some are born to breathe, as certainly as the miner is destined to work in the dark—maintains that because a man is misjudged or unrequited, he is thereby and thenceforth absolved from all further efforts to aid or profit a perverse and unfriendly generation!—The poor are not a toy to be played with by those wanting a sensation,—nor a subject to be anatomized by speculative science;—but a duty, which ought to enter into every one's scheme of life and distribution of leisure—a presence, which will never cease from before us; to be contemplated, calmly, lovingly, *hopefully*—even as we should contemplate the common lot.—They should be with us in our times of association, and of solitary musing. When mendicancy, and superstition, and craft are the ripest—then, beyond all others, is least the time for the humble, or the high-hearted, to take offence and to turn away!

And now is the period, also, when persons of lowly fortunes will do well to study the responsibilities and condition of the more opulent, with an eye to mutual confidence and kind construction. If they look grudgingly at luxuries on the table of a *Dives*—and multiply them by the aid of an imagination distempered by distress—are they sufficiently willing to reflect, how many these very comforts and appendages maintain, more honourably than the same money given in alms would do?—It is of small use to preach to the sick, and the cold, and the hungry, that every "heart hath its own bitterness,"—that what seems to them so cruelly selfish in its provision for ease and enjoyment, may, and often *does*, bring neither the one nor the other, in proportion to the cumber it entails.—This old-fashioned anodyne to pain, will hardly quiet one single heart-ache! But when the poor are apportioning retrenchments, and prescribing beneficences for those whose counsels they share imperfectly—are they sufficiently ready to admit that what they demand and yearn for may, in part, mean, merely the substitution of one channel of expenditure for another?—that what they would enjoy must be taken from tradesmen's tradesmen—and again from the operatives employed by these—to whom meat, clothes, and fire, are as necessary as to themselves!—Is Paul, in his eagerness for payment, not too willing that Peter shall be robbed?

These are old truisms: possibly, idle ones—and many will say, leading to nothing. It is not so, if they lead one reader, rich or poor, to half an hour's patient or forbearing thought.—And, as old expedients must ever be resorted to, under certain conditions—perhaps, by way of an alternative, my mite of penny wisdom for a time of trial may amount to the scrap of waste-paper which can, nevertheless, kindle a fire which will warm many—or stop a window-chink, through which blighting and bitter winds might, else, enter.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

"Oh! I have had a dream, mother,
 So beautiful and strange;
 Would I could still sleep on, mother,
 And that dream never change!"

"What hast thou dreamed, my dear one?
 Thy look is bright and wild;
 Thy mother's ear is ready
 To listen to her child."

"I dreamed I lay asleep, mother,
 Beneath an orange tree,
 When a white bird came and sang, mother,
 So sweetly unto me;
 Though it woke me with its warbling,
 Its notes were soft and low,
 And it bade me rise and follow,
 Wherever it might go."

"It led me on and on, mother,
 Through groves and realms of light,
 Until it came to *one*, mother,
 Which dazzled,—'twas so bright.
 As tremblingly I entered,
 An angel form drew near,
 And bid me welcome thither,
 Nor pain, nor sorrow fear."

"I know not aught was there, mother,
 I only *felt* 'twas bliss,
 And joined that white bird's song, mother.
 Oh! canst thou read me this?"

"Yes, dearest, to thy mother
 Such happiness is given—
 The *Holy Spirit* was that bird,
 That grove of light was *Heaven*!"

C. B. DOUGLASS.

TAM BO, TAM BO.¹

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Will ye fee with me, Tam Bo, Tam Bo?
 Will ye fee with me, my heart and my jo?
 And I'll tent ye at hame like my tae ee
 If ye'll fee with a pitifu' widow like me.

Ye shall get merks three, Tam Bo, Tam Bo,
 Ye shall get merks three, my heart and my jo,
 And a kindly smile when there's nane to see,—
 Will ye fee with a pitifu' widow like me.

A gentle darke,² Tam Bo, Tam Bo,
 And soon frae work, my heart and my jo,
 Nor a scrimpet cog nor a counted fee,
 If ye'll fee with a pitifu' widow like me?

A gliff in the gloaming to daunt and woo,
 A good sharp share, and a weel gawn plow,
 A simmer sun, and a lily lea,—
 Will ye fee with a pitifu' widow like me?

O Tam was steeve, and Tam was stark,
 An ee like a hawk, a voice like a lark,
 A strong right arm, and a leg of pride,
 The flower of the lads on Dunscore side.

He yoked the plow, he furrowed the lea,
 He sowed his corn, he pouched his fee,
 And the widow she sung nor lowne nor low,
 I think I mann wed him, this young Tam Bo.

(1) Tam Bo is founded on the reliques of the same name and character.—A. C.

(2) Sic in orig.

Literary Notices.

Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. Author of "Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress, and the Life and Times of John Bunyan." London: William Collins, Paternoster-row; and Frederick-street, Glasgow.

DR. CHEEVER has written a very delightful account of his pilgrimage amongst the Alps. He has a genuine and deep feeling of nature; a true vein of poetic feeling in him; and an equally deep spirit of piety. He makes us at once vividly acquainted with the magnificence of the scenery amongst which he wanders; with the people of the mountains and the obscure glens; and with the great spirits who are now living and working in the various towns and cantons of Switzerland. We know not when we have enjoyed so delightful an excursion, or one which has given us so much knowledge of existing facts. We find a great amount of information on the existing condition of Switzerland, of the parties and leading characters in it, both in church and state. Amongst the Protestant clergy we have interesting accounts of Dr. Malan, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, and Dr. Gausen; of the spiritual despotism which still weighs down the people of Savoy, and of the intrigues of the Jesuits. We prefer, however, to dwell rather on the magnificent terrors of nature than the agitations of men. Of the effects of avalanches, floods, and the fall of rocks, many astonishing details are given. Amongst these none are more awful than the destruction of Arth and Goldau by the fall of the avalanche of the Roseberg.

"The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the first and second of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain; a sort of cracking noise was heard internally; stones started out of the ground; detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon of the second of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Towards the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man who had been digging in his garden ran away from fright at those extraordinary appearances. Soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling. He rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the old man's house carried off all at once."

The details of the destruction of the villages in the valley, the inhabitants in many instances being buried in them, are deeply interesting.

"The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the valley of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one incident. A party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the second of September, and set off on foot to the Righi, a few minutes before the catastrophe. Seven of them had got two hundred yards ahead; the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, and one of the latter, Mr. R. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Roseberg, full four miles off in a straight line, where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up—when, all at

once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of thick dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled! As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends; but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors, one lost a wife, to whom he was just married; one a son; a third the two pupils under his care. All researches to discover their remains were, and have been ever since, fruitless. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which was hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off."

The Macdermots of Ballycloran. By MR. A. TROLLOPE.
8 vols. London: T. C. Newby.

IN this work be, as is said, by the son of Mrs. Trollope, then the son assuredly inherits a considerable portion of the mother's talent. It is a story of intense interest, and is written by a bold and skilful hand. To give a slight idea of the unfortunate Macdermots, the history of whose downfall furnishes the material for the book, we will give a hasty sketch of the family group, as they are introduced to the reader by the author himself.

About sixty years ago, a something Macdermot, true Milesian, pious Catholic, and descendant of King somebody, died, having managed to keep a comfortable little portion of his ancestor's royalties; for, having two sons, and disdaining to make anything but estates gentlemen of them, he made over to his eldest the estate on which he lived, and to the youngest that of Ballycloran—about six hundred as bad acres as a gentleman might wish to call his own. But Thaddeus, otherwise Thady Macdermot, being an estates gentleman, must have a gentleman's residence on his estate, and the house of Ballycloran was accordingly built. Had Thady Macdermot had ready money, it might have been well built; but, though an estates gentleman, he had none. He had even debts when his father died, and his house was ill built, half finished, and paid for by long bills; this, however, is so customary in Ireland, that it but little harassed Thady. He had a fine, showy house, with stables, gardens, an avenue and a walk round his demesne; his neighbours had no more. It was little he cared for comfort, but he would not be the first of the Macdermots that would not be respectable. When his house was finished, Thady went into County Galway, and got himself a wife, with two thousand pounds fortune, for which he had to go to law with his brother-in-law. The lawsuit, the continual necessity of renewing the bills with which the builder in Carrick-on-Shannon every quarter attacked him, the fruitless endeavour to make his tenants pay thirty shillings an acre for half-reclaimed bog, and a somewhat strongly developed aptitude to potheen, sent poor Thady to another world rather prematurely; and his son and heir, Lawrence, came to the throne at the tender age of twelve. The Galway brother-in-law compromised the lawsuit; the builder took a mortgage from his guardian on the property; the mother gave new leases to the tenantry; Larry went to school at Longford, and Mrs. Mac. kept up the glory of Ballycloran.

At the age of twenty, Lawrence, or Larry, married a Milesian damsel, portionless, but of true descent. The builder from Carrick had made overtures about a daughter he had at home, and offered poor Larry his own house as his portion. But the blood of the Macdermots could not mix with the lime and water that flowed in a builder's veins; he therefore made an enemy where he most wanted a friend, and brought his wife home to live with his mother. During the next five-and-twenty years his mother and wife died; he had christened his only son Thaddeus, after his grandfather, and his only daughter Euphemia, after her grandmother. He had never got over that deadly builder, with his horrid per centage coming out of the precarious rent; twice, indeed, had writs been sent against him for his arrears, and once had he received notice from Mr. Hyacinth Keegan, the only attorney of Carrick, that Mr. Flannelly meant to foreclose. Rents were greatly in arrear; his credit was very bad among the dealers in Mohill; with Carrick he had no other dealings; and Larry Macdermot was anything but an easy man.

Thady was at this time about twenty-four; like his father, he had been educated at a country school; he could read and write, but do little more; he was brought up to no profession, no business; he acted as his father's agent over the property,

which means harassing the tenantry for money, which they had no means of paying; he was occasionally head driver and ejector, and considered, as Irish landlords are apt to do, that he had an absolute right over the tenantry as feudal vassals. Still they respected, and to a certain degree loved him; for why? was not he the master's son, and wouldn't he be the master himself? And he had a regard, perhaps an affection, for the poor creatures; against every one else he would defend them; and would they but coin their bones into pounds, shillings, and pence, he would have been as tender to them as a man so nurtured could be. With all his faults, Thady was perhaps a better man than his father; he was not so indomitably idle; had he been brought up to anything, he would have done it; he was more energetic, and felt the degradation of his position; he felt that his family was sinking lower and lower; but as he knew not what to do, he only became more gloomy and tyrannical. Beyond this, he had acquired a very strong taste for tobacco, and was content to pass his dull life without excitement or pleasure.

Euphemia, or Femy, was about twenty. She was a tall, dark girl, with that bold, upright, well-poised figure, which is so peculiarly Irish. She had large, bright, brown eyes, and long, soft, shining, dark hair, which was divided behind, and fell over her shoulders, or was tied with ribbands; she had a well-formed nose, as all coming of old families have, and a bright olive complexion. * * * * Like her brother, she was ardent and energetic, if she had ought to be ardent about; she was addicted to novels, when she could get them from the dirty little circulating library at Mohill; was passionately fond of dancing, which was her chief accomplishment; played on an old spinnet, which had belonged to her mother, and controlled the motions and actions of the two barefooted damsels who officiated at Ballycloran.

Such are the Macdermots; and of them and their troubles there is a deal to be told. The family, as poor Thady feared, sank lower and lower, he himself helping in no small degree, urged on as might seem by that inexorable fate which attaches itself to all Irish affairs, till the last Macdermot dies on the gallows. The work cannot fail of being read with great interest at the present time; and while with the hand of a master it describes the miseries and the fatal errors of Ireland, it gives us another phasis of its sorrows than that of the famine with which of late our hearts have been sickened and appalled. We regret that our limited space prevents our giving, as still better specimens of the ability shown in the work, some scenes from among the gentry at the county races; or, still better, from the wild regions of Aughacashel, where the unfortunate Thady, flying from the police, hides among the illicit distillers. We have not often read anything more impressive than this part of the book. In conclusion, we advise our readers to get it into every circulating library in which they may have any voice; and by so doing they will oblige others as well as themselves.

EARN AND OWN.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

EVER be it sung or said,
Unearned bread is stolen bread.
Head and hand divide the soil;
Head for thought, and hand for toil.

Is thy rent-roll, neighbour mine,
Patented by seal divine?
It is but a fraudulent thing,
Patented by queen or king.

Only can a man inherit
Personal need for personal merit;
Who earns not, that he may live,
Cannot own, and cannot give.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—EDS.

Food and Fisheries.—FRIENDS,—Finding the scope and tendency of your *Journal* to be such as will, no doubt, put a termination to the era of “talk,” and introduce that of “deeds,” which alone can dispel poverty and misery, I wish to lay before you a project to which for the last twelve months I have given all my attention—all, at least, that could be spared from what we have been taught to consider the “business of every-day life,” and are compelled to use as such.

It strikes me that the business of education and thinking could be better done, and that the interests of all educational projects, comprehending the interests of the *press itself*, even in the most selfish sense, could be sooner arrived at, by working (rather) *exclusively* at not only the removal of obstacles to food, direct and indirect, but by pouncing upon all, upon every positive auxiliary that can be conceived lurking anywhere out of sight—always perhaps in *view*, but *never seen*!

Blindness or darkness will not *diminish* the great (Egyptian) pyramid; but some things, objects as bulky, connected with the welfare of the great body of the people, are *invisible* the most when the strongest light is attempted to be thrown upon them! We are too close to the earth to see any of it but the spot we occupy, yet the remainder exists!

The political economy of to-day, with its devastating string of “expedients” attached, looks with one eye, and in one direction only. The pyramid of bread, for the twelve months’ sustenance of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is usually confided to the architectural qualifications of “Mark-lane.” By bread is meant the produce of these and foreign soils, in vegetable and meat substances, which must be collected and *priced* before we can eat. The attention of statesmen and legislators, townspeople and villagers, is directed exclusively to the corn, or *bread pyramid*; for this the dice and the cards are rattled and shuffled to and fro, ere it has well left the spot it grew on; and no man can cut for the gamster in food—bread food perpetually interferes. The thimble-rig gents must be permitted their much-loved gratifications on each sack of the pyramid ere the labourer of all grades can partake!

But this we all know—its *biography* is well recorded. How many and what changes can be rung upon *agricultural* produce ere it can equal, or exceed, the *labour* usually given for it, I know not; but it appears to me that agriculture, with the aid of the factories at its back, has failed to feed the inhabitants of these lands, and that, improve it as we may, and take in all the wastes we can, still there is not enough to compensate for the *latitude* of these islands; we cannot raise double crops! we are not among the “friendly islands,” nor can we drift to the sunny south!

But I’ll mention what appears to me to be established as a principle of belief within my own mind—that when Divine Providence fixed the position of England and Ireland, He intended the sea to compensate for all deficiencies of the soil—a soil indifferent at the best, and needing the perpetual refreshment of manures and other stimuli.

The soil *belongs* to the rich, and they do what they like with its fruit ere it reaches the market. Like the rolling snowball, it is nearly too bulky in price for the poor man to pay for before it appears on his table at any time! Under such circumstances, and in self-preservation, we are, as it were, compelled—while the national corn and vegetable pyramid, or stack, is attempted to be improved—to rear an *additional* pyramid from the substance of our own seas! Fractional and co-operative bodies, individually interested in confronting “Mark-lane” with a power as yet only wielded in a trifling per-centage form, can accomplish this. The aggregate of the sea makes the harvests which all this useless misery springs from; the aggregate of the sea I believe to be the *only remedy*, and we need no other now and for ever. It is the readiest, the speediest, and the most powerful. Two elements hath God given to man—given in his munificence for our use—and who can say, “He creates men, yet provides not for them?” Soil and sea:—the first is scratched with the assiduity of ghouls in a cemetery, and we quarrel about the very fragments of the bones! but it is

natural for want, and the dread of it, to make hyenas of men. The sea is called “our heritage,” and “Britannia rules the waves.” She rules on the *surface*, to be sure; but did she become ruler and possessor of what lives *under* that surface, she would have the wherewithal to rule anywhere and everywhere; for she would possess the most original of all wealth, equal and superior to gold and diamonds, and that which would consolidate and perpetuate her power and security, by its various and compound applicabilities. What opinion should we entertain of the inhabitants of these islands, did they subsist upon fish—not like the people, we shall say, of St. Kilda, or any rock where soil is insufficient, but as a people of great and extensive farm lands—who nevertheless persisted, to their destruction, in using but little, very little, of their soil, and trusted all else to their fisheries? What could we say but that they were foolish people, and were wilfully and wantonly determined to be poor, and miserable, in defiance of Almighty interference with provision to the contrary? The loaves and the fishes were seemingly inseparable in the early times; whatever auxiliaries or importations presented themselves in the shape of flesh and fowl, nuts and fruits, the loaves and fishes were *staple*; and if so then, why not so now? We do not want both *less*, but *more*, than *ever*, for the bulk of the working classes; and when the poor are provided for, the rich will take care of themselves, and I believe without effort or difficulty on their part, as in some cases now!

It is vain to attempt an elucidation of *all* the dependencies of this theme (the fishing project), as volumes might be profitably filled thereby; but if all or any other project shall be expected to succeed *without* endless difficulties, haltings, and frustrations, despairings, and frequent abandonments of the enterprise as vain and hopeless—if, I say, projects based upon old foundations, patched and strengthened merely, in place of upon a totally new basis—that if food *first* be expected to succeed without *marine stock*—it will fail. It must also be *our own food*; not brought from abroad at the cost of sending something out in exchange. Where are we to obtain these somethings? The food obtained from the soil, aided by a *continuous* sea harvest of ready-made, ready-grown diet, must operate instantaneously upon all our markets. The operatives at the factories, we shall say, upon finding their wages will purchase perhaps nearly double of what they usually do, because of the appearance of an article in such quantity as to operate on their markets, will be placed in such a position as that their comforts are not only increased, but that the risk of foreign and successful competition is *in proportion diminished*.

Then, again, what more mighty auxiliary than the sea can *islanders* call in to their aid, when free-trade corn, grown purposely for the British market, shall begin to pour in? If we cannot increase our corn and vegetable crops *to the protective extent*, let us use an *equivalent* for double crops—the sea! England, as well as Ireland, wants a *new trade*, and other trades will start from it. Our fisheries, like the small and partial showers of this month, scarcely discernible on the path before us, then instantly dried up, having been neglected, except for the tables of a few, are yet to be explored, and turned vigorously to account.

If Government do not understand their value on their *own behalf*, let the people no longer deride the fisheries because *ordinary* fishermen do not appear to grow rich. The fact is, we never had fishermen among us, because men have been blinded by shopkeeping and farming, and by *exchanging*, in place of *producing*.

A broiled fish once upon the working man’s table each morning, will make Mark-lane wink, at which the poor man shall stir his fire, and feel wonderfully contented. But Mark-lane will not have a broiled fish or a venison steak the less, but so much the *more* as to wonder at her former greed. Out of this change will proceed our wonder where the beggars and paupers are gone to. “Where now are the little thieves and pickpockets, and the housebreakers?” The very jailors are something better than turnkeys and lock-up-keepers now. The schoolmaster is now respected in his calling, and is some-

body, who heretofore was *only a schoolmaster!* Literary men reap the harvest which all are jostling each other to contribute to, because all, from being fed and moderately enriched, care now to read and to think. Now that the old sorrows are over, what shall we now think of? what shall we now do?" And the schoolmaster will say, "Much food has given you shorter hours of work; you have now leisure to read the great volume of Nature's book, which, when you have learned, you then cannot refrain from worshipping its Great Author. 'Twas for this you came here. You have vanquished Poverty; you have struck him with the magic wand of '*Industry in the right field*' and lo! he disappeared, and in his place stands Virtue. An angel of light hath been restored, and the demon Poverty is gone for ever!"

Such, as briefly as possible, are my views so far. Men well-off, as things now stand, may try to persuade me that this is all fanciful stuff, but I don't mind that. I know what co-operation, with a little capital, could do here, and by that I judge the remainder. I know the effects which ten well laden haddock-boats would have on the markets of this very place, and how much the people would rejoice at their comparative cheapness even now. I know also what boat-builders and tackle-makers could realise were they to let out their articles to such as cannot buy, and I see villages rise up along the barren shores in consequence. I have thought that, to *smother the subject*, some means have been secretly used in Ireland! This time twelve months I was instrumental in starting an agitation on the subject of the unaccountably neglected fisheries of Ireland, which, after a few months, died away. I am endeavouring to bring up the subject again; meantime, I perceive in England (my native land), and in Scotland (where I was reared), a similarity of circumstances to Ireland in this very respect; and impressed with the overwhelming importance of its being instantly attended to, I now send you these observations, such as they are, in the hope that, through minds and hearts, such as yours appear to be, the subject shall not be suffered to decay. "The engine must be put in hands **FOR THE PEOPLE!**"

Trusting almost exclusively to our soil has made us what we are. Enlist the services of the fishermen, and we are what we never have been; the "gentle craft" are few, but profit sharpens the wit, and nerves the arm,—more recruits are everywhere at hand, and our shore coasts can drain off the interior surplus population. I remain, with much respect,

Dundalk, May, 1847.

BOREALIS.

The Proposed National Testimonial to Frederick Douglass.—The following extracts from a letter just received from Frederick Douglass will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in this noble-hearted man.

Albany, May 10.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MARY HOWITT—

Very many thanks for your kind letter, per Caledonia. The tidings which it brought were exceedingly gratifying to my heart. Your letter was an unexpected blessing. I know how closely you must be occupied, not only with writing for the reading public, but also private correspondence; I therefore take it very kind that you have not forgotten one so humble as myself. I hail it as a noble instance of the stability of British friendship.

The tone of the British press, on the subject of my exclusion from the saloon of the steam ship Cambria, during her April voyage from Liverpool to Boston, has been all, and more than all, I had ventured to hope or expect. How nobly and successfully has the press performed its duty—that of vindicating the right, denouncing the wrong, and throwing its broad shield of protection around humanity in its humblest and most defenceless form. Their promptness in this instance has done more to impress me with a sense of your nation's honour than all the other incidents connected with my visit to your land. I feel that my mission would have been incomplete without this crowning chapter in its history. It is a nation's press defining a nation's position in a question of the greatest importance to my down-trodden and long-abused race. I will point Americans to that definition, and with its testimony I will confound those who slander your country (as many here are wont to do) by the charge of prejudice against colour in England.

You speak of the printing press, and ask shall I like to have it? I answer, yes, yes! The very best instrumentalities are not too good for this cause; I should feel it quite improper to express myself thus, if the proposed present were merely an expression of personal consideration. I look upon it as an aid to a great cause, and I cannot but accept of the best gifts which may be offered to it. * * * * I hope to be able to do a good work in behalf of my race with it.

You will be happy to know that I found my family all well. I am now on my way to the annual anti-slavery meeting in New York.

New York, 13th of May.

I am now attending the annual meeting. It is very well attended, better than I have ever seen it. It will be impossible for me now to give any account of it.

This hasty note will be a poor return for your good one, but I hope to send a better by next steamer.

With kind love to Mr. Howitt, and your dear family,

Yours sincerely,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Received at *Howitt's Journal Office*, for the Printing Press to be presented to Frederick Douglass,—£22 13s. 0d.

The names of the subscribers will be published shortly.

Co-operative Trading Society at Limehouse.—On Tuesday, June 1, a well attended meeting was held in Brunswick Hall, Ropemakers-fields, Limehouse, to form a Co-operative Trading Society. Mr. William Heydon took the chair at eight o'clock; the following resolutions were carried without opposition:—

First.—That the only certain means of advancement for the working classes, is to carry out the principle of co-operation; we view this system of united trading and labour, as an improvement, not only in the means of creating material and wealth, but of securing a more equitable distribution of it among those whose labour has called it into existence.

Second.—That a society, called the East London Co-operative Society, be now formed, to obtain provisions at the cheapest possible rate, the profits, after paying all expenses, to be appropriated in such a way, as may be agreed upon by a majority of the members.

Third.—That to conduct our movement to a triumphant consummation, mutual confidence is necessary; to promote this, it is resolved, as soon as it is in the society's power, to form a reading-room, and literary society, to cultivate an acquaintance, and become prompters to each other's virtues, and in this way generate a moral bond of union and brotherhood, the existence of which will be a certain pledge of success.

Fourth.—Rules were read, and referred to a committee, to be confirmed at a special public meeting of members.

Fifth.—Moved by Mr. William Thomason, seconded by Mr. S. Slaney, That this meeting, believing in the natural equality of man, and his consequent right to life, liberty, happiness and property, resolves to deal, when practicable, in free labour's produce only; and to discourage, by all the proper means of which we can avail ourselves, an institution which makes the accident of a dark-coloured skin to involve the forfeiture of liberty, and reduces to a state of slavery and degradation a large portion of our fellow creatures, who, like ourselves, were destined to bear the image of the Creator.

The meeting was adjourned till Tuesday, the 8th, and at the conclusion an enrolment of members took place.

WILL. THOMASON.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Aveline, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street, Strand.—Saturday, June 19, 1847.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE DANISH POET.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY CARL HARTMANN.

MEMOIR OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

At the moment when Hans Christian Andersen is in this country, we believe that we cannot present to our readers a more acceptable gift than an excellent portrait and memoir of this extraordinary man. Whether regarded as the human being asserting in his own person the true nobility of mind and moral worth, of the man of genius whose works alone have raised him from the lowest poverty and obscurity, to be an honoured guest with kings and queens, Hans Christian Andersen is one of the most remarkable and interesting men of his day.

Like most men of great original talent, he is emphatically one of the people; and writing as he has done, principally of popular life, he describes what he himself has suffered and seen. Poverty or hardship, however, never soured his mind; on the contrary, whatever he has written is singularly genial, and abounds with the most kindly and universal sympathy. Human life, with all its trials, privations, and its tears, is to him a holy thing; he lays bare the heart, not to bring forth hidden and revolting passions or crimes, but to show how lovely it is in its simplicity and truth; how touching in its weaknesses and its shortcomings; how much it is to be loved and pitied, and borne and striven with. In short, this great writer, with all the ardour of a strong poetical nature, and with great power in delineating passion, is eminently Christian in spirit.

It is a great pleasure to me that I have been the means of making the principal works of Hans Christian Andersen known, through my translations, to the British public; they have been well received by them, and I now hasten to give our readers a slight memoir of their author, drawn from the True Story of his own life, sent by him to me, for translation, and which is just now published by the Messrs. Longman. The portrait which accompanies this was kindly lent to us, for the use of our *Journal*, by Carl Hartmann, a young German artist of great promise, now residing at No. 7, Stafford-row, Buckingham Gate, and who also is a friend of the poet.

The father of Hans Christian Andersen was a shoemaker of Odense. When scarcely twenty, he married a young girl about as poor as himself. The poverty of this couple may be imagined from the circumstance that the house afforded no better bedstead than a wooden frame, made to support the coffin of some dead in the neighbourhood, whose body lay in state before his interment. This frame, covered with black cloth, and which the young shoemaker purchased at a very low price, served as the family bedstead many years. Upon this humble bed was born, on the second of April, 1805, Hans Christian Andersen.

The father of Andersen was not without education; his mother was the kindest of human beings; they lived on the best terms with each other, but still the husband was not happy. He read comedies and the Arabian Tales, and made a puppet theatre for his little son, and often on Sundays took him out with him into the woods round Odense, where the solitude was congenial to his mind.

Andersen's grandmother had also great influence over him, and to her he was greatly attached. She was employed in taking care of a garden belonging to a lunatic asylum, and here he spent most of the summer afternoons of his early childhood.

Among his earliest recollections is the residence of the Spaniards in Funen, in the years 1808 and 1809. A soldier of an Asturian regiment took him one day in his arms, danced with him amid tears of joy, which no doubt were called forth by the remembrance of a child

he had left at home, and pressed the Madonna to his lips, which occasioned great trouble to his pious mother, who was a Lutheran.

In Odense at that time many old festivities were still in use, which made a deep impression upon the boy, and were as so much material laid up in his richly poetical mind for after use. As all who are familiar with his works must be well aware. His father, among other works, industriously read in his Bible. One day he clothed it with these words: "Christ became a man like unto us, but a very uncommon man!" at which his wife burst into tears, greatly distressed and shocked at what she called "blasphemy." This made a deep impression on the boy, and he prayed in secret for the soul of his father. Another day his father said, "There is no other devil but what a man bears in his own breast!" After which, finding his arm scratched one morning when he awoke, his wife said it was a punishment of the devil, to teach him his real existence.

The unhappy temper of the father increased from day to day; he longed to go forth into the world. At that time war was raging in Germany. Napoleon was his hero, and as Denmark had now allied itself to France, he enlisted as a private soldier in a recruiting regiment, hoping that some time or other he might return as a lieutenant. The neighbours, however, thought it was a folly to let himself be shot for no purpose at all. The corps in which he served went no farther than Holstein; the peace succeeded, and the poor shoemaker returned to his trade, only chagrined to have seen no service, nor even been in foreign lands. But though he had been no service, his health had suffered; he awoke one morning delirious, and talked about campaigns and Napoleon. Young Andersen, then nine years old, was sent to the next village to ask counsel from a wise woman.

"Will my poor father die?" inquired he anxiously.

"If thy father will die," replied she, "then wilt meet his ghost on thy way home."

Terrified almost out of his senses lest he should meet the ghost, he set out on his homeward way, and reached his own door without any such apparition presenting itself; but for all that, his father died on the third day.

From this time, young Andersen was left to himself. The whole instruction that he ever received was in a charity school, and consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but of the two last he knew scarcely anything.

About this time he was engaged by the widow of a clergyman in Odense, to read aloud to herself and her sister-in-law. She was the widow of a clergyman who had written poems. In this house Andersen first heard the appellation of *poet*; and saw with what love the poetical talent of the deceased pastor was regarded. This sunk deeply into his mind; he read tragedies, and resolved to become a poet, as this good man had been before him.

He wrote a tragedy, therefore, which the two ladies praised highly; it was handed about in manuscript, and people laughed at it, and ridiculed him as the "play-writer." This wounded him so deeply, that he passed one whole night weeping, and was only pacified, or rather, silenced, by his mother threatening to give him a good beating for his folly. Spite, however, of his ill-success, he wrote again and again, studying, among other devices, German and French words, to give dignity to his dialogue. Again the whole town read his productions, and the boys shouted after him as he went, "Look! look! there goes the play-writer!"

One day, he took to his schoolmaster, as a birthday present, a garland with which he had twisted up a little poem. The schoolmaster was angry with him; he saw nothing but folly and false quantities in the verses, and thus the poor lad had nothing but trouble and tears.

The worldly affairs of the mother grew worse and

worse, and as boys of his age earned money in a manufactory near, it was resolved that there also Hans Christian should be sent. His old grandmother took him to the manufactory, and shed bitter tears because the lot of the boy was so early toil and sorrow. The workmen in the factory were principally German, and discovering that Andersen had a fine voice, and knew many popular songs, they made him sing to them while the other boys did his work. He knew himself that he had a good voice, because the neighbours always listened when he sang at home, and once a whole party of rich people had stopped to hear him, and had praised his beautiful voice. Everybody in the manufactory heard him with equal delight.

"I can act comedy as well!" said the poor boy one day, encouraged by their applause, and began to recite whole scenes from the comedies which his father had been in the habit of reading. The workmen were delighted, and the other boys were made to do his tasks while he amused them all. This smooth life of comedy acting and singing lasted but for a short time, and he returned home.

"The boy must go and act at the theatre!" many of the neighbours said to his mother; but as she knew of no other theatre than that of the strolling players, she shook her head, and resolved rather to put her son apprentice to a tailor.

He was now twelve, and had nothing to do; he devoured, therefore, the contents of every book which came in his way. His favourite reading was an old prose translation of Shakspeare. From this, with little figures which he made of pasteboard, he performed the whole of King Lear, and the Merchant of Venice.

Andersen's passion for reading, and his beautiful voice, had in the meantime drawn upon him the attention of several of the higher families of the city, who introduced him to their houses. His simple, child-like behaviour, his wonderful memory, and his sweet voice, gave to him a peculiar charm; people talked of him, and he soon had many friends; among others, a Colonel Guldberg, brother to the well-known poet of that name, and who afterwards introduced him to Prince Christian of Denmark.

About this time his mother married a second time, and as the step-father would not spend a penny, or do any thing for her son's education, he had still more leisure. He had no playfellows, and often wandered by himself to the neighbouring forest, or seated himself at home, in a corner of the house, and dressed up little dolls for his theatre, his mother in the meantime thinking that, as he was destined for a tailor, this was all good practice.

At length the time came when he was to be confirmed. On this occasion he had his first pair of boots; he was very vain of them, and that all the world might see them, he pulled them up over his trousers. An old sempstress was employed to make him a confirmation-suit out of his deceased father's great coat. Never before had he been possessed of such excellent clothes; the very thoughts of them disturbed his devotions on the day of consecration.

It had been determined that Andersen was to be apprenticed to a tailor after his confirmation, but he earnestly besought his mother to give up this idea, and consent to his going to Copenhagen, that he might get employment at the theatre there. He read to her the lives of celebrated men who had been quite as poor as himself, and assured her that he also would one day be a celebrated man. For several years he had been hoarding up his money; he had now about thirty shillings, English, which seemed to him an inexhaustible sum. As soon as his mother heard of this fund, her heart inclined towards his wishes, and she promised to consent on condition that they should consult a wise woman, and that his going or staying should be decided

by her augury. The sibyl was fetched to the house, and after she had read the cards, and studied the coffee-grounds, she pronounced these words:

"Your son will become a great man. The city of Odense will one day be illuminated in his honour."

A prophecy like this removed all doubts.

"Go in God's name!" said his mother, and he lost no time in preparing for his great journey.

Some one had mentioned to him a certain female dancer at the Royal Theatre as a person of great influence; he obtained, therefore, from a gentleman universally esteemed in Odense a letter of introduction to this lady; and with this, and his thirteen rix-dollars, he commenced the journey on which depended his whole fate. His mother accompanied him to the city gate, and there his good old grandmother met him; she kissed him with many tears, blessed him, and he never saw her more.

It was not until he had crossed the Great Belt that he felt how forlorn he was in the world; he stepped aside from the road, fell on his knees, and besought God to be his friend. He rose up comforted, and walked on through towns and villages, until on Monday morning, the 5th of September, 1819, he saw the towers of Copenhagen; and with his little bundle under his arm, he entered that great city.

On the day after his arrival, dressed in his confirmation-suit, he betook himself, with his letter of introduction in his hand, to the house of the all-potential dancer. The lady allowed him to wait a long time on the steps of her house, and when at length he entered, his awkward, simple behaviour and appearance displeased her; she fancied him insane, more particularly as the gentleman from whom he brought the letter was unknown to her.

He next went to the director of the theatre, requesting some appointment.

"You are too thin for the theatre," was the answer he obtained.

"Oh," replied poor Andersen, "only ensure me one hundred rix-dollars, and I will soon get fat!"

But the director would make no agreement of this kind, and then informed him that they engaged none at the theatre but people of education. This settled the question; he had nothing to say on his own behalf, and, dejected in spirit, went out into the street. He knew no human creature; he thought of death, and this thought turned his mind to God.

"When everything goes adversely," said he, "then God will help me; it is written so in every book that I ever read, and in God I will put my trust!"

Days and weeks went on, bringing with them nothing but disappointment and despair; his money was all gone, and for some time he worked with a joiner. At length, as, with a heavy heart, he was walking one day along the crowded streets of the city, it occurred to him that as yet nobody had heard his fine voice. Full of this thought, he hastened at once to the house of Professor Siboni, where a large party happened to be at dinner, and among the guests Baggesen, the poet, and the celebrated composer, Professor Weyse. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a female servant, and to her he related, quite open-heartedly, how forlorn and friendless he was, and how great a desire he had to be engaged at the theatre; the young woman went in and related this to the company. All were interested in the little adventurer; he was ordered in, and desired to sing, and to give some scenes from Holberg. One of these scenes bore a resemblance to his own melancholy circumstances, and he burst into tears. The company applauded him.

"I prophecy," said Baggesen, "that thou wilt turn out something remarkable; only don't become vain when the public admires thee."

Professor Siboni promised immediately that he would

cultivate Andersen's voice, and that he should make his debut at the Theatre Royal. He had a good friend too in Professor Weyse, and a year and a half were spent in elementary instruction. But a new misfortune now befell him; he lost his beautiful voice, and Siboni counselled him to put himself to some handicraft trade. He once more seemed abandoned to a hopeless fate. Casting about in his mind who might possibly befriend him, he bethought himself of the poet Guldberg, whose brother the colonel had been so kind to him in Odense. To him he went, and in him he happily found a friend; although poverty still pursued him, and his sufferings, which no one knew, almost overcame him.

He wrote a rhymed tragedy, which obtained some little praise from Oehlenschläger and Ingemann—but no *debut* was permitted him on the theatre. He wrote a second and third, but the theatre would not accept them. These youthful efforts fell, however, into the hand of a powerful and good man, Conference Counsellor Collin, who, perceiving the genius that slumbered in the young poet, went immediately to the king, and obtained permission from him that he should be sent, at Government charges, to one of the learned schools in the provinces, in which, however, he suffered immensely, till his heart was almost broken by unkindness. From this school he went to college, and became very soon favourably known to the public by true poetical works. Ingemann, Oehlenschläger, and others then obtained for him a royal stipend, to enable him to travel; and he visited Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Italy, and the poetical character of life in that beautiful country, inspired him; and he wrote the "Improvvisatore," one of the most exquisite works, whether for truthful delineation of character, or pure and noble sentiment, that ever was penned. This work most harmoniously combines the warm colouring and intensity of Italian life with the freshest and strong simplicity of the north. His romance of "O. T." followed; this is a true picture of the secluded, sober life of the north, and is a great favourite there. His third work, "Only a Fiddler," is remarkable for its strongly drawn personal and national characteristics, founded upon his own experience in early life. Perhaps there never was a more affecting picture of the hopeless attempts of a genius of second-rate order to combat against and rise above poverty and adverse circumstances, than is given in the life of poor Christian, who dies at last "only a fiddler."

In all these works Andersen has drawn from his own experience, and in this lies their extraordinary power. There is a child-like tenderness and simplicity in his writings; a sympathy with the poor and the struggling, and an elevation and purity of tone, which have something absolutely holy about them; it is the inspiration of true genius, combined with great experience of life, and a spirit baptized with the tenderness of Christianity. This is it which is the secret of the extreme charm of his celebrated stories for children. They are as simple and as touching as the old Bible narratives of Joseph and his brethren, and the little lad who died in the corn field. We wonder not at their being the most popular books of their kind in Europe.

It has been my happiness, as I said before, to translate his three principal works, his Picture Book without Pictures, and several of his stories for children. They have been likewise translated into German, and some of them into Dutch, and even Russian. He speaks nobly of this circumstance in his life. "My works," says he, "seem to come forth under a lucky star, they fly over all lands. There is something elevating, but at the same time something terrific, in seeing one's thoughts spread so far, and among so many people; it is indeed almost a fearful thing to belong to so many. The noble and good in us becomes a blessing, but the bad, one's errors, shoot forth also; and involuntarily the prayer

forces itself from us—'God! let me never write down a word of which I shall not be able to give an account to thee!' A peculiar feeling, a mixture of joy and anxiety, fills my heart every time my good genius conveys my fictions to a foreign people."

Of Andersen's present life we need only say that he spends a great deal of his time in travelling; he goes from land to land, and from court to court, everywhere an honoured guest, and enjoying the glorious reward of a manly struggle against adversity, and the triumph of a lofty and pure genius in seeing its claims generously acknowledged.

Let us now see the son of the poor shoemaker of Odense—the friendless, ill-clad, almost heart-broken boy of Copenhagen—on one of those occasions, which would make an era in the life of any other literary man, but which are of every day occurrence in his. I will quote from his own words.

"I received a letter from the minister, Count Rantzau Breitenburg, containing an invitation from their majesties of Denmark to join them at the watering-place of Föhr; this island lies in the North Sea, on the coast of Sleswick. It was just now five-and-twenty years since I, a poor lad, travelled alone and helpless to Copenhagen. Exactly the five-and-twentieth anniversary would be celebrated by my being with my king and queen. Everything which surrounded me, man and nature, reflected themselves imperishably in my soul; I felt myself, as it were, conducted to a point from which I could look forth more distinctly over the past, with all the good fortune and happiness which it had evolved for me.

"Wyck, the largest town of Föhr, in which are the baths, is built like a Dutch town, with houses one story high, sloping roofs, and gables turned to the street. The number of strangers there, and the presence of the Court, gave a peculiar animation to it. The Danish flag was seen waving, and music was heard on all hands. I was soon established in my quarters, and was invited every day to dine with their majesties as well as to pass the evening in their circle. On several evenings I read aloud my little stories to them, and nothing could be more gracious and kind than they were. It is so well when a noble human nature will reveal itself, where otherwise only the king's crown and the purple mantle might be discovered.

"I sailed in the train of their majesties, to the largest of the Halligs, those grassy runes in the ocean, which bear testimony to a sunken country. The violence of the sea has changed the mainland into islands, has again riven these, and buried men and villages. Year after year are new portions rent away, and in half a century's time there will be nothing left but sea. The Halligs are now low islets, covered with a dark turf, on which a few flocks graze. When the sea rises, these are driven to the garrets for refuge, and the waves roll over this little region, which lies miles distant from any shore. Oland, which we visited, contains a little town; the houses stand closely side by side, as if in their sore need they had huddled together; they are all erected on a platform, and have little windows like the cabin of a ship. There, solitary through half the year, sit the wives and daughters spinning. Yet I found books in all the houses; the people read and work, and the sea rises round the houses, which lie like a wreck on the ocean. The churchyard is half washed away; coffins and corpses are frequently exposed to view. It is an appalling sight, and yet the inhabitants of the Halligs are attached to their little home, and frequently die of home sickness when removed from it.

"We found only one man upon the island, and he had only lately arisen from a sick bed; the others were out on long voyages. We were received by women and girls; they had erected before the church a triumphal arch with flowers, which they had fetched from Föhr,

but it was so small and low, that one was obliged to go round it; it nevertheless showed their good will. The Queen was deeply affected by their having cut down their only shrub, a rose-bush, to lay over a marshy place which she had to cross.

"On our return, dinner was served on board the royal steamer, and afterwards, as we sailed in a glorious sunset through this archipelago, the deck of the vessel was changed to a dancing hall; servants flew hither and thither with refreshments; sailors stood upon the paddle-boxes and took soundings, and their deep tones might be heard giving the depth of the water. The moon rose round and large, and the promontory of Amrom assumed the appearance of a snow-covered chain of Alps."

The next day he visited the wild regions about the promontory, but our space will not admit of our giving any portions of wild and grand sea-landscape which he here describes. In the evening he returned to the royal dinner-table. It was on the above-mentioned five-and-twentieth anniversary, on the 5th of September; he says,

"The whole of my former life passed in review before my mind. I was obliged to summon all my strength to prevent myself bursting into tears. There are moments of gratitude, in which we feel, as it were, a desire to press God to our hearts! How deeply I felt at this time my own nothingness, and how all, all had come from him! After dinner the king, to whom Rantzau had told how interesting the day was to me, wished me happiness, and that most kindly. He wished me happiness in that which I had endured and won. He asked me about my early struggling life, and I related to him some traits of it.

"In the course of conversation he asked of my annual income. I told him.

"That is not much," said he.

"But I do not need much," I replied; 'my writings furnish something.'

"If I can in any way be serviceable to you, come to me," said the king in conclusion.

"In the evening, during the concert, some of my friends reproached me for not making use of my opportunity.

"The king," said they, 'put the words into your mouth.'

"I could not have done more," said I; 'if the king thought I required an addition to my income, he would give it of his own free will.'

"And I was right; in the following year the king increased my annual stipend, so that with this and my writings I can live honourably and free from care.

"The 5th of September was to me a festival day. Even the German visitors at the baths honoured me by drinking my health in the pump-room.

"So many flattering circumstances, some people argue, may spoil a man and make him vain. But no, they do not spoil him, they make him, on the contrary, better; they purify his mind, and he thereby feels an impulse, a wish to deserve all that he enjoys."

Such are truly the feelings of a pure and noble nature. Andersen has stood the test through every trial of poverty and adversity; the harder trial, that of a sun-bright prosperity, is now proving him, and so far, thank God, the sterling nature of the man has remained unspoiled.

NOTE.—I am much delighted that we have secured from Carl Hartmann's original portrait of Andersen, so fine a specimen of wood engraving by Alfred Harral.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D. F.R.S.

IX. — DEPENDENCE OF LIFE UPON AIR.

(Concluded from p. 343.)

THE facts stated in the last paper clearly show the necessity which exists for the constant removal of Carbonic Acid from the Animal body, and for the continual introduction of Oxygen. The former gas is a violent poison, accumulating to a fatal amount in two or three minutes; the latter, though a necessary of life, can be dispensed with for a longer period. Cold-blooded animals (such as Frogs, Snails, etc.) can live for some hours without Oxygen, provided that they are placed in a gas, such as Hydrogen or Nitrogen, which has the power of lifting out the Carbonic Acid from the blood, and has not in itself any poisonous property. This curious fact shows that the removal of the Carbonic Acid from the body is the *first* object of the process of Respiration; the introduction of Oxygen in its stead being only *secondary*.

We have seen what are the consequences of the entire suspension of the breathing-process; let us now inquire what takes place when an animal is confined in a limited quantity of air;—as when a mouse or a bird is enclosed in a glass receiver, the interior of which is entirely cut off from communication with the atmosphere around. The Carbonic Acid given off from its lungs very soon taints the air in the receiver, occasioning a perceptible increase in the very minute proportion of that gas which the atmosphere usually contains; and this taint becomes worse with every breath which the animal sends out. Thus, instead of from 4 to 6 parts in 10,000, we soon find 1 or 2 parts of Carbonic Acid in every 100; and when that gas is present to such an amount as this, in the air which is breathed by the animal, it has a very powerful influence in checking the proper action of the air upon the blood. Thus the blood begins to be insufficiently purified, its Carbonic Acid not being removed as fast as it is formed, and the supply of Oxygen introduced being less than that which the animal requires. As the breathing-process goes on, more and more Carbonic Acid is discharged from the body of the animal into the air confined in the vessel, and more and more Oxygen is absorbed into the blood. The air, therefore, becomes continually less and less pure, its Oxygen being gradually removed, and being replaced by Carbonic Acid. In proportion as this takes place, the quantity of Carbonic Acid, that ought to be thrown off by the lungs of the animal, progressively diminishes, and it consequently accumulates in the blood,—less rapidly, indeed, than if the breathing-process were altogether suspended, but quite as certainly, and as fatally if the accumulation continue. The animal soon shows great uneasiness, gasping for breath, and restlessly moving, as if in search of it. Soon, however, it becomes torpid and insensible; and irregular convulsive actions are seen, in place of its ordinary movements. After a further space, all motion ceases, save the beating of the heart; and if the animal be not at once restored to a pure air, this, too, soon comes to an end.

The following experiment proves that the presence of Carbonic Acid in the air which is breathed, obstructs the removal of that gas from the body. An individual taking in *fresh* air at every breath was found to give off Carbonic Acid at the rate of 32 cubic inches *every minute*. But when he breathed a limited quantity of air (300 cubic inches) over and over again, he only gave off 28½ cubic inches in the course of *three minutes*; so that, as he *ought* to have set free 96 cubic

inches of Carbonic Acid in that period, the difference (amounting to 67½ cubic inches) must have accumulated in his blood; and by the circulation of such poisoned blood through the brain and other parts of the body, all those uncomfortable feelings are produced which are experienced when suffocation is commencing. If the respiration of such a limited quantity of air were to take place but for a short time longer, complete suffocation would ensue. But it is a very interesting circumstance—which completely proves that the dependence of Life upon Air has much more direct reference to its power of removing Carbonic Acid from the body, than to the supply of Oxygen which it yields—that if provision be made for withdrawing the Carbonic Acid from the air as fast as it is imparted to it by the body (which may be accomplished by exposing to it a large surface of lime-water, or, still better, of solution of caustic potash, which will absorb the Carbonic Acid), an animal enclosed in a limited amount of air will continue to live and breathe in it, until nearly the whole of its Oxygen is exhausted; although it would have died in perhaps one-third of the time, if the Carbonic Acid had been allowed to accumulate.

The most fearful instance on record, of the sacrifice of human life from confinement in a limited quantity of air, occurred in the year 1756; when a *hundred and forty-six* Englishmen, taken in Fort William at Calcutta by the native prince Suraj-u-Dowlah, were imprisoned by his orders in the common dungeon of the garrison, known as the Black Hole. This apartment was not twenty feet square, and had only two small windows; and these were partly obstructed on the outside by the projecting verandah. It was the very hottest season of the year, and the night unusually sultry even for that season. The wretched prisoners soon became almost mad with thirst and the craving for air; they shrieked for water in the most furious tones; and fought each other with maniac hands, feet, and teeth, for possession of the ground nearest the windows. When water was brought, they battled with each other like demons for the first draught; and they consequently split and wasted more than was drunk. The constant crowding to the windows, by obstructing the entrance of air, destroyed all chance of life for those who were furthest removed from them; and many thus perished, whose lives might possibly have been saved, if all could have been content to remain tranquil, taking their regular turns in the more airy portions of the apartment. Many more perished from the violence of the conflict in which they had been engaged; and by two o'clock in the morning, only *fifty* (but little more than one-third of the original number) remained alive. These, by making the best of their dreadful condition, might have perhaps been all saved, notwithstanding that the rapid decomposition of the bodies of the dead gave a new and sickening taint to the air of this terrible dungeon; but one after another continued to sink, until at eight o'clock, when an order arrived for the enlargement of the survivors, only *twenty-three* were found alive; and these were so dreadfully changed in appearance, as scarcely to be recognised by their nearest friends.

It is hoped that sufficient proof has now been given of the extreme importance of the Respiratory process to life; and of the fatal consequences of its suspension for even a brief period. A few words may now be added with reference to those cases in which Carbonic Acid accumulates in the Air, not from the respiration of animals, but from other causes. Thus, there is a well-known cave in Italy, called the Grotto del Cane, or Cave of the Dog, from the use to which it is put. Into this cave, through certain chinks at its lower part, a stream of Carbonic Acid is continually rising; and as it comes up faster than it can be dispersed through the atmosphere on the principle of "diffusion" already ex-

plained, and is also much heavier than common air, it forms a layer of about two feet in depth on the floor of the cave. A man may enter the cave without injury, because his head is far above the level of the Carbonic Acid, and he breathes nearly pure air. But if a dog be taken into the cave, he becomes insensible almost immediately, his head being below the level of the Carbonic Acid, so that he is even more speedily suffocated than if he were immersed in water. A similar accumulation of Carbonic Acid is liable to occur in the process of Fermentation; the bubbles which rise to the surface of the fermenting liquid, and which there burst, being entirely composed of that gas. If a lighted candle be let down into the vat, it is extinguished before it reaches the wort, by the Carbonic Acid which is being given off; and many accidents have occurred from foolhardy attempts to walk along a plank laid across the top of a vat in which fermentation is going on, the quantity of Carbonic Acid which escapes from the mouth of the vat being sufficient, even when mingled with air, to produce giddiness and insensibility, so that the individual falls over into the vat and is drowned. The "choke-damp" of coal mines, which is often fatal to the colliers who do not take sufficient precautions against it, is Carbonic Acid which has accumulated in the passages of the mine; a certain quantity of this gas being almost constantly oozing through the walls from some concealed sources in the rocks or earth around. In the same manner, when an old well or cave that has been long closed up is again reopened, it is almost always found to contain an accumulation of Carbonic Acid at its lower part; and it cannot be entered with safety until it has been got rid of by the free admission of air for some time, by dashing down water, etc. etc. In any situation in which a candle will not burn, human life cannot be maintained; and there is even considerable risk in entering places where a candle burns dimly. This test of the fitness of air to support animal life should never be omitted, when there is any reason to suspect that there is any accumulation of Carbonic Acid in the place which has been opened. Another not unfrequent cause of the fatal accumulation of Carbonic Acid, is the practice of burning charcoal fires in rooms unprovided with a chimney or with any sufficient vent. The combustion of the charcoal produces Carbonic Acid; which must necessarily accumulate in the apartment, if there be no provision for carrying it off. Many fatal accidents have occurred from this cause, especially in Continental countries, in which chimneys are less frequent than in our own dwellings, and in which small pans of charcoal are commonly used for the purpose of supplying warmth. Attempts have been made in this country to introduce small stoves, supplied with a particular kind of fuel, which, it is asserted, do not give out any noxious gases, so that a chimney may be dispensed with. It is impossible, however, but that, whatever fuel be employed, a large quantity of Carbonic Acid should be produced by the combustion; consequently the use of such stoves, without a provision for sufficient ventilation, is attended with very serious risk to health.

If the injurious effects of the insufficient extrication of Carbonic Acid from the lungs were confined to those cases in which there is an obvious and immediate danger to life, they would be far less widely spread than there is reason to fear that they really are. The violence of the action of the poison upon the system gives timely warning of its fatal consequences; and these may generally be averted if the proper means be employed. But the slow, insidious, and unrecognised influence of the poison upon the animal body prepares it for the action of other causes of disease; and operates not merely upon the bodily frame, but upon the mental constitution. When a great number of persons are collected together for some time in a place of worship, a lecture-

room, a concert-room, or any other large apartment, the Carbonic Acid which they produce by breathing during the course of an hour or two is quite enough to taint the air (unless there be an extremely well-devised system of ventilation) to a degree that renders it unwholesome, though not unfit for the support of life. We feel on such occasions a sense of weariness, with more or less of headache and giddiness, and a general want of command over the mental powers. This state of things, which depends upon the insufficient purification of the blood, if only temporary, is soon relieved by an exchange into a pure atmosphere; and no unpleasant effects may follow,—although many persons, who are unusually susceptible of any want of purity in the atmosphere, retain an uncomfortable feeling in the head for some days after being confined with a crowded assembly in an ill-ventilated apartment. But if, instead of being only occasional, it is habitual, it produces a permanently-injurious effect upon the constitution. There are many diseases, of which the foundation may be traced to imperfect purification of the blood by respiration; and amongst the most fatal of these is *scrofula* in its various forms. Doubtless, in the greater number of cases in which insufficient supply of pure air acts as a cause of disease, it is assisted in its action by other causes, such as want of food, of light, or of warmth. But we must not overlook its fatal influence because it acts with other sources of injury as well as alone. Those who are accustomed to visit the dwellings of the poor, often leave them with surprise that life can be sustained in apartments, whose air seems so loaded with impurity as to be to them positively sickening. Habit may do much to reconcile the feelings to such conditions; thus the medical man, whose duties call him much into dwellings of this class, soon ceases to be as disagreeably affected by the impurity of the atmosphere as he was at first, and finds himself able to remain for hours (if need be) in an apartment from which he would have at first retreated with almost the conviction of the impossibility of remaining in it for a few minutes. And it is this influence of habit in blunting the sensations, which prevents those who are constantly dwelling in such an atmosphere from being informed through their senses of its injurious character; and even causes them to be surprised at those who "make a fuss" about the admission of pure air. But because the feelings become accustomed to this state of things, its effects upon the bodily constitution are not the less to be dreaded; in fact, they are the more to be apprehended, since this very blunting of the feelings, which shows that the poison has already begun to take effect, leads to increased carelessness as to the continuance of its operation. The evidence which has been of late collected with regard to the state, not merely of the dwellings of the poor, but also of many of the factories, workshops, etc. in which they are habitually employed, leaves no room for a doubt that a large part of the deaths which annually occur in our great towns, over and above the number that would take place in a country population of the same amount, are to be attributed to the unhealthy condition of body induced by insufficient ventilation. This condition renders the system liable to be affected by every other cause of disease, far more severely than it would be if the blood were constantly and efficiently purified by exposure to a pure atmosphere. Medical men who have practised under both sets of circumstances, well know the difference which they may expect to find between the constitutions of town and country patients. In the former, the powers of nature are comparatively weak; they are more rapidly struck down by disease; they are much less capable of bearing the operation of powerful remedies; and they are much longer in arriving at complete recovery. Should severe bodily injuries have occurred to them, the townsman is by far

the most likely to sink under the first shock to the constitution; or, if he survive this, he is liable to a peculiarly fatal kind of erysipelas, which is scarcely ever seen in country practice; and the reparative powers are exerted with so much less energy, that the town surgeon is frequently obliged to remove a limb, in order to give the patient a chance for his life, which the experienced country surgeon would hope to preserve.

All these facts show that there is a strongly-marked difference between the bodily constitution of the inhabitants of large towns, and that of the residents in the country; which causes the former to be fatally affected by numerous influences that occasion comparatively little injury to the latter. And although there are doubtless other agencies at work, there can be no reasonable doubt that the want of pure air is the most important of all. It can scarcely be questioned, when all the facts which bear on the subject are duly considered, that—if we put aside times of positive scarcity like the present—a much larger number of persons die every year in our great towns from the direct and indirect results of *want of air*, than from *want of food*. And this yearly loss of tens of thousands of lives is by no means the whole of the mischief. For one *death*, there are numerous cases of *illness*; and consequently the real amount of Disease induced by want of air is many times greater than the number of Deaths which may be imputed to it. And if it be borne in mind that the circulation of impure blood through the brain has a tendency to blunt the senses and to obscure the reasoning powers, there can be little doubt that it must have a similar effect upon the *moral sense* also; and that the affections and moral feelings must be rendered dull in at least an equal proportion with the intellect.

Although the accumulation of Carbonic Acid has been hitherto spoken of as the great source of injury to the system, when the blood is not sufficiently purified by exposure to the air, yet it must not be forgotten that there are other gases with which the Atmosphere is occasionally contaminated, which are equally poisonous, or even more so. One of the most violent of these in its action on the animal body, is the gas called Sulphuretted Hydrogen, which is composed of Sulphur in union with Hydrogen, and which is given off from decaying animal and vegetable substances that contain these two elements, as most do. It has been found by experiment that the presence of only 1-1500th part of this gas in the atmosphere breathed by a small bird was instantly fatal to it; the presence of 1-1000th part in the air breathed by a middle-sized dog speedily caused its death; and a horse died in an atmosphere which contained 1-250th of its volume of this gas. It is then a much more violent poison than Carbonic Acid; but it seldom accumulates in a large amount, for its smell is so offensive as usually to give sufficient notice of its presence, and to cause its dispersion. When drains or cesspools have been opened, however, large quantities have been set free at once; and many workmen have lost their lives from incautiously venturing into places where it is being disengaged. This gas, like Carbonic Acid, when existing in too small a quantity to be perceived in the air, may still act as a slow and insidious poison; rendering the body peculiarly liable to the attacks of disease, where it produces no direct and obvious effects. To its influence must be attributed in great part the liability to fevers, etc. which exists in localities where the drainage is imperfect, or where there is some other source of the production of this gas—such as the neighbourhood of a crowded grave-yard, or an ill-cleansed slaughter-house.

A vast amount of evidence might be brought forward, confirmatory of our assertion that purity of the atmosphere we breathe is one of the conditions most essential to the maintenance of health of body and

vigour of mind; but we must content ourselves with having stated the general facts which result from the recent extended inquiries that have been made on this subject, and with having shown *how* this dependence necessarily arises out of the very constitution of the Animal body.

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

[BY BARRY CORNWALL.

MARY, wilt thou hear a rhyme,
All about our courtship time,
When the world lay in the sun,
And the goal, we thought, was won;
When the clouds (if clouds there were)
Lost themselves in upper air;
When the flush and bloom of youth
Threw a radiance e'en on truth,
And lit up with its rich ray
Shadows that have flown away!
Ah! this May, with leaves and flowers,
Bringeth back our courtship hours!

Hearken, then, unto my rhyme,
Friend and partner for all time!
Dost thou not remember—thou,
On whose graver matron brow
Gentle Time hath gently set
A poetic coronet;—
Dost thou not remember when
All the races of all men—
Ethiop, Arab, Celt, and Tartar,
(From king to slave, from priest to martyr),—
Equal seemed, had equal right
In the great Taskmaster's sight?
Dost thou not remember, Mary,
How all tales of knight and faery—
Orient fable—shipwreck stories—
Human sufferings—genii glories—
Seemed, 'midst their barbaric splendour,
To give forth some moron tender,—
As night-flowers at night disclose
Perfume sweeter than the rose?
Ah! this May, with leaves and flowers,
Will bring back those courtship hours!

Here we dreamed! nay, still we dream;
For old truths and visions seem
Beauteous, true, and moral yet;
Wherefore, then, should we forget?
Look! the meadows still are hidden
By the flowers that come unbidden;
Still the lark is on her wings;
Still by the wood the river sings;
The dew still sparkles in the sun;
The world is out of darkness won!
All's still the same. Some joy and pain
Have touched our hearts, but not in vain!
The angel of the earth and sky
Hath brought us *some* who still are nigh,
In whom we live, for whom we hope.
So give thine eyes a wider scope,—
See where, amidst the sun and showers,
The Lady of the Vernal Hours,
Sweet May, comes forth again with all her
thousand flowers!

INSTRUCTIVE BADINAGE.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

WHAT you remarked in your *Journal* the other week on the various stages of mental growth which, in connexion with Mechanics' and other Institutes, have manifested themselves in the popular intellect, pleased me much, as a corroboration of my own experience in that particular. The individual mind undergoes similar changes. To the wondering contemplation of the child, the world is full of poetry and fiction; and that same poetry and fiction as full of truth as of beauty. Ere long, to sobering youth and manhood, facts and their laws engage attention, and exercise the understanding and the reason, as before the fabulous had found appropriate exercise for the fancy and the imagination. Now it is that Science and Philosophy may safely demand a hearing; and it is my confirmed opinion that speculative truth may at the present time be addressed to the popular mind with advantage. Perhaps, however, it should not be exhibited in a dry, abstract form, but through the medium of some vehicle that may make it entertaining.

A dear and deceased friend of mine had a happy knack of treating questions of the kind in a style of humour and badinage which never failed of making them amusing. Sometimes, with a topic of the most abstruse character, he would contrive to set the table in a roar.

I turned up the other day a few of his "Sibylline leaves." They related to such Changes as you have remarked upon as stages of growth—only not in regard to the Mind, but the Body; in fact, to the physiological assertion that "the Human Body undergoes an entire Change in its progress to Old Age." It seems to have pleased the writer to treat it, not as a settled, but a contested point; the truth of which, however, he was disposed to concede, since it would explain some inconsistencies of human conduct with which he was otherwise destined to be constantly perplexed. He adopted the assumption, therefore, as the ground and cause of many moral results; and neither Condillac nor Cabanis could have kept with greater apparent fidelity to the purely physical side of the argument. They would have done it with more sincerity, perhaps, but certainly with less wit. The irony of the following paragraphs, though exceedingly subtle, is yet sufficiently evident:—

"All hail to the controversialist, who will settle this point for ever!"

So the manuscript proceeds:—

"Yea! for thereby we might account for much in the actions of mankind; that now defies solution. Besides, it affords us the comfortable assurance that we never do really grow old. This position is capable of abundant illustration. Many are the individuals (particularly of the gentler sex) who, after arriving at the age of thirty, never (according to their own account, and they ought to be the best judges of a matter so intimately concerning themselves)—no! never become older. Perfectly aware of the renewing process, they feel themselves perfectly justified in not owing to any greater age. Many also are the individuals who, according to general testimony, never have arrived at years of discretion; though, if their baptismal registers were to be trusted, their life had fulfilled half a century. By such examples the great truth is impressed upon us, that man is in a perpetual nonage, and that, in fact, we shall all die, whatever our reputed age, in a state of infancy. How very absurd, then, is the world's talk about old bachelors and old maids,—middle-aged men, and ladies of a certain time of life.

"The ordinary conduct of men, moreover, at least as I think, corroborates the fact involved in the

renewing-process theory, that we are not the same individuals we were only a little while ago. Not having the same eyes, how can we see things in the same light that we once did? A man become suddenly prosperous, thus naturally passes by an old but humble friend, without knowing him. Both parties, of course, by the gradual change now assumed, have become different persons, and consequently mutual strangers. The wonder is that we ever recognise, or even know, each other at all. This, however, is perhaps satisfactorily accounted for by the hypothesis, that the new particles composing our frames have been kind enough to fall just into the same places, and to keep up the same appearances, as the old ones they have substituted. It would be still kinder of them, if they were to repair or obliterate certain marks and scars—certain wounds received from the blundering scythe of Time. It would, methinks, be much more to their credit, than eternally plodding in the old track, with so far from any attempt at improvement, that the new atoms seem even of less durable texture than the old. Yet, I really don't see why they could not rid us of certain disorders, and even grind us young again, in all senses. Passing over, however, such inferior considerations, and, like Crispin to his last, sticking dutifully to the theory; no better justification for the non-payment of debts could be devised:—the creditor may be said to have, in all cases, 'gone away, none knows whither.' As to the debtor, it is but natural that he should be '*non est inventus*.' Thus, to all debts a double defence may be pleaded—by one and the same process, both debtor and creditor have alike departed. True, a certain Mr. Tomkins once owed the money; but it would be quite as just to arrest any other Mr. Tomkins. The former individual unfortunately resembles the real debtor—this must be admitted—but then he is undoubtedly another man. For conniving at such injustice, our courts of law merit instant demolition. But, alas! though men change, laws do not. Man may not be man—still law is law!

"There are some who will still contend, that, notwithstanding what has been said, we continue ever the same identical persons. How, then, do they account for the remarkable changes in our opinions and sentiments that are perpetually occurring? In general, they meet this question with another. How is it, say they, on the other hand, that we are ever consistent? These knotty points, after all, must be settled by an appeal to facts. See you, now! If a man (as it sometimes happens) love his wife for ten or a dozen years, and she is changed ten or a dozen times during the period, must he not be the most inconsistent being in the world? The new particles, perhaps, which compose him have fallen in love successively with the new particles that compose her. The fact may thus be accounted for; but as one new person is not necessarily obliged to fall in love with another new person, it follows that some in a shorter and some in a longer time—probably in proportion to the rapidity of the change—will naturally cease to love their partners altogether. And thus we find it by fatal experience.

"Moreover, what an excuse this great truth affords to coquettes! The men, whom they are said to have jilted, underwent an entire change before the happy day fixed for the wedding had arrived. Surely you would not expect a woman to marry an utter stranger! Even at the altar, or the church door, some have apparently refused the person they came to wed;—but the real case was, that, by some wise instinct, they detected another individuality in the 'old familiar' disguise. Others, on the contrary, have at first felt the greatest dislike for those whom they afterwards accepted. In proof of the position, also, many a flaming patriot might be quoted. Observe him first out of place, and then in: what then? If he acts differently, it is because

he is a different man! While waiting for the post, he was gradually changing, and the change completed itself just in the nick of time, as he entered on his office. Under such circumstances, it would be unfair to expect that he should remember his old friends or his old sentiments.—Verily, so valuable a solution for so many anomalies, should not be hastily laid aside!

"The hypothesis, too, is so full of consolation! What necessity for attached couples any longer to hesitate about entering into the married state? A little while, and they will necessarily have new partners, and may change for the better;—at any rate, it will be hard if, at the third or fourth remove, they cannot satisfy themselves. Those who are married, and becoming weary of each other, have only to exercise a small degree of patience. Unhappy wives! blame not your living partners! mourn only the dear defunct! Parents of undutiful sons! drive the alien and the stranger from your door, and dress in black for your child that was! Ye who complain of the instability of friendship! grieve not for the false, but the lost!"

Here terminate, then, our citations from this most able piece of badinage and irony—which proves satisfactorily enough that if the body be ALL, Personal Identity is impossible. The argument pretended is very humorously reduced to an absurdity, and thus the assumption of a Mind, Soul, or Spirit, made necessary, to avoid the perplexities and anomalies in which the reason becomes otherwise involved. It cannot fail to amuse, and may instruct. Should the reader be excited by it to investigate the assumption of which I have spoken, and to ascertain for himself its validity, it will tend to strengthen as well as to exercise his logical powers. As the first and easiest lesson in a philosophical process, it cannot fail of commending itself to every one who needs it, and is desirous of intellectual improvement.

SIGHTS IN SOUTH GERMANY.

BY ABEL PAYNTER.

No. V.—*Music and Memory in Austria.*

To ————— *Vienna, Sept. 1844.*

Thoughts go oddly by the rule of contrary with perverse minds. A certain friend of ours, my dear —, is never placed in what we English call a "predicament," without an irresistible desire to laugh: yet he is no laugher. I have known parties whose humour never broke out so vehemently anywhere as at funerals. —I have proved that, in times of the greatest sorrow or occupation of mind, there will recur to one those most spiritual things, which have the least connexion with human agony or suspense!—a verse, for instance, from one of Shelley's poems—a head from some laid by, not forgotten, picture—or some abstruse musical combination. Following out this line of illustration, it might not be difficult to prove why I wrote from Vienna to you—to the most feverishly busy man of my acquaintance, from the midst of the Empire of Palsey!

But, apart from the strong temptation to reconcile (as it were) discrepancies, which is one of the deepest mysteries of human imagination,—you are too closely connected with all the modern anecdote of a certain world of Vienna, not to rise up at every street corner, "whenever I take my walks abroad,"—not to haunt me in every place of amusement, nearly as perseveringly as a certain Gentleman who devoted himself to me from the first evenings of my stay, with such an obvious constancy, as at last almost to establish an acquaintance. Need I tell what I would give for you in the place of him with

the leather-topped stick,—to stir the deadness of these hours—to set a stagnant mind to work by some shrewd piece of sense, or some brilliant piece of nonsense—to establish on their legs again my sympathies for a certain world of Artists, which recent experiences have disposed to totter—to shake you by the hand, in short, though I got a pinch in the moment of meeting! You, who live from morning to midnight in a crowd, and have wit enough to spare for the most witless, have forgotten certain passages of pleasant intercourse, at London and Paris, and under the chestnut-trees at Nonnenwerth. But they make too eminent a figure in my calendar not to be counted over again and again; with yearnings that the list was longer.

Here it was—was it not?—that after a long retreat in Italy (how precious a time of schooling or of meditation to every Poet, none can know better than yourself) you first affronted Germany: literally so—not only took success, but society by storm—brought insolent diplomatic ladies to your feet, by giving courteous repartee for impertinent question—and, by the brightness of your spirit, earning a social reputation as brilliant as your musical renown. Dear friend, was the feat so very difficult in a Trophonian atmosphere like this? where minds, unwilling to be still by reason of their vacancy, are perpetually setting animal bodies to work—the result being restlessness rather than mirth! And do you not think that your extravagant munificences may have had as much to do with the triumph as your Florentine profile—or your *quietus* to Madame *Une telle*—or your wonderful ten fingers on the pianoforte! I am guessing with an impudence only surpassed by that of your own boyish days—but I cannot help guessing that you must have towered too high above the level here, to have been understood:—however universally you were *stared at*.

What a place of musical memories is this for the Pilgrim!—The art at the present time, from what I can hear, seems under the double sovereignty of Donizetti and Strauss—the Italian Opera, that is, and the great conductor of dance music, whom, in one of your stinging moments, you chose to call the “composer of Germany.” But Vienna has been the death-bed of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven.—When I saw their names together on the play-bill to the *ballet* of “Prometheus” the other evening, the sight served as text to many thoughts and fancies.—The position of the Artist—his career—his duties—was brought before me more forcibly than ever I recollect it to have been: and if I write to you what you will never read, it is because I know that your life has moments—apart from all its fevers, and ambitions, and representations—when these subjects are vividly present to you: and when the truth, with respect to them, is comprehended.

Taking these three men in chronological order, it is remarkable how the life of each is of a darker shade than its predecessor!—Was this wholly a matter of *physique*? I doubt it. There was something, too, of the World’s revolutions in it—something of the growth of Art from infancy to maturity: something of the progress of Invention from those instinctive motions which make bird and brook sing, to those more arduous strivings, and lofty aspirations, which tempt the Poet to scale the heaven, not because he *must* mount on the wings of youth and impulse, but because the celestial region is very far!

Let us look into the thing a little more exactly. It is not long since I was listening to one of Haydn’s early works by the side of —, who turned to me with a smile when it was over. “That was in the happy childhood of music,” said he. Simple to meagreness, almost, as they sound to ears saturated with the richer compounds of modern times—there is an artless freshness of idea about them, which is as completely gone out of the world as the Fairies. A life of easy living,

and pleasant dreaming, and little caring, is in every note of them—for the struggles of a young artist’s life are so many adventures rather than cares, if he has Hope and Genius with him. There is industry, too,—for in the youth of Art, zealous study was not condemned for an evil, as it is now, in its later, more sophisticated days. The choir boy who ran about from church to church on Sundays; to play here, to sing there, to beat time in a third place—was more enviable than many a student born into my and your *blasé* world; whose notion of getting on, is “mocking his predecessors.” But, beyond the works of every other composer, do I fancy or find in Haydn’s,—a cheerfulness, bespeaking a mind clear of misery—betokening a doer, rather than a dreamer. Byronism had not entered the world when his spirit was being moulded. He was a good deal hen-pecked—a little superstitious—somewhat in awe it may be guessed of great people: for his were essentially days of patronage,—which are, also, days of awe. Nor was he clear of *peccadilloes*: (to use the world’s phrase) which the nature of his creed enabled him to wipe off, as with a sponge, by direct works of compensation. A good-natured, true, indefatigable man—endowed with prodigious invention, and too fond of Art to be willing it should stand still!—I don’t fancy the life of one among the poet-race, less undisturbed than Haydn’s. But there is something of the operative in it. * * * *

Salzburg.

What, think you, was my first impression of this place? The *carillons* chiming the dear old “O dolce concerto,” from the palace tower, as we drove up to the door of the *Goldene Schiff*. Could one have wished for a pleasanter welcome to Mozart’s town? But as one thought “uttereth speech” to another, sometimes by the very force of discrepancy:—that very cheerful tune, rung out by the mellow and tinkling chime, brought back the Vienna fancies, of which I began to prate to you when interrupted by more immediate objects of interest. The Salzburgers are now doing honour to Mozart. His name is painted on the house where he was born (this very pen, by the way, was bought there): I see his statue by Schwanthaler in the square below: an excellent work, as modern statues go, erected scarcely a couple of years since. They have been performing requiems to the memory of his son, at Vienna. Yet was ever life sadder than his!—I mean to those who look on, and who cannot believe that happiness lies in the billiard-room and tea-garden gaiety wherein the Austrians somewhat mechanically delight. Mozart was made a wonder of in infancy—his mind enervated by royal presents and noble flatteries—his body weakened by late hours, and pampered by “rich viands and the pleasurable wine”—his sense of right and wrong confused by the society of the old and the sophisticated, fatal influence on the precocious!—his sensibilities forced and encouraged—his genius fed with stimulants. In the letters of his vain, kind-hearted, not ungentlemanly father, written while travelling about the world with his wonderful children, I do not find a trace of anything like support or bracing offered to the Child. He seems never to have comprehended the responsibilities appertaining to the owner of so noble and mysterious a treasure. He was proud of his children—he was thankful to God (in his innocent and credulous way) for their triumphs; but he seems never to have looked for them beyond the happiness of pieces of brocade, diamond snuff-boxes, and purses of ducats. That our Mozart can have been utterly contented with such rewards, I cannot believe. The sinews of his intellect and purpose had never been permitted time or space to grow—he was a child in the affairs of men: good-natured, cowardly, facile, superstitious, and extravagant. He was unable to give rule or reason (it has been said) for aught that he did in his art—and wrote with as instinctive a rapidity (from what we can gather) as the slightest

Italian melodists, whom, for a like facility, his partizans so scornfully despise. Yet I will never believe but that he was perplexed with forebodings and stirrings,—with the struggles of a brilliant and fervid and impassioned genius, in a frame too fragile to abide the strife—but that besides the moments of racking anxiety about the common necessities of subsistence, which fall so doubly terrible on summer birds such as he, he had moments of mistrust and despondency about his art,—unexplained yearnings—an indefinite sense of vanity and vexation of spirit, of powers not wrought up to their fullest capacity. Never was man less of a sayer of fine things, such as “point a moral;” but from all I can read and gather, (dare I not to you add, from all that is *told* me by his Music?) I have an impression that sorrowful and humiliating depression was often his portion: and that the man whose melodies have enchanted more universally and longer than almost any other melodist, was, in the moments when he was redeemed from fatuity, sad and shrinking, self-abased and ill-assured—to whom the early grave, when it came, was a rest for weariness and exhaustion—precious inasmuch as neither wickedness from without, nor vain burning dreams, and passing whispers of remorse for hours or energies wasted, from within, could more trouble him there. Have these fancies never crossed *your* mind? Or are you like the million, who see, on the one hand, in Mozart the perfect composer, to whom no gift nor grace was wanting;—on the other, the good-natured and careless husband, the spendthrift of easily-gotten revenues: and who, shrugging their shoulders in Pharisaical pity, or in foolish admiration, say: “But then, all those men of genius are alike, fit for nothing but their art.” The tale of many a mournful death-bed has been told: but I do not know one which always appears to me more profoundly melancholy than the sinking down of Mozart, in the midst of superstitious fears, and worldly difficulties, with the busy, if not very deep stream of Viennese life flowing on ceaselessly round him, moving in luxurious measure to his music: about the most passionate, if not the purest breathings of Love ever uttered! * * * *

There was no being in Vienna without making a pilgrimage to Beethoven's grave. Generally these sort of sentimentalities are not for me. I am held to be heretical in the matter of relics, too. But there are few lives I have thought over so earnestly as his; few men I should so much have liked to study near at hand: and from the Freyung to Währing is but, as you know, a step. I was put a little out of tune for the excursion, by the face of my jovial Jehu.

“And where to in Währing?” he said, as he let down the step.

“The Cemetery!”—I remembered a German goblin tale, of two sedan bearers, who were honoured by the same commission, after a masquerade, by a real Skeleton! for my man's astonished face, with a little romantic colouring, could have sat for theirs. But it was a broad, shining, cloudless noon, and the interval between the city and the lines, is as anti-poetical as most suburbs. The lines once passed, a road embowered with acacias leads you to a height, from which the views on every side are most lovely, and the little village is soon hurried through, and you are at the Cemetery. A little blue-eyed girl—the identical Wilhelmine of Southey's ballad—ran, knitting in hand, with a large cozy looking cat trotting after her, to show me the tomb. The tomb—hard by Von Seyfried's and Schubert's—is a cheerful looking white sarcophagus, surmounted by an obelisk with a gilt lyre, and butterfly within a coiled serpent, for its only devices—and for motto, simply

“BEETHOVEN.”

The taste of all this is quiet and good, if not exalted;—there is about the tomb an air of placidity, not to say prosperity, which struck me as curiously at variance with

the youth, and the life, and the death of the noble but stormy being whose dust sleeps there. Never was the dark and bitter unhappiness of his life so forcibly made present to me, as by that contrast. It might be a mere matter of day and hour; perhaps only of mood; but I have never so gravely felt the weight of his sorrow as there, where every object conspires to soothe the senses, and to suggest the idea of

Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends!

around the death-bed of the man of genius. I thought of his early difficulties: not those commonplace struggles to gain hearing and opportunity which are part of the class education of every Artist, essential to the free play of his faculties, and to that self-reliance without which no great work is achieved—but the wakening-up of a rugged temper, and a suspicious spirit, in the midst of impulses the most generous, and of affections which lacerated their possessor in the shape of self-remorse, after those moods in which the dark angel got the ascendancy. And I thought of the thousand contrarieties, which the life of a small German town, and a small German court, must have thrown in the way of one so eccentric, uncouth, and self-willed: and how there seems to have been near him no one powerful or clear-sighted enough to have taught him that self-discipline was not only a duty and a virtue, but a blessing he could not sufficiently strive for.

But to this harsh, singular, intractable (not ungenial) nature, was added a yet more terrible trial to Beethoven. What must it have been to such an one—vexed, moreover, by the misdeeds of a rapacious and disreputable family—to be aware that, day by day, the sense essential to his joy of existence was gradually dying—that, in a brief space, all would be Silence with him? I have known those who can bear such terrible inflictions nobly—nay, turn them into advantages and blessings—but they were not persons of Genius, as the World is pleased to understand the term. Their hearts had been trained, their faith directed aright though years of childhood—and the sorrow, when it came, was so calmly faced, that it turned,—and behold, a gain in disguise! But the struggles of Beethoven with his calamity seem to have had at once the ferocious strength and the aimless impotence of an animal's. Like a child he tried to hide it, as if concealment would give him back the lost sense. Then came dark and melancholy despondency—and the worst accompaniment of the infirmity, suspicion—then “rages,” not like Lord Byron's, “silent,” but immoderate and brutal, striking right and left, and too often alienating the steady friends whom such a meteor-being so eminently needed. All this while the works he was pouring forth with all the fertility of genius, were but coldly entertained. His townsmen withheld their sympathy—his finances became disordered—and he died, worn out by disease, haunted by causeless fears of want, and bitter reflections that those who had served him the best he had maltreated in return for their devotion; that those whom he had best served, were leaving him to perish miserably. Yet his music was strong, clear, masculine—not as some superficially styled it, gloomy in character—save inasmuch that strongly marked beauty must be somewhat stern.

In the works produced during his prime, there is no sign of incompleteness, or feebleness—none of the waywardness which so marked his actions. Why was none of the strength he so lavished throughout even the trifles he wrote, turned to the mastery of his spirit? Why was the World to have all the joy—save in a few better moments, when he saw clearly the glorious treasure of his own gifts—and himself all the agony? Was it because he was deeper, more imaginative, more high above the herd than his predecessors—and, therefore, according to the mournful creed of many, marked out to be a Martyr?

Are we to come to the conclusion that the Artist's life is to become unhappy in proportion as it is deeply intellectual: that he is to break himself against the bulwarks of Society, coming out of the conflict with heart-wounds in proportion to his strength? None can, I think, have looked on this world, without such a question painfully presenting itself—and without seeing, by what myriad evasions, in the shape of egotisms, jealousies, avarice, or sensual indulgence, the Artist endeavours to provide for his own dignity and selfish comfort, and thus to avert the common lot! What say you, my dear —, in those moments when the noise and the nonsense of your subjects and their flatteries is rated by you at its worth!—when, alone with your own noble spirit, you can forget stars and orders, and torch processions, and serenades, and consider for yourself that mission which you have so eloquently described? *Must* all this confusion and striving be? all this soreness, and heart-burning, and dark injustice:—all this womanish impatience of a few thorns strewn in the path of those whose goal is the furthest, and whose frames are the strongest? *Must* it be all victims or betrayers? Are there no considerations to appeal to, by which matters shall be more equitably apportioned? the vexations of Life, which is transient, rated at their right smallness—the nobility of Genius, which is eternal, set forth in its real glory?—You have taught the world that the heaping up of riches is an idle pursuit—that the spreading them abroad on every noble and generous object, is not a miracle, to effect which, soul and body must be parted! You have shown your brethren that the highest intellectual distinction is compatible with the widest toleration; that a man who can analyse poetry with poets, and bandy diplomacy with diplomatists—nay, (on a pinch,) talk theology with the theologians—yours being, *con rispetto*, very wild—can take his part of kind friend and good comrade with the humblest of his fraternity, as if he, too, knew nothing better than the Vienna motto of “Eat and drink and die to-morrow!” Why should it be Utopian to imagine yet more than this!—a teaching which should rule the Artist's own spirit, so as to make him happy in life, as well as indifferent to it!—a sense of responsibility, bringing in its train, forbearance as well as indulgence? There is something better than the common scorn of men: a disdain of those leanings on and appeals to the recognised feebleness of Genius, which make so many great spirits unhappy, and so many small ones triumphant in their own calmer littleness! You cannot afford to be avaricious—why not also not afford to be sensitive—for your own sake . . . and for the World's, since you do so much to delight and elevate it? Wherefore not that little more, which would leave Art without a stain, on a pedestal before which none but the savage or the irreclaimable heretic would refuse to bow the knee!

YOUNG MEN OF EVERY CREED.

Young men of every creed!
Up, and be doing now;
The time is come to “run and read,”
With thoughtful eye and brow.
Extend your grasp to catch
Things unattained before;
Touch the quick springs of Reason's latch,
And enter at her door!
The seeds of mind are sown
In every human breast;
But dormant lie, unless we own
The spirit's high behest!
Look outwardly, and learn;
Turn inwardly, and think;

And Truth and Love shall brighter burn
O'er Error's wasting brink.
Give energy to thought,
By musing as ye move;
Nor deem unworthy aught,
Or trifling for your love!
Plunge in the crowding mart—
There read the looks of men;
And human nature's wondrous chart
Shall open to your ken!
Shun slavery—'tis sin!
The deadliest fatal ban
Which ever veiled the light within,
And palled the soul of man!
In freedom walk sublime,
As God designed ye should;
The pillared props of growing time,
Supporting solid good.
Tread the far forest; climb
The sloping hill wayside;
And feel your spirits ring their chime
Of gladness far and wide!
Where'er your footsteps tend,
Where'er your feelings flow,
Be man and brother to the end,—
Compassionate the low!
Curb anger, pride, and hate;
Let Love the watchword be;
Then will your hearts be truly great,
God-purified and free!

W. H. PRIDEAUX.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF IRISH CHARITIES.

TAKING up an Irish newspaper the other day, we could not avoid feeling extreme astonishment on running our eyes down a column of it almost entirely devoted to the acknowledgment, by different parties, of various charitable contributions. The sum total was so large, that we fell into a series of reflections upon the extraordinary anomaly of a country, avowedly poor, able to spend so very considerable a revenue upon the accidental calls of distress. It was not an occasional epidemic of generosity either, originating in the miseries of this calamitous season; for, on referring to our file, we found that at the same period of the past year nearly the same amount had been subscribed for the same purposes. Institutions for the sick, the indigent, the unfortunate, the destitute, supported regularly by the unflinching benevolence of the public, with all their expensive machinery—houses with rents, and rates, and taxes pertaining thereto. Clerks, servants, assistants, committee-rooms, printed reports, and an endless catalogue of extra charges.—Distressed individuals, such as afflicted widows with large unprovided families, penniless orphans of deceased clergymen and tradesmen, maiden sisters once in affluent circumstances now reduced to beggary, with a host of other sufferers from various melancholy reverses, all bountifully relieved by the beneficence of strangers. This was distinct, too, from the large contributions every where poured in to the famine-fund, as we may call it. It appeared to be the system of the country,—a yearly charge upon the nation's income. The thought arose as to whether this could be a healthful symptom in the economics of a people. Why was so large a demand on private charity constantly necessary? Why were so many public asylums for the miserable required? What could produce an amount of pauperism so enormous as to occupy the time and the attention of large societies, and cause the never-ending appeal to

tender feelings, resulting in an acceptance of alms certainly humiliating to the receiver! Some years ago a friend of ours paid a visit to Ireland. He was carried there partly by business, partly by the wish to renew his acquaintance with some members of his family who had settled there. He had thus an opportunity of mixing with several classes of society in different parts of the island; and so of learning many particulars of the domestic habits of the Irish. On recollecting the substance of several conversations we had the pleasure of holding with him afterwards, on the subject of this interesting country, it seems to us, that one of the principal causes of this overwhelming degree of wretchedness was developed to us. The labourer does not receive his hire; that he may not be worthy of it is possible, but that he does not get it is fact. In no country in the world is the work of man's hands so cheap as there. In no country in the world are the small wages earned paid so grudgingly, mulcted as it were by charges laid on them for rent, etc. to a full third of their amount. Not from avarice, we really believe, nor want of feeling, but from want of thought. It is the custom. The man who will save his shillings, on the labour that returns him pounds, as carefully as if the accumulation of riches were the only end and aim of his existence, will give away these pounds in indiscriminate charities with even a lavish hand. The lady who bargains for pence in every pound of meat, in every pint of milk she buys, in every article of clothing she has made, will subscribe, perhaps, to half-a-dozen public charities, run the round of sermons for benevolent contributions, and have her hand in her pocket at every call of distress. Now, without meaning to check sympathy for unavoidable calamity, let us consider whether, even in a merciful point of view, it would not be wiser, kinder, to prevent the occurrence of misfortunes. Supposing the employer, gentleman or lady, man of business or man of trade, paid the employed better, might not the stream of metal currency flow more equally over the land; might it not fertilize more generally as it spread there? If each labouring person had just that little more than each just wanted for the mere necessities of the day, for food and fire, and raiment and lodging; if each had just that little more that would admit of the saving of say a few shillings monthly for the day of need, could there be so many beggared widows, starving orphans, destitute needlewomen? and if the time now devoted by charitable ladies to the "Dorcas Institutions," "The Seamstresses Relief Society," and all those other well-intended charities, unhappily necessitated by the present system of social morals, were privately expended by each in the real earnest care of those immediately under her own charge; we feel convinced that a vast economy of money, an immense increase of happiness, would infallibly result from this change of measures, in a much shorter space of time, too, than any one accustomed to the effect produced on ignorance by a well-organized attention to its enlightenment would believe to be possible. Let us examine the subject fairly in a spirit of honest kindness, with a wish only to reach the truth. Good morals and easy circumstances, speaking generally, accompany each other. Which of two men will be most disposed to judge charitably, to act justly, to do his duty faithfully—he who on the poorest pittance can just keep himself and his family struggling through years of discomfort, pinched in every department of his miserable thrift; or he who on a little more feels that he has a warmer bed, a more nourishing dinner, a brighter fire, a better coat than his worse paid neighbour?—Let us extend our liberality to such an overplus as would allow of a widowed mother reckoning on her easy chair by the side of the comfortable hearth of a well-doing son, or bring an orphan niece or nephew to the decent uncle's board;—would the country lose or gain, by such relief from the burden of poor rates, by the consequent growth of more amiable feelings among

the bulk of her population?—And the upper classes—would they suffer under this more truly Christian arrangement?—would it impoverish them to pay so much per cent. on the wages of labour done for them, rather than in poor rates or in private alms-giving?—would the business of the farmer, or the artisan, or the tradesman, thrive or fail when more vigorous bodies, more willing minds, gave the hands which were to carry it forward? The mistress of the family, also—for the ladies, we fear, have more to do with this bargain-making element of poverty than is creditable to their general soundness of feeling on all points connected with benevolence—would she at the end of the year be the richer or the poorer, if she paid her own servants better, and gave no vails to the servants of her friends? if she returned the just value of her time to the workwoman who brought home her husband's shirts and the frocks and petticoats of her children, and was thus saved her contribution to the fund for the sick and indigent room-keeper? As to the happiness part of the affair, there can be no question about it. We know that so entire a change in our ideas of our social duties can be effected neither in a day nor in a year, but it may be in a lifetime. There will be much to learn, and much to teach, and much to bear, and something to forbear; but the work of love, once entered upon earnestly, will proceed steadily. We would beseech all to give the subject deep reflection—to determine all of us each in his own little sphere to act in his own circle on the broad principle of Christian charity—the charity which never faileth, the charity that suffereth long, and is kind, that beareth all things, believeth all things, *hopeth* all things. We must consider that these are momentous times, that great changes to be have already cast forward their shadows, and that Ireland is not the only part of the country on the eve of a social revolution.

Literary Notice.

The Lasting Resentment of Miss Keow Lwan Wang.
A Chinese Tale. Translated from the original
Chinese by the late ROBERT THOM, Consul at Ning Po.

A CHINESE GHOST STORY.

IN the province of Keangse and the village of Changlo, there lived a man of the common people, called Chang-yih. This man dealt in miscellaneous articles, and one day he had occasion in the way of business to go to the chief city of the Heen district, and the night being already far gone ere his little matters were all arranged, he went to sleep at a lodging-house outside of the town. This lodging-house being already full of people, could yield him no accommodation. There happened, however, to be an empty apartment fast locked, which no one occupied, and Chang-yih, addressing the landlord, said to him, "Mine host, why not open this empty room, and let me have it?"

The landlord replied, "In this room, sir, are ghosts or devils, and I dare not lodge guests in it!"

Chang-yih said again to him, "Well, even if there should be ghosts or devils, what should I be afraid of them for?"

The landlord, not having another word to say, could only comply; so he unlocked the door, and taking a lamp and a sweeping-broom, handed them over to Chang-yih. This person then entered the room, and taking a lamp, placed it steadily on the ground, when he trimmed it quite brightly. In the centre of the room was a broken bedstead, literally piled up with dust; so he made use of his broom, and swept it clean, spread open the bed clothes, called for a little rice and wine, on which he supped, threw the door to again, undressed himself, and went to sleep.

In his sleep, he dreamed that a very beautiful woman, gaily attired, stood by him; and when he awoke, strange to say, the woman was still there. Chang-yih asked her who she was, and she replied,

"I am the wife of a neighbour, and because my husband has gone abroad, I am afraid to be alone, and therefore I am come here. Do not at present speak any more, afterwards you will know all."

Chang-yih asked no more; in the bright daylight she took her departure, and at night returned as before. This continued for three successive nights, and the landlord seeing that Mr. Chang was at leisure, told him, as if by chance, that a woman had hanged herself in that room, and that strange things frequently happened there; only, added he, "all seems to be quiet there now."

Chang-yih treasured what he heard in his breast, and when night came, and with it the woman, he put the question to her, saying, "To-day the landlord told me, that in this room was the ghost of a woman who had hanged herself; I presume that this must be you?"

The lady, without betraying the least symptom of shame, or showing any desire to conceal the truth, replied promptly, "It is indeed myself, and no other! But you, sir, need be under no apprehension, as I have not the slightest intention to injure you."

Chang-yih then besought her to favour him with the particulars of her history, which she did as follows:—

"In my former state of existence my family name was Muh; people called me Miss Neen-urh. I had a lover in the Yu-tsen district, called Yang-chuen; he promised to marry me, so on the faith of this I assisted him with my little private stock of money, which consisted of a hundred pieces of gold. My false lover went off with my money, and three years afterwards, as he did not return, the old lady with whom I lived wished to constrain my affections, and urged me to admit another suitor; so having no means of getting rid of her importunities, and being unable to bear up against the vexation that weighed me down, I hanged myself and died. The place where my brothers lived was sold, and is now used as this lodging-house; in former times this was my bed-room, and my spirit not being extinguished, continues to haunt it as before. Yang-chuen is from the same district as yourself, perhaps you may know him."

Chang-yih replied that he knew him very well.

"And where is he now, and what is he about?" asked the woman.

Chang-yih replied, "Last year he removed his dwelling to the south gate of the city of Jaouchow, where he has married a wife, and opened a shop. Moreover, his business is in a very flourishing way."

The woman heaved a long sigh, but at that time made no further observation. After two days more, when Chang-yih was about to return home, she said to him, "I have a strong desire, sir, to go with you and live with you, but I do not know whether you will consent or no."

Chang-yih replied, "Why if you are able to accompany me, pray what objection should I have?"

Upon this the woman rejoined, "Then, sir, would you be good enough to get ready a small wooden tablet, and have written upon it, 'This is the spirit's tablet of Miss Neen-urh,' which you can put in your clothes basket, and if at any time you take it out, and call me, I will on that instant come forth."

Our friend Chang promised that he would do so. His companion further said to him, "I have still fifty taels of silver buried beneath this bed; you may take it, and use it as you list, sir." Chang-yih dug up the ground, and in reality found a pitcher containing fifty taels of silver, at which his heart was full well pleased.

Next day he had the spirit's tablet written out, which he stowed away carefully, and bidding the landlord good bye, set out on his way home. When he got home, he recounted all these circumstances to his wife. The lady was not at first well pleased with the story, but on seeing the fifty taels of silver she recovered her good humour, and expressed no dissatisfaction. Chang-yih having set up Miss Neen-urh's spirit's tablet by the eastern wall, his wife, by way of sport, took it, and called upon her, when lo! in broad daylight, Miss Neen-urh came walking forth, and made the good lady of the house a profound obeisance! This person was at first a good deal startled, but afterwards, getting familiar to the sight of the spectre, she made no work about it. After some ten days or more the spectre lady said to Chang-yih, "There is an outstanding debt due to me at the principal city of the district; perhaps, sir, you would like to go along with me to recover it." Our friend Chang-yih, hoping to turn the affair to his own advantage, promised to do so. He then hired a vessel, and taking the spirit's tablet, placed it

carefully in the centre of the boat, and the stranger lady travelled with him, seeming to avoid intercourse with all other people.

After travelling a few days, they arrived at the south gate of Jaouchow city, when the woman said, "I am now going to Yang-chuen's house to claim the old debt due to me." Chang-yih would have gone with her, but in a moment she was on the shore. He followed her, and saw her distinctly enter a shop, which, on inspecting narrowly, he found to be in very deed the house of Yang-chuen. Having waited for some time, he did not see her come forth, but he saw that the whole of Yang-chuen's establishment was in a state of fright and alarm, and in a brief space the sound of weeping seemed to shake the very ground. He inquired the reason of a person in the shop, who thus accounted for it:—

"Why," said he, "my master Yang-chuen was well enough; there was nothing amiss with him when all at once he met with some wicked spirit or other, and so he died!"

Chang-yih knew within his heart that it was Miss Neen-urh who had done the deed; so quietly stealing down to his vessel, he took the spirit's tablet, and earnestly called for her, but she was never seen to come forth more! Chang-yih then comprehended that the old outstanding debt due to her at the chief city, was a debt of vengeance to be recovered from Yang-chuen for his unjust conduct to her in this life.

The above story forms a sort of introduction to the whole work, which is a love story—the unhappy history of a sort of Chinese Miss Bailey, who hangs herself, not in her garters, but in a gauze scarf, for love of a false young man. The account of this catastrophe we will quote, for it is curious; no doubt it has steeped the embroidered and perfumed handkerchief of many a fair Chinese lady with tears.

That very night Keou Lwan washed herself with the utmost care, and having changed her clothes, she desired her waiting-maid, Ming-hea, to go and boil her some tea, using this deceit to get Ming-hea out of her room. No sooner was her maid gone, than, having first fastened the door, she made use of a stool to support her feet; then taking a white sash, she threw it over a beam and tied it; next having made fast the scented gauze scarf, the first cause of all her woes, around her throat, she joined it to the white sash in a dead knot, and finally kicking away the stool, her feet swung in mid air, and in a moment her soul sought the habitations of the dead at the early age of twenty-one years!

Ming-hea having boiled the tea, was bringing it to her mistress, when she found the door fast shut. She knocked for some time, but no one opening it, she ran in a great fright to communicate the news to Aunt Tsau. This lady speedily arrived with Mrs. Chow, and the room door being forced open, words cannot describe the horror and dismay that seized them, when the sad spectacle within presented itself to their view! Old Mr. Wang was not long in learning the dismal tale, and in an instant he repaired to the spot. It is needless to relate the scene of sorrow that ensued; neither the old gentleman nor his lady knew for what reason their beloved daughter had committed this rash act. But it was necessary to take some steps for the interment of the body, and a coffin being procured, what was once the lovely and accomplished Lwan was, amidst the tears and lamentations of the whole household, consigned to the silent grave!

Such was the death of the lady; the death of the gentleman, "the wicked Captain Smith" of the story, is not less memorable. The lovers, be it understood, had written a deal of poetry; and all this, together with the broken marriage contract, and full particulars of the young lady's unhappy end, were conveyed to the chief magistrate of the district. The story says:—

His excellency Fan took the poetry, the ballad, and the marriage contract, and revolved them in his mind again and again, so as to make himself thoroughly acquainted with, and got at the very marrow of, this strange piece of business.

This done, and the false lover obliged to confess all, his excellency the censor, having made a speech to him in a voice of wrath, condemned him to be beaten to death with staves like a dog, that he might serve as a warning to all cold-blooded villains in future.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

In this department of our Journal we mean not only to state candidly our own earnest opinion on any matter of importance, but shall endeavour, as far as in us lies, to form and guide public opinion, as every honest journalist should do; and with equal sincerity we solicit the opinions of others of all classes—be they rich or poor, be they masters or men, be they men or women. We work for all, and we desire to work with all.—Eds.

"Wants a Situation."—*State of the Country.*—How accurately do these three words describe the condition of thousands of our fellow-countrymen at the present moment! How loudly do they speak of want and suffering! What an index do they furnish to the state and prospects of Britain!

Those who, like ourselves, live in the heart of a large city, and who frequently come into contact with business men, are well cognizant of the fact that trade in almost every department is unprecedentedly flat and dull. Nothing shows this more clearly than the vast numbers of individuals out of employment. Our streets are literally crowded with persons in this unfortunate position, of all ages and sexes, and belonging to every rank and profession in life, from the shop errand-boy up to the merchant and manufacturer himself. Our quays swarm with idlers; and our advertising newspapers, as the Times and North British, are thickly studded with advertisements under the above title-head. The books of our register offices for servants are choked full; situations *wanted* being in the proportion of twenty to one of situations *vacant*. Our mills and public manufactories, having few demands for goods, are working short time, half time, and some no time at all; and a good many, during the last two or three months, have been shut up altogether from bankruptcy, mainly—we will not say entirely—caused by the deadness of trade: thus thousands of men and women are turned adrift upon the wide world. Tradesmen of all kinds are reducing their expenditure, lessening the number of their hands, lowering the salaries of those they have, parting with old, well-trying servants, and getting new ones to fill their places at a half less remuneration, and in many cases even *more* than that. A gentleman of our acquaintance, in a foreign trade, told us the other day, that having advertised in a widely-circulated newspaper for a light porter, wages from eight to ten shillings per week, he on the following morning received no fewer than *one hundred applications* by letter, not a few of which were written in a good style of penmanship. Such is the awful depression of the times!

We alluded at the outset to the misery and suffering consequent upon this want of employment—who can estimate it? We have now before our minds several instances of this: let us give one or two. The first is that of the father of a young and numerous family. He has just got his dismissal from a master whom he has faithfully served for the last ten years, and is thus suddenly deprived of the means of earning his own and his family's bread. Daily he goes forth in quest of work of some kind or other, but the search is vain; every vacancy is filled up; nobody will employ him; masters are *discharging* instead of *engaging* men; he returns home with a heavy heart. The sight of his helpless little ones, and the patient, resigned looks of her whom he loves, well nigh drive him to despair. The little stock of money he had contrived to save out of his scanty earnings is nearly gone, and if Providence interpose not, starvation with its gnawing horrors must quickly succeed.

Here again is a youth, just ripening into manhood, the stay and support of a widowed mother. By a like mishap, he has been turned out of his situation. Till now his heart had beat with high hope, dreams of the future had filled his youthful soul. His fancy had often painted to him in glowing colours the time when, himself an honoured and respected citizen, he should be able to sustain his much-loved parent in comfort and affluence, entirely free from the corroding cares of poverty, and smooth her declining days by the hand of reverence and love. But these, and a hundred other noble resolves, have been dashed aside by the rude blasts of adversity; one eventful day has seen the warmly-cherished hopes and anticipations of years laid prostrate in the dust. Both now eat the bread of sorrow. Silence and deep dejection weigh down their spirits. Their prospects are dark and dreary. No ray of light streams in upon the darkness. Want begins to pinch. The clouds gather and thicken around, and threaten every moment to burst upon their devoted heads.

But, there go two girls, sisters, the miserable wrecks of their

former selves. The one is sixteen, the other eighteen, years of age, and both up to this time have been the sole supporters of a crippled father and a little brother and sister. About six weeks ago they were turned out of employment by the failure of one of the most extensive mill-owners in the city. They could not find work, neither could they starve; and they have taken to vending fruit and other trifling articles on the streets, which occupation yields them on an average fourpence per day each (four shillings weekly between the two); and on this, and what little the brother and sister get by begging, *five individuals* keep body and soul together! They rent a damp, filthy hovel in one of the wynds, for which they pay the landlord 5s. a month! They can only afford one meal a day, and this is most frequently made up of the refuse of provision shops, and garbage picked up on the streets or elsewhere. Fever has made its appearance in that locality, and we fear that amongst its earliest victims will be some of the members of this unfortunate family.

Cases like the above, occurring day by day, testify abundantly to the eminently critical internal state of Britain. When a country, from whatever cause, is finding neither food nor clothing for its people, there is surely just cause for fear. We are none of those alarmists who are perpetually crying out about over-population, that the soil is barren and worn out, etc. etc. We have strong faith in the productive and self-sustaining energies of Britain. When we call to mind the unreclaimed bogs of Ireland, the millions of acres of waste and only half cultivated land in England and Scotland, and the vast undiscovered riches embowelled in the soil of all of them, we can afford to laugh at the ignorance and folly of such theorists. Nevertheless, it would argue neither a wise nor an honest part to shut our eyes to facts which are passing before us in daily review; or to gloss over, as some public men and journals have done of late, the blunders of our legislature. The dying thousands of Ireland, the scarcity of money, the lowness of wages, the unheard-of dearth of provisions, the bands of unemployed people wandering about—all tell of our hazardous position, and portend a storm.

Regarding our national prospects we will not now offer any remarks; one thing appears sufficiently plain, that events are fast tending to a crisis—a crisis which shall determine the fate of all monopoly, and give a voice and a soul to labour—that uncompensated, crushed, manacled, yet mighty power, which shall make monarchs tremble on their thrones, and cause titled oppression to hide its guilty head. Meantime, we cannot but think it the present duty of every person in circumstances of ease and plenty to deny himself of wonted luxuries and indulgences, that he may have wherewith to communicate to his famishing brethren. The commonest claims of humanity, not to speak of religion, demand this. If it be a duty in times of prosperity to abstain from pampering the body or gratifying the animal passions, it is certainly much more a duty to do so in times of adversity, when thousands of human beings are perishing for lack of the bare necessities of life. Yet, notwithstanding all this dulness of trade, and the piteous scenes of destitution daily and hourly disclosed to view, there are hundreds who have never felt the effects of it—who move on in all respects as they did formerly:—the rich man, the middle-class man, the tradesman, are all indulging in the same expensive, meaningless, and often injurious customs, fashions, and habits, as before; and the remotest idea of curtailment, either for their own sakes or that of their neighbours, never once enters their minds. We forbear particularizing any of these customs; but it becomes every man solemnly to ask himself the questions,—“What can I give up just now, and how can I be instrumental in relieving the wants of my fellow-men?” Reader, put these to yourself, and give candid answers to both, as in the sight of God.

Glasgow, May 31.

J. B. J.

To the truth of this sketch of the state of things amongst us, who cannot subscribe? In our own case, the most distressing proofs are daily pressed upon us. The Office of *Howitt's Journal*

is not an office for procuring situations, and yet the numbers of persons, who have occupied highly respectable positions in life, daily applying there for a helping hand or a word of advice—which, did we possess the powers and opportunities of monarchs, we could not availingly give—afford a most melancholy insight into the social condition.

Post-office Discussion.—A working man of Manchester recommends that now postage is so cheap, young men—and young women, too, we presume—should carry on through that medium discussions on the topic of the day. Both societies and individuals, he thinks, might take advantage of such a system to propound plans for the improvement of the labouring classes, more than they do; for their own education, and for their good in every way. The suggestion is unquestionably worthy of consideration.

Shildon Literary and Scientific Institution.—Shildon is situated in the midst of the Auckland coal-field, and is, with the neighbouring villages, inhabited by the pitmen. Of all classes of men, these are held by many to be the lowest in the scale of religious, moral, and social being. Every one must rejoice to find a literary institution established amongst such a population. But as the means of the projectors are necessarily limited, they solicit from the friends of education, money, books, apparatus, or anything which may further the objects of the Association.

Nottingham Co-operative League.—At the adjourned general meeting of this League, held on the 2d inst., it was resolved to co-operate with other societies of the same kind in bringing American bread stuffs, etc. to this country; and recommended that, as soon as a sufficient number of societies were formed to warrant such a proceeding, a conference be called at some convenient place, to consult on the best plan of carrying out this and other co-operative measures, and for conducting them upon a just and substantial basis.

Stockton-on-Tees Co-operative Corn-Mill Company.—The first meeting, proposing the establishment of such a mill by one pound shares, was held March 18th. Since then two other meetings have been held, when a set of rules were adopted, and many communications read on the subject from Hull, Whitby, Beverley, Lincoln, Leeds, Barnard Castle, Paisley, Kirby, Kent, Thirsk, etc. etc.

The New Journal of Progress in Rome.—We have been favoured by our friend Margaret Fuller with some prospectuses of this popular Journal, which was commenced in the capital of the papedom in March last. Moderate and guarded as its tone necessarily is, it is still one of the great signs of the times, one of the miracles of the present papal reign, that such a Journal exists at all. Who, twelve months ago, could have dreamed of such things as railroads, a Journal of Progress—as it boldly styles itself—and a Pope of Progress, existing in Rome and its territory, or having their existence decreed? What next?

Newgate Market: its butchery, and cruelty in fasting and slaughtering animals.—DEAR SIR,—Your little Journal, I delight to perceive, is open to anything promotive of general good. A friend of ours came to London for the first time last week; he viewed several public buildings with much interest, and having alluded to the great London Meat Market, I proposed to show him Newgate shambles, especially impressing him with my view of its being the worst and dirtiest in Europe.

This was on Thursday the 3d instant, at eight o'clock p.m. No dressed meat business of course was stirring; his wonder was excited at seeing a number of low-built, mean, and dirty sheds, with a pavement of nastiness, which he reckoned would disgrace one of the smallest towns of Lancashire.

On our passing through Warwick Lane, we noticed a few abominably filthy and stinking "slaughter shops, with fasting cellars underneath," in one of which were about twenty calves just killed, and from the bleating of the poor pining and suffocating animals below, we judged about twenty others awaited the fierceness of their "bloody executioners." About ten or twelve poor fainting, pining lambs stood waiting their turn to be thrust through the neck with the terrible knife! after suffering all the horrors of a two days' fast!!

Not now remarking on the fiendish expressions of these revellers in animal blood, (the slaughterers,) I would ask, is the fasting of animals for slaughter really necessary? Are the bodies of animals sweeter to the relish of human creatures for all this pain and ill-health caused to the former previous to their death?

I have only tasted animal food once since witnessing the scene above recited, and even then the recollection of the

slaughter-house in Warwick-lane prevented me touching more than a morsel.

Dear Sir,
Your sincere and respectful friend,

THOMAS —.

33, Whitecross-street, 5th June, 1847.]

SONNET.

BY A SON OF TOIL.

To a sweet vale, at Sabbath eventide,
When gently light vanisheth from earth,
And the calm moon to calmer thoughts gives birth,
From my life's battle oft-times do I glide.
There do I lay me down 'mongst wavy grass,
And my worn mind doth in its freshness revel!
The light breeze sings across the meadows level,
Or through the leafy boughs doth rustling pass.
Though all is green that meeteth there the sight,
Yet what a varying interchange of tints!
Here light, there dark, here soft, nowhere too bright.
As nought in Nature at condition hints,
I leave "man's church," filled with the pride of grade,
And worship God in this lone, lovely glade!

W. W.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY, of Park Terrace, Highbury, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, at his Printing Office, Nos. 7 and 8, Broad Street Hill, in the Parish of St. Nicholas Olney, in the City of London, and published for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, 171, (Corner of Surrey Street,) Strand.—Saturday, June 26, 1847.

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